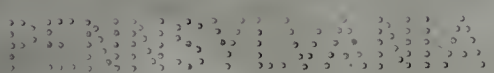
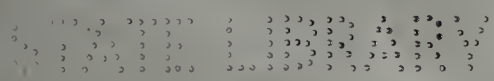
REFERENCE

COLLECTIONS





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From, Herald
Frankford, Pa.
Date, Jan. 27th 1894.

HOLMESBURG.

A Week's Happenings in the Burg.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS A CORPORATION.

Centennial Celebration at Holmesburg, by the Trustees of the Lower Dublin Academy.

We give below an account of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Trustees of the Lower Dublin Academy as a corporation. The history of that body is, in brief, as follows: We take the account from Mr. Willits' manuscript book, "A History of the Lower Dublin Academy," &c.

Thomas Holme, Surveyor General of Pennsylvania under Wm. Penn, who drafted the plan for, and laid out the City of Philadelphia, died in 1695, and is interred in the "Old Crispin Burying Ground," near Rowland's station on the Bustleton Railroad, formerly a part of his "Well Spring Plantation," where a monument was erected to his memory by the Trustees, in 1864.

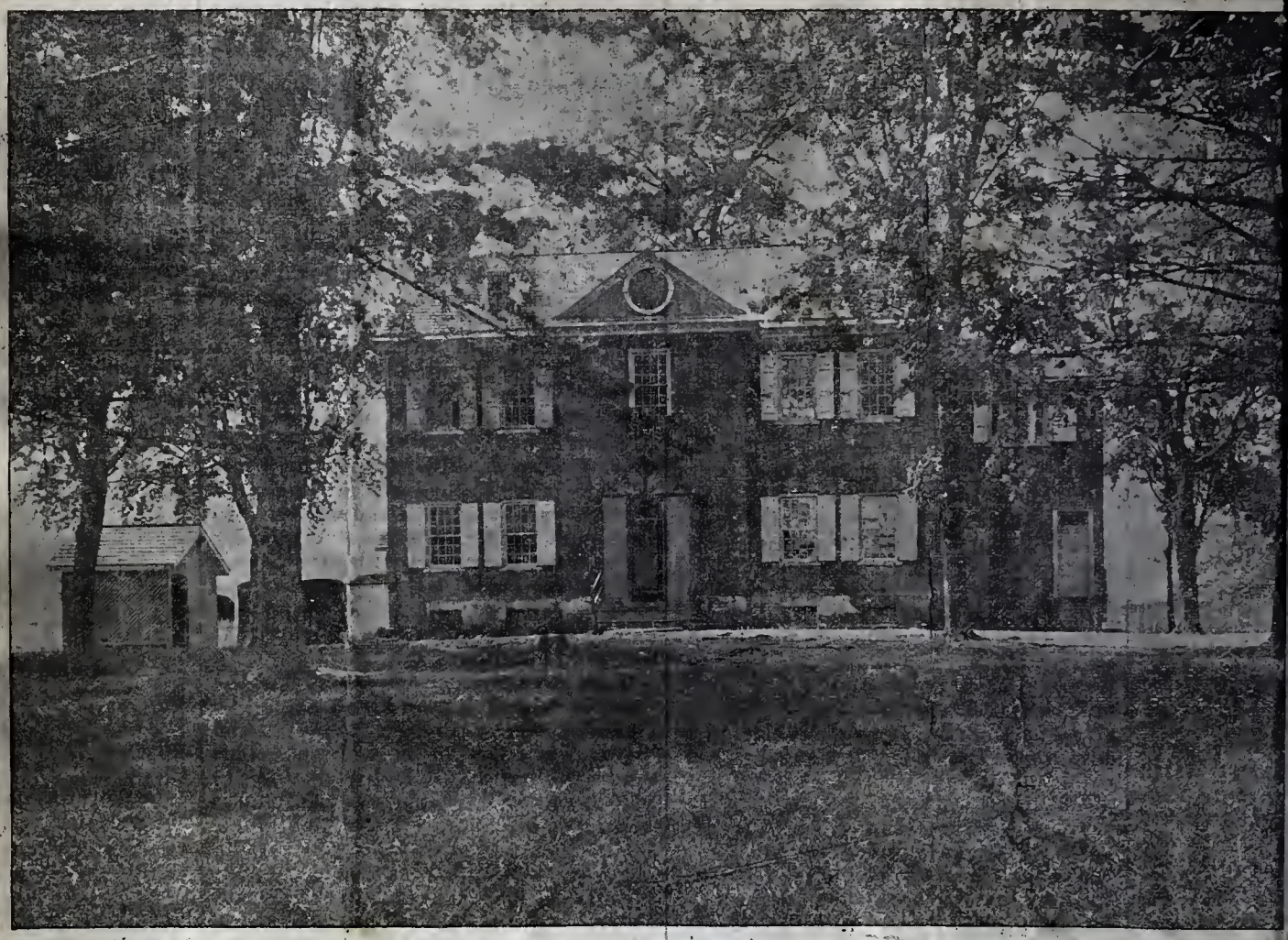
By his will dated October 10, 1694, he left £4, for educational purposes. The bequest remained dormant for 28 years, when, in 1723, his heirs, set apart the lot of ground now the Academy property, containing three acres, for a school, in lieu of the £4 in money On this a log school house, still in existence, was constructed. In 1793 a meeting of citizens was held in that building and a petition prepared and signed asking for a charter for the Academy, and on January 23, 1794, the Governor of Pennsylvania signed the said charter creating the corporation for school purposes, known as "The Trustees of the Lower Dublin Academy," naming therein the original trustees and giving them power to perpetuate their corporate existence by filling all vacancies occurring in the Board from time to time. The corporation proceeded to raise money by means of a lottery, duly authorized by the Legislature, and in other ways, and the stone building, now in use, was constructed and duly paid for, and the school continued under control of the Trustees until April 1, 1842, when it was leased to the Public School Directors and has been used as a public school for the 52 years which have since elapsed.

In the meantime the Trustees continued to meet semi-annually and kept up their corporate existence with no special active functions, except the preservation of the trust, until July 3, 1880, when by a decree of Court of Common Pleas No. 1, made by Judge Biddle they were empowered "to divert the income arising from the trust property now in their hands, to the maintenance of a free public library in Lower Dublin Township," &c.

On July 12, 1880, the subscribers to the Holmesburg Library, which had been in active existence since February, 1867, by an instrument in writing conveyed all their rights in the property of the same to the Trustees of the Lower Dublin Academy. 1109 volumes were thus transferred, and September 18, 1880, the library was re-opened under the name of "The Thomas Holme Free Library, of Holmesburg," with 81 applicants for books. Mr. J. Howard Morrison, then a young law student, was placed in charge as librarian, and it is currently reported that he read the whole library through in the two first years of his incumbency. He has continued to hold the position up to this time, though for a number of years past the active duties of the position have been ably performed by his deputy and brother, Edgar B. Morrison, who is actively engaged also in reading through the whole list of books.

THOMAS LLYN CRISPIN.

The library has been recently thoroughly overhauled all the useless and worn out books thrown out, leaving an effec-



THE LOWER DUBLIN ACADEMY.

tive working number of about 1700 volumnes. Mr. Morrison, who has examined into the statistics of the subject, says, that it is entitled to be considered one of the best free libraries, for its size, in America, taking into consideration the character of the books on its shelves and the business it does—over 6000 volumes being taking out every year.

It is but fair to say that the endowment of the Library by the Trustees of the Lower Dublin Academy, is to be attributed mainly to the influence and efforts of the late Dr. James Burd Peale, who was a trustee of the Academy and the President of the Old Library, and that its subsequent success is largely due to the able management of its librarian, Hon. J. H. Morrison.

B. Franklin Crispin, who is a lineal descendant, in the sixth generation, of Thomas Holme, the founder of the trust, is President of the Board, a position held by his father the Hon. Benjamin Crispin, for 26 years up to the time of his death in 1864. Mr. Alexander Brown, of Torresdale, who died recently, was the immediate predecessor of the present president.

The Trustees of the Lower Dublin Academy met in the Library Room of the Athenæum on Tuesday, January 23, at 6 o'clock. The entire Board was present as follows: President, B Franklin Crispin; Vice President, Andreas Hartel; Treasurer, Edward Thomas; Secretary, George S. Clark, and Messrs. Joseph A. Johnson; Joseph Cartlege, Joseph H. Brown, William Rowland, Jr., Jonathan Rowland, Jr., Amos C. Shallcross, Henry V. Massey and Geo. Morgan. Mr. Massey announced the death of Mr. Alexander Brown, formerly a trustee and President of the Board, and moved the appointment of a committee to prepare a suitable minute in relation thereto. The chair appointed Messrs. Massey, Thomas and Morgan as the committee. The chair placed before the Board a communication from Mr. Wm. W. Brown stating that he (Mr. Brown) with Mr. Theo. M. Allen and Mr. Geo. S. Clark, had been directed by the Holmesburg Educational Society to present the Thomas Holme Free Library with a Century Dictionary which was now on the table before them. On motion the Board gratefully accepted the gift and directed their secretary to re-

turn their thanks to the Educational Society through its committee. This dictionary cost $60 and is said to be the most comprehensive work of the kind in existence.

The Board directed that the old minute book containing the records of one hundred years should be no longer used, and the secretary was authorized to purchase a new one. He was also directed to place on the minutes of to-day an account of the proceedings at the centennial celebration to take place in the evening.

The Trustees, with their invited guests, then went to the Green Tree Hotel, where a dinner had been provided, as follows:

MENU,

Blue Poiuts,
Chicken Soup,
Roast Turkey,
Bermuda Potatoes, Celery,
French Peas, Cranberry Sauce,
Salted Almonds,
Fried Oysters, Chicken Salad, Oyster Patties,
Ice Cream and Cakes,
Crackers and Cheese, Fruits, Coffee.

The entertainment was under charge of Amos C. Shallcross, Esq., chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and the expense was met by the Trustees individually.

At the conclusion of the dinner, the presiding officer, Mr. Crispiu, in a few appropriate words, welcomed the guests and stated that the occasion was to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the charter of the corporation by Governor Mifflin on January 23, 1794.

A brief historical paper was then read by Mr. George S. Clark, entitled "One Hundred Years of Corporate Existence."

Then followed: "The Thomas Holme Free Library," by Hon. J. Howard Morrison, of Frankford.

"Books," by Henry V. Massey, Esq., of Torresdale.

"Village Life in Suburban Philadelphia," by Mr. Wm. B. Wilson.

"Education in Philadelphia," by Mr. Thomas Shallcross, of Byberry; Member of the Board of Public Education.

Mr. Shallcross, at the conclusion of his remarks, gave a splendid recitation of "The One Hoss Shay," by Dr. Holmes.

"The Holmesburg Improvement Assosociation," by Dr. N. T. Jerman.

"Mr. Willits and his Book," by Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Bustleton.

"Youth," by Dr. Clarence J. Lewis.

"The Future of Holmesburg," by Mr. Joseph Weed.

When the venerable Mr. Weed, now in his 89th year, was called upon to speak, all present rose to their feet as a tribute of respect to him, and remained standing until he began his remarks. He spoke fluently for about fifteen minutes and was listened to with close interest and liberally applauded. Mr. Weed remained until the close of the evening and said that he never felt better in his life.

Remarks were also made by Vice President Hartel, Chairman Shallcross, Dr. Neel, and Messrs. Jonathan Rowland, Gentry, Orth, E. M. Thomas and others. Mr. Charles E. Scott, of Bristol, made a very witty and entertaining speech, which created much merriment. At 10 o'clock, on motion duly passed, the chairman adjourned the meeting and the occasion closed.

The following invited guests were present, in addition to the before named trustees: Dr. N. T. Jerman, Dr. C. J. Lewis, Dr. H, A. P. Neel, of Tacony; Hon. J. Howard Morrison, Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, and Messrs. Joseph Weed, Wm. B. Wilson, Robert B. Saul, William Castor, Alfred V. Gentry, Thomas Shallcross, Charles E. Scott, James M. Stokes, Fred. C. Orth, George T. Mills, William Clark, B. Frank Rowland, John Este Keen, Sereck R. Fox and Edward M. Thomas, of Torresdale.

The following invited guests were unavoidably prevented from being present: Rev. Dr. Millett, Mr. Lardner Gibbon, Dr. I. Pearson Willits, Mr. Andrew McMonagle, Mr. George A. Castor and Dr. Joseph J. Sowerby.

From, Mercury
Philada. Pa.

Date, Feb. 2nd 1894.

Forty Years Ago

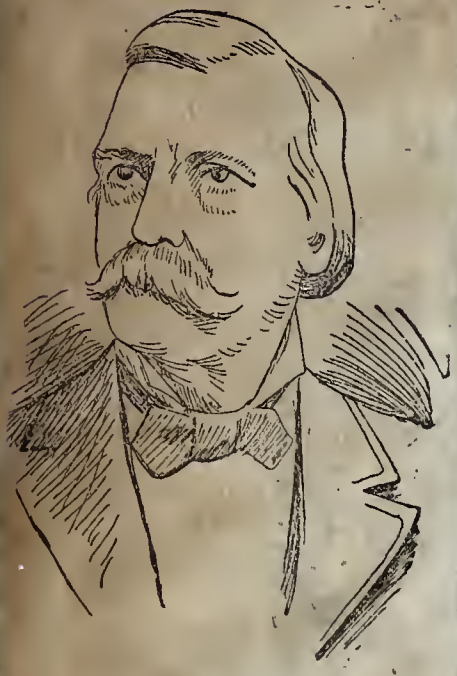
The Consolidation Act's Anniversary.

Ex-Mayor King Talks

He Carries Local History at His Finger's End.

Progress and Prosperity

A Peep Into the Past of This Great Municipality.



SAMUEL G. KING.

Forty years ago! Can it be so long? And ex-Mayor Samuel G. King settled back in an easy-chair, with a far-away look in his eyes as his thoughts wandered back over two score years, calling to mind scenes and incidents preceding and marking the ratification of the Act incorporating the City of Philadelphia, on February 2d, 1854, just forty years ago to-day.

It was a memorable occasion for the city for it marked a new era in its existence, the beginning of a period of progress and prosperity, whose continuance have made it what it is to-day.

With the old Philadelphia, its mercantile, financial, political or social circles, there are few if any living who are more familiar or who can describe them more intelligently or interestingly than Mr. King.

Not that in the present he lives in the past but because in the events of those days he played no small part, being instrumental in paving the way for much of the good that the city of the present enjoys and because of his intimate business political and social relations with the men who were important personages in Philadelphia in 1854.

As everyone familiar with local history knows, the first Charter to Philadelphia as a city was that granted by William Penn on the 25th of October, 1701, and its preamble calls the place "this town of Philadelphia," and be "erected said town and borough of Philadelphia into a city."

That Charter continued in force until it was replaced by the Charter of March 11th, 1789, which, with its supplements, continued in force until modified and extended by the Act of Incorporation, better known perhaps to the older residents of the city as the "Price bill," from the fact that the late Hon. Eli K. Price was mainly instrumental in securing its passage.

In fact, Mr. Price accepted the nomination and was elected to the Legislature for the express purpose of securing the passage of that Act, although he accepted the trust at great personal sacrifice, and only from a sense of duty, and at the earnest and persistent request of his fellow-townsmen.

All of this Mr. King remembers as though it was but an occurrence of yesterday.

He recalls the peculiar condition of affairs that existed at the time and that demanded in the interest of progress the extension of the city and the arguments that were freely used for and against the needed legislation.

There were many who fought the measure bitterly from its very inception and who gave reason upon reason in support of that opposition; reasons that at that time seemed sound to many, but which time has proven fallacies.

Mr. King was State Senator at the time, and was one of the first to give the measure his official approval and indorsement.

Prior to the passage of the Act what is now the city of Philadelphia, including as it does the entire county of Philadelphia, was divided up into twenty-eight districts, each having a separate and distinct local government. Philadelphia proper was only two square miles in extent, having as its boundaries Vine street on the north, the Delaware river on the east, South street on the south, and the Schuylkill river on the west.

The other incorporated Districts were Moyamensing, Northern Liberties, Spring Garden, Southwark, Kensington, Penn, Richmond and West Philadelphia. Each of these was governed by a Board of Commissioners, one being elected from each Ward in the respective Districts, the only two having a Mayor being Philadelphia and Northern Liberties.

In each of the others the Board of Commissioners elected one of its members President and he had to approve all acts before they became laws, so that the President of each Board was practically Mayor of his District.

One of the effects of this complicated system was to encourage crime and to make more difficult the apprehension of criminals; for did a man commmit an offense against the law in Philadelphia he would but have to cross Vine or South streets, when, being in Northern Liberties or Moyamensing, as the case might be, he would be safe, for a time at least, and could laugh at the Philadelphia officers.

Then the desire to secure a more satisfactory method of tax collections by the election of a Receiver of Taxes, dissatisfaction with the Police and Fire Departments, the fact that the population in the districts was becoming far greater than in Philadelphia, for instance, in 1850 the population of Philadelphia was but 188,802, while north of Vine street it was 206,885, these and other matters were the causes which led to the passage of the Act of Incorporations whereby, while enlarging the territory, and at the same time simplifying the Government, the identity of the corporation was carefully preserved.

To that latter fact the existence to-day of the Northern Liberties Gas Company, which exists under a charter secured from the Northern Liberties District prior to 1854, is due.

The signing of the Act by Governor Bigler was hailed with rejoicings by the people of Philadelphia, as well as by a majority of those residing in the District, and was made the occasion of a great public demonstration, and Mr. King was a participant in the "consolidation festivities."

These consisted of an excursion on the Delaware under the auspices of the Board of Trade, a banquet at the Sansom Street Hall, the visit of the Governors, the members of the Legislature and City Councils, to the various public institutions, the illumination of public buildings, hotels and the central part of the city, the exhibition of transparencies and a grand ball at the Chinese Museum, where the belles of the

EDWIN S. STUART.

day, in balloon sleeves and hoop-skirts, danced with city beaux, in the long skirt coats, with peg-top trousers, that are once more becoming the fashion.

How many, by the way, are there who ever heard of the Chinese Museum or have any idea where it stood, or know aught of Barton's theatre and the tragedy that marked its destruction by fire?

Mr. King says that the theatre stood on the southeast corner of Chestnut and Ninth streets, while the Museum, a rather pretentious building for those days, was just back of it, facing on Ninth street, the two being separated by a narrow alley.

It had originally been intended for the exhibition of Chinese curiosities, but the venture not proving successful Mr. King says that it was transformed into a concert hall and ball room.

Many a brilliant and fashionable ball was given within its walls but none that could approach the one in honor of the incorporation of the city of Philadelphia. And then the banquet given the same night

What bursts of eloquence there were! What sparkling wit! What brilliant repartee! Has there ever been such another? Morton McMichael was the Chairman, and had as assistants P. R. Freas, H. M. Watts, N. B. Browne, John P. Verree, Andrew Miller and William S. Price; while those who made addresses were Governor Bigler, the Hon. Mr. Chase, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Judge Lewis, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, George M. Dallas, Senator James Cooper, British Consul George B. Matthew, Frederick Fraley, General Geo. B. Keim, William D. Lewis, William B. Reed, Judge Conrad and Hon. Richard Rush.

Few of them are alive to-day, but their names are still familiar and many of them have descendants who are as famous in the present as they were in the past.

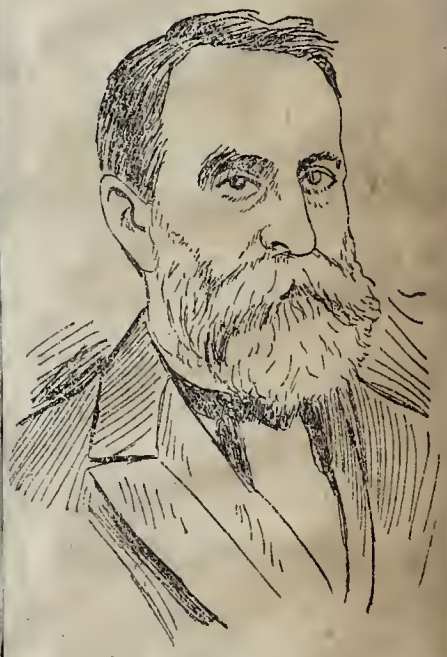
Like the actors in those gay scenes the buildings in which they were enacted have also passed away. The Continental Hotel now occupies the ground where stood the Chinese Museum, while a Traction power house has taken the place of the banquet hall.

In those days, too, the University of Pennsylvania had its home at the northwest corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets, and the possibilities of Fairmount Park or the Exposition of 1876 were undreamed of. The city was poorly paved and worse lighted. Instead of policemen there were watchmen who would go their rounds at night armed with a staff and a lantern, intone the passing hours and the condition of the night.

Horse cars were unknown, the cable car a visionary's dream, while the death-dealing Trolley was unthought of.

Mr. King was born on Callowhill street, below Fourth, which was in the Seventh Ward of Northern Liberties District. As a boy he has spent many happy days hunting in what to-day is Fairmount Park, but then a heavily wooded tract, and used to load his rifle when he would reach the corner of Sixth and Green streets, the outskirts of the city.

He remembers crossing to Camden in a ferryboat propelled by horses on a treadmill. As a youth he recalls the Quaker City 400 led by the Biddles, the Ingersolls, the Dallases, Horace Binney, John Sargent, the McMichaels, the Welshes, names still familiar in Philadelphia society circles. He recalls when fashion's favorites confined themselves to Walnut, Chestnut and Arch streets between Third and Tenth streets.



CHARLES GILPIN.

He was a friend of Samuel J. Randall when the latter was a lad, living in the old homestead at the southwest corner of Seventh and Walnut streets; of Charles Gilpin, Mayor of Philadelphia at the time of the incorporation, and a host of others equally as prominent in the local history of Philadelphia.

As a man Mr. King has seen the oil street lamps give place to gas and electricity, the watchmen superseded by policemen, the volunteer firemen become a thing of the past, their place filled by a superbly efficient paid fire department. The University of Pennsylvania has found a new and more commodious home in West Philadelphia; upon its old property a handsome marble building, the Philadelphia Post Office, now stands.

The dream of John Price's life—the Public Buildings—has become a reality, private residences, artistic in design and masterful in construction, are to be found in every quarter of the city.

Broad and smooth thoroughfares extend

in every direction. Fairmount Park has become the admiration and envy of America.

To Mr. King much of the credit for the development of the possibilities of that pleasure ground is due for he it was who introduced into the Legislature a bill asking for the creating of a Park Commission. He was also a member of the Commission that selected West Park as the site for the Exposition of 1876.

Mr. King has seen much of the evolution of Philadelphia in the past. What of its future. Let Mayor Stuart speak of that. None know of its possibilities better than he who has done so much to develop then during the past few years. years.

"In considering the future of Philadelphia," said Mayor Stuart, "one must think of her past and the progress made in the last forty years; for the life, the present system of government, as well as the present prosperity of the city, all date from the Act of Incorporation.

"From the second of February, 1854, to the present time the growth and expansion of Philadelphia has been remarkable. Only comprising two square miles prior to 1854, to-day it has an area of 129 square miles. The growth of its population has been proportionately large.

"In the future that growth will continue, the city will become larger, wealthier, more important. With her magnificent harbor, superb railway facilities, extensive manufactories, rich rural districts, thousands upon thousands of modern homes for working people, who, after all, furnish the bone and sinew of all great cities, can the picture of Philadelphia be painted in too glowing colors?

"With present abuses brushed aside by the passing years, just as those of the past have been, with the improvements that are sure to come, with lines of steam and street railways radiating from the heart of the city assuring safe as well as rapid transit can any one limit the possibilities of the future?

It was no wonder that Mayor Stuart grew enthusiastic when looking forward to Philadelphia as it will be forty years from to-day, and that in conclusion he said: "Forty years from now I expect Philadelphia to be one of the greatest cities in the world."

Physically the opposite of Philadelphia's present Mayor, Charles Gilpin, the last Mayor of the city prior to the consolidation, was not unlike him in his broad, practical views and unlimited faith in the future of the city. Each, in his own way, has labored for the advancement and improvement of the city, and each has enjoyed and still enjoys the respect and esteem of all his fellow-townsmen.

Mr. Gilpin was born in Wilmington, Del., November, 1809, and reached the ripe old age of 81 years, dying at his residence, 336 South Thirteenth street, November 2, 1891.

He came to Philadelphia at an early age, and read law in the office of Joseph R. Ingersoll, being admitted to the bar in 1832.

His public career dates from that time. His first office was School Director of the First School District, followed by his appointment as Solicitor for the Guardians of the Poor.

In 1839 he entered Common Council and in 1840 was elected by general ticket to Select Council, continuing in that body till 1849, when he was nominated for Mayor, but defeated. In 1850 he was again nominated and this time secured the election.

He was re-elected in 1851, 1852 and 1853, and was Mayor in 1854 at the time the Act of Incorporation was signed by Governor Bigler, though a short time after, the Know Nothing party again acquiring strength and he having refused to be identified with that party, he was defeated for re-election.

He was an active supporter of the Union cause and was one of the founders of the Union League.

In appearance Mr. Gilpin was of medium heighth and spare build, active and wiry in his movements, and during the stormy days of the old Volunteer Fire Department by his courage and energy suppressed many scenes of turbulence.

From, Gleaner
Frankford Pa.
Date, Feb. 21st 1894.

AN OLD LANDMARK GONE.

The old brick mansion on Salmon Street, north of Orthodox, owned by Mr. George Aiken, has been leveled to the ground. Osborn Bros., of Frankford, tore it down, and intend building four brick and frame six room houses on the lot for Mr. Aiken. The house was built in the last century, the earliest date found on the house was 1787, in another place 1794 was found. The date on the stable was 1767, and we presume the house was built as early as the stable, the later dates on the house no doubt denoted additions or repairs. The brick used is believed to have been made in England. The wood used was yellow pine, cedar and oak. The nails were hand-made of Norway Iron. The walls were from thirteen inches to two feet six inches thick, very massive, and groughted together with cement and lime mortar.

From, Ledger
Phila. Pa.
Date, Feb. 23d 1894.

THE OLD SAVING FUND.

THE PHILADELPHIA SAVING FUND SOCIETY

AT SEVENTH AND WALNUT STREETS

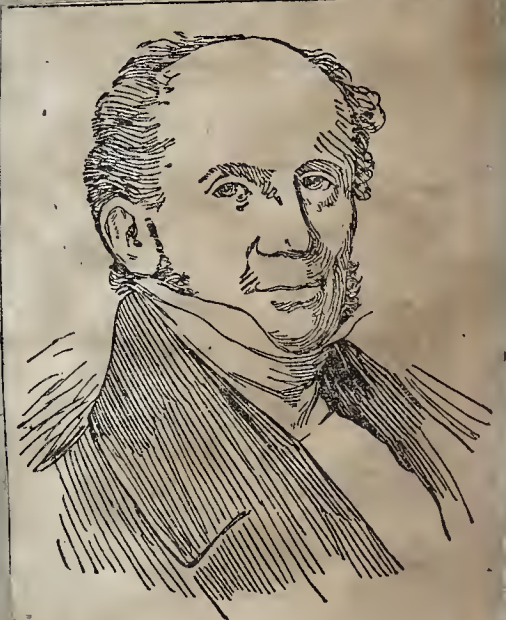
Its Seventy-fifth Anniversary—Its History, Investments, Depositors and Interesting Characteristics.

Sunday next, February 25th, will be the diamond anniversary of the incorporation of our time-honored benevolent institution, adjoining Washington Square, at Seventh and Walnut streets, the "Philadelphia Saving

THE OLD SAVINGS FUND BUILDING,
Seventh and Walnut Streets.

Fund Society." Seventy-five years ago, upon February 25th, 1819, this great Saving Fund was established as a corporation by an act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, on that day approved by Governor William Findlay. The Saving Fund had been in actual operation as a voluntary association for some time previously, having organized on November 27th and begun business on December 2d, 1816, the first deposit having been made on the latter date, five dollars, which was probably the first savings-bank deposit made in America.

Its origin was purely benevolent. About the 20th of November, 1816, Mr. Condy Raguet, then a well-known Philadelphian, read in a recently arrived English newspaper an account of the establishment of the savings banks in that country. On his way down town to his office he met Mr. Richard Peters, Jr., and talked to him on the expediency of opening a similar institution here. Later in the day they met Mr. Clement C. Biddle and Mr. Thomas Hale, and, agreeing upon the propriety of opening a savings bank in Philadelphia, they called a meeting on November 25th to consider and act upon Mr. Raguet's suggestion. This meeting was adjourned till November 27th, when the society was established, and the "articles of association" adopted under which the "Philadelphia Saving Fund Society" was organized, Mr. Andrew Bayard being elected President. There were twenty-five managers selected, and each one contributed ten dollars to a fund for contingent expenses. A small room was secured for the office on the west side of Sixth street, above Chestnut, and thus, out of a casual street conversation, started by a man of discernment who read newspapers to some purpose, originated the old Philadelphia Saving Fund,



CONDY RAGUET
(who first suggested the Savings Fund).

which has grown to its present large dimensions, helping and blessing all who have availed of its great advantages.

The Incorporation.

The voluntary "Articles of Association" governed the Saving Fund until March 31st, 1819, when the charter of February 25th went into effect, the office having been removed the previous year to the southeast corner of Sixth and Minor streets. The charter recited that the voluntary association had been "established for the sole purpose of receiving such small sums as may be saved from the earnings of tradesmen, mechanics, laborers, servants and others, and of affording to industrious persons the advantages of securily and interest," and it then proceeds to incorporate them. No manager was to be given compensation for his services; the interest rate on deposits was to be 4.8 per cent.; no sum less than one dollar could be received on deposit, nor shall any person deposit over $500 in one year, and deposits are to be repaid on two weeks' notice. That the originators of this institution never dreamed of its possibilities of growth is shown by the charter, limiting the aggregate amount of deposits at any time held to $300,000. This was regarded in that early day as a sum too enormous for them to ever expect to hold. They had no idea of the vast aggregate that can be made by amassing the small savings of the thrifty people of Philadelphia.

The Saving Fund office in 1821 was removed to Decatur street, below Market, and the limit on aggregate deposits was soon found to be too small, for in 1824 the Legislature exteuded the limit to $600,000, and provided for the filling of vacancies in the Board of Managers by the Judges of the Courts. In 1826 the office was removed to Third and Walnut streets, and the next year it built its first office building at No. 306 Walnut street, now owned and occupied by the Royal Fire Insurance Company. The aggregate deposit limit was enlarged in 1828 to $1,100,000, and the amount that one depositor could deposit in any one year was reduced to $200. In 1833 the aggregate deposit limit was enlarged to $1,500,000, and the President was allowed a salary. Finally, in 1851, all restrictions on the aggregate deposits were removed, and, in 1869, the managers were allowed to receive $500 deposit from any one person in any year, but they could make the limit as much less as they chose. This limit has been fixed at $300, and by further amendments the interest rate has been made three per cent. The growth of the Saving Fund caused it to remove to its present fine building at Seventh and Walnut streets, in 1869, which was greatly enlarged in 1882.

The Officers.

The Presidents of the Saving Fund have been Andrew Bayard, Thomas Hale, John C. Lowber, Clement C. Biddle, John R. Neff, Lewis Waln, Caleb Cope and Pemberton S. Hutchinson, the latter being elected after the death of Mr. Cope, in 1888. Many of our best known citizens and business men have in times past been managers of the institution, among them Roberts Vaux, John McCrea, Charles N. Bancker, Samuel Breck, Richard Bache, Turner Camac, Isaac W. Norris, John Vaughan, Ludwick Krumbhaar, Daniel B. Smith, Jerome Keating, Thomas Hart, Lawrence Lewis, John Wharton, Quintin Campbell, Robert Toland, George Vaux, John A. Brown, Francis G. Smith, Samuel Grant, William D. Lewis, Thomas Biddle, Horace Binney, Samuel Jaudon, Thomas Dunlap, Tobias Wagner, Charles Vezin, William Platt, James Dundas, Henry J. Williams, Thomas Robins, Adolph E. Borie, Samuel Welsh, Joseph Swift, Mordecai D. Lewis, S. Morris Waln, James Bayard, Mordecai L. Dawson, Joshua B. Lippincott, Dr. Charles Willing, Joseph Harrison, Samuel Field, James C. Haud, James L. Claghorn, J. Gillingham Fell, William Wister, Dr. Rodman Paul, Alexander Brown, P. Pemberton Morris, John T. Lewis, Samuel J. Reeves, George Whitney, Alexander Henry and Dr. Caspar Wister. William Purves was Secretary and Treasurer for thirty-seven years, being succeeded by his son, G. Colesberry Purves, in 1887.

The present Managers of the Saving Fund are Pemberton S. Hutchinson, President; G. Colesberry Purves, Secretary and Treasurer; Dr. William V. Keating, John Lamberton, Alexander Biddle, Edward Shippen, Lindley Smyth, Thomas Cochran, Edward S. Buckley, Robert M. Lewis, William H. Merrick, William Henry Trotter, Edward S. Clark, Henry N. Paul, Thomas McKean, J. Dickinson Sergeant, Thomas H. Montgomery, John T. Lewis, Jr., John H. Converse, Edward H. Coates, Henry W. Biddle, Henry C. Townsend, John T. Morris, Dr. Owen J. Wister and G. Assheton Carson. The Solicitor is George Tucker Bispham. The Managers are chosen from a list of names submitted by the Board as vacancies occur by the President Judges of the four Courts of Common Pleas of Philadelphia—Judges Allison, Hare, Finletter and Thayer. These Judges also select the Auditors, who every year examine, settle and audit the books and accounts of the Saving Fund. These Auditors for January 1st of this year were William Rotch Wister, Samuel Gustine Thompson and Sussex D. Davis.

The fine granite building of the Saving Fund, at Seventh and Walnut streets, is well known to all our readers. It has a capacious banking room, in which the public business is transacted, with other apartments for the officials in the rear. Upon the walls hang fine portraits, in oil, of Condy Raguet, the originator; Richard Peters, Jr., one of the founders, and six of the presidents of the institution. The business of the Saving Fund is transacted at eight separate desks representing different departments. A Desk A is a bureau for general information. The others, which are numbered, are for receiving money and opening accounts, giving information about accounts, receiving notices of withdrawals, calculating the interest, paying withdrawals and taking receipts therefor, and giving information about accounts. There are sixty clerks and other employés, the veteran among them being the Accountant, Mr. Thomas G. Boggs, whose integrity, accuracy and urbanity are as steadfast as the institution itself, and who has been connected with it for 37 years, since 1857. Mr. James McKee, the head of the Receiving Department, and Mr. Robert H. Fels, head of the Paying Department, are both trusted officials, identified with the institution for many years. Among them the clerks can talk almost every language, including Hebrew and Arabic, as they have to deal with depositors of about all the races on the globe.

The Finances.

At the close of business last Saturday, February 17th, the aggregate assets of the saving fund were $40,897,506. Its aggregate deposits footed up the enormous sum of $36,442,518, and there was $4,250,822 contingent fund or surplus. The investments were not much changed from January 1st, at which time it held $239,083 real estate (the office building), $9,990,038 mortgages on real estate, $759,450 temporary loans, and $26,989,098 public loans. These loans, regardless of market value, are all carried on the books at par value or less, if cosling less, thus making

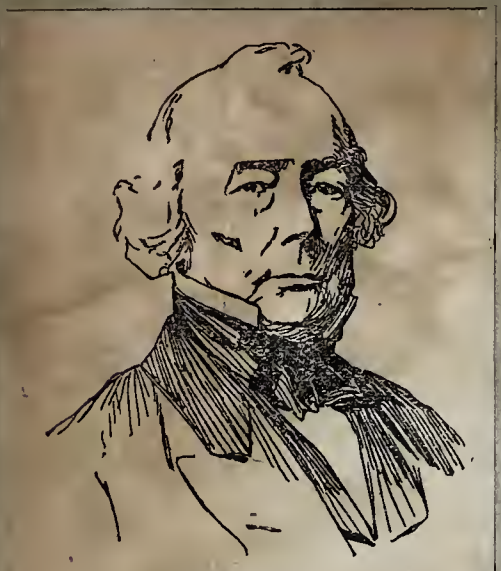
PRESIDENT PEMBERTON S. HUTCHINSON.

no note of premiums, which bring their actual aggregate value to a much larger sum. There were then held $2,234,000 United States loans, $1,425,200 Pennsylvania State loans, $3,110,725 Philadelphia city loans, $6,775,000 other State, city and county loans, and the remainder railroad and canal mortgage bonds, the chief investments being $2,797,000 bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad and branches, $323,000 Reading Railroad, $779,000 Lehigh Valley Railroad, $324,000 Lehigh Navigation Company, $539,000 United Railroads of New Jersey, $180,000 Belvidere Delaware Railroad, $802,000 North Pennsylvania Railroad, $750,000 Easton and Amboy Railroad, $200,000 New York, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, $375,000 Junction Railroad, $148,000 Northern Central Railway, $375,000 New York Central Railroad, $350,000 Steubenville and Indiana Railroad, $200,000 West Jersey Railroad, $1,024,000 Erie Railway, $273,000 Camden and Atlantic Railroad, $532,000 New York and Harlem Railroad, $1,065,000 Delaware and Hudson Canal, and $1,030,000 Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad.

The Depositors.

Since its origin the Saving Fund has done an enormous business. It has opened 671,714 accounts with depositors, of which 522,304 have been fully paid out and closed, leaving last Monday morning, February 19th, 149,410 accounts in operation. It has received from its depositors since the organization the vast amount of $190,212,438, and has added to their deposits as interest earned down to the close of last year $20,458,621 more, making their aggregate deposits $210,671,059. It has paid out to the depositors $174,228,541, leaving, as stated above, $36,442,518 on deposit last Monday morning before business began. Some of the accounts still open are of great age. No. 280 was opened July 13, 1818; No. 4332, May 31, 1824, and No. 4471, began July 8, 1824. A depositor recently wrote the officers a letter stating that, on December, 1833, he had given the usual two weeks' notice to withdraw $10. Now, sixty years afterwards, he has again written that he wished to withdraw a sum of money, giving the usual notice, adding, "Will call for it in person, if alive." That depositor goes back to the days of General Jackson.

The depositors are of all races and occupations. The Americans are most numerous, and the Irish, Germans and Russians are in large numbers. There are English, Scotch, Canadians, Austrians, Scandinavians, French, Dutch, Danes, Turks, Italians, Swiss, Greeks, Portuguese, Spaniards, West Indians, South Americans and Chinese. There also came last year, seven Africans, four Australians, two from the Pacific Islands and one Japanese to open accounts. The male depositors are chiefly mechanics, artisans, laborers, servants, shopkeepers, clerks, salesmen and boys, though there are quite a number of physicians, lawyers, clergymen, teachers, artists, students, soldiers and sailors and public officials, with gentlemen and persons in almost every occupation. The females are chiefly widows and gentle women, boarding-house keepers, housekeepers, domestics, seamstresses, nurses, mill operatives, saleswomen and type-writers. There were



CALEB COPE
(the late President).

31,559 new accounts opened in 1893, by 15,025 males and 16,534 females, and the total number of accounts on January 1, 1894, was 148,292, a net increase of 527 for the previous year. The average amount of a deposit is about $50, and of a payment about $100, the depositors usually accumulating their money and drawing it out in larger sums than they deposit at any one time. The Saving Fund in 1893 received 198,116 separate deposits, and made 112,600 payments, the former aggregating $10,081,368 and the latter $10,949,856. Nearly half the deposits were of $20 or less, while 7096 of them were the full amount permitted, $300. More than one-fourth of the payments were over $100, while 958 of them were of $1000 or over.

Interesting Features.

There are some interesting features about the deposits and depositors. The "two-cent deposits" are a favorite method of accumulating. A bright girl in a mill, beginning with the new year will collect two cents a week from each of her companions and deposit it. At the close of the year the aggregate sum is drawn out and divided, enabling each to begin a separate saving fund account. Not long ago a lady in this city sent $100 to be deposited to the credit of a young girl who had a saving fund account, requesting that her name be concealed, and saying "it is in return for a kindness on her part, which, though unknown to her, did a world of good to an old lady." She thus gave a reward and the recipient has never found out where it came from. A depositor who had given notice of withdrawal of the deposit, having changed his mind, wrote the Saving Fund to let the money stay there, and added, "please allow the interest on the same to perambulate." It is still "perambulating." It is curious to note that letters are received at the Saving Fund from persons matrimonially inclined seeking mates. Not long ago an Iowa farmer, representing several young men who had "nice farms" out there, wrote, asking "to open a friendly and honorable correspondence with some of the best young ladies who may have medium or limited deposits in your bank." By way of personal explanation, the writer added, "You may think this is a strange way to open a correspondence, but I am not in the market. I have nothing to lose or gain. It is at the request of some of my friends. So, if you will be kind enough to hand this note to some of your best girls, which you think would make good farmers' wives, you will oblige." This letter, having been printed in a newspaper, brought several replies from young ladies anxious to open correspondence with the Iowa farmers.

There is extraordinary trustfulness reposed in the Savings Bank by many of the depositors. They not only leave their money, but also their books. The Germans, who are very numerous, are noted for their frugality, and they often open accounts for every member of the family down to the baby, laying aside, weekly or monthly, small amounts for each child, so as to accumulate and give them a start in life. Many wealthy people make similar deposits for children or grandchildren, which are nice nest eggs after the death of the old folks. When a female depositor gets married her new name is added to the one on the books, thus: "Julia Blank, now Mrs. Jones." If she marries a second time that name is also added. They have one depositor whose book thus carries the name of four husbands. When married women open accounts, an entry is always made of the husband's name, and they tell of one lady, who, being asked her husband's first name, said she did not know it; that she always called him "Mr. Smith." Some married women have accounts in their maiden names, entirely unknown to their husbands. There are many old apple women, peanut vendors, ragmen, etc., who look like beggars, who have accounts mounting up to thousands of dollars of gradual accumulation, from frugality and hard work.

FORMER HOME OF THE SAVINGS FUND
(Walnut street, above Third).

It is the proud boast of this time-honored old saving fund that it has never had a defalcation in all its career, never stopped payment, and that in the seventy-five years of its existence no depositor has ever lost a dollar. It has passed through many periods of the wildest panics, when other financial institutions succumbed, but the deposi-

tors in this one always got their money, dollar for dollar, principal and interest in full. This is because the institution has always been managed carefully, frugally and conscientiously, as every such sacred trust should be managed, and because the deposits have been invested only in the most substantial securities. Not a dollar is ever used in discounting notes. There are no stockholders to make money out of the deposit. No one receives any dividends but the depositors, and whatever may be earned in excess of the interest paid them is added to the contingent fund or surplus for their additional security and benefit. It is in the highest sense a trust society, the trustees or managers being appointed by the presiding Judges of the courts from among the best citizens, so that wise and conscientious care of the depositors' money is secured. It is thus that the institution has steadily grown into favor, and has achieved the high character it possesses as one of the leading savings banks of the world. J. C.

From, Public Spirit
Hatboro Pa.
Date, Feb. 24" 1894,

A famous hotel, 140 years old, is about to be lost as a landmark in Germantown to make way for modern improvements. It is the Buck Hotel, on Main street, opposite Church, where so many hundreds of Montgomery County farmers have in years past found refreshment on their way to and from city markets. The old-fashioned hostelry is situated on ground recently purchased by the Drexel-Welsh syndicate, known at the Carpenter estate. The new owners contemplate erecting a fine lot of stores on the main street, which will necessitate the tearing down of all the structures in that neigborhood, including this famous old hotel.

From, Inquirer
Phila. Pa.
Date, Feb. 25, 1894.

WHY GEORGE'S HEAD WAS TAKEN DOWN

Indignant Yankees Would Not Tolerate the Bust of an English Sovereign.

Incited to Violence by a Display of Aggravating Pictures.

Resentment Against Royalty Ran High Among the Men Who Had Fought for Seven Years to Break Loose From the British Yoke.

Local historians are intensely interested in THE INQUIRER'S exclusive story of the restoration of the effigy of King George II on the chancel window of Christ Church on North Second street. When was it taken down? By whom? Why? Everybody is looking up records.

A historical sketch, issued by the present rector, Rev. C. Ellis Stevens, in 1892, states on page 11, as among other sketches on the same authority stated before, that "by order of the vestry the bust of King George II was taken from the chancel wall. A year later, in June, 1777, the crown upon the top of the steeple was struck by lightning and melted."

AFTER THE BRITISH DEFEAT.

Rector Stevens yesterday repeated his assertion that the King's head was not taken down in 1776, and said that he had intended to strike that statement out of his last church pamphlet from which it is quoted. He said he learned from Joseph E. Hever, a very old member who died recently in West Philadelphia and was very accurate in and full of reminiscences, that the King's head was taken down after the Revolution.

There was a printer opposite Christ Church who made himself so obnoxious a critic of public men of the day that he was at last driven out of town. Mr. Stevens could not remember the name of that printer, but he was certain that it had nothing to do with Revolutionary politics.

William White Wiltbank, a member of Christ Church, said that he had heard of a story that King George's head was stoned down by a mob, and that it was George III's head. This was found to be the view of some others. Rector Stevens stated positively that Dean Stanley when here recognized the head as George II's, and when it was taken down recently from the vestry room, after it had been obscured for 100 years, the lettering "G. II" was clear. The vestry voted unanimously in December to restore it to the chancel window. Sexton David Head painted it with seven coats of paint on both sides. The wood was found to be excellently well preserved. He fastened it up January 31, 1894. Rector Stevens could not tell on whose motion it was ordered up.

NOT TOLERATED IN OLDEN DAYS.

The whole sum of the information that the rector and others could give the reporter was that it had been taken down in consequence of some violence toward some printer of a paper opposite the church; that it was most probably taken down secretly; that it was then for a long time hidden away in the Philadelphia Library, and was later taken back to the church and put high up as the principal figure in the vestry

meeting-room under the steeple. The church held one of the oldest shares in the Philadelphia Library. Francis Hopkinson, secretary of the Continental Congress and a warden and secretary of the vestry of the church, was one of the founders of the library. It might have been he who took the King's head away to the Philadelphia Library to save it from a mob.

It will probably put the members and friends of the church in the way of clearing up the whole mystery by referring them to Wescott's History of Philadelphia, vol. III, page 1976, and vol. I, pages 485, 4.0, 493, 497-99.

William Cobbett must have been the printer of the traditional account of those stirring events. He was the "Peter Porcupine" of the blue frame house, No. 25 North Second street, opposite Christ Church. Thomas Bradford had previously been his publisher. He took the largest liberty in criticising men and measures.

Many of the public men of the day were members of Christ Church. Dr. Rush, who was a Christ Churchman, was ridiculed by Cobbett for treating yellow fever with "mercurial purgation, calomel and bleeding," and it was his victory in a suit for $5000 damages that compelled Cobbett to leave Philadelphia. Judge McKean, afterwards Governor McKean, was also a Christ Churchman. The latter had previously tried to secure Cobbett's indictment for libel of his friend, the Spanish Minister, Don Carlos de Yrujo, but both Supreme Court and Federal Court grand juries ignored the indictments.

INSPIRED COBBETT TO CRITICISM.

President John Adams, another member of Christ Church, was in for Cobbett's searching criticisms. Cobbett was McKean's bitterest and most relentless enemy.

In criticising his opponents Cobbett, evidently inspired by the King's head across the street, said "methinks the King smiles—" In what direction he was using this sarcastic fling does not appear clear as yet. It does not appear that Cobbett was making any attack on Christ Church itself or its members or the Kingly head and crown on the chancel window except, perhaps, in so far as his public political enemies happened to be members of the church.

But Cobbett, in order to sway public sentiment as he desired, exhibited in his window the portraits of kings, queens, princes and nobles, and "every picture," he wrote, "which I thought likely to excite rage in the enemies of Great Britain. Such a sight," he wrote, "had not been seen in Philadelphia for twenty years. Never since the rebellion had anyone dared to hoist at his window the portrait of George III."

Cobbett feared a mob and even murder. A fellow-printer was mobbed in his place. He writes that he was warned when he went there "not to put up any aristocratical portraits, which, it was said, would certainly cause his windows to be demolished." That is Cobbett's statement of a warning he received, and might be read between the lines to be the invention of a man who wanted to excite rage against the chancel window and George's head on Christ Church across the way. Cobbett says the mo- me[illegible] took the house "the eyes of the Democrats and the French, who still lorded it over the city and who owed me a mutual grudge, were fixed upon me." Cobbett came to the United States in 1792. Bradford published his pamphlets for a long time until he took the Second street house. "Porcupine Gazette and Daily Advertiser" was first issued March 14, 1797. The last number was published in 1799. It was "anti-Democratic and anti-French."

FRENCH COCKADES RESENTED.

Benjamin Franklin Bache, editor of the "Aurora," made some attacks on Federalist ship carpenters on the frigate United States, and was assaulted and beaten for it. About the same time Cobbett was threatened with violence on account of his attacks upon Governor Mifflin. A popular song, supposed to be inimical to the French, was denounced by Bache as "bombast and the vilest adulation to the Anglo-Monarchical party and the two Presidents." It was at this time that President Adams was dealing with moderation with the insolent aggressions of France. The President appointed the author of the song to a position. Twelve hundred citizens marched to the President's house in approval of his course with France, and they wore a black cockade. In the evening, under excitement of liquor, they battered down the windows and doors of Bache's "Aurora" printing house. The next night parties of men appeared, wearing French cockades, creating disorder. Cobbett was blamed for suggesting to the Federalists to wear the cockades.

It remains to be explained whether mob violence was directed at the head of King George II or whether the fear for the head arose incidentally out of Cobbett's hatred and his pictures across the street. He was an Englishman and had charged the "United Irishmen" with "conspiracy against the country" and the Tammany Society expressed sympathy with the French. Cobbett put up his pictures "to excite the enemies of Great Britain to rage." In spite of the fact of his bitter attacks on public men, members of Christ Church, like Adams, McKean, Rush and others, the mob might have made no reasoning distinction between Cobbett's British pictures and the Christ Church head of King George II.

SPRING GARDEN UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

History of the Institution and the

Principles It Sets Forth.

THE BASIS OF MEMBERSHIP

No Common Creed Nor Doctrinal Tests Required for Eligibility. The Organizations Connected with the Society.

The Spring Garden Unitarian Society, whose church is at the corner of Broad and Brandywine Streets, dates its origin from the year 1876, and is thus to be classed among the many excellent institutions which were called into existence in Philadelphia by the Centennial of '76.

The earliest movement toward the establishment of a Unitarian Society in the Spring Garden section of the city was made at about the time of the beginning of the Civil War, but this did not prove to be permanent. Various other similar attempts, of longer or shorter continuance were made before the one which was successful. In the Autumn of 1876 the balance remaining from a fund which had been raised for keeping open daily during the Centennial Exposition the parlors of the First Unitarian Church, then at Tenth and Locust Streets, was appropriated for paying the expenses of a series of Unitarian services in the hall of the Spring Garden Institute on Sunday evenings. Rev. Charles G. Ames, at that time minister of the Unitarian Society of Germantown, preached at these meetings, and so much interest was aroused among the people of the vicinity that the series was resumed in the following year. M. Ames afterwards moved from Germantown to Boston, but he came regularly to Philadelphia once a month, and later twice a month, until the year 1880, when he came to this city to reside, becoming the settled minister of the society.

THE ORGANIZATION.

A formal organization was effected on May 29, 1881, and ninety-six persons subscribed their names to a simple covenant, which was recognized as the sole basis of membership in the society. The covenant was as follows: "In the freedom of truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." This covenant, framed by Mr. Ames, and first used by this society, has since been adopted by many churches of the Unitarian denomination.

A charter was obtained immediately after the organization, so that the society was duly incorporated. A few amendments have since been made in the charter and by-laws, the most important of which extends the full privileges of membership to all annual subscribers to the treasury, as well as to signers of the covenant. The meetings were held in the hall of the Spring Garden Institute until 1882, when the church belonging to the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) Society was purchased. Possession was taken on March 12, 1882, but the people of the New Jerusalem congregation continued to share the use of the building for a time during the construction of a new edifice.

Mr. Ames resigned the pastorate on January 1, 1889, and accepted an invitation to become minister of the Church of the Disciples in Boston, succeeding Rev. James Freeman Clarke who had recently died. On December 2, 1889, Rev. William I. Nichols, who had been settled over societies in Hingham and in Littleton in Massachusetts, was installed as minister of the society, and still occupies the position. The number of subscribers to the covenant now amounts to three hundred and thirty-five, but this fact affords no adequate indication of the

Rev. William I. Nichols.

constituency of the society. From the beginning all the pews have been free, and many persons attend the services of the church without formally joining the society. Great emphasis is placed upon the principal of freedom represented in this society. Not only are all the seats free, and subscriptions and contributions of every kind entirely voluntary, but persons of every condition, and of every shade of opinion are freely welcomed, if they desire to become connected with the society. They are also equally at liberty to leave without hindrance, whenever they desire to do so. The doors always swing freely in both directions for those who wish to come in or go out.

The society stands for "Freedom, Fellowship, and Character in Religion." There is no common creed nor is there any doctrinal test for membership. Cordial fellowship exists among the members who hold widely different beliefs concerning speculative questions. The strong bond of union is a desire to develop human character, to promote truth and righteousness and love in the world. There is general recognition also of the supreme importance of the spiritual life, and the services of the church are conducted with a view to the cultivation of a reverent and cheerful trust in eternal goodness, as well as to impel to the faithful performance of duty.

A Sunday school was organized soon after formation of the society. It includes nearly all the children of the families of the congregation. The number on the roll of the school at present is seventy-four, and besides the children, a class of adults meets at the same hour, immediately after the morning service, the average attendance of which is fifty. The aim in the Sunday school is to make the children acquainted with the Bible as a work of religious literature, and to impress upon their minds true moral principles such as will develop pure and upright character.

In regard to doctrinal beliefs, no attempt is made to prepossess the minds of the young, but they are encouraged to learn to think for themselves freely upon all subjects. A special class for children collected from the streets in the

CHURCH OF THE SPRING GARDEN UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

neighborhood of the church is held on Sunday afternoons, when the children are entertained with singing and with the exhibition of interesting and instructive views thrown upon a screen from a stereopticon.

Unity Club, an association for literary and social entertainment meets in the pariors of the church on the second and fourth Tuesday evening's of the month. Membership is not confined to those belonging to the society, or to those in the habit of attending services in the church, but is open to all who desire to join. A part of the exercises consists of debates concerning questions of interest.

The Women's Friendly Society meets on Friday afternoons to sew for charitable objects. A literary programme is arranged for the meetings in advance, and while the hands of those present are employed in benevolent work, their heads and their hearts are occupied by listening to improving reading or conversation. The Friendly Society welcomes to its membership all women, regardless of their religious beliefs, or their customary church relations.

The President of this society is Mrs. Anna W. Longstreth, well-known as the president of the New Century Club.

A FREE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

A free circulating library of general literature, containing nearly two thousand well selected volumes is maintained in the parlors and books can be taken out by any one who is known to the librarian, or who is properly introduced, so that there may be assurance of the safe return of the books loaned. A supply of pamphlet literature giving the views of eminent thinkers upon religious subjects is kept on hand for gratuitous distribution. A Bulletin of the society is issued monthly, containing announcements of meetings for the succeeding month, and treating of various matters relating to the work of the society. A year book is also published in the month of February, containing a list of the officers of the church and of the different committees, and a report of the work carried on in the different departments during the preceeding year. Both the Bulletin and the year book are free of charge.

This society has always taken active part in practical work of a philanthropic and reformatory character in the community. A committee on co-operation and city work attends to cases of want and suffering brought to its notice, and acting in co-operation with the branch associations, of Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity, aims to help the poor without diminishing their self respect and independence.

The establishment of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity, which was the first of its kind to be founded in this country, was due in large measure to the efforts of Mr. Ames, the first minister of the Spring Garden Unitarian Society. Thus, although this church is not large in numbers, it has the satisfaction of exerting an influence for good around it, greater than would be inferred from an observation of its size and apparent strength. The work which its members help to carry on outside its limits is more extensive than that which is conducted within the limits of its membership. To an unusually large degree it is a civic church. Its aim is to elevate the standard of human life. Much of the time and energy which under a different thought of the function of a religious society might be expended in gathering people within its fold, is expended in seeking to educate public sentiment through other institutions.

From, Telegraph
Phila. Pa.
Date, Feb. 28" 1894.

AN OLD CHURCH.

THE TENTH BAPTIST CHURCH, WHICH WAS ORGANIZED IN JANUARY, 1838, WILL PROBABLY BE SOLD—A HISTORY OF ITS ORGANIZATION AND GROWTH—SOME INTERESTING FACTS REGARDING ITS EARLY CAREER—ITS WORK AND MEMBERSHIP.

It is understood that at a meeting of the congregation of the Tenth Baptist Church, on Eighth street above Green street—which was at one time one of the most prosperous churches in this city—held recently, it was decided to sell the property on certain conditions. The vote at the meeting is said to have been over 150 in favor of selling and 6 against.

Rumor has it that the B th Israel Synagogue, on Crown street between Race and Vine streets, of which Rev. Victor Rosenstein is rabbi, is the prospective purchaser. The rabbi, it is said, has gone over the church, and has decided that the Tenth Church will just suit his congregation. Rumor also has it that the Beth Israel congregation has offered the Tenth Church $25,000 for its property.

One of the trustees of the Tenth Church when seen last evening declined to say much about the matter. but said "they were talking over the subject, and would see the Synagogue authorities this week, and it would not definitely be known whether they would sell or not until Friday evening, March 8."

This is, so rumor has it, the fourth time the matter has been before the congregation, and their reasons for selling is owing to a rumor that the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad contemplate purchasing the properties on the west side of Eighth street, from Green to Wallace street, and erect a large coal yard on the site; and on account of a number of members of the congregation moving from the immediate vicinity to upper portions and different parts of the city.

Two churches, it is understood, are spoken of in case matters can be arranged for the sale of the church for the members to consolidate with. They are the Broad Street Baptist Church, at the southeast corner of Broad and Brown streets, and the Centennial Baptist Church, at the northwest corner of Twenty-third and Oxford streets. Rev. John W. Weddell is at present pastor of the church, and has not yet been acting in that capacity a year.

HISTORY OF ITS ORGANIZATION.

The history of the origin and growth of the Tenth Church furnishes an interesting chapter in the annals of local church work. In 1832 the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard was called to the pastorate of the New Market Street Baptist Church, at that time situated on New Market street, near Noble. This congregation is now known as the Fourth Baptist Church, and worships at Fifth and Buttonwood streets. Rev. John B. G. Pidge is at present pastor of this church.

This church progressed rapidly under the leadership of Dr. Kennard in numbers and influence, and as the neighborhood was at that time a growing one, the condition suggested to Mr. Kennard's missionary spirit the propriety and necessity of establishing another Baptist colony. This subject was intimated by him to some of the brethren, and the matter was so favorably regarded that steps were taken and a meeting for the furtherance of the project was held at the residence of C. A. Wilson, at the corner of Marshall and Spring Garden streets, on July 26 1836. A month had not elapsed after the meeting before a Sunday-school had been organized in a room at the southeast corner of Eighth and Buttonwood streets. The meeting-place was subsequently changed to Seventh and Callowhill streets, and later to the corner of Sixth street and Fairmount avenue.

During all this time the Sunday school workers maintained their membership in the New Market Street Church, and finally, in the latter part of 1837, they decided to leave the mother organization, and applied for their letters, in order that they might establish a new church.

The letters were granted, and on the first day of January, 1838, the new church—now the Tenth—was organized, the Rev. Mr. Kennard being unanimously elected its pastor. At the outset the constituent membership of the congregation was 169. Of these but few are now in the land of the living. When the new church was established the neighborhood was but sparsely settled. A few scattered buildings was all it could boast of. The lot upon which the Tenth Church now stands, on Eighth street north of Green, was then in the centre of a vast brickyard.

Through years the Tenth Church had been noted in religious circles for its devoted women. The first $10,000 secured for the building fund was raised by means of a fair held by the ladies. The lecture-room of the new building was completed in October, 1838 The Rev. William Shadrack, D. D., preached the dedicatory sermon. Prior to that event, however, preaching services were held during the summer in a tent north of the rising structure. Conversions were numerous and several persons were baptized. On the 22d of September, 1839, the main room was opened, and sermons were preached by the Rev. Drs. Eaton, Babcock, and Ide.

ITS REMARKABLE GROWTH.

Although the edifice was at that time one of the largest church buildings in this city, it oftentimes proved too small to accommodate the vast crowds that were drawn to it. The congregation rapidly increased. Two years after its organization it had grown from a membership of 169 to 648. In a little over five years 701 converts were brought into the church through the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Kennard. By this time building operations were active in the neighborhood and the dwellings were gradually occupied by church-going people. During the winter and spring of 1839 and 1840 Dr. Kennard baptized 257 persons. These were valuable additions. Led by an enthusiastic leader, these men marched on and occupied new ground. In 1841 sixty-seven were added to the church, and in 1842, 103. In 1843 the membership was over 1,000. In this same year nearly 200 were added. Now that the neighborhood had become more fixed, other churches were built, and the additions to the Tenth became of necessity fewer in number. The year 1847 was spoken of in the Church's letter to the association as a year of barrenness, and yet during those twelve

months that missionary physician, J. Sexton James, was sent to China.

The year 1856 also bore comparatively little fruit, for only four persons were baptized and five received by letter. The succeeding two years saw an improvement. The great wave of religious awakening which swept all over the land touched the Tenth Baptist Church. In these two years the Rev. Dr. Kennard baptized 178 persons. In 1860 it was the strongest church in Philadelphia. It naturally suffered with many churches from the excitement attending the late Civil War. This church was to a great extent the home of a vast number of young men, and the majority of these joined the army and went forth to battle for their country. The Rev. Dr. Kennard and the members of the church did good service to the sick and the wounded as they passed through the city from the seat of war.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Kennard was an extraordinary man. He was enthusiastic, full of the milk of human kindness, and possessed the confidence of all the community; people looked upon him as a kind and wise father. He was greatly beloved by all. In the pulpit he was eloquent, warm and earnest. Out of it he was genial, kind, and one of the people. He knew nothing of ministerial starch, but was always truly dignified. His last year on earth was a fruitful one. He received eighty-six into the Church in 1865 and 1866. He died suddenly on Sunday morning, the 24th of June, 1866. He had prepared his sermons for that day, but was taken sick on Saturday night.

Dr. Kennard's Successors.

His son, Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, is a successful minister in Chicago, and one of his daughters married Rev. Dr. Patton. One of his daughters was Miss Anna Kennard, who was principal of the Mount Vernon Academy, and a third is Miss Beulah Kennard, a skilful artist. The Rev. Dr. Kennard was succeeded by his son, who took charge of the church in April, 1867, and remained until the autumn of 1871. He was a faithful pastor, and did excellent work. During his pastorate large accessions were made by baptism and letter. He also published a small church paper, entitled *The Shepherd's Crook*.

The Rev. J. Spencer Kennard was followed by the Rev. A. J. Rowland, D. D., on the 1st of July, 1872. The Rev. Dr. Rowland was a pleasing speaker, an amiable gentleman, and a profound scholar. He served the church in a very efficient manner until January 27, 1884, when he resigned. At the close of his ministry efforts were made to change the location of the church and build further uptown, but these efforts were unsuccessful. The movement did not enlist the sympathy of the majority. For over a year the church was without a pastor, and with the changes in the neighborhood, and the removal of members to other localities, the congregation suffered in membership—still it contained in 1885 over 600.

The Rev. Frederick Evans, D. D., began his ministry at the Tenth Church on the last Sunday in March, in the year 1885, and before the end of the year had arrived the membership had greatly increased, and the Sunday-school under the leadership of W. M. Bains was steadily growing. The whole number of members received into the church from the time of its organization up to 1885 was 3,485, and since that time the membership has been increasing.

The Good Work Accomplished.

The work performed by the Tenth Church in the way of sending out missionaries, in opening new fields, and in adding to the ministry, is nothing short of remarkable. In 1840 it sent forth 43 members to form the Twelfth Church. In 1842 36 members were dismissed to establish the North Church. In 1844 67 were dismissed to organize the Broad and Brown Baptist Church, lately under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Magoon, but now in charge of Rev. Henry Boas Rankin. In 1855, 40 members, with members from the Calvary Church, formed the Spring Garden Baptist Church, now under the charge of Rev. Charles T. Morgan. In 1861 a mission was established in Cumberland street, and out of this was established the Mt Zion Church, now the Frankford Avenue Church, of which Rev. Charles Warwick is the present pastor. In 1870 a mission was established at Twelfth street and Montgomery avenue, out of which grew the Grace Church, under the leadership of the Rev. R. H. Conwell. The Snyder Avenue and Lehigh Avenue Missions are greatly indebted to workers from the Tenth Church. It was truly a missionary church.

On its list of membership have been the names of the Rev. Dr. Eugene Kincaid, the celebrated missionary, and Mr. and Mrs. David Downie, who have labored successfully in India.

Twenty-five members have gone out of the church as preachers, and among these are some of the ablest theologians and orators in the Baptist ranks, namely, Rev. Dr. A. S. Patton, Rev. E. G. Taylor, of Newark; Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, of Chicago; and Rev. T. B. Greul, of the Powelton Avenue Church, this city. The Tenth Church had two licentiates, Messrs. Hickman Demming and T. Holloway. It also had two ordained men who labored as missionaries—the Revs. W. B. Tolan and Charles Griffin. Many of the most prominent Baptist laymen in the various churches throughout the city were at one time active members of the congregation on North Eighth street. The church has contributed most generously towards the education of young ministers. During its existence it has raised for church expenses, benevolent objects, etc., a large amount of money. The church has a Young People's Working Association, which is doing noble service in visiting the sick, welcoming the stranger, and doing missionary work. For nearly eighteen years the congregation supported Mr. Schaeffer among the colored people of West Virginia, and his labors have been abundantly blessed.

General Work and Membership.

During its long years of service the old church has undergone many alterations and repairs. In 1857 it was extensively renewed. Four years later the front was altered and numerous interior improvements made. In 1871, just before the resignation of the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, the church was repaired at an expense of $6,600. Still later, in 1878 the lecture-room was refloored and carpeted and furnished with chairs at an outlay of about $1,700. The year of 1885 crowned the whole so far as repairs and improvements are concerned. The addition in the rear gives the church and Sunday-school a library-room and a pastor's study on the first floor and two commodious dressing-rooms on the second floor, which are connected with the baptistry.

The Bible class and infant rooms had been placed in the front of the lecture-room, which by raising the sash converted the three rooms into one large apartment, and they now remain the same. The ventilation and heat-

ing apparatus had been greatly improved New and beautiful windows replaced the old and primitive ones. The main room is one of the most handsomely frescoed in the city. The baptistry is open. The floor is carpeted. The new pulpit furniture was the gift of a lady in memory of her mother. The gas fixtures are of the newest designs, while the organ is handsomely decorated. The old, ponderous side galleries were removed. These improvements cost about $11,000, which had been provided for.

The Tenth Church and Sunday-school have always been favored with excellent officers. It has several missionary circles, and its membership comprised many prominent gentlemen.

From, Ledger
Phila. Pa.
Date, Mar. 1st 1894.

VIEWS OF LONG AGO.

A REMINDER OF THE WORK OF A PHILADELPHIA ARTIST.

Rummaging through a lot of musty legal papers, the other day, Mr. William H. Staake, a member of the bar, came across a curious old scrap and sketch book, which proved to have been a possession, early in the present century, of William Russell Birch, an artist and engraver of those times, who did much to preserve the earlier scenes and history of Philadelphia, but who seems to have had the proverbial luck of men of genius. Birch, in the language of a familiar historian, was "a true artist," who came from England in 1794 and first attracted notice as "an enamel painter." Having a penchant for architectural drawing, as well as a knowledge of the art of engraving, he widened the scope of his labors, until 1800, when, on the last day of the year, he published a volume of 28 plates, which he had himself drawn and engraved on copper, entitled "Views of the City of Philadelphia in 1800." These views were extremely interesting, and their value has been constantly increasing, from a historical standpoint, because of their faithful, and now curious, delineations of street scenes, buildings and costumes in Philadelphia nearly a century ago. Birch is credited with having done much other work pertaining to the Quaker City, one of his undertakings being to issue a series of views of country seats round-about Philadelphia, including many of the historic residences now within the boundaries of Fairmount Park. These views were prepared on the subscription basis, but do not seem to have netted the artist a satisfactory return for on a fly leaf of the book which Mr. Staake has unearthed, in what appears to be the artist's own handwriting, this announcement of ownership and suggestion of disappointment is found:

"Birch's private set, with variations and additions; intended to to be continned, but no encouragement."

The Artist and His Work.

Pasted in the old scrap book are about 25 views, in addition to some fugitive drawings, water colors and engravings. Most of them belong to the "Country Seats" series and bear the impress, "Drawn, Engraved and Published by W. Birch, Springland, near Bristol, Pennsylv'a." "Springland" was the artist's home, a spot, which a bit of descriptive matter explains, was "chosen by the artist for the exercise of his taste in retirement." "Art," it goes on, "has added much to it, and the cottage is embellished with a small, but very fine collection of paintings by some of the first masters." A view of Springland had been included in the series, but was removed from the scrapbook. The other nearby views that do appear were: "Lansdown, the Seat of the Late William Bingham, Esq.;" "Fountain Green, the Seat of Mr. S. Meeker;" "Solitude, belonging to Mr. Penn;" "Devan, the Seat of Mr. Dallas;" "Woodlands, the Seat of Mr. William Hamilton;" "Sedgley, the Seat of Mr. William Crammond;" "View from Belmont, the Seat of Judge Peters;" "Mendenhall Ferry, Schuylkill," and "China Retreat, the Seat of Mr. Manigault." Some of these stately old buildings are still standing, and have furnished abundance of matter of themselves and through their associations for local historians.

Old Scenery of the Schuylkill.

As to their history the artist has something to say, which in every instance adds materially to the interest attaching to the beautiful pictures he has given. Of "Lansdown," for instance, he says: It "lies upon the bank of the pastoral Schuylkill, a stream of peculiar beauty, deservedly the delight and boast of the shores it fertilizes. The house was built upon a handsome and correct plan by the former Governor Penn." Two views of "Lansdown" are given, one in black and white and the other brushed up in water colors. The house is a broad two-story structure, with ample porches in the olden style, and a fine lawn and an abundance of shade trees surrounding it. "Fountain Green" is a conventional two-story house with one-story wings, with white walls and green shutters. It directly overlooks the Schuylkill, and on the lawn in front of it stands a handsome piece of statuary. The mason work of a canal between the lawn and the river is also shown. Mr. Meeker's location, the artist says, is "highly favored by nature, and capable of vast improvement. Upon the half ascent of the bank from the river, the new canal will pass the house, and, if ever finished, will become a great ornament to the place." As to "Solitude" which has often been touched up in local histories, a two-and-a-half story structure with porches in front and balcony on top, standing on a knoll in the midst of a heavy growth of trees, the artist expresses his belief in the absolute propriety of the title. "Upon further research," he adds, "the solitary rocks, and the waters of Schuylkill add sublimity to quietness. The house is built with great taste for a bachelor, by the former Governor, John Penn, since the revolution."

From Woodlands to Belmont.

"Woodlands," which has always been regarded as one of the finest of the old country seats, is declared by the artist to have been "a noble demesne, long the pride of Pennsylvania." "The beauties of nature and the rarities of art, not more than the hospitality of the owner," he writes, "attract to it many visitors. It is charmingly situated on the winding Schuylkill, and commands one of the most superb water scenes that can be imagined. The ground is laid out in good taste.

There is here a hot house and green house, containing a collection in the horticultural department unequalled, perhaps, in the United States." Of Sedgely, where Captain Chasteau now holds forth in command of the guards of Fairmount Park, the artist says: "This beautiful Gothic structure * * * is in the neighborhood of Lansdown, which is seen in the distance on the opposite side of the river, whose gentle stream courses, lowly and humble, amidst romantic woods, gently descending lawns and cavernd rocks. The house was erected by Mr. Crammond, from a design by that able architect, Mr. J. H. Latrobe."

But it is with the view from Judge Peters's house at Belmont the artist is most smitten. The scenery all along the Schuylkill has attracted his attention, and he observes that "it is impossible" "to leave the study of its charms," but at Belmont, he continues, "you pass from the wild, romantic scene, the rugged stone, with wood and water bound—to expand the sight from this high lifted lawn, to view in open space the world below, the riches of the richest State, the big metropolis in the woods, the chequered country with her merchants' seats, the bustle of agriculture, and the verdant banks of the fluid mirror that reflects the sky; and further on to view Mt. Holly mingled with the air in Jersey—the whole a soft and visionary scene."

The Ferry Near the Falls.

"The Mendenhall Ferry" view is another of the Schuylkill river scenes shown in the old book. It presents, near at hand, a frame building, with an elongated porch at the end of a rope ferry. The stream is narrow, and half way across is a bateaux, containing a ferryman and a horse. On the high lands across the river are revealed a couple of spacious mansions. The "Ferry," the artist explains, is "close upon the Falls of Schuylkill and central to the neighboring seats of Philadelphia," and "is one of nature's choicest retreats." Mr. Mendenhall, to accommodate the citizens, has opened his house for public entertainment. The two seats on the bank are those of Mr. Joseph Sims and the justly celebrated Dr. Physick; the latter is called very appropriately, "Fairy Hill."

With "A Garden Scene," showing "the sun reflecting on the dew," at "Echo," "a place belonging to Mr. D. Bavarage," the old book concludes its memories of the Schuylkill. "An elegant situation on the bank of the Schuylkill, near the suburbs of the city," the artist says of "Echo," "rich in every wild luxury which nature can afford to the plastic hand of art. The house is of no note, and its site not well chosen. It derives its name from the reverberations given from the opposite shore, particularly by a rock memorable for having been, in the Revolution, the place of encampment for the British, while General Washington and his army were on the spot."

Views on the Delaware.

There are two pictures of "Devon," on the Delaware, the seat of Mr. Dallas, one of them evidently a proof engraving. A sloop dropping sail and a yawl pulling away to shore enlivens the river view, and a fine old two-story mansion, with an encircling porch and sloping lawn, lightens up the landscape, against a background of trees. In his description the artist has little to say, except that this is "an airy and pleasant situation on the Pennsylvania shore of the Delaware, fourteen miles from Philadelphia," and that "the house was built by Mr. Joseph Anthony." "China Retreat," however, comes in for a more extended notice. It is shown to be a two-story house, not unlike the Massachusetts house at the World's Fair, with well-kept lawn and walks leading to the river. This situation is also described as "airy and pleasant," but it is located "17 miles from Philadelphia." "The house," according to the narrative, "was built by Mr. Van Braam, late Ambassader from Holland to China. It was here he prepared for the press his account of that Embassy, together with the manners and characters of the Chinese, and which was published at great expense in London, now the summer residence of the family of Mr. Manigault, of South Carolina."

Besides these Delaware views, all of which had been engraved, are three sketches which the artist was unable, or had "no encouragement," to complete. The first of these is "Point Breeze," a pencil sketch of "the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, at Bordentown, on the Delaware," ruled in squares and partly traced over in water colors; the second is an unfinished pencil sketch of "Mr. Bell's Buildings, at Richmond," and the third, a water color of "The Mill and House of Mr. E. Esivel, late Sheriff of Philadelphia, near Christeen."

Famous Seats Elsewhere.

Views outside of Philadelphia include "Hoboken, in New Jersey, the seat of Mr. John Sievens;" "Mt. Vernon, Virginia, the seat of the late General G. Washington," described as a "hallowed mansion," named after Admiral Vernon, commander of the British fleet during the French war, who frequently visited his friend, "the father of General W.," "now the residence of Judge Washington," and "the seat of Mr. Duplantier, near New Orleans, lately occupied as headquarters by General J. Wilkinson." Though "engraved and published by W. Birch," the last mentioned view was "drawn by G. Birch, Cornet of Light Dragoons, United States Army," and "now Major," as added in lead pencil writing. This view is described as exhibiting "a style of building familiar to the West Indies. * * * In the distance is descried the port and shipping of New Orleans." After this comes "Montibello, the seat of General S. Smith, Maryland," under which the artist has written "From a design by W. R. Birch, presented to General Smith." It is a broad, two-story building, with a projecting porch and balcony in front, described as "handsomely seated amid the woods, a few miles from Baltimore, and commanding a prospect of the Chesapeake and Baltimore bays." The artist speaks of the house having been built from his plans for General Smith, and says the work was "generally approved." An engraving of "York Island, with a view of the seats of Mr. A. Gracie, Mr. Church, &c.," and a water color sketch of "Analostun, or Mason's Island, with one wing of the house at Georgetown, and two of Mr. Custus's in the distance" conclude the country seat views found in Mr. Staake's interesting relic. Of the York Island view the artist says it was "taken from the piazza of the seat of General Stevens on Long Island, near that extraordinary channel called Hell Gate on the East River, or Sound, * * * the scene extending across the North River to the Jersey shore."

Odd Street Scenes.

What else remains of "Birch's private set" must be told of the fugitive pieces. First of all is a head and bust of Sir Joshua Reynolds bearing the imprint of "W. Birch, Sculp." Then an 1808 view of "The Capitol at Washington," showing the two wings of the great building, with an open space between. One wing is as yet unfinished and the building material is being hoisted to the top. Next, view of "Masonic Hall in Chestnut Stre

Philadelphia. Built 1810. Burnt 1815." The building is two stories high, with a tall steeple. It stands behind an iron fence and is shaded by trees on either side. Two street scenes of the 1800 groups complete the collection. The first shows "Girard's Bank, late the Bank of the United States, in Third street." This famous building still stands opposite Dock street, south of Chestnut, but the surroundings are vastly different from those shown in the old design. South of the bank the picture shows two squatty frame houses, with a woman looking out of the door of one. A farmer is driving a hay wagon along Third street, and across, on the Dock street side, in front of an old three-story frame house, a man is sawing wood, which is piled up in the street beside him. The second engraving shows "High street, with the First Presbyterian Church." All the way down High (now Market) street, on the south side, to the river the houses, mostly frame, vary from two to three and a half stories in height. In front of the church, which was taken down in 1820, sits an apple woman, and passing her is a man trundling a wheelbarrow. The market house is shown on the other side, with a fish woman and other accessories. Men and women are promenading up and down, but in costumes that would affright the stylish people of the present day.

The death of Mr. Birch, a portion of whose work has thus been hurriedly gone over, occurred in Philadelphia in 1834.

J. H. M.

From, Inquirer
Phila. Pa.
Date, Mar. 5th 1894.

GEORGE II'S HEAD STILL IN QUESTION

Endeavors to Discover Whether It Was Removed to Satisfy Revolutionary Public Sentiment.

Benjamin Franklin Bache's Criticisms of It as an Emblem of Infamy.

Said to Have Been Knocked Down by Order of the Vestry, Preserved by Zaccheus Collins as a Relic and Presented to the Library Company of Philadelphia.

The restoration of King George II's head to the front of Christ Church, January 31, 1894, and its description in THE INQUIRER, have aroused a great deal of national interest. Further communications to THE INQUIRER show an increasing desire to know just how and why it was taken down. Rector Stevens states that the whole aim of the church is to restore the historic fabric to its precise condition during Washington's time, and in doing this they are acting as trustees for the public and would be glad to have the history of the matter thoroughly sifted.

The rector states his belief that the King's head was taken down for causes which had nothing to do with the American Revolution; that the head was there when Washington worshipped there. The "time of Washington," in the mind of the public, is the time he was leading the Revolution, which made the American public what it is. Supreme historical interest, therefore, attaches to the question whether the King George head was taken down at the will of the revolutionized, newborn American public or for entirely different causes.

GETTING AT THE FACTS.

The reverence for Washington, for Washington's time and for the "facts of the unchangeable past" requires it to be ascertained whether the King's head was up or down as a fact of Washington's time. A correspondent, reading the quotations from Wescott's History of Philadelphia in THE SUNDAY INQUIRER, calls attention to the following from Watson's Annals of Philadelphia:

"Upon the eastern end and above the great arched window, at the time of the Revolution, was a profile bust of George II carved in wood, and on the steeple a crown. The English arms had also been placed over the Governer's pew in Colonial days. These remained in place until after peace was declared, when an excited state of public feeling compelled their removal. They are now to be seen in the vestry-room. The figurehead of the King became the property of the Library Company of Philadelphia. The date of their being being taken down, and whether it was at the behest of excited citizens, are not quite certain. If Cobbett (who lived opposite Christ Church), is to be believed, the figure head of the King in a mutilated condition was in front of the church as late as 1796. "Peter Porcupine' (Wm. Cobbett), published in the 'Scarecrow' for 1796 the following: 'To return to the print indicative of British prowess, have I not as good a right to exhibit a proof of this prowess at my window as the Democrats have to exhibit proofs of theirs on the front of the church opposite? The half destroyed bust of George II remains as a monument of their valor and why should I not be permitted to expose a picture to perpetuate the valor of Earl Howe and his gallant fleet?'

WOULD BE TAKEN DOWN.

"In 1794 the retention of the medallion portrait of George II was complained of in Bache's paper. There was published an address to the vestry, stating that if they would not take down the head it would be taken down for them. A week or two afterwards a regular address to the vestry was published, in which it was said in regard to the head: 'It has nothing to do with the worship of the Most High God, nor the government

under which we exist. It has a tendency to cause that church to be disliked whilst bearing the mark of infamy. It has a tendency, to the knowledge of many, to keep young and virtuous men from attending worship. It is, therefore, a public nuisance.'

"It appears from Cobbett's reference that the profile still remained in 1796. The late Thomas White (a son of Bishop White), in February, 1857, mentioned that the figure of the King was removed from the front of the church by order of John Wilcocks, one of the vestry. It was thrown into the gutter, where it was found by Zaccheus Collins and taken to his residence, directly opposite the church on Second street, near the dwelling of Wm. Cobbett. As the vestry had ordered the removal of the emblem of royalty Mr. Collins did not, of course, offer to return it to the church, but being desirous that the relic should be preserved he gave it to the Library Company of Philadelphia."

AN ANCIENT ANECDOTE.

In the "Independent Gazetteer," of August 18, 1787, is this anecdote: "On taking down the crown of Christ Church steeple, which some time since had been much injured by lightning, one of the bystanders asked what they were going to do with it. He was told it was to be repaired and put up immediately. 'I guess,' said an arch boy who had been very attentive to the query and answer, 'They had better wait till the convention breaks up and know first what they recommend.' At any rate, the vestry found it inexpedient to put up the crown again, but instead they put up a mitre. The mitre had thirteen stars representing the thirteen States, and bore the inscription: 'Rev. William White, D. D., consecrated Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania February 4, 1787.'"

From, Press
Phila. Pa.
Date, Mar. 19th 1894.

THE QUAINT CHURCH OF THE ATONEMENT.

Almost Fifty Years Old, but Stronger Than It Has Ever Been.

IT WAS ORGANIZED IN 1846.

Few Vicissitudes in Its Almost Half Century of Existence—Historic Names Associated with Its Progress.

The quaint Church of the Atonement, which might be called the "The Little Church Around the Corner," is almost fifty years old, but it is younger now and stronger than it has been for a long time. This church stands on the corner of Seventeenth and Summer Streets, and in the Spring and from then on deep into the Fall it is a veritable bower, covered from foundation to roof with the thickest and greenest vines. Rev. Dr. I. Newton Stanger is the rector of the church. Rev. Dr. Benjamin Watson is its rector emeritus.

The preliminary meeting for the organization of this parish was held on November 11, 1846. The first services were held in a room of the old Wills Eye Hospital, on Logan Square. Thus the church was launched, and from that time on, with few vicissitudes, it has kept its head above water. Quite a number of the names of old Philadelphia families were associated with it in its infancy. The late Alexander Brown was one of its leading spirits. He was the chairman of the Building Committee, he laid the cornerstone and he was the first senior warden of the church.

ITS FIRST RECTOR.

The first rector was Rev. Kingston Goddard. Under him the building was consecrated. It was not so roomy then as it is now, but later on in his rectorship it was considerably enlarged. With the addition it seated 1200 people, and it was always full. At this time, before the erection of Holy Trinity and St. James' Churches, the Church of the Atonement was probably the largest and wealthiest in the city. Its congregations consisted of the oldest, the richest and the most distinguished families of Philadelphia. But with the erection of the other larger and handsomer churches a great many people withdrew from it and attached themselves to those.

In 1859 Rev. Dr. Benjamin Watson accepted a call to the rectorship, and he served for the long term of thirty-two years. Dr. Watson resigned two years ago, and was immediately made rector emeritus, an honor which his faithful services richly merited.

Then for more than a year the pulpit of the Church of the Atonement remained vacant, and the congregation, as a consequence, was on the verge of dissolution. In size it fell to a handful.

In June, 1893, Dr. I. Newton Stanger, who had recently resigned from Holy Trinity Church, Harlem, New York, accepted a call to the church. Immediately upon entering on his duties he instituted various changes in the services and brought about several very important improvements in the church building. During the last few months of his incumbency there have been marked improvements in the attendance upon all the services, and a commendable parish life is manifest in every department, so that Dr. Stanger feels very much encouraged in his work, which at the outset looked almost hopeless.

DR. STANGER'S SUCCESS.

The services of the church are very attractive and edifying. The congregation are steadily on the increase. Pews and sittings are being taken up in a way that is decidedly encouraging, and not less than $12,000 has been raised during

CHURCH OF THE ATONEMENT.

the past year. It is the avowed purpose of Dr. Stanger to make this church, once more, a useful and helpful House of God; and his people seem to feel that he is on the road to success. The choir of thirty voices, under the leadership of P. Darlington De Costa, is a delightful and happy aid to Dr. Stanger's work, and it illustrates splendidly the great advantage of adding female voices to a boy choir.

Dr. Stanger, who has taken upon himself the affairs of this church in so wise and energetic a way, is a native Pennsylvanian. He was born in Westmoreland County, forty-six years ago. He is a graduate of Kenyon College, and also a graduate of the Philadelphia Divinity School.

Rev. Dr. I. Newton Stanger.

DR. STANGER'S CAREER.

Dr. Stanger is a striking looking man, fully six feet tall, and built in a largely and graceful mould. He carries his broad shoulders like a soldier, and indeed he was a soldier at one time, having enlisted and served three years in the Civil War. The war broke out while Dr. Stanger was a mere boy, a Freshman in Kenyon College, but he caught the fever of patriotism none the less, and at once enlisted in the One Hundredth Pennsylvania Volunteers, a regiment that is known gloriously as the "Roundheads." He returned after three years to college again, and was graduated in 1867, graduating from the divinity school in 1869.

After three years of miscellaneous work in and around Philadelphia, during a part of which time he was first assistant at Grace Church, Dr. Stanger went to Ohio, where for fourteen years he was one of the Board of Trustees of Kenyon College. He has had under his charge at different times the Episcopal Church in Christiana Hundred, Del., where he officiated for four years; All Saints Church, of Portsmouth, O., where he officiated for three years; Christ's Church, in Cincinnati, which he held for eleven years, and Holy Trinity Church, New York, which he held for four years.

Those who know Dr. Stanger have no fear for the future of the Church of the Atonement, now that he has taken it under his charge.

VILLAGE LIFE IN SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA.

We print below the remarks made on village life at the recent centennial anniversary of Lower Dublin Academy by William B. Wilson, whose picture we present in connection with his admirable paper.

WILLIAM BENNER WILSON.

Mr. Wilson is superintendent of Mantua Transfer, Pennsylvania Railroad. He is one of the leading citizens of the Thirty-fifth ward, and well-known throughout the State. He resides at Holmesburg, and it affords us pleasure to present also a picture of his residence, which is one of the tid-bit pieces of rural architecture composed by our young architect friend, Mr. Romulo Vazquez, of Holmesburg, and for which he is famous.

VILLAGE LIFE IN SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA.

As life in general is governed by many and varied conditions and can only be fully understood and appreciated by viewing it in contrasts, so is village life governed and so must it be viewed.

There is no common standard to build a village by. It is usually a child of convenience, springing from the loins of necessity at the call of man's herding inclinations, and its life is what its environments make it.

Village life in suburban Philadelphia is so different from life in the villages in the interior of the Commonwealth, either singly or collectively, that its comforts and its beauties, its conveniences and its pleasures are seen in their best light by bringing them in comparison with it.

The country village is mostly an unincorporated community, ordinarily the centre of a township, clustered around an inn, a blacksmith shop, a cross-roads store and a meeting house, finding its highest expression of political importance from being the residence of a fourth-class postmaster, the township supervisor and clerk, and sometimes, but seldom, of that august specimen of the minor judiciary, the "Squire."

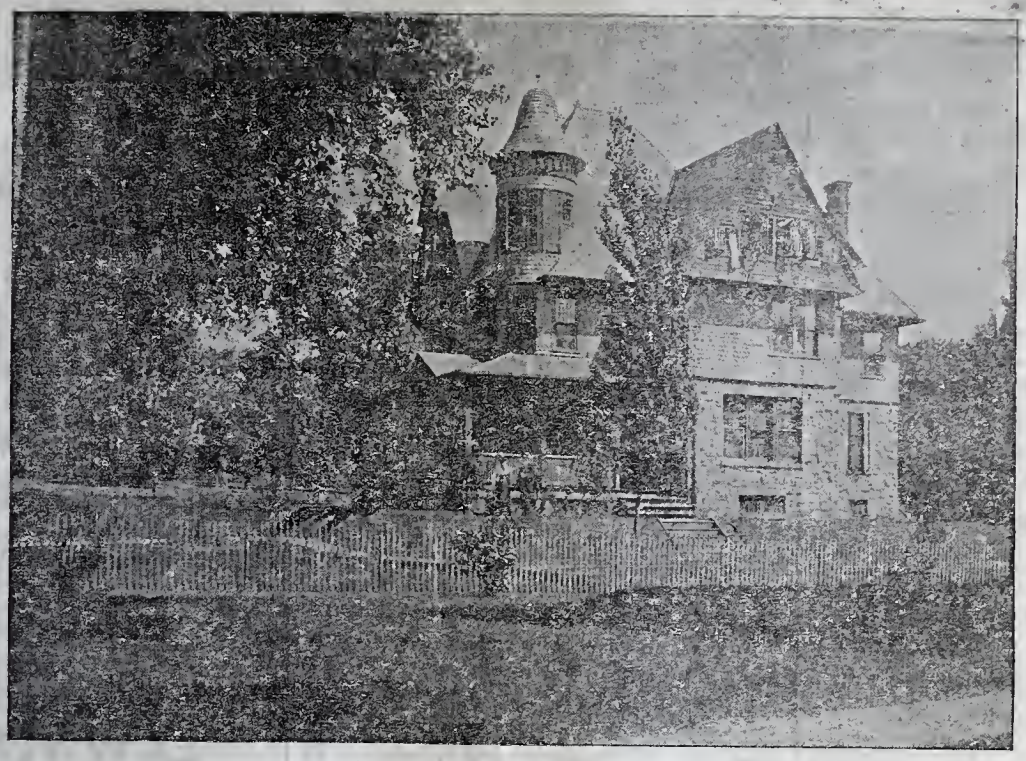
The population is made up principally of farmers and farm hands, who find the days pass less wearily by dwelling closer together than is permissable by the territorial limits of farms. The great events in these villages are mostly the arrival of the semi or tri-weekly mails at the Postoffice, of a fresh invoice of goods at the store, and of incipient statesmen bearing the burdens of state, at the inn.

These events bring the community together at one of the places named to discuss whatever questions the arrivals might suggest or to exchange gossip. Their pleasures are few and simple, the checker board and card table furnishing the most of them, whilst occasional quoit-throwing at the blacksmith shop and the spelling bee and moot court at the school-house varies the monotony of their lives. "Let not ambition mock their useful toil, their homely joys," for it is from just such villages as these that Hampdens rise and in which Lincolns expand into greatness, reaching up to originality of thought and expression by having nature for a tutor and by being so surrounded that their education becomes something more than the absorption of other men's written ideas, opinions and conclusions.

We turn from these to look at the village as a suburb of a city. This latter, like its country contemporary, has many lights and shadows, varying in their character by location. North, south, east and west producing each some difference, displaying some individuality.

The city villages, however, are alike in this, they possess no political autonomy, but are governed as dependencies by a central power from which they are more or less isolated, and not as independent communities. To this fact must be attributed the absence of many traits of village life. It deprives a community of that homogeneousness that local self-government brings to a people and the stimulus that spurs ambition on. It produces a widened dissimilarity but conduces to retiracy and personal independence. It leaves the individual to pursue the even tenor of his way as his own sweet will dictates, and brings to him personal recognition.

Living in the metropolitan village, with the comforts of the city and the delights of the country, is one of the great-



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM BENKER WILSON.

est boons for the busy man to take advantage of. It is ever adding fresh strength. As he pauses in the rush of business to watch the shadows lengthen towards that hour which betokens the time for him to drop his feverish cares and hie away to his village home, he takes on fresh life and activity, for in that distant spot he knows that peace and quiet await him. That peace and that quiet with the evening stroll or evening drive along embowered roads, the pure air, the crystal waters, the fragrant bloom of flora, the kindly greetings and the interchange of confidences and experiences within the charmed family circle, creates an ideal life that brings man within sight of the land of contentment. 'Tis this life that fills the veins and arteries of a great city with the pure blood that keeps up its steady pulsation.

But all this is changing, and villages of suburban Philadelphia, which were bowers of rustic beauty and the abodes of health and contentment have passed or are rapidly passing away. Their doom seems sounded. The rushing, dashing, flashing spirit of progressiveness which rules this age is the cause. Even now stately West Philadelphia, exclusive Germantown and busy Frankford have passed beyond the village condition and have put on metropolitan garments, whilst those beautiful and charming spots, Fox Chase, Bustleton and Holmesburg, that give a rustic but romantic and peaceful edging to the picture of Philadelphia life, are threatened with the change. Already electric lights have deprived them of the softened shadows so comforting to a perturbed spirit on a moonlit night, and the tocsin has sounded announcing the approach of the trolley roads, whose entree to those charming localities will forever eliminate their quiet, dreamy mid day life.

The gas pipe, the water pipe and electric light have invaded the quiet village, the trolley line in the foreground and sewers, paved streets, curbed sidewalks and the woodman's axe in the perspective admonish us that the view is changing, that the dreamy, village life will soon be o'er, and the village lost in the stillness of death which pervades the atmosphere of the so-called finished residential parts of a great city.

Village life when blended with city activities is very life, but when it is absorbed by them becomes gilded death.

Walking through miles of coldly beautiful streets in a former village once so full of life and kindly neighborliness, the walk seems like one through a finished cemetery, well-endowed. Elegaut residences, well paved, well kept streets, close cropped lawns and well trimmed trees greet the eye, but life seems absent; the song birds are unknown, bloom has the musty smell of the hot-house around it, art has supplanted nature, and even the combative sparrow has sought other fields of action. The city has absorbed the village and village life has become gilded death.

A city is but the sepulture of its villages.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

HOLMESBURG, January 23d, 1894.

A REMINISCENCE.

The Old "Walnut" Flour and Grist Mill on the Pennypack.

BY C. K. E.

Nearly half a century ago the old "Walnut" flour and grist mill stood on the edge of the Pennypack creek in the valley, fronting on a small plateau of land formed by a gentle rise in the roadway that came over the hills on either side and passed close beside the old style half door that opened into the interior of the ground floor. On the floor above was the rotating mill stones, with feeding hoppers to each, supplied by tubes from the grain bins on the upper floor. The ponderous water wheel outside with unvarying revolutions gave a steady and reliable motion to the machinery in the mill.

It was in a very secluded spot, between the forest-covered hills far away from the "madding crowd" of the city or the subdued bustle of the country village. The peaceful silence of the scene was seldom broken, except by the unceasing whir of the mill stones and the loud splashing of the water discharging from the buckets of the water wheel on the rocks beneath, revolving to be refilled again from the mill-race above. At intervals, however, a farm wagon, driven by an urchin whistling a tune in harmony with his thoughts, bringing a grist to the mill or a farmer returning from market would startle for a moment the echoes from their lurking places and then quickly subside into a sullen stillness as they passed by. The surrounding scenery was grandly picturesque, the old mill forming a pleasing object in the landscape that would have delighted the pencil of the artist.

The voluptuous stream fed by the many affluent springs of the hills and meadows, came rollicking down from far above over the moss-grown stones and projecting rocks in its way, until the miller by a stratagem (the milldam) diverts its indolent mood to perform an act of industry for him by giving it a flirtation with the big wheel, and thence merrily hasten on its way, apparently laughing ripples at the miller's wit.

In those days the farms were large and cereal crops of wheat, rye, corn and oats only were raised, with the addition of many tons of hay to utilize a small butter dairy for the foundation in the barnyard, to accumulate a generous pile of manure to keep the fertility of the farm at its best. Then no truckers made their appearance, and the farmer had a small garden behind the homestead in which a full supply of vegetables for the family was raised, besides several varieties of old-fashioned flowers, annual and perpetual, flourished greatly in promiscuous spots in proximity and mingling with their culinary neighbors, having little care other than nature's culture. Large fields of wheat, standing close and thick, that a snake might creep over its compact top and not fall, could be seen from every country road, while its graceful waving motion in following the phantom breeze, formed a pleasing sight to the lover of rural life. Hence the miller was an important factor in the prosperity and thrift of the rural community for a radius of many miles around the country. Thus it was that the miller at this time was a man of mental and physical ability in a degree, and yet withal, having a mild and pleasing manner, and much esteemed by the farmers for his truthful integrity and undeviating honesty in his deal with the market prices of wheat and other grain, when the farmer at his own convenient time delivered it at the mill and received payment in cash. The business, therefore, of the mill was very prosperous and became so extensive that the mill was kept running day and night to supply the demands of its customers. Two large four-horse wagons piled up to the top of the covered bows with full bags of wheat and rye flour and mill feed was sent out semi-weekly to the city. An extra pair of horses was always required to pull up the steep hill close to the mill, and in wet weather, spring and fall, when the roads were deep in mud the six horse team would meander out the lane to the pike near-by, and the leading horses return to perform a similar duty for the wagon waiting at the mill door.

It was the custom of the miller to call on the farmer shortly after harvest to obtain the refusal of his wheat crop, thereby securing a large supply for future delivery and relieve him from buying from the city merchant. Thus he saved the expense of hauling, as the farmers always delivered their wheat and other grain in their own wagons, and hence by this and other judicious management his increasing gains were assured. The influx of wheat from the farms at certain times would be so great that the team of the writer has been delayed for a half a day in waiting for a turn to unload.

In winter snow storms would fill the roadway to the mill with drifts from six to eight feet high. Then it was that the athletic form of the miller with a colossal wooden shovel would carve out great chunks of snow and throw them right and left like feather weights, meanwhile leading his men and a score of neighboring farmers to open a passage so that his mill teams need not be delayed in their regular trips to town. When the road was thus partly opened he would then pull out without any difficulty, having eight horses attached to each wagon.

All these busy and interesting scenes, however, have passed away and the miller's familiar face we shall never see again, and as we loiter about the ruins of the old mill or drive by we meditate on the many unforseen changes that occur around us during this life. Nevertheless we have a pleasing thought that there is one above all who never changes, neither a shadow of turning; "he maketh peace in thy borders, he filleth thee with the finest of the wheat." And when the harvest of the kingdom shall be garnered, the faithful shall rest forever from all their labors.

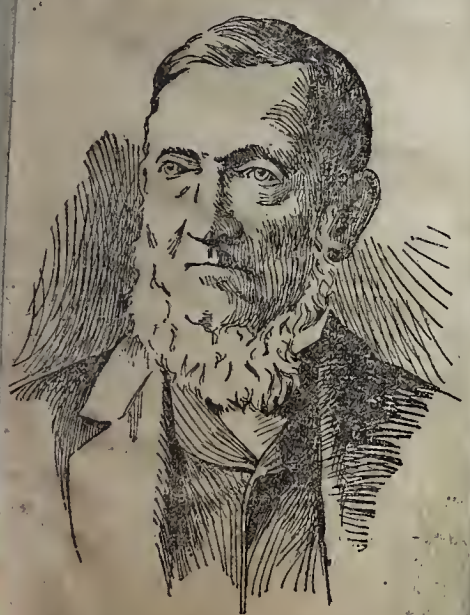
From, Press
Phila. Pa.
Date, Mar. 19" 1894.

THE OLDEST ON RECORD.

The Hall Family, of Hestonville, All Nonogenarians.

The honor of having been the birthplace of the oldest family on record belongs to Hestonville. In this village were born, far back near the close of the eighteenth century, two brothers and a sister, who are still living and enjoying good health. The name of this long-lived family is Hall. Thomas Hall is 99, and he is active and strong. John Hall is 97, and he is as bright and healthy as a man of 40. The sister is 95, and she has neither ache nor pain. The Halls are Quakers, and they attribute their long life to sobriety, industry and prodence.

Thomas Hall was ninety-nine years old on March 4. He is a hale old man with a full crop of hair that has not begun to turn gray yet. He says, in his jolly, bluff way, that that he is going to live to see the twentieth century, and the people who know him say that they would not be surprised to see him do it, because he has always been set in his ways, and has rarely failed to do a thing when he has said he would.



Thomas Hall, Aged 99 Years.

The Halls were born in an old homestead which stood at what would now be Fifty-eighth Street and Elm Avenue. Until a few years ago they all lived in Hestonville, but have since removed to Chester County. Their father was a prosperous farmer and owned a large tract of land in that part of the city. When Thomas grew up he took charge of the old homestead and went into the dairy business. He married when he was 28 years of age, and his married life was blessed with eleven children. His wife died in her 68th year.

John Hall, the brother of Thomas, owned a farm in the neighborhood of Forty-eighth Street and Haverford Avenue and here he also carried on the dairy business. The sister was married and had one child, which has since died.

The mother of the Halls was a Miss Heston, a descendant of the family from whom the village Hestonville derived its name. She lived to the ripe old age of 88 years. Between the age of 60 and 70 she made the journey between this city and Harrisburg on foot, there being no steam railroads in those days.

Last Christmas a year ago a reunion of the Hall family was held at the home of one of the sons in Hestonville. Thomas and his brother and sister were in attendance and they were very much surprised to see the great change that had come over that section of the city. The old homestead property was all cut up into streets and houses had been erected on the ground over which Thomas and John had many a day followed the plow.

From, Times
Phila. Pa.
Date, Mar. 19" 1894.

WANT A SLICE OF THE CITY

Randolph Heirs Claim the Ground Occupied by the Post Office.

A Steamer Captain After Land Which His Ancestors Leased for Ninety-Nine Years.

A descent upou Philadelphia by an army of claimants demanding a large slice of the town is threatened. The invading horde numbers forty or more, as at present recruited. They are heirs of Daniel A. Randolph, a soldier of the Revolution, who is said to have owned eighty acres of land in the heart of the city.

It is said that by the expiration of a ninety-nine years' lease they are now entitled to the possession of the property, which coustitutes a fat section worth many millions.

The heirs, so far as heard from up to date, hail from various parts of the country. They have engaged lawyers to prosecute their claims and they expect to make a stir in the courts.

Lawyer Robert J. Arundel, of this city, received a short time ago from Captain R. F. Randolph, commanding the steamer El Toro, Pier 37, North river, the following letter:

"You may possibly remember me as being in command of the Lincoln Park steamer Philadelphia two years ago. I have lately learned that one of my ancestors owned a large tract of land in Philadelphia, that about the year 1792 he leased eighty acres of the land to another party for ninety-nine years, that the property leased was in the vicinity of Ninth and Chesnut streets, that the Post Office stands on part of the property, that the lease expired about one year ago and that the land is now recoverable by the heirs, of whom I am one.

"The ancestor referred to was my great-grandfather, David F. Randolph, who was born in East Jersey, May 8, 1751. I would like to know whether there is any truth in the reports that I have stated."

Mr. Arundel answered that before undertaking a search of the records he would require more definite information, and in reply Captain Randolph said:

THE RANDOLPH HEIRS.

"My grandfather, Richard F. Randolph, was born near Roadstown, Cumberland county, N. J., 1777, so my great-grandfather, David F. Randolph, must have been living there at that time. But when he died it was near Shiloh, Cumberland county. That was November 20, 1805. I do not know where he was born, except as the genealogy of my family says, in 'East Jersey.' David F. left five children, of whom my father's father was the eldest. He left eight children, of whom my father was the eldest. We believe that none of them are now living. Five of them left families, and from these we calculate that there are about forty heirs."

Captain Randolph further assured Mr. Arundel that a relative of his, Susie Randolph, of Columbus, Ind., had received a letter informing her of an "immense fortune" awaiting her and her half-brother, Lat Randolph, of Centreville, Iowa, and Alice Kinney, of Terre Haute. This letter was the first to convey the information that the lease of the Philadelphia property had expired, and that the heirs would soon be enabled to come into the possession of vast wealth.

Following Captain Randolph's advices a dispatch from Columbus, Ind., asserts that the Randolph heirs in the West include the Earearts and Pattersons, of Shelby county, Ind., the Randolphs of Mahoka, Mo., and Des Moines, and Dr. T. R. Randolph, of Shelbyville, Ind. The latter and Miss Susie Randolph are reported to have employed Lawyer Charles F. Remy, of Columbus, to look after the securing of their fortune. He and others similarly interested are said to have determined to invade this town this week and begin the investigation of records for the past century.

Mr. Arundel has already undertaken the tedious task of searching the necessary records in the interest of Captain Randolph, whom he has notified to put in an appearance this week.

From, Times.
Phila. Pa.
Date, Mar. 25th 1894.

SOME RELICS OF HILARY BAKER

THE HOME OF THE VAN LEWS IN RICHMOND CONTAINS THEM.

HIS QUAINT OLD EULOGY

The Memory of Philadelphia's Revolutionary Mayor is Kept Green by One of His Descendants in Virginia, Whose Own History is Full of Romance.

From a Correspondent of THE TIMES.

RICHMOND, March 23.

On the picturesque heights of Church Hill, the oldest quarter of Richmond, there stands an imposing residence, interesting alike for its past and its present associations. It is the homestead of the Van Lews, a prominent Pennsylvania family, transplanted to Virginia early in the present century. Within its walls I chanced quite accidentally upon some most interesting relics of Hilary Baker, the revolutionary Mayor of Philadelphia and maternal grandfather of its present owner, Miss Elizabeth Van Lew

The history of this well-known lady is of itself one of the most remarkable and striking of contemporaneous times. With inherited patriotic fervor she lost none of her devotion to the land of her forefathers through long years of residence in the South. When the civil war was declared Miss Van Lew entered the ranks of the Union army in spirit, and so long as the struggle lasted she ren-

set up in a bold brevier type enclosed in a double column and arch simulating a tombstone. The lines read as follows:

LINES
ON THE DEATH OF
HILARY BAKER, ESQ.,
Late Mayor of the City of Philadelphia.

The dire disease which through our city sheads
Its mortal poison o'er our guilty heads,
At length has level'd in the silent dust,
The man whom foes and friends alike could trust
When public duty claim'd this good man's care
Peace to preserve; the gen'ral woe to share,
A thousand victims by the fever slain
Could raise no fears, his ardour to restrain;
No gainful motive, nor ambitious view,
Could lure his soul—such labours to pursue.
Faith gave him courage, hope illumin'd his eye,
To seek his Saviour, and himself deny;
With elevated trust he looked above
For surer recompence than earthly love.

OLD MINIATURE OF HILARY BAKER.

Yet even here the tributary tear,
Shall sadly flow and grace his honor'd bier;
His fellow citizens shall long proclaim
To list'ning children BAKER'S modest fame,
The mournful story of his death shall tell,
And bid them live like him—like him excel.
"FRIEND of our city, patron of her laws
"In every danger faithful to her cause!
"Embalm'd O BAKER, in our grateful hearts,
"Thy virtue lies, which all around imparts
"Its force and beauty, worthy to descend
"From age to age, till time its self shall end.
"But our weak praise no lasting joy conveys
"Soon must it vanish in a brighter blaze;
"Go faithful servant of a gracious Lord;
"From Him receive thy adequate reward."

Died 25th Sept., 1793.

The "dire disease" referred to in the opening lines was no less than the scourge of yellow fever, which at that period wreaked such havoc in Philadelphia, almost depopulating the city by the flight of such citizens as had means to flee, and the inevitable death of those poor unfortunates who had no choice but to stay and die.

Hilary Baker did have a choice, but every entreaty to him to follow his family in their escape was futile. He chose to remain at his duty, and in ministering to the comfort of the stricken and dying he himself fell a victim.

Stern system must have been one of the guiding principles of Baker's life, as in a joint letter of his to his four daughters at boarding school, he admonishes them in kindly but emphatic words on the duties of their life. Therein he lays down for them numbered rules of conduct, with a stated schedule for each minute of the day, from their waking to their sleeping hour.

An unpublished prayer by Hilary Baker was repeated to me by his granddaughter. It runs as follows:

God of goodness, source of love,
From Thy glorious throne above,
Look with pity on our race.
Lead us through this thorny maze,
Through this wilderness below,
State of trouble, scene of woe.
Calm, Redeemer, every fear;
Wipe away each bitter tear,
Nor forsake us, God of power,
In the awful dying hour;
Then vouchsafe Thy sacred aid.
Brighten death's tremendous shade,
And when from this earth we rise
Take us into Paradise,
Let us soar on angels' wings,
To Thy footstool, King of Kings.

From, Telegraph
Phila. Pa.
Date, Mar. 28 1894,

FOUND IN THE CORNER-STONE OF THE CHESTNUT HILL SCHOOL BUILDING WHICH IS NOW BEING TORN DOWN.

In tearing down the old Chestnut Hill school building upon the site of which it is proposed to erect a new fire-house, the workmen yesterday came across the corner-stone of the structure, which contained a large glass jar, which contained a number of coins of different denominations, bearing the date "1846," the year in which the building was erected, together with school reports and other data.

There was also found a small tin box, the contents of which consisted of newspapers and other periodicals published on the day of the dedication, June 11, 1846, and a copper plate, upon which are engraved the names of the members of the Building Committee, of the Sectional Board, and of the Controllers of the Board of Education.

The tin box and glass jar, together with all their contents, were sent to Chief Eisenhower, of the Bureau of City Property, this morning, and attracted considerable attention from those who visited that office. They will be placed in the corner-stone of the new fire house.

From, Ledger
Phila. Pa.
Date, April 9" 1894,

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

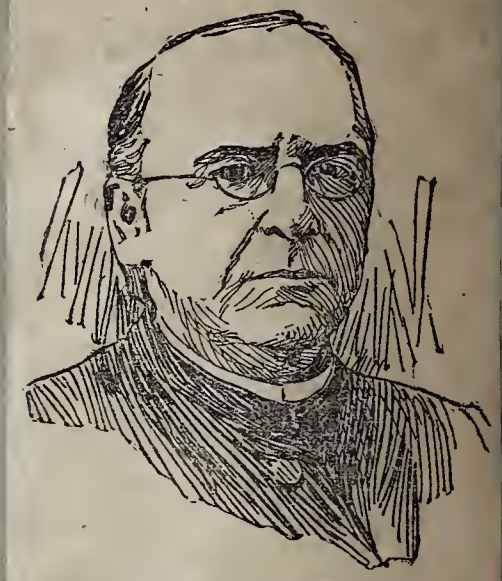
EMMANUEL PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, HOLMESBURG.

Semi-Centennial Anniversary Sermon by Rev. Dr. Millett, and Biographical Sketch —History of the Parish.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Incorporation of Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church, Holmesburg, was commenced yesterday morning. The altar and chancel were handsomely decorated with flowers, ferns and palms. On the font was a beautiful cross, consisting principally of white flowers. In the window ledges were potted plants.

Mr. Millett's Sermon.

After morning prayer, read by the Rev. W. F. C. Morsell, the sermon was preached by the Rector, the Rev. D. C. Millett, D. D., from the text: "I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." Psalm 77-10. He said that with gratitude for past blessings they had hopes for the future. It is gratifying to know that the outward affairs of the parish for the past fifty years have been carefully confided. Fifty years is but a brief space in a Church that dates from the Apostles. To-day, we say, "behold what hath God wrought." The first public services in English in America were those according to the form of the Episcopal Church, held in 1579; this event has been recently marked by a massive cross on one of the headlands of California, erected by one who so lately passed away, and whose munificence and goodness are the praise of everyone far and near. The first prayers in public assemblies were those from the Book of Common Prayer, and the first presbyters who officiated were clergymen of the Church of England. For several years during the Revolutionary War every Episcopal church was closed; the apathy of the Church crushed out her vitality. At the close of the war there were not 100 clergymen in America.



REV. DR. D. CALDWELL MILLETT.

In 1784, after a prolonged struggle, the Episcopate was secured for America. In the consecration of the three first Bishops we secured the boon denied to the colonists for more than 150 years. Our Church then became an independent branch of the true Catholic Church of England. In the Episcopal Church there is an equal voice of clergy and people.

In 1790 there were in this country three Bishops and 100 clergymen, now there are 33 living Bishops, the entire number consecrated having been 172. There are over 4500 clergymen, over 500,000 communicants, and the contributions last year were $14,000,000.

At Emmanuel Church, under the present Rectorship, covering a period of nearly 30 years, there have been 667 baptisms, 296 confirmations, 99 marriages and 392 burials. The present membership is 180. The living and the dead seem to pass in silent review. We have blessed evidence of good and faithful service in this parish. We see the children grow up to be good and faithful women. It is too often the case that holy baptism is held sacred, but not as the solid foundation on which Christian character is built. Christ said: "Suffer little children to come unto me." Baptism must be the basis of Christian instruction. The stability of this parish is mainly owing to the faithfulness of the parents in embracing all the privileges of the

EMMANUEL CHURCH, HOLMESBURG.

Church for their children. If we are Christians, we should live as Christians. As far back as 1831 the first Sunday school was organized here by a few devoted women. Those boys and girls that formed that school were the first seeds sown.

Let us be thankful for the past, joyful for the present and hopeful for the future.

Yesterday afternoon there was a service for the Sunday school, with addresses, and in the evening a sermon by the Rev. Rush S. Eastman, of All Saints's Church, Torresdale. This afternoon, at 4 o'clock, a sermon will be preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Coleman, of Delaware; from 5 to 7 P. M. a reception in the Parish building, to be followed by an historical address by Mr. William B. Wilson, a member of the vestry.

History of the Church.

The Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church was an outgrowth of All Saints' parish, of Lower Dublin township. The site of the present pretty church and parish buildings, of brownstone, was donated by Miss Hannah Lardner in 1831. A building was completed in 1832, and called a "Chapel of Ease" of All Saints, an ancient English term applied to subordinate churches established for the accommodation of parishioners who lived at too great a distance to attend the parish church.

Prior to and during the erection of the chapel occasional services were held in Holmesburg by the Rev. Richard Hall, of Bristol; the Rev. Mr. Wiltbank, of Whitemarsh, and the Rev. George Sheets, of Trinity Church, Oxford, which are still pleasantly remembered by the older members of the Emmanuel congregation.

On January 30th, 1832, the chapel was consecrated by Bishop H. U. Onderdonk, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Sheets and the Rev. James Montgomery. The Rev. Dr. Beasley was placed in charge of the chapel and remained until 1844, when the parish was separated from All Saints and became independent. This action was decided upon at a meeting of the congregation called by the following pewholders of the chapel: Alexander Brown, Edward J. Glen, Richard Penn Lardner, Jacob Waterman, Benjamin Crispin, Fisher Hall, Dr. John H. Ingham, Simmons H. Barrett, Dr. Newton May, S. R. Sager, Paul Crispin, George Fox, James Lever, William Enoch and George G. Wagner. They were aided by Caspar W. Morris, Joshua B. Smith, James Graham, Joseph Hall and James Day, members of the congregation, who also urged the movement.

A vestry was chosen, consisting of Alexander Brown, George Fox, S. H. Barrett, Edward L. Glen, Joshua B. Smith and Richard P. Lardner, all since deceased, Mr. Brown having died December 31st, 1893. The act of incorporation was effected on April 9th, 1844, and in the same year the Rev. William H. Bourns became the first Rector. Four years later he resigned on account of ill health, and was succeeded by the Rev. George G. Field, the present Rector of Trinity Church, Coates-

In October, 1849, a Sunday school building was erected at a cost of about $500, and three years later an addition was made by a "lady of the parish" at her own expense. Caleb Cope had in the meantime presented a new organ to the church, and a bell had been placed in the tower, which still remains.

The Rev. Mr. Field resigned in 1857, and was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. John P. Lundy. During this year a parish school was established, with the Misses Lardner, Mrs. Ann W. Glen and Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher as teachers. Their efforts met with such success that a more commodious building soon became necessary, which led to the erection of a beautiful parish edifice of brownstone.

Almost immediately followed the appointment of Messrs. Harrison, Bowen, Wagner and Benjamin Crispin as a committee to arrange for a new church building, which led to the removal of the old structure and the creation of the present pretty church building, which was consecrated by Bishop Bowman, assisted by the former Rectors, in the presence of 20 clergymen and a large congregation on December 16, 1858. The corner-stone was laid by Bishop Potter in 1857.

The church is of the ancient Gothic style of architecture, situated on a commanding eminence in the central portion of Holmesburg, fronting on Frankford avenue, with a spacious lawn. Splendid shade trees are on either side and the walls partially hidden by clinging ivy, which is fast finding its way to the top of the tall steeple, which rears itself over 100 feet in the air.

On the southeastern end of the church is the handsome parish building, the corner-stone of which was laid by Bishop Stevens in 1879, and when finished the cost of the structure was borne by Miss Eliza J. Brown.

In 1861 a handsome brownstone Rectory was built, with spacious surroundings, a short distance below the church, on Frankford avenue. This was followed by Miss Catherine Moore donating $2000 for the purchase of the Thornley property, adjoining the church on the east, for graveyard purposes, and it is stated that Miss Moore also bore the expense of the walled enclosure.

In 1863 Dr. Lundy resigned and was succeeded by the Rev. D. C. Millett, D. D., who was elected Rector on July 21st, 1864.

Dr. Millett is a native of Salem, Mass. At the age of 24 he was attached to the naval service, and in 1841 and 1842 was with the naval expedition co-operating with the army in Florida under Colonel Worth, volunteering his services as chaplain. Dr. Millett was led at the close of the war to study for the ministry, and entered the General Theological Seminary, New York, where he graduated in 1847, and was ordained by Bishop Delancy. He was Principal at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J., and afterwards Rector of St. Thomas's Church, Whitemarsh. In 186- Dr. Millett accepted the Rectorship of Emmanuel Church, Holmesburg, and this coming fall he will, if he lives, complete his 30th year as Rector. Holy Innocents' Church, Tacony, was founded by Dr. Millett during his Rectorship at Emmanuel Church. Maria Smith, widow of Captain John R. C. Smith, of the City Troop, donated $1000 for a new roof on the church, and twice was the church property thoroughly repaired, and gas light introduced. In 1892 the ladies of the congregation presented to the church a handsome new organ.

With the various additions and increase in real estate the church property is valued today at $55,000, and is clear of debt.

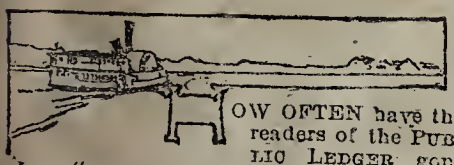
The members of the present vestry are Andreas Hartel, Rector's Church Warden; Henry B. Weed, Accountant Church Warden; T. Claudis Wells, Secretary; Joseph Weed, Samuel Wilson, George S. Clark, Theodore M. Allen, R. Frank Clay, William B. Wilson, Jonathan Rowland, Jr., N. T. Jermon, M. D., and Jay M. Whitman.

From, Ledger
Phila. Pa.
Date, April 12" 1894.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE
A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD.

I.

A STEAMBOAT EXCURSION.



THE "COLUMBIA."

HOW OFTEN have the readers of the PUBLIC LEDGER gone down to the Delaware front of the city, and, gazing across the broad expanse of water, queried, "Whence comes this great river?" We were taught in our school days that the Delaware flows from the Catskills to the sea, but few have ventured upon a proof of this by an exploration of its picturesque valley. Although the shores are low, as we see them near Philadelphia, and the river bed is the widened estuary of an alluvial tidal stream, yet the valley of the Delaware has most attractive features, and its upper reaches present marvels of scenic beauty. Our great river was the "Lenape-wihittuck," or the "river of the Lenapes," the aboriginal American confederation who dwelt upon its banks. When the earliest Swedes came into the Delaware the Indians about the bay called it "Pantoxet." In an early deed to William Penn it is called "Makeriskickon," and in another document the "Zanikoway." Some of the tribes named it "Kithanne," meaning the "main stream," as distinguished from its tributaries; and the Indians of the upper waters called it the "Lamasepose," or the "Fish river," for it was then a famous salmon stream. The early Dutch explorers called it "Fish river" also, and it has always been noted for the great variety of its finny inhabitants, the bass becoming at present the most numerous. When Thomas West, Lord De la Warr, Governor of Virginia, was driven by stress of weather into the bay in 1611, his name was given to the river. His portrait hangs to-day in the Independence Hall Museum. The Delaware is about 360 miles long from its source to the sea, and it drains 11,000 square miles of territory.

When the white man first explored the Delaware, he found located upon the site of Philadelphia the Indian settlement of Coquanock, or "the grove of long pine trees," a sort of capital city for the Lenni Lenapes, whose name as a nation, in their expressive dialect, may readily be translated into our English words, "We are the people." These children of the forest who then assembled at Coquanock under the leadership of the great Tamanend, were as proud of their manhood and power as any of their Caucasian successors, who hold conventions and pass high sounding resolves in the Philadelphia of the present. This Indian name of Coquanock or "the grove of long pine trees," gives a good idea of the primeval forest, composed largely of noble pines, then covering the site of Philadelphia. The ship Shield, from England, with Quaker settlers for Burlington, sailed up the river in 1679, before Penn's arrival and a note is made that in passing Coquanock, "part of the tackling struck the trees; whereupon some on board remarked that it was a fine spot for a town.'" When Penn sent out his advance agent and Deputy Governor, Captain William Markham, of the British army, in his scarlet uniform, to lay out the plan of his projected city, he wrote him to "be tender of offending the Indians," and gave instructions that the houses should have open grounds around them, as he wished the new settlement to be "a green country town," and at the same time to be healthy and free from the danger of extensive conflagrations. Such was Penn's early plan and good intention, but much of older Philadelphia has gotten bravely over this. The open grounds are mostly gone, and "the long pine trees" of to-day are restricted to the giant telegraph poles along the streets and the vessel masts in the harbor.

Ascending the River.

We start from Chestnut street wharf on a steamboat ride up the Delaware past the freight piers, and the anchorage of the schoolship Saratoga, the lumber piles and smoky iron mills and shipyards and the infirmary for disabled vessels over on Cooper's Point, at the upper end of Camden.

The great City of Penn rises broadly on the western bank, or as the poet had it:

Fair Philadelphia next is rising seen
Betwixt two rivers placed two miles between.

The Delaware comes sweeping grandly around towards us in a graceful curve from the northeast, with the towering William street grain elevator ahead of us. Deep in the cove thus formed are the shores of busy Kensington, with the Penn Treaty Park at the foot of Hanover street compressed among its mills. Here stood the famous "Treaty Tree of Shackamaxon," an ample elm spreading its broad branches near the water's edge, which was blown down in 1810. Next to Cramps' shipyards the life of Kensington revolves around the "Bramble Club," and this patriotic and vigorous organization last October celebrated in the Park the 211th anniversary of Penn's landing by reproducing his treaty with the Indians, and distributing a fine engraving of the old tree to the vast audience assembled.

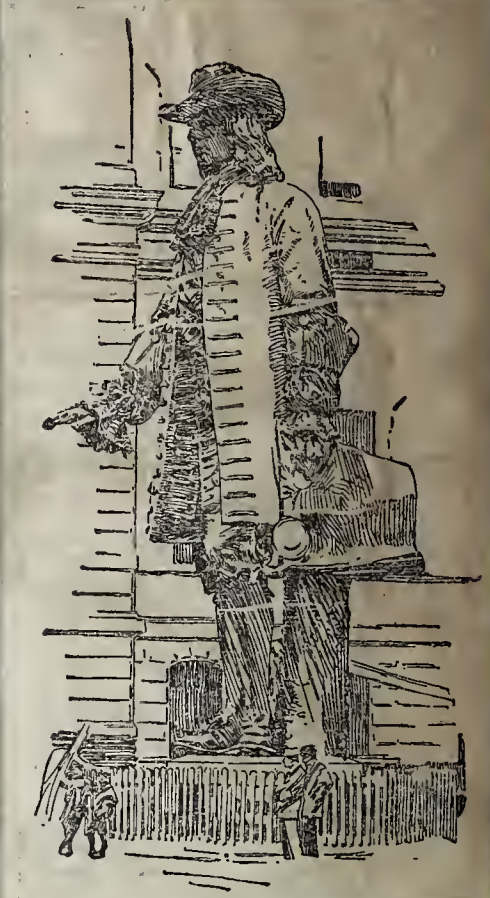
SCHOOL SHIP SARATOGA—DELAWARE RIVER AT RACE STREET.

The landing and treaty were all acted out to the letter. The good ship "Welcome" sailed briskly up the river, with wind and tide favoring, and rounding-to, dropped anchor off the Park. The Indians were in force on the shore, with their tents and camp-fires. Penn and his companions landed. There was Penn in broad-brimmed hat and long coat, wearing a bright blue sash; Markham in brilliant scarlet coat, cocked hat and epaulettes, and the Swede Lasse Cock, the interpreter, in leather breeches and fur coat, who is described in history as "speaking an indescribable mixture of Swedish, Dutch, English and Indian." Their party brought large chests with them, while the Indians stood stolidly gazing in a group about the great Tamanend in his long flowing white hair. The interpreter, after some trouble, brought them together, and they squatted in a semi-circle around the fire and smoked the pipe of

TREATY TREE OF SHACKAMAXON.
[From Old Picture at Historical Society.]

peace. Then Penn gave them gifts out of the chests, whereat they marvelled much, and they made their treaty, in imitation of the famous compact of Shackamaxon, an alliance of peace and friendship, the only treaty, said Voltaire, which was "never sworn to and never broken."

Penn, before his arrival, in his instruction to "be tender of offending the Indians," had further written: "To soften them to me and the people, let them know you are come to sit down lovingly beside them. Let my letter and conditions with my purchasers, about just dealing with them, be read in their tongue, that they may see we have their good in our eye, equal with our own interest, and after reading my letter and the said conditions, then present their kings with what I send them, and make a friendship and league with them, according to these conditions, which carefully observe and get them to comply with. From time to time, in my name



WILLIAM PENN STATUE.

and for my use buy land of them." Thus careful was the founder in his original dealings with the Indians, so that it is not surprising after he saw Philadelphia, he was so much pleased that he wrote: "As to outward things, we are satisfied, the land good, the air clear and sweet, the springs plentiful, and provision good and easy to come at, an innumerable quantity of wild fowl and fish; in fine, here is what an Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would be well contented with, and service enough for God, for the fields here are white for harvest. Oh, how sweet is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious

TAMMANY PEA SHORE FISH HOUSE.

and troublesome solicitations, hurries and perplexities of woeful Europe."

From Kensington to Bridesburg.

Our steamboat skirts along the shore of Kensington, long the home of "hale old Uncle Jones" and John Mariner, and many another venerable and most useful citizen who in his time has been a deft ship joiner or skilful boat builder and navigator or iron-worker. They yet love their homes down by the river, and wealth has not tempted them to seek a "New Fishtown" out on Broad street or around Rittenhouse Square. We pass Cramps' yards and the war ships, and review the Port Richmond coal piers and the acres of railway cars spread out on the flat land behind the elevator. These look out upon the low-lying and partly tree-clad Petty's Island, where the dredges are at work slicing a piece off to widen the river channel in the general scheme of harbor improvement. Then the Twenty-fifth Ward gas works come into view, an establishment where they mysteriously manufacture gas out of water and wind for about 40 cents per 1000 cubic feet, and sell it to the trustful householder at $1. Far away over on the Jersey shore is the still-water channel, behind Petty's Island, where the great Tamanend had his lodge, the chieftain since immortalized as St. Tammany, and there, almost on the very spot, the little Tammany Fish House nestles among the trees of the Pea Shore, a haven of restful feasting for some of the weary, who are said to go over there to seek consolation in generous libations of regulation Fish House punch. The Fisher's Point channel improvement dyke, above Petty's Island, stretches diagonally out from the Jersey shore to divert the tidal flow to the westward, so that the deep water in front of the Philadelphia wharves may be maintained.

On the map of early Philadelphia, made in 1750, Petty's is called "Shackamaxon Island," a corruption of the original Indian name of "Caekamensi." This was Tamanend's favorite fishing ground, and the Grand Sachem boldly plied his swift canoe in all these waters, as well as made treaties to which he signed his name with a sturdy mark, much like a rude fish-hook on the end of a crooked pole. In his day, the bulging, rounded shore of Port Richmond was called "Point No Point," and spread up to the mouth of Frankford creek. This was the Indian Taokanink creek, a title which had been condensed into Tacony, by the Swedes, before Penn's arrival. He was "Onas" to the Indians, or "the quill," that being their idea of characterizing a Penn. All these shores bordering the broad river are low and alluvial, the farm land spreading out, with hamlets dotted here and there, as the people have come from the city to make summer settlements. As we steam towards Fisher's Point, to round the end of the Five Mile Bar, the grand sweep of the Pennsylvania bank is shown for miles above, with the chimneys and steeples of Bridesburg and Tacony rising over the dark fringe of trees. The lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad are laid along both shores, and many swift and rumbling trains glide by us. At Bridesburg the Belt Line Railroad, set upon stilts, crosses the water in front of the village, having a squad of boys sitting upon its unused rails and peacefully fishing, the further progress of the road having been stopped by a legal tangle, at the Tacony Chemical Works, which come down to the bank and cover a wide surface. Frankford creek flows in beyond, the ponderous drawbridge of the Kensington and Tacony Railroad being laid across, just within its not too savory mouth.

The Domain of Disston.

The houses of Bridesburg and the spacious United States Arsenal are half concealed among the trees, as we approach, the Water Works building being out in front in full view. The Bridesburg Arsenal is one of the chief military establishments of the Government for making ammunition and army supplies, and over two millions of dollars have been ex-

pended here on the buildings and machinery. This arsenal was begun in 1816, the War Department at the close of the last war with England buying a tract of about twenty acres from Frederick Fraley at $881 per acre. He was the grandfather of the venerable Frederick Fraley, President of the Philadelphia Board of Trade, who tells me that he well remembers the transaction when he was a boy. On July 4, 1817, President Monroe went out to the spot to lay the corner-stone of the Arsenal Building, and the youthful Fraley stood alongside the President at the ceremony. He says that, after thrice striking the stone with the mallet, the President turned to him and said: "My young friend, you take the mallet and strike the stone," which he at once did, and with vigor. Mr. Fraley added: "That was the first President of the United States I had ever seen." The present military establishment covers about 63 acres. The village of Bridesburg was named for one Kirkbride, who established a ferry over Frankford creek; and this creek brings out the superfluous drainage of Germantown and the Chelten Hills, its tributary of Wingohocking presenting complex sewerage problems to our "City Fathers" which are both odorous and perplexing.

All the region hereabout is a domain largely ruled by the Disston family, whose great Keystone Saw Works is the chief industry of Tacony. As we progress the low, green river shores gradually dissolve into the Tacony set-

DOME OF CITY HALL TOWER.

tlement, and a short distance inland, near the railway, are the buildings of the "Tacony Iron and Metal Company," one of the adjuncts of the Public Buildings Commission. Here was manufactured the colossal statue of William Penn, the greatest statue ever cast in bronze, which stands in sublime grandeur in the court yard of the City Hall, patiently awaiting a long postponed elevation on high. The sedate Chief Justice Paxson, who occasionally indulged in a joke before he assumed the engrossing task of a Railroad Receiver, said on a certain festive occasion that he had passed through the City Hall, and, briefly tarrying, ventured to ask the expansive old gentleman in the broad-brimmed hat, "Friend William, what did thee cost?" Whereupon he was answered with a deprecatory gesture, but with becoming dignity, "Friend Edward, I could never tell thee." Back from the river is seen the great dome which is to ultimately crown the tower of the City Hall, set up here preparatory to elevation as the pedestal upon which at some time "Friend William" will stand in his final resting place to gaze over his goodly city. At this establishment have also been built some excellent lighthouses for the Government.

Just above the Metal Works, spreading broadly upon the shore and stretching far inland, are the extensive improvements making the Keystone Saw Works, the wonderful growth of the industry and sagacity of the English sawmaker who came to America seeking work and found a fortune. The myriad smokes and steam jets tell of a manufacture whence the product goes to all parts of the world. The old Tacony railroad wharf is beyond, a relic of the palmy days of "Camden and Amboy," in the olden time, when the New York passengers were brought here by steamboat to be transferred to the train. Its ancient glory is departed, however, and now a few schooners use the old wharf and track to land their cargoes of ties, brought up from the Virginia forests for railway construction. We halt briefly at Tacony in front of the saw works, to land goods and passengers, for the river steamboat traffic is quite large at this busy town.

J. C.

From, Inquirer Phila. Pa.

Date, April 13 1894,

AN OLD MEDAL OF RARE VALUE

One of Thirty Ordered by Congress to Commemorate the British Evacuation of Boston.

Found by a Workman While Demolishing an Old House.

History of the Medal Given to One of the Brave Participants in the Memorable Siege — How Those Made Were Disposed Of by the Continental Congress.

In the foundation walls of an old stone country mansion house at Overbrook being demolished to make way for extensive building operations now in progress in that vicinity there was found yesterday by one of the workmen an old copper medal of undoubted Revolutionary association and historic memory. It is one of thirty made by order of Congress in 1785 to commemorate the evacuation of Boston by the British and given to distinguished participants in that siege.

For General Washington a gold one was made, and twelve in silver went to his staff. The gold one is now the property of the city of Boston and is kept

Article II, page 49"

among its most sacred relics. The medal is 2⅝ inches in diameter and 3-16 of an inch in thickness. Upon the obverse side is an undraped bust of Washington, showing the right side face, with the inscription in Latin: "The American Congress to George Washington, Com-

mander-in-Chief of the Armies, the Assertor of Liberty."

VIEWING THE BRITISH RETREAT.

Upon the reverse side is Washington astride his horse, the centre of a group of officers, watching from the heights of Dorchester the steady advancement in good order of the American troops. The shipping in the harbor can be seen as well as the broken, fleeing columns of General Howe's army. The inscription translated is "The Enemy Put to Flight for the First Time," and "Boston Retaken March 17, 1776."

The medal was the first one voted by Congress for any purpose. It was ordered March 25, 1776 and in 1785 Franklin went to France for the purpose of securing a skilled die sinker. The design was furnished by the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres of Paris. M. de Flewry, the most celebrated of European engravers, executed the work at a cost of 1000 livres. The medals were coined in the Paris Mint, where the original die still is.

EFFORTS TO SECURE THE DIES.

Director of the Mint Pollock in December 1861, sought by negotiation with the French Government through W. L. Dayton, the American Ambassa-

dor, to secure the original dies. This request Monsieur Thouvenel, Minister of Foreign Affairs, regretfully denied but permitted the striking from the dies at four bronze medals, from which dies were cut by George Eckfelut and R. Jefferson, of the Mint of this city, where they now are.

Since the foundation of the Republic Congress has voted but eighty-six medals. Of these seventeen belong to the period of the struggle for Independence; twenty-seven to the second struggle with England; four to the conflict with Mexico, and two to the civil war, and of these but five have gone to foreigners; one in 1779 to Lieutenant Colonel de Fleury, a French Continental soldier, for gallant conduct at Stony Point; another in 1858, to Dr. Frederick Rose, an assistant surgeon in the British navy, for humane treatment to sick seamen on an American man-of-war, and in 1866, to merchantmen Captains Creighton, Low and Stouffer, who in 1853 aided the steamer San Francisco and saved the lives of five hundred Americans.

The house in which the medal was found stood to the north of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Sixtieth street and City avenue, and belonged to the old George estate. It was built for a barn in 1780 and about sixty years ago was altered for dwelling purposes, the original residence being of log. The property was acquired by the George family by grant from William Penn in 1685. It was occupied continuously by some of the family until about twenty-five years ago, when Farmer Francis Taylor became the tenant.

The Frankford Herald.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1894.

EMMANUEL CHURCH, HOLMESBURG,

Celebrates the Fiftieth Anniversary of its Incorporation.

Several months ago the Vestry of Emmanuel church appointed a committee, consisting of Messrs. George S. Clark, Andreas Hartel, and Dr. N. T. Jerman, to prepare a plan for a suitable celebration of the completion of its half-century of existence. The plan suggested by that committee and approved by the Vestry was very successfully carried out on Sunday and Monday, April 8 and 9. On Sunday morning after service had been read by the Rev. W. F. C. Morsell, an eloquent sermon was preached

by the Rev. D. Caldwell Millett, D. D., who, for nearly thirty years, has ably and acceptably fulfilled the duties of rector of the parish. This sermon, giving an exhaustive review of the spiritual growth of the church, has already been published at length in several of the daily newspapers. On Sunday afternoon the Sunday school teachers and scholars marched in procession from the parish building to the church, where the banners of the various classes, with the exceptionally profuse and beautiful floral decorations presented a pleasing appearance and added much to the enjoyment of the large assemblage present. The Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, rector of St. Luke's, Bustleton, addressed the children in his usual happy, appropriate and entertaining way, and the music by the choir and Sunday school children was very effective. On Sunday evening the church was crowded, to hear the usual service and a scholarly and instructive sermon, by the Rev. Rush S. Eastman, of All Saints', Torresdale.

On Monday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, another large congregation assembled to hear the Rt. Rev. Leighton Coleman, Bishop of Delaware, deliver an address to the parrish school children, who, under the efficient management of their teacher, Miss Sarah J. Bolton, were present and sang some very pretty hymns, appropriate to the occasion. Rev. R. S. Eastman, of All Saints', and Rev. George Hunt, of Eddington, read the service.

On Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, the closing exercises were held in the church. The congregations of all the other local churches had been invited to be present and the edifice was so crowded that extra seats were required. The service was read by the rector, and Bishop Coleman delivered a fine address. A paper was then read by Mr. William B. Wilson, a member of the vestry, giving a very complete and accurate history of the temporal affairs of the Emmanuel Church from the time of its foundation.

When Mr. Wilson was selected for this important duty it was believed that he would prepare a valuable and accurate paper, but it was not expected that he would take the time and trouble to make such extensive and minute researches, and to prepare such an exhaustive history of the church as has been the result of his labor. But he is a man whose natural inclination, trained and disciplined by long and arduous experience, will not permit him to perform careless or superficial work, and he is always ready to assume any amount of labor and take infinite pains to be thorough, exact and complete. The able, instructive and interesting address delivered by him on Monday evening, for which he was publicly complimented from the pulpit by both Bishop Coleman and Rev. Dr. Millett, was only a part of the larger paper he has prepared to be filed with the vestry, as a work of reference, and one of authority too, for all the facts, figures and dates have been carefully verified by the author. Mr. Wilson well deserves the enthusiastic appreciation felt by all the people for his valuable work, and his history of the church, will be also an enduring monument to himself, for who can doubt that it will be read on the hundredth anniversary, and used as a basis for the history of the church for that period.

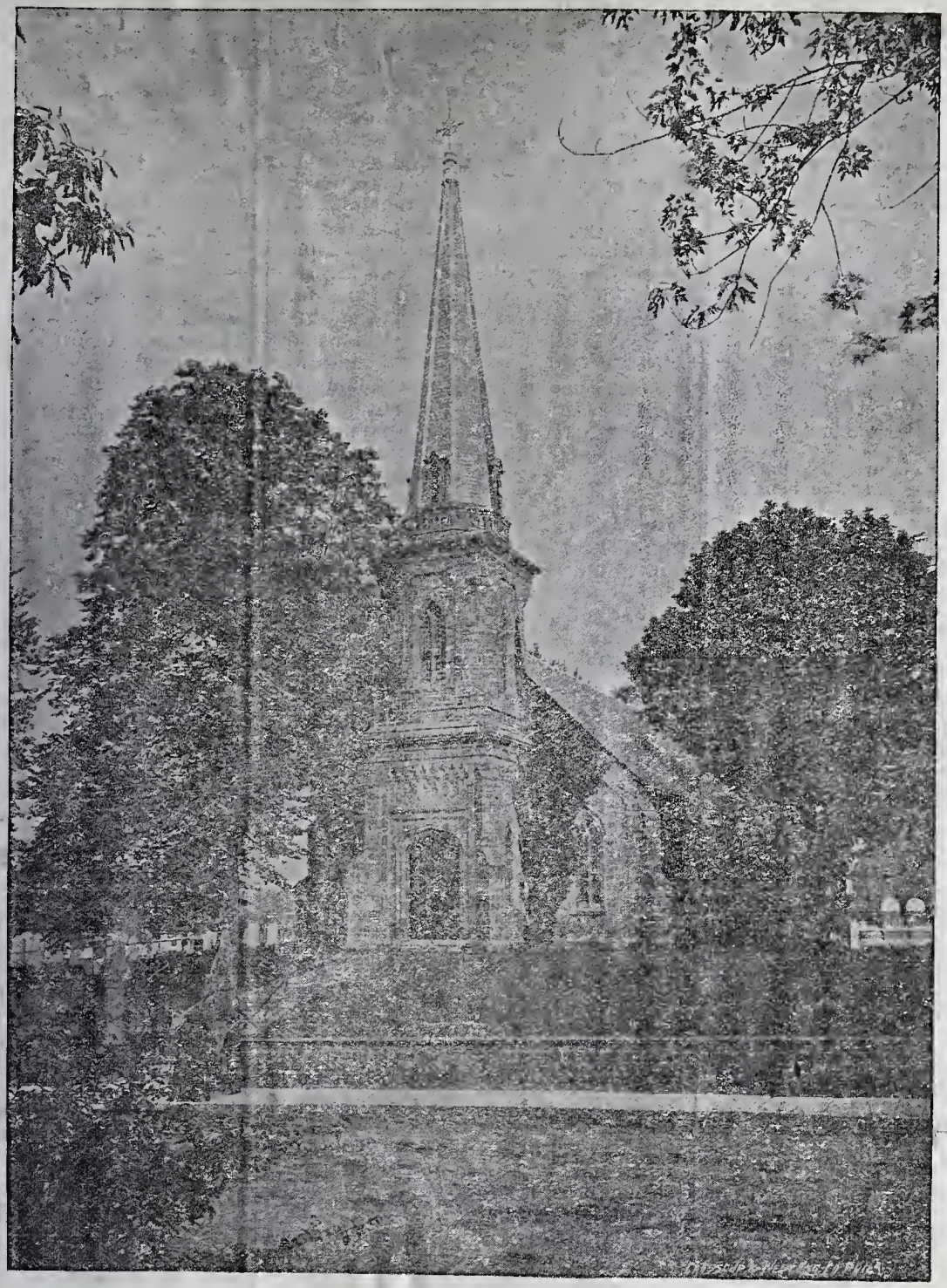
From 5 to 7.30 o'clock there was a reception in the parrish building which was handsomely decorated for the occasion and a bountiful collation was spread to which all were welcomed. Agreeable music was given by an orchestra in the side room. When the guests had assemhled, an address of welcome was delivered by the venerable Joseph Weed, Esq., now more than 88 years old, but who is still one of the most active members of the vestry. He said.

"I feel myself honored in being called upon to say a few words of welcome t the distinguished guests and friends with whose presence we are now favored. As a part of the programme decided upon, we are assembled here to continue the celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the corporate existence of the Emmanuel P. E. Church, of Holmesburg. The time will not admit of any extended remarks, which indeed would seem unnecessary, and therefore, in fulfillment of the pleasant duty assigned me, and in the name and on behalf of the rector, church wardens, vestrymen and congregation of the church, I tender to all our guests, a sincere and cordial welcome."

During the reception Bishop Coleman was the centre of attraction, his stately form, clad in a long Episcopal cassock, being constantly surrounded by admiring church people and guests anxious to be personally presented to him. The genial, affable and courteous bishop, who many years ago was the rector of St. Luke's, Bustletou, renewed many old acquaintances, and entered so heartily and thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, that his presence will always be remembered as one of the most gratifying features of the celebration.

We present to-day an excellent picture of the church and a striking likeness of the rector, both taken from the Rev. S. F. Hotchkin's well-known book, "The Bristol Pike."

No one seemed to enjoy the occasion more than the rector himself, who after thirty years of successful and devoted ministry in this parrish, finds himself, as years go on, more firmly than ever fixed in the regard, respect and affection of his people, and the head of a corporation so carefully managed by competent men as to be entirely free from debt, with an income sufficient for its necessities and



EMMAMUEL EPISCOPAL CHURCH, HOLMESBURG.

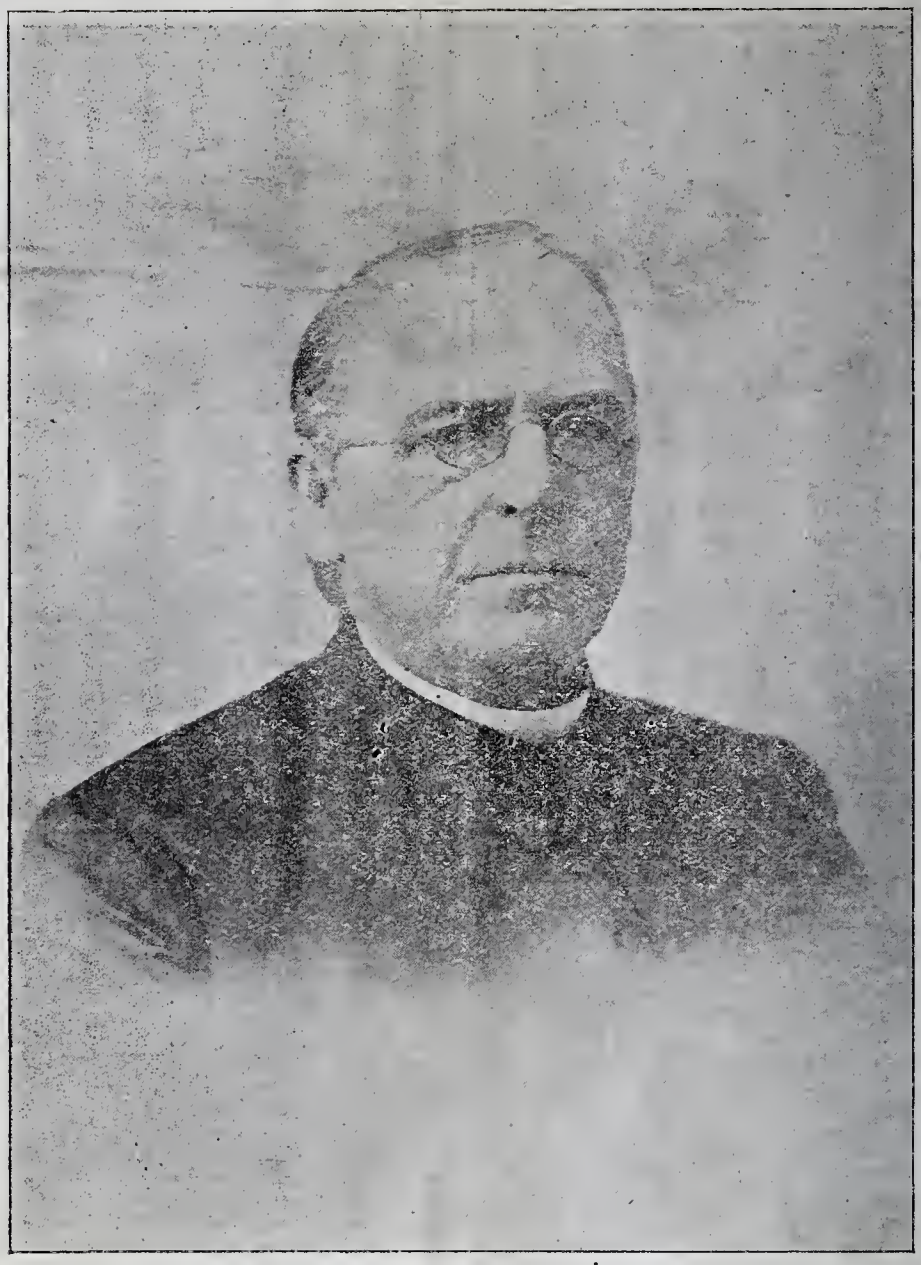
with real estate worth more than $50,000.

The church has 180 communicants and the Sunday school 190 scholars.

Much of the pleasure derived from the various celebrations of the semi-centennial was due to the admirable music given by the choir. Mr. Carl Lefold, choir-master, and Mrs. Rosa Rowland, organist, with the other ladies and gentlemen of the choir spared no pains to make the musical features of the occasion pleasing and appropriate.

The collation too was very attractive and the ladies of the congregation under the efficient leadership of Mrs. James M. Stokes and Miss Millett, fully deserved the many compliments they received upon this important branch of the jubilee.

Mr. Daisley Fairman, assisted by a number of other young men of the parish, acting as ushers, performed an important work in seeing that the large crowd of people were comfortably seated.



REV. D. C. MILLETT, D. D.

The ventilation of the church was perfect—that essential matter having been very carefully looked after by a committee consisting of Dr. Jerman and Mr. H. B. Weed.

Thus, without a single drawback, passed off, to the satisfaction and pleasure of all concerned, this noteworthy village festival.

We have given a general account of this occasion, rather than copy the sermons and statistics as already fully given in the daily newspapers of the city. Any important facts omitted by them, through want of time or space, if such exist, may be the subject of a future article.

MEDICAL LORE.

THE DOCTOR'S ART IN LITERATURE.

Examples, Curious, Old and Humorous, pertaining to the Practitioner's Pharmacopœia and Methods in all Lands and in all the Ages.

Boswell records the remark of the wise Dr. Johnson that inoculation has saved more lives than war destroys, and the cures performed by Peruvian Bark

are innumerable. This shows the advantage of learning from foreign nations. Rev. Arthur G. Jackson, in his "Missioner's Manual of Anecdotes," quotes from "Neale's Readings for the Aged," that a poor man in an American forest was sick of the ague and lay in a hut for days unable to move, but quenching his thirst from a pool, which dried up. He crawled to another pool half dead, but found the water unpleasantly bitter, still he felt stronger and was healed. A tree had fallen into the stream giving the curative power. Thus was Peruvian Bark discovered. Neale applies this to the benefit of affliction to ourselves and others. This bark is called Cinchona in honor of the Countess of Cinchon of Peru, who was cured by its use and is said to have been the first to carry it to Europe, where she used it successfully

Disraeli, in "Curiosities of Literature," (vol. 1, p. 416), under "Literary Blunders," says that Dr. Campbell put out the work "Hermippus Redivivus" as "a curious banter on the hermetic philosophy and the universal medicine," but the grave irony for some time deceived the learned. People believed his jest that life could be prolonged "by inhaling the breath of a young woman." A doctor who had written a treatise concerning health "took lodgings at a female boarding school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the breath of young ladies." Dr. Campbell wished like Bayle to treat a subject that was difficult without showing his own opinion. "Campbell had read more uncommon books than most men, and wished to rival Bayle and at the same time to give many curious matters little known."

Disraeli, (vol. 3, p. 225), in "Medicine and Morals," states that Dryden used to be bled when he had a great work on hand, as "he was of a full habit."

In Second Chronicles 16:12, Asa is censured as not seeking the Lord, but the physicians. Bishop Patrick thinks this was not the fault of desiring the aid of those skilled in medicine, but the trusting "to their skill more than to the goodness and power of God, which he did not implore." Dr. Alix thought the physicians here mentioned were heathen charmers.

That mine of ancient learning, "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," (vol. 2, p. 102), gives from the great German scholar, Joachim Camerarius, this fable to show that what may be good for one man is not good for another; "An ass and a mule went laden over a brook, the one with salt, the other with wool; the mule's pack was wet by chance, the salt melted, his burden the lighter, and he thereby much eased; he told the ass, who, thinking to speed as well, wet his pack likewise at the next water, but it was much heavier, he quite tired." Burton, p. 345), quotes Hector Boethius that the people "of the Isles of Orcades are sound without physic, living 120 years." Several strange stories of old age in the Forest of Arden, and among the East Indians and elsewhere are referred to by Burton. The Babylonians, having "no professed physicians," brought patients to the market for cure. Herodotus tells the same story of the Egyptians.

In the thirty-eighth chapter of the Apocryphal book Ecclesiasticus are some fine words on our subject: Honor a physician with the honor due unto him by the uses which ye may have of him; for the Lord hath created him. For of the most High cometh healing, and he shall receive honor of the king. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head; and in the sight of great men he shall be in admiration. The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth; and he that is wise will not abhor them." Prayer to God is enjoined on the patient, and a departure from sin. An offering to God is commended and the advice is yet good. The chapter says of physicians, "They shall also pray unto the Lord, that He would prosper that which they give for ease and remedy to prolong life." A physician needs to pray as he stands between the living and dead, and doubly blessed is the man who can give words of Christian comfort to his patient, aiding the soul as well as the body. Such men leave a noble record for time and eternity. St. Luke was a physician and should be a pattern to those of his profession. We may imagine the blessed Christian counsels that accompanied the remedies of St. Luke, and the looking upward to the Creator of medicines to prosper their use.

Old Hesiod sung:

"Diseases steal both day and night on men,"

and God prepares in each land the remedy for the diseases there experienced. Much curious lore concerning medicines may be found in Burton. He refers to the strange idea of Cardan that he could cure all diseases with water only.

In the 42d chapter of Geikie's "Life of Christ," an account of ancient remedies is given. Pliny's Natural History affords information in the matter. "Ashes of burnt wolf's skull, stags' horns, the heads of mice, the eyes of crabs, owls' brains, the livers of frogs, vipers' fat, grasshoppers, bats, etc., supplied the alkalies which were prescribed." "Cold in the head was cured by kissing a mule's nose." Some might think the remedy worse than the disease. "Frogs' eyes were useful for contusions, if the eyes were taken out at the conjunction of the moon and kept in an egg shell. Frogs boiled in vinegar were sovereign for toothache."

Goldsmith, in "The Citizen of The World," in describing quacks, wonders why men die when such marvelous

remedies are advertised. The dead walls of London are represented as covered with the names of quacks, so that the reader may "bid the whole catalogue of disorder defiance."

Female physicians are modern in this land, but Agnodice, an Athenian virgin, disguised her sex that she might learn medicine.

A court physician does not always have a sinecure. The physician who attended Hephaestion, the favorite of Alexander the Great, was accused of neglect when his patient died, and the king inhumanly ordered him to be put to death.

In Bishop Heber's "East Indian Narrative," (vol. 2, p. 122), it is related that it was thought if the dead scorpion was applied to the wound he had made it would be a remedy, but Dr. Smith considered this a superstition.

In Tertulian's De Anima is this thought, that medical science is said to be the sister of philosophy, and medicine cures the body, and so claims "a special acquaintance with the soul." Writings of Tertulian, vol. 2, p. 415 and 416.

In Professor Rawlinson's "Life of Moses," (p. 37), it is declared that the Egyptians paid attention to medicine from the earliest times. They had sanitary rules, and even the Kings were bound to obey them. They possessed ancient medical books, and knew the importance of anatomy, and practiced dissection. In the time of Herodotus specialism seems to have gone to a ridiculous extreme. There is no evidence that this was so in the earlier ages. "The medical school at Heliopolis is not to be taxed with any sanction of the principle 'that each physician should treat only one disorder.'"

Bezaleel knew the apothecary's art. Exodus, chap. 37:39. An account of the diseases named in Holy Scriptures may be found in that wonderfully learned book, "Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures," vol. 4, p. 470:473. It is worthy the perusal of physicians. See p. 469 for the history of medicine.

S. F. HOTCHKIN.

From, Ledger
Phila., Pa.

Date, April 16" 1894.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PARISH.

The earliest services of the Protestant Episcopal Church in what was formerly known as Hamilton Village were held in a small two-story stone building which stood on the south side of Chestnut street, about midway between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets. It was the school house of the village, and was called the academy. For several years it appears to have been the only building where public worship was held for the accommodation of the immediate neighborhood, and the privilege of its occupancy on Sunday for this purpose was not restricted to any one denomination. The initiatory movement towards erecting an Episcopal Church in Hamilton Village was probably due to Mr. Chandler Price, who, during the summer and autumn months, occupied what was then his country residence, the house at the northwest corner of Thirty-eighth and Chestnut streets, which was built in 1800. An appropriation was made in 1823 for a Domestic Mission, and the Rev. William Richmond placed in charge; for a period of seven months he officiated in the District of Southwark, at the Falls of Schuylkill and at Hamiltonville. At one at least of these services in Hamiltonville the late Bishop Alonzo Potter, then a candidate for Holy Orders, read prayers. On July 12, 1824, the late Bishop White, then in his 78th year, laid the corner-stone of the original building of St. Mary's Church, which stood on the site now occupied by the present one, on the south side of Locust street, above Thirty-ninth. The following are the names given in the charter of the church as church wardens and vestrymen: Robert A. Caldcleugh, Christian Wiltberger, Florimond Dusar, Henry Becket and James McAlpin.

St. Mary's Church was consecrated by Bishop White on Saturday, June 16, 1827. The missionary duty of the Rev. George Weller was at that time divided between this church and that which was then called St. Mark's Church, Mantua (now St. Andrew's). The congregation of both churches being composed for the most part of summer residents in this then rural and very sparsely settled portion of Philadelphia county, and no provision being made in either building against the inclemency of winter, they were closed after cold weather had set in.

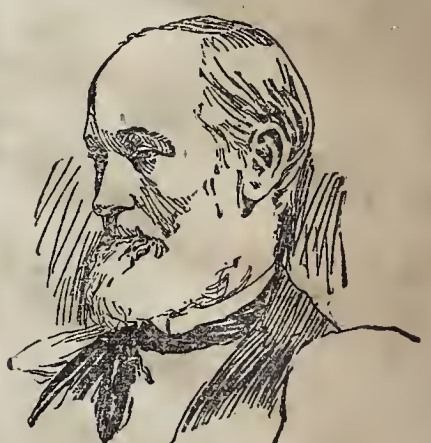
The Rev. Raymond H. Henderson was missionary at St. Mary's in 1832, 1833 and 1834. He was advanced to priest's orders in St. Mary's Church by Bishop Onderdonk, August 16th, 1829, when at the same time Mr. John Swan, of Maryland, was made deacon. The only other ordination held in the old church was on May 19, 1844, when the Revs. George G. Field, Henry T. Hiester and Thomas C. Yarnall, the present Rector, were admitted to the priesthood; it was the last ordination held by Bishop Onderdonk. The Rev. Robert Piggott entered upon his duties as missionary in 1835. May 16, 1837, the Rev. Thomas J. Brientnall was elected Rector of St. Mary's, and was the first who served in that capacity. He resigned in July, 1838, and was succeeded September 17th of the same year by the Rev. Richard Drayson Hall, who held the position until April 3, 1843, when impaired health led to his resignation. St. Mary's was then literally in the country. Open fields were on every side of the church, and the highest number of communicants reported by Mr. Hall was 40. After his resignation, the Rev. W. H. Woodward had charge of the parish for six months, at the expiration of which time Mr. Hall was again there officiating for a few weeks until the present Rector entered, in April, 1844, upon his duties. The quaint Gothic framework which adorned the chancel of the old church, together with the original framework of the pews, came from the furniture of the Swedenborgian Church building, which was at the southeast corner of Twelfth and George streets. The chancel framework remained in the church until the summer of 1846, when the first enlargement of the church took place. In 1850 the present

ST. MARY'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

rectory was built, and in 1855 several families withdrew from St. Mary's, and soon after these with others, formed the Church of the Saviour. Generous subscriptions were secured in 1871, which resulted in the erection in 1873 of the present church, the corner-stone of which was laid by the late Bishop Stevens, July 1, 1872. The first service in the new church was held on Christmas Day, 1873. The present Sunday-school building was erected in 1874, and enlarged by an additional story in 1883. Advent Sunday, 1884, was marked by the introduction of a vested choir of men and boys. The present church building, which is a substantial stone structure, was consecrated by Bishop Whitaker, Saturday, May 31, 1890. A short time before the consecration there was erected in the church the magnificent Wetherall marble memorial altar, and since that event there have been placed the four memorial chancel windows to Bishop Potter, and the lectern, a memorial to Mrs. W. W. Taylor, a daughter of Rev. G. J. Burton.

The following gentlemen constitute the present vestry of St. Mary's Church: Isaac W. Hughes, M. D., Samuel T. Jones, Edward W. Barker, Edmund A. Souder, Hugh Whiteley, William C. Hannis, Charles E. Lex, George F. Martin, Jasper O. Nicolls, Henry C. Brown, John M. Walton and Hugh B. Houston.

The Rev. Thomas C. Yarnall, D. D., was born in Philadelphia, December 10, 1815. He was graduated at Yale College in 1811. Among his classmates were several who have risen to distinction—Judge W. L. Learned, one of the Supreme Court of New York, and Judge Joseph F. Barnard, both only recently retired, having reached the limit of 70 years—Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel); the Rev. Dr. Peters, well known for the work he accomplished for the charities of New York; the Rev. Prof. Joseph Emerson, of Beloit, Wisconsin; others, too, who have done good work in their day. Dr. Yarnall's ministry has been passed in his native State, and he has for the most part been in the enjoyment of excellent health. He was made deacon by Bishop Onderdonk, July 9, 1843, in Christ Church, Philadelphia, and shortly afterwards served Christ Church, Williamsport, Pa., for a period a little over six months. His only other Rectorship has been that which he now holds at St. Mary's.



BISHOP WHITAKER.

Dr. Yarnall's paternal ancestry is of Quaker stock, of the early immigration under Penn. On his mother's side he is of New England descent, from the Coffins and Folgers, from whom came Benjamin Franklin and Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin. He has seen St. Mary's Church grow from small beginnings to the present beautiful structure and large congregation.

From, Times
Phila. Pa.
Date, April 15 1894

THE OLD MIFFLIN MANSION.

STORIED HOUSES HAUNTED HOUSES

TALES WHICH HAVE MADE MANY PHILADELPHIANS TREMBLE.

THE GHOST OF MAJOR ANDRE

How it Was Seen at Springettsburg Manor. The Ghost Story of the Old Mifflin Mansion—Houses Which Spirits Are Fabled to Trouble.

One of the earliest well-anthenticated ghost stories in Philadelphia relates to Penn's old Springgettsbury manor. This house stood in the neighborhood of Twentieth and Spring Garden streets, and during the Revolution, and in fact for many succeeding years, it was a goodly distance from the built-up portion of Philadelphia. When it was deserted by its original owners, the Penns, the place was not allowed to decay, but was kept in perfect order and good condition by the proprietor's agents. During the Revolution, when the army of the enemy held Philadelphia, the attractive beauty of its situation and surroundings made the old manor house a favorite resort for the British officers.

General Howe's army evacuated [illegible]a and the Continental troops took [illegible]f the city, a dinner party was [illegible] officers of Washington's army [illegible]mmander-in-Chief, at the old Springgettsbury manor house. Among the invited guests were two ladies prominent in Philadelphia society of the period. They had remained in the city during the British occupancy and had become intimate with many of the officers of that army, among others Captain Andre.

These ladies, nevertheless, accepted the invitation of the Continental officers. The day of the party arrived, and, as the carriage in which the ladies were conveyed to the entertainment approached the old manor house, its occupants were horrified, on glancing out of the window, to simultaneously observe before them, dangling from a limb of a catalipa tree growing close by the drive, a corpse clad in the uniform of a British officer. As the carriage drew near the tree both ladies recognized the features of their former friend, Captain Andre. When the carriage reached the tree the phantom or vision vanished.

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So impressed were both ladies by the vividness of this remarkable sight that they related the adventure during the course of the ensuing dinner. The description of the hanging corpse and surrouudings was given by them with such perfect good faith and sincerity that the Commander-in-Chief, who was anything but superstitious, laughed heartily and ridiculed their credulity.

After some years had passed, and Andre had long since perished on the scaffold, one of the ladies who had seen the vision of the hanging corpse while on a visit to a friend again came face to face with General Washington. In the course of conversation she mentioned the remarkable incident of her visiou in connection with the fate of the unfortunate spy. Washington failed to ridicule the matter the second time, but, instead, appeared much disturbed and confessed that the incident had greatly perplexed him, and he requested her, as a personal favor, not to mention the subject again in his presence.

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In early days there stood at the northwest corner of Fifth and Walnut streets a house which was generally spoken of as being haunted, because a certain Mr. Byram had killed his wife there, and it was said that the poor soul kept the anniversary of her untimely taking off by revisitiug the old mansion and flitting through the chambers. Mr. Byram gave the property to Hamilton, the Attorney General, as a fee for his work in at-

THE NICHOLSON MANSION.

tempting to secure Mr. Byram's acquittal for his crime at the bar of justice. Mr. Hamilton

had some difficulty in finding a tenant for the property and for long years it remained empty, being finally pulled down.

At the southwest corner of Second and Noble streets stood Emlen's haunted house, which was for many years occupied by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore. The story regarding this dwelling is unknown to the writer. Another haunted house of early days was Naglee's, which was situated far out Second street, and it was said that at certain periods the ghost of a man was to be seen hanging in the cellar.

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One of the most interesting and best authenticated ghost stories of old times is connected with the famous Mifflin mansion, at the Falls of Schuylkill. For a long time this house, which is still standing, has been empty and it will within a few weeks be pulled down.

According to the tradition regarding this old house, during the prevalence of yellow fever in Philadelphia in 1794 a Frenchman, named Boutillier, and his family, aristocratic refugees, occupied the mansion. Aside from being immensely wealthy and having plates of solid gold and jewels of great value, little was known of this family by the simple villagers of the Falls, except that they distributed their money liberally. Madame Boutillier had a tall, stately figure and a commanding presence and claimed to be a relative of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

She was the first to succumb to the dread disease and was buried secretly on the premises by her husband and their cook, Mary Martin, an Irish girl, all other persons having fled the premises. After his wife's death Boutillier, fearing a similar fate, called Mary to his room one night and together they gathered all the plate, jewels and money and placed them in an oaken case, and at midnight secreted them under the house.

A few days later Boutillier died and Mary Martin, who survived the pestilence, early in the following year sailed for Ireland, with the purpose of bringing back her relatives to enjoy the benefit of the hidden treasure. But the vessel on which she sailed was wrecked at sea and all on board perished. Thus the secret of the hidden jewels was forever lost.

When the late Andrew McMackin purchased the property extensive repairs were made to the interior of the house. A bricklayer while repairing one of the cellar walls came across a secret passage, in which were found the remains of rich clothing, silver buckles and gold trimmings. What else was discovered is unknown, but it is believed that the bricklayer returned to the building that night and carried away a valuable portion, as he afterwards lived in affluence and was never known to work.

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That he did not secure all the treasure, however, is proved by the fact that quite recently a crock containing Spanish doubloons was found buried in the lawn of the old mansion. For several generations the residents of the Falls have claimed that the Mifflin mansion was haunted, and there are many old people who still assert that they have seen a ghost, supposed to be that of Boutillier, walking through the building at midnight, carrying a lighted candle in a golden candlestick.

One night a party of venturesome young men watched in the large dining room and the next morning they solemnly declared that they had seen the ghost walk through the room, carrying a light and a gold wand. They followed it to the cellar, where the spectre struck the wall with the wand just at the place where the bricklayer had repaired it and then disappeared. The watchers fled from the house and related their story to the loungers at the old tavern at the foot of Laurel Hill. There are many good people at the Falls who are looking forward with considerable curiosity to the demolition of the Mifflin mansion and they will be sadly disappointed when the old house is pulled down if some buried treasure is not brought to light.

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On Tenth street, not far from Bainbridge, there still stands a large old-fashioned house in the style of architecture popular thirty or forty years ago. For years this dwelling has been known as the Nicholson mansion, from the fact that it was built about the year 1840 by James Nicholson, a book-keeper in the employ of a firm of sugar refiners on Seventh street.

Nicholson embezzled considerable money from his employers, and the house on Tenth street was erected out of the proceeds of his ill-gotten gains. When finished, this dwelling was so apparently beyond his means that the suspicions of even his unsuspecting employers were aroused as to how he could have honestly secured the money to build so fine a house. Such suspicions naturally led to an investigation of his books, with the result of the discovery of his crime. He was arrested, and after trial convicted and sentenced for a term of incarceration in the Penitentiary, where he died. It is tradition that he was arrested while dining with some friends in his new home. Ever since Nicholson's death the house, justly or unjustly, has borne the

OLD HOUSE S. W. CORNER TENTH AND PINE.

reputation of being haunted. It is said by the neighbors that he wanders through the large rooms, bent upon enjoying his ill-gotten property in death, if not in life. Other neighbors assert, that although Mr. Nicholson's ghost has never been seen, noises of various descriptions, uncanny and unaccountable from natural causes, are to be heard at various times in the old house.

One story about the place is that after Nicholson's death his horses could never be enticed out of the stable adjoining the house, and it is affirmed that these animals, now in ghostly form, still inhabit their earthly home. Through these absurd stories the owners of the Nicholson property have experienced difficulty in securing tenants for the place, and a watchman who was hired to take charge of the dwelling during a portion of the many years which it stood vacant said that he was forced to give up his position, not because of the things which he saw in the house, but for the noisy manifestations which were unaccountable.

The present owner of the property has re-

sided in the house for some time, and she is very emphatic in her assertions that she has never seen or heard anything out of the ordinary during her twenty-five years' residence in the dwelling.

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Previous to the erection of the Central News Company's building, on South Washington Square, two old dwellings stood on that site. For a period one of these houses was occupied by the late Colonel Forney. For a time after Colonel Forney's family moved into this house all went well until the arrival of Major B., an old friend of the family, who had been invited by the colonel to spend a few days in Philadelphia.

One morning, shortly after Major B.'s arrival, he appeared at the breakfast table late and refused all food, stating that he felt very tired and had not slept well during the night. The colonel, to cheer him up, jokingly asked if he had seen a ghost. Imagine the colonel's astonishment, therefore, when the major replied that he had. He then related the following story:

Upon retiring he dropped asleep almost instantly. "I do not know," he remarked, "how long I had been lost to the world, but I don't think it could have been more than an hour, when I was awakened by feeling something around my neck which was as cold as ice. That it was a hand I knew from the fact that I could feel the long, bony fingers as they clutched me with a death-like grip. Shaking the phantom off, I sprang from the bed terrified.

"After some difficulty I found a match and lit the gas. When I looked around the room everything was exactly the same in appearance at it had been when I left it upon retiring. I tried the door, it was locked, the windows also were fastened. I looked under the bed and in the closet, and was at last convinced that the room contained no other living being save myself. My first impulse was to arouse you, colonel, but on second thought I decided not to do so, as I knew you would probably have laughed at the story. I consequently reposed myself as best I could, but did not sleep again. Believe me or not as you will, I solemnly declare that this was no nightmare or dream, but was an actual occurrence, regarding the truth of which I could take my oath."

Colonel Forney and his family, never having had any ghostly manifestations themselves, were inclined to be skeptical regarding the major's story until some months after he had taken his leave, when Colonel Forney went through precisely a similar experience. After this many unaccountable things occurred in the house, and so frequently that the family actually became accustomed to some of the ghostly sounds.

At times, while sitting in the rear parlor, footsteps would be distinctly heard in the front room, but upon investigation nothing was ever to be discovered. Another remarkable thing was that a door to one of the upstairs rooms bolted itself upon the inside on being closed. At last the family moved from the house, taking up their residence next door at 618 South Washington Square, where they have since resided unmolested.

This story was obtained from Mrs. Forney, who is willing to vouch for its truthfulness. At the same time she stated that her husband was unable to discover any history connected with the haunted house which would likely cause any supernatural occurrences.

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On Ninth street, near Fitzwater, an old dwelling is still standing which bears the reputation among the neighbors of being invaded by an apparition. It is stated that only the back part of this building is haunted, and the report regarding it is to the effect that no one has been able to live in the haunted rooms for more than a few days at a time. The front portion of the house is rented separately to poor people for light housekeeping. In passing by the place and glancing up at it, it is apparently shut up and unoccupied, no life being visible within the building.

For some time the house at the southwest corner of Tenth and Wharton has been said by those residing in the neighborhood to be haunted. No well authenticated story is told regarding it, however, and it is doubtless as free from ghosts as the great majority of houses in Philadelphia. The principal cause of the reports regarding this house seems to have arisen from the fact that the dwelling next door on Tenth street has been untenanted for seventeen years and was last occupied by Hunter, who, it will be remembered, murdered Armstrong. There is no doubt about the fact that at one time very distinct noises were heard in the old Hunter house, but an investigation of these sounds proved that they were caused by two very earthly spectres of the genus tramp.

The curious-looking, lopped-off building at the southwest corner of Tenth and Pine streets has for years been regarded as a haunted house, but if ever justly so termed the cause must have been laid many years ago, as even the oldest inhabitants of the neighborhood failed to recall the story regarding it, all they knew, when questioned, being that "it was said to be haunted."

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About 1840 there stood at the southeast corner of Front street and Fairmount avenue an old tumble-down frame dwelling, which has long since been leveled to the dust. In this building, at one time early in this century, the exact date having been forgotten, a suicide occurred, a man having hung himself in one of the rooms in the second story. At the time the incident created considerable excitement in the neighborhood, which was greatly increased by a story widely circulated, related by an old lady who resided in the house at the time the suicide occurred.

According to this story, a short time after the tragedy the lady was seated alone one day in the room where the incident had happened. She was busily engaged in sewing, with her thoughts entirely upon earthly matters, when suddenly she chanced to glance from her work, and without the slightest warning she saw standing before her the man who had come to his untimely death by his own hands in that apartment. The apparition was most life-like, but when she attempted to speak to the figure it suddenly vanished. After that the ghost frequently visited the scene of his earthly habitation, until the family grew quite accustomed to his appearance and paid little or no attention to the manifestation. As time passed it was noticed that these visits grew less frequent and finally ended in the ghost's entire disappearance forever.

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Coming down to modern times, there is a curious story related regarding one of the two story brick dwellings in the row of houses standing on the south side of Lombard street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth. These buildings were only erected in 1886, over the graveyard which adjoined the Fourth Presbyterian Church standing at the southwest corner of Twelfth and Lombard streets.

The story of Nancy Potter's experience in one of these houses is as follows:

About two years after the dwelling was erected a family moved in by the name of Harris, having with them at the time a colored servant named Nancy Potter. The house had never been previously occupied. One evening the family went out to pay a social call, leaving Nancy Potter in charge of the premises. Anticipating a late return of her employers, the girl settled herself in a comfortable chair in the dining room, with the intention of sleeping away the moments until they returned.

Just as she was dozing off, however, she heard an unfamiliar sound proceeding from the kitchen. The noise sounded like a person singing in a low tone as though attempting to soothe an infant to sleep. Knowing that she was alone in the house, at first Nancy paid but slight attention to the noise, believing that it must come from next door. But, as the singing continued, she decided to investigate, and with this object in view she stepped into the kitchen. She affirms that in the centre of the room she plainly saw a woman seated. She was dressed in a white flowing garb, but what was most conspicuous, was a large, long scar on her face.

She had a bundle in her arms and sang in mournful tones, which alternately grew loud and then diminished. This much the woman saw and then fainted. When the family returned home they found her lying on the dining room floor in an unconscious condition. A doctor was hastily summoned and the woman was brought back to sensibility, when she related the above story.

An examination by the family, who were credulous, proved that a woman who had been killed by her husband many years before, was buried in the graveyard directly beneath the Harris house, and it was further learned that the woman and her child were killed almost simultaneously.

Shortly after the experience of Nancy Potter the family moved from the dwelling, its last occupant being a policeman of the Nineteenth district named Logan. Logan lived in the house for eleven months. When questioned the other day regarding it, he stated that neither he nor his family had ever been privileged by a glimpse of the ghostly apparition as seen by Nancy Potter, and that the only ghost which he had any fear of was the landlord, who appeared regularly on the first day of each month to collect his rent.

"And on some occasions," continued Logan, "I should have preferred to see a ghost to him."

From, Times
Phila. Pa.
Date, April 15 1894.

A QUAKER COMPANY

GOSSIP ABOUT THE "CONTRIBUTORS" AND ITS FOUNDERS.

HAND-IN-HAND'S EARLY DAYS

The Sign of the Clasped Hands and Why It Was Abandoned—The "Green Tree" an Offshoot From the "Contributors." The City in Quaker Days.

In 1740 the populatien of Philadelphia was estimated at 10,000 people and of these 4,850 were tax-payers. There were no banks, no insurance companies and no police and nearly all the population was between Third street and the river. In 1736 an insurance company was organized, called the Union Fire Insurance Company, but never did any business—being, in fact, objected to by some of the leading local Pharisees as interfering with the decrees of Providence, "He chasteneth whom He loveth," etc. So it was not until February 18, 1752, when a call in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* brought together a number of prominent citizens, who agreed to start a "company for the insurance of houses against fire in and near this city," and in the following April the plan was fully consummated, under the title of "The Philadelphia Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses From Loss by Fire," and this was the beginning of the fire insurance business in America. It was a mutual company, each one insured paying in £21, which remained with the company for seven years, and this was its capital, in case of the loss of this amount from had business. Insured members were liable for half the amount of this deposit, and this plan existed until 1810.

The first president was James Hamilton, of the Woodlands, Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania, and Benjamin Franklin was first director. With the exception of these two all the other officers and directors were Quakers, who were in fact the solvent commercial class in the province at that time.

It will be interesting to note the condition of our city and the life and habits of the people at this time. When William Penn laid out the city it was his intent to keep upon the east side of Front street as an esplanade, with a view of the Delaware. This was fully fifty feet above the river level, but he forgot or neglected to make any provision therefor in parting with the land on the water front, and the grantees claimed the lots as running through to Front street. People living on the west side of Front could barely see the roofs of the houses on King (now Water) street. The present building on the southwest corner of Delaware avenue and Race street—the oldest on our river front—will illustrate this. So Front street, from Dock to Lombard, was the Belgravia of the Quaker City, known as "Society Hill," and here lived most of the merchants who were not Quakers, those affecting Market and Arch streets. Henry Drinker, one of the leading Quaker merchants and a rich man, lived in Water street, above Vine, until 1771 and then bought the house on the northwest corner of Drinker's alley and Front street; it was forty feet front, with fine gar-

dens in the rear. He paid Benjamin Shoemaker therefor 2,600 pounds sterling, and it was a fortunate sale for Benjamin, for just six years after he was accused of treason by the Continentals, fled the country and had all his property confiscated. In 1810 the same property was sold for $13,500, substantially the same price it had brought in 1771.

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In 1777 Barbara Drinker, Henry's wife, records in her diary that she paid Caleb Carmalt, the collector for the Contributors, £4 for the annual insurance. Carmalt was a dry, saturnine Quaker, who was for fifty years in the employ of the company. Caleb preached occasionally and his theme was always the folly and wickedness of the worldly women. One day he went to a widow's house in Union street to collect. The widow's dress was fashionable and cut lower in the neck than Caleb thought seemly. So placing his hat over his eyes he explained his errand. In a minute he was seized in an ample embrace, hugged, kissed and strange words of love whispered in his ear. With a wrench poor Caleb freed himself, howled out, "Woman, thee be ——," and under a peal of merry laughter got out of the house, which he never entered again.

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From 1750 to '85 Philadelphia was the leading commercial city in America, and such families as the Shippens, Norrises, Allens and Hamiltons lived in a style that was not surpassed abroad, gave splendid dinners, with the servants in livery and exeellent cooking, and visitors from Boston and New York had much to say about the general extravagance in dress, but the majority of business men were thrifty in their living. Merchants whose bills were good as gold in London and Amsterdam, lived above their stores, took apprentices, who ate at the second table and thought it a dissipation to get out on Sunday afternoon. Mechanics' apprentices were given a training that was in many cases brutal and were sent to jail when they rebelled, and this they did at times. A master cooper in Appletree alley was beating his apprentice, when the latter yelled: "Apprentices, elubs, elubs!" and this brought out a number of his own class who gave the master a terrible licking. Before Thomas Willing, Mayor, the culprits were brought, ironed like pirates, and after being nearly talked to death, were locked up in the old prison at Third and Market. If the Quakers wore plain attire and contemned the fashions, they were prone to one weakness, and that was good living, and the best wines and brandies in the markets found their way into the cellars of the Redmans, Pembertons and Whartons. An inventory of James Bond, a prominent Northern Liberties Quaker in 1766, shows that he had nearly £8,000 worth of liquors in his cellars when he died. Such was the social and economic life of Philadelphia.

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When our first insurance office started—in 1768—it took a seal and device, the "Four Clasped Hands," copied from the "Hand in Hand" Company, of London, and this device was placed on all insured buildings—not as an advertisement, but as notice to members in case of fire to hasten to rescue property which was in effect their own, as they must pay the loss—but Horace Binney, in his Centennial address of 1853, states that it was found to operate the other way, and so was abandoned. The signs now extant must be not less than 70 years old, and both the "Hand in Hand" and the contemporary "Green Tree" devices may be seen on the old houses on the east side of Fifth, below Vine street.

In 1784 a house in Spruce street, near Third, caught fire from a shade tree in front. It was insured in the parent company, and it at once increased rates for houses with shade trees adjacent. This applied to two-thirds the risks in the city and created so much opposition that a number of the "Contributors" seceded and organized the "Mutual Assurance Company," popularly known as the "Green Tree" from its device.

The "Hand in Hand" office was for a long time in Water, between Arch and Race streets, and adjoined the dwelling of John Smith, the first treasurer and first to take out a policy. It afterwards moved to No. 25 Dock street, and from thence to its present quarters, 212 South Fourth street.

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The means of putting out fires were wretchedly inadequate in the period previous to the introduction of Schuylkill water in 1801, and as two-thirds of the old city was frame it is a wonder that insurance companies succeeded at all, but they took no risks on empty buildings and took them as far apart as possible. This generation can have no conception of the condition of our currency up to 1820. In 1791 the Bank of North America began to keep its accounts in dollars and cents. Current coins were Joes, half-Joes, doubloons, four kinds of dollars and Colonial currency of every value. A Pennsylvania shilling might be eighteen cents and a New Hampshire thirteen, and so it varied, and the "Hand in Hand" followed the bank and refused to take other than Federal money.

The "Green Tree" in 1801 dropped the mutual plan and made its policies perpetual. Its offices were for a long time 54 Walnut street, and from here it moved to its present location, 526 Walnut street.

Fifteen years ago a witty lawyer likened the "Contributors" to a bear "that lives on its internal resources." There is but one other such corporation in America, "The India Society of Boston." A century ago it began to do business with the East, and for a time monopolized the pepper trade, made money enough and retired into desuetude.

From, Press
Phila Pa
Date, April 15 1894

JOHN ROBERTS, THE TORY.

Mr. Glenn's Spirited and Convincing Refutation of the Criticism on His Article.

To the Editor of "The Press."

Sir:—S. H. T., in last Sunday's "Press," takes exception to several statements in my account of John Roberts, the Tory miller, of Merion. From zeal to defend

person whose conduct was condemned, not only by the Continental Congress but by the non-combatants of that day, S. H. T. rushes very hastily to conclusions without in the least being familiar with the history of that period.

"It is fallacious to state," says the writer, "that Roberts offered to put himself at the head of a troop of horse to effect the rescue of his friends." Upon this point I have followed the words of no less an authority than Thomas McKean, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, who, in sentencing Roberts to death, after accusing him of "the horrid and crying sin of murdering—and aggravated by burning some of them alive and starving others to death," continues, "It is in vain to plead that you intended to release some friends who were ordered under guard to Virginia. Your offer to put yourself at the head of a troop of horse of the enemy and effect their rescue at the risk of your life was a strange line of conduct in one who presented that he was opposed to bearing arms."

By offering to do military service and afterwards acting as guide to an invading army, John Roberts certainly placed himself outside of the pale of the Society of Friends who bitterly disapproved of his actions. S. H. T. says further that "it was impossible for him (Roberts) to ride at the head of Cornwallis' army." I have in my possession a copy of the direct testimony of this same John Roberts, the original copy of which was duly sworn to by the defendant for the purpose of trying to secure a pardon. In this document (which has been printed), Roberts says, "December 11 (1777), at 3 o'clock in the morning, Jacob James came to my lodgings, and told me the army was going over Schuylkill. Said James urged me to go saying he would be company for me; but upon my still refusing, said James told me that General Cornwallis was then at the Bridge, and if I would not go a Guard would be sent to compel me. I got ready and went to the Bridge, when said James going to the General said something to him. I then began to think I was intended for a guide and went and begged the General that he would not take me along for a guide, as it would be attended with the most fatal and disagreeable consequences to me. He replied that I was recommended to him and would not part with me. I then requested him to use his authority to prevent his army from plundering the Inhabitants upon the march, notwithstanding some of the Inhabitants were taken prisoners, their Horses, Cattle, goods plundered. At night when the army began to encamp, finding that express was to return to the City, I made application to return." Testifying concerning his flight to Philadelphia, Roberts says: "A party of militia under General Potter came to my plantation, inquired for me, threatened my family, shot at one of my sons, and took others prisoner."

There is also an entry in the minutes of Merion meeting concerning this attack upon the house, and other very accurate accounts of it. If S. H. T. desires any further confirmation of my article I shall be happy to place the papers at that correspondent's disposal, with evidence of the most positive kind for every word therein written. I have been informed by a person who is well-known as a local historian that Roberts gave to the British the information and planned the attack upon the Continental troops at Paoli, which culminated in the fight known as the Paoli Massacre. But as it was in part the papers relating to this point that were distroyed, I hesitated about accusing him of a crime with which he was connected, by a witness, who, says S. H. T., perjured himself. As the subject is of some interest in these days of Colonial Dames, Sons of the Revolution and other societies for the perpetuation of Revolutionary lore, I may at some future time have something further to say about this period of the history of the Revolution. I also desire to state that John Roberts, the Tory, was "one Roberts alone," and not in any way connected with other families of Roberts in Merion, several members of which families were galiant soldiers in the Continental Army, casting aside for the moment their conscientious scruples against bearing arms, when their country called them. S. H. T. is correct as to the title to the property and the ancestry of the Tory, but I do not know if my critic is also aware that Roberts had fighting blood in his veins. He was a direct descendant of a Shakespearean hero, David Gam, killed on the field of Agincourt, of whom it is said that he "lived like a wolf and died like a lion;" of Sir Reesap Thomas, who slew Richard III on Bosworth Field, and of a gentleman who was executed for high treason, not long before the advent of the first John Roberts to this country. The grandfather of the Tory was convicted of high treason in England and sentenced to be hung, but was pardoned. Through his mother, the father of the miller was descendant from that Sir William Stanley who deserted Richard III during the battle of Bosworth Field, and the merry miller had also, through Elizabeth Owen, a good portion of Plantagenet blood, derived from Edmund, Duke of York, son of Edward III.

THOMAS ALLEN GLENN.

From, Record
Phila. Pa.
Date, April 16" 1894.

REAR ADMIRAL SKERRETT.

A Philadelphian's Well Earned Promotion Comes.

Washington, D. C., April 15.

Commodore Joseph Salathiel Skerrett, who is to become a Rear Admiral tomorrow, when Rear Admiral Irwin retires, is of Philadelphia descent. His father and mother lived there until they went to Ohio, where the future Admiral was born, in January, 1833, in the town of Chillicothe, where he grew up and was educated. One of his playmates during his boyhood was the little daughter of a neighbor, Lucy Webb, who, when she grew up, married a young man named Rutherford B. Hayes, who distinguished himself in the civil war, was sent to Congress, was elected Governor of Ohio and was made President of the United States by the decision of the Electoral Commission of 1876. The acquaintance of their childhood continued through their later years, so that during the Hayes administration Commander Skerrett and his family were always welcome at the White House.

President Hayes, who had a high opinion of Commander Skerrett, offered him an appointment as chief of a bureau in the Navy Department, which carried the rank of Commodore, but with characteristic modesty, Skerrett refused, on the ground that he did not think a commander had rank enough to be appointed to such a place. When young Skerrett was old enough, the member of Congress from the Chillicothe district,

who was a friend of his family, offered him his choice between an appointment to the military academy and an appointment to the naval academy, both of which happened to be in his gift.

Young Skerrett chose to go into the navy, and has frequently said that he saved his life by doing so, inasmuch as the young man that got the West Point appointment was killed in an Indian fight shortly after his graduation. In those days the young naval cadets, or midshipmen, as they were then called, got most of their training on shipboard, and Skerrett spent a good deal of his school time abroad, distinguishing himself while he was still an undergraduate, so to speak, and graduating at the head of his class.

WHY HE WAS HELD BACK.

"Sailor Joe" he was and is called in the navy, in recognition of the fact that he has no superior as a navigator. No one could handle one of the old sailing vessels better than he could. When the war broke out he was on the Saratoga, off the coast of Africa, where he had just helped capture the Nightingale, one of the last of the American slavers, with 1061 slaves on board. He wanted to be in the thick of the fighting at home, but Secretary Welles had been prejudiced against him by stories to the effect that Mrs. Skerrett, who had been the belle of Washington (who was the daughter of Captain Taylor, of the Marine Corps, and the granddaughter of Joseph Meehan, man of letters and Librarian of Congress, and who had many friends in the South), sympathized with the Confederacy or with her friends in it, and he hesitated to give Lieutenant Skerrett duty in the face of the enemy, although Skerrett's loyalty was indubitable. He ordered Lieutenant Skerrett to the Washington Navy Yard in 1862, as ordnance officer. Skerrett, who had begged him to send him to the front, asked him to accept his resignation, so that he could return to Ohio and volunteer in an artillery company, which was being raised in Chillicothe, so as to get a chance to fight for his country. But when the Secretary offered him his choice between withdrawing his resignation and being shut up in Fort Mifflin, he withdrew his resignation and settled down as ordnance officer at the Washington Yard, where he was almost killed one day by a bursting gun.

ON THE BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

Later on he got ship duty, but only on the blockading squadrons, where he had no opportunity for distinctions, although he did manage to successfully engage the fortifications at the mouth of the Brazos River in June, 1864. Since the war he has distingnished himself in every position to which he has been assigned, never having asked any particular assignment, but unhesitatingly going where he was sent, unlike some naval officers. He had a great deal to do with establishing the apprentice system in the navy.

He arrived in Honolulu in 1872, in command of the Portsmouth, just in time, in conjunction with Captain Belknap, to quell the rebellion growing out of the election of Kalakaua without damage to life or property. King Kalakaua decorated Captain Skerrett with his highest order, but the bill authorizing him to accept it is still pending in Congress.

Last year he returned to Honolulu as commander-in-chief of the Pacific station, his experiences at that time being fresh in the public mind. When he was promoted to Commodore in 1889 he was detailed as a member of the celebrated Advisory Board, under which nickel steel armor, the best in the world, was adopted for our navy. Commodore Skerrett is now commander-in-chief of the Asiatic squadron, of which he was action commander-in-chief 10 years ago. He will probably remain there until he retires next year.

A MODEL NAVAL OFFICER.

Commodore Skerrett is a model naval officer, keenly interested in his profession and well abreast of all its developments, a hard and energetic worker, a strict disciplinarian, but so fair and kind that his subordinates are always contented. He has an unsurpassed reputation in the Navy Department. Personally he is an attractive man, modest, affable but dignified, a great reader and a good writer, domestic in his habits, devoted to his family, and a devout member of the Episcopal Church and an active worker in the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip. His wife and his two unmarried daughters are now at his headquarters at Yokohama, for he is never content unless they are near him. He has a married daughter and two married sons, all living in this country. Joseph, the oldest son, is a business man and lives in Philadelphia.

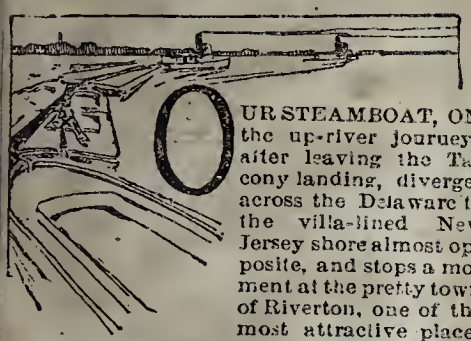
HENRY MACFARLAND.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD.

II.

TO POQUESSING AND BEYOND.



A RIVER TOW.

OUR STEAMBOAT, ON the up-river journey, after leaving the Tacony landing, diverges across the Delaware to the villa-lined New Jersey shore almost opposite, and stops a moment at the pretty town of Riverton, one of the most attractive places on our great river. The ornamental house of the "Riverton Yacht Club" is built out on the pier, behind which the greensward slopes upward from the water's edge and far back under the shade of the trees in most seductive guise. The scene upon the river is picturesque, but quiet, a distant puffing tug, and the plash of the steamboat wheels only breaking the stillness. Looking back towards the Pennsylvania shore, above Tacony, the huge House of Correction and its outlying buildings are displayed, with the extensive "Farm" stretching broadly, in lawn, field and woodland, back from the river bank above. Moored alongside the protruding wharf are the three City Ice Boats, laid up for the season, and awaiting next winter's tussle with the ice-floes. In the background beyond the railway rises the distant gray wall of the new City Prison, with its tall red brick chimney stack. An important civic institution is this "Hotel of Pennypack," which stands upon that classic stream, flowing down

MORELTON INN.

through the Huntingdon Valley and past Bustleton—the Indian Pennipacka, which the earlier settlers called Dublin Creek.

We skirt northward along the Pennsylvania shore, above Pennypack creek, past the distant "Forrest Home" half hidden among the trees, and approach the northern limit of Philadelphia at Poquessing. This was the Indian "Poetquessink;" or, "the stream of the dragons," its pleasant vale as it meanders out from the Bucks county hills to the northwest having been named Torr's Dale, after one of the original residents. A low bluff rises from the water as we approach the Torresdale wharf, with villas peeping out amid the foliage, each having its little summer house or boat house down at the water side in front. Attractive gardens and lawns adorn the shore, and here is one of the most beautiful spots in the gentle pastoral scenery of this part of the Delaware. The steamboat briefly halts at the wharf, where ex-Mayor Edwin H. Fitler has his rural home on one side of the landing, while on the other is the famous Morelton Inn. The site of this noted hostelrie was in former times occupied by "Risden's Ferry Hotel," a popular resort for people from the city for afternoon and evening recreation. Afterwards the late Edwin M. Hopkins, well known to all Philadelphia financiers, built here the fine old brownstone mansion, which was his summer home until he died, and this is now the Inn. It came into possession of Colonel Edward Morrell, who has made such extensive improvements at Torresdale and its neighborhood, and by his public spirit has done so much for this section. The Inn has been greatly enlarged, and is established, with its outlying cottages, lawns and beautiful grounds, as one of the noted high-class summer resorts closely adjacent to Philadelphia. Here assemble the "Torresdale Farmers' Club" to discuss problems of agriculture and rural politics and reproduce the "Five O'Clock" dinners of the town. In front of the Inn is an iron pier, on which has been built a pleasant summer house over the water, while graceful yachts and brisk-looking "naphtha boats" are moored outside. Before it is a placid scene of green shores and smooth waters. Over the river is the tree-clad edge of Jersey, where roamed before the days of Penn the warlike Rankokas Indians, an Algonquin tribe, whose fierceness is not inherited by the present denizens of that locality, who now chiefly raise melons and garden sauce for the Philadelphia markets. The memory of these aborigines is, however, preserved in the name of Rancocas creek, which is seen coming broadly out of the flat land, between its lawny shores, while up the stream is the distant railway draw-bridge, where once an ill-fated Camden and Amboy train plunged through the open draw, murdering many passengers.

Bensalem and Beverly.

Above the grounds of Morelton the Torresdale bluff shore falls off abruptly at the edge of Poquessing creek, flowing from among the

BIDDLE MANSION, ANDALUSIA.

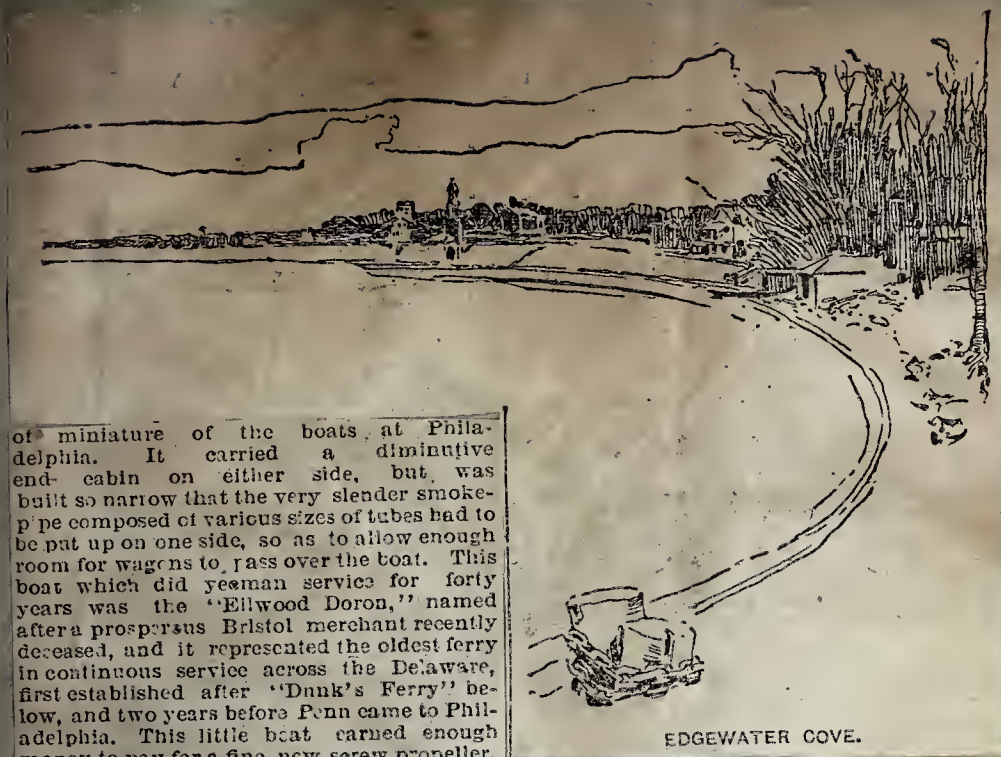
trees. Beyond, the same gentle, pastoral, river scenery continues, with Bucks county on the left and Burlington county on the right bank, each side having its fringe of rich green foliage and low shores, extending up the stream as far as eye can see, with the level farm land behind them. The river narrows considerably, and the steamboat touches at landings on either bank. A succession of pleasant country seats border both shores, but the foliage is generally so dense that much of the view is almost hidden. Tows of coal barges come along, representing the traffic down from the Lehigh, or across Jersey by the Raritan Canal. The sombre looking steamboat drawing one of these fleets bears a name recalling the great railway manager of a former day—Col. Thomas A. Scott. Above the Rancocas, on the Jersey shore, are Delanco and Riverside, while on the Pennsylvania bank is Andalusia. Here, in the township of Bensalem, John Craig, a Philadelphia merchant, established himself in 1795, and built the mansion afterwards so noted as the residence of Nicholas Biddle, of the United States Bank, who died in 1844. Its broad white columnar portico, looking much like the front of the old United States Bank (now our Custom House), on Chestnut street, is seen inland, just below the Andalusia wharf. Here also is Andalusia College, and not far away inland, at Eddington, the extensive "St. Francis de Sales Industrial School" for boys, established by the daughters of the late Francis A. Drexel, where they educate 450 youths in useful trades. It is under the direction of the Order of the "Christian Brothers," with Brother Anatole in charge. To the southward, near Cornwells Station, is "St. Elizabeth's Convent," founded and directed by Mother Katharine, daughter of Francis A. Drexel, for the instruction, by the Sisters of the "Order of the Blessed Sacrament," of Indian and colored people with a view of making them teachers among their respective races. The little, old "Castle" of the "State in Schuylkill," removed from Gray's Ferry, where it long stood, is on the bank above Andalusia. This diminutive wooden, yellow house, with its little steeple, can tell of many a royal feast. The club dates from 1732.

Soon the steamboat touches at one of the most popular Jersey settlements, Beverly, its landing place being on a point jutting out into the stream, around which the Delaware beautifully winds. Above, encircling as perfect a cove as eye can find, a sort of miniature Bay of Naples, Beverly extends into the villas of Edgewater, where the bluff rises abruptly, giving opportunity for the adornment of the beautifully sloping shores with attractive greensward and gardens. Many little boats are anchored out in front, and skiffs are flitting, with their white wings, across the pleasant waters. This circling, villa-bordered space presents one of the finest views on the New Jersey bank. Before its present cycle of wealth and fashion Beverly was the Jersey landing place for "Dunk's Ferry," while Edgewater was "Wood Lane," the primitive people then, like their successors now, looking out over the Delaware to the marsh-bordered mouth of the wide Neshaminy, the chief stream of old Bucks, which was the Indian Neshaminah, coming down from the Buckingham Mountain and draining a large part of the county. The pioneer settler was Duncan Williamson, who established the ferry, when he came here in 1667, across the river, below the Neshaminy, between the terminus of the "Street Road" and what has since been known as Beverly Landing. This was probably the first ferry on the Delaware, and it was affectionately called "Dunk's Ferry" always afterwards, in his memory, for he died in 1700, and sleeps in the Johnson graveyard, Bensalem. It has been obsolete as a river crossing for nearly a century. The river banks contract above the Neshaminy, which has a large current, and there are a succession of pretty coves, one of them on the Pennsylvania shore having a smooth beach, where the old Badger shad fishery is located in front of the former estate of the well known Bela Badger. Further up, as the river narrows, is a jutting peninsula of trees, with a dark brown church spire rising behind it. These trees hide the ancient city of Burlington, and the spire rises from St. Mary's Church.

The Borough of Bristol.

We have come in our pleasant steamboat journey to one of the most interesting regions of the Upper Delaware. The river broadens ahead of us, forming two channels around Burlington Island, and having on either side the towns of Burlington and Bristol, both coeval with the first settlement of Philadelphia, and Bristol in that early day having ambitions to become the location of Penn's great city. For a good many years heretofore the traveller up the Delaware approaching Burlington Island usually saw in front, briskly crossing its attractive green background, a quaint little ferryboat—a sort

CITY ICE BOATS AT PENNYPACK.



EDGEWATER COVE.

of miniature of the boats at Philadelphia. It carried a diminutive end- cabin on either side, but was built so narrow that the very slender smoke-pipe composed of various sizes of tubes had to be put up on one side, so as to allow enough room for wagons to pass over the boat. This boat which did yeoman service for forty years was the "Ellwood Doron," named after a prosperous Bristol merchant recently deceased, and it represented the oldest ferry in continuous service across the Delaware, first established after "Dunk's Ferry" below, and two years before Penn came to Philadelphia. This little boat earned enough money to pay for a fine new screw propeller, the "William E. Doron," last year put on the ferry, and having been unfortunately worsted in a recent scrap with the big steamboat "Edwin Forrest," it is now laid up in ordinary at Bordentown to rest after years of useful service. Our steamboat tied fast at the Bristol landing, the red-roofed houses of the borough peeping out among the trees, while the deserted wharves gave evidence of a lost commerce, and recalled the time in the last century when both Bristol and Burlington had a large ocean-carrying trade, at times rivalling Philadelphia.

The land on which Bristol is built is level, and at the southern edge of the town the coal

THE "CASTLE"
(State in Schuylkill).

barges lie in the capacious basin of the "Delaware Division Canal," which here comes out to the river with its traffic of Lehigh coal, brought from Easton. There are people who urge, and with reason, that this canal is the proper aqueduct to bring the water down from the Upper Delaware for an ample supply for Philadelphia. Mill creek flows into the river here, and its eligibility as a mill site first located the settlement. One Samuel Clift, in 1630, obtained from Edmund Andros, then the Colonial Governor of New York and of the Duke of York's possessions, a grant of 162 acres, covering the present town site, and he immediately started the ferry, which is curiously alluded to in the old colonial records, as "the ferry against Burlington," and the desire to secure transportation across the Delaware, to the then chief village of West Jersey, seems to have made the beginning of the Bristol settlement. Clift died in 1781, but the ferry has continued in uninterrupted service. A township located north of Neshaminy Creek was created in 1692, and in 1695 Anthony Burton and Thomas Buck bought the town site, and, laying it out in building lots, called it New Bristol, naming it from Bristol in England, where lived Penn's wife, Hannah Callowhill. In order to bring the place into public notice, they applied to the Pennsylvania Provincial Assembly, stating that, as Bucks county had no market-town, this settlement at "the ferry against Burlington" presented great advantages as a market-town, and it was the earliest market established in Bucks. Afterwards, in 1720, it was incorporated.

Its Interesting History.

Bristol in 1708 contained fifty houses and two mills, but its growth was slow, and nearly a century later, in 1806, it had only ninety houses. It was made the first county seat of Bucks, the original court house having been built of logs, and replaced in 1705 by a two-story brick building, with whipping-post attached, which was used for twenty years, the upper floor being the court room and the lower one the prison. The county seat was then removed to Newtown and afterwards to Doylestown. The first court in Bucks was held at the "Falls," now Morrisville, opposite Trenton, justice being dispensed in a farmhouse there. Here occurred the first hanging in the county, in 1693, and only five murderers have been hanged in Bucks county during the two centuries. The fine level plateau on which Bristol is built is fronted by a pleasant street, its bordering houses having a good outlook over the river, back from which, at right angles, Mill street, the chief highway, extends to and beyond the Pennsylvania Railroad, the town also stretching further westward, where there are large textile and paper mills, mostly erected in recent years, adding

much to its prosperity. The four-track line of the "New York Division" is laid through the ancient borough, curving around at the station, past which the fast trains rush at high speed, and then cross the level land of "Penn's Neck" to the northward, on their way to the Morrisville bridge over the Delaware to Trenton.

In the early days the Bristol grist mills on Mill creek ground up all the grain that could be got in Bucks county and the adjacent regions, and they shipped large amounts of corn and flour direct from the now deserted wharves to the West Indies. In the olden time, its St. James's Episcopal Church was built in 1712, and its Quaker Meeting House, which is still standing, though enlarged, dates from 1710. These were thus described by a visitor as they appeared in 1715: "At a corner of two lanes was a Quaker Meeting House, and at a still more retired spot stood a small Episcopal Church, whose lonely graveyard, with its surrounding woody scenery, might have furnished an appropriate theme for such a muse as Gray's. These, together with an old brick jail, constituted all the public edifices in this, my native town." He came back and looked again at Bristol in 1757, and then sorrowfully wrote: "There are few towns, perhaps, in Pennsylvania which, in the same space of time, have been so little improved, or undergone less alteration." St. James's Church, similarly with St. Mary's, over at Burlington, received the gift of a silver communion service from the good Queen Anne, but the service long ago disappeared, the church fell into decay during the Revolution, and the present church was built and dedicated in 1857.

Bristol possesses the Bath Mineral Springs, which made it the most fashionable watering place in America during the last century—a veritable Saratoga, attracting prominent visitors for many years, but its fame as a sanitarium had declined in the days of General Jackson. The chief inn of the town, the "George the Third," was opened in 1765, with that sovereign's portrait displayed on the

THE "ELLWOOD DORON."

sign in front. During the Revolution, this sign became a favorite target for musketry practice, and was gradually shot away, as it totally vanished. The inn was then named the "Fountain," and afterwards became the "Delaware House." Its great days were when the stages stopped there, and as the railroad superseded them, it has been vegetating since, until recently remodeled as a modern summer resort. When its ancient bar was removed, several coins were found dated 1700 and thereabouts, and also a pair of knickerbocker slippers that evidently belonged to some distinguished guest of the early time, but whether General Lafayette, King Joseph Bonaparte or President Martin Van Buren—all of whom had stopped there—has not yet been decided. The Farmers' Bank of Bristol, the oldest in Bucks county, dates from 1815, and is the right kind of a bank, with good officers making good dividends and having a surplus larger than the capital. Prior to the Revolution, Bristol claimed to build more shipping than Philadelphia, and its comfortable homes and the picturesque villas along the Delaware river bank above the town, tell of its prosperity to-day.

J. C.

LANS OF THE BOULEVARD.

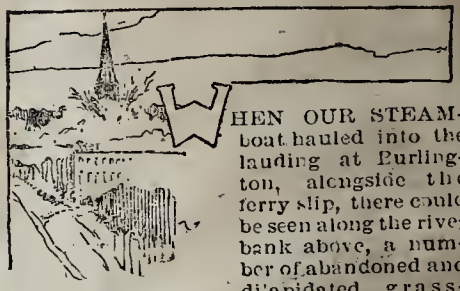
OWING DISFIGUREMENT C
AND DAMAGE TO PROPER

er 400 Separate Properties Dire[illegible] Af-ected in 24 Blocks—Only Irregular Pieces f Ground Left—Rear Views of the Boule-ard Will Prevail.

ectional plans of the projected Boulevard, ned by the Survey Bureau, show in a very nted manner the vast amount of damage t would be done to property as now plotted

III.

THE ANCIENT CITY OF BURLINGTON.



APPROACH TO BURLINGTON.

WHEN OUR STEAMboat hauled into the landing at Burlington, alongside the ferry slip, there could be seen along the river bank above, a number of abandoned and dilapidated grass-grown wharves, telling of the old-time commerce that long ago deserted the town. From the river-front street or Green Bank behind and below these wharves, Burlington broadly stretches inland upon the flat surface, with a thoroughly quiet and peaceful air. Assiscunk creek flows into the river beyond, and the Camden and Amboy Railroad tracks are laid through the center of the town, along one of its chief highways. This most restful Jersey settlement antedates Philadelphia five years, and the Quaker pioneers are believed to have been the first Europeans who saw its site. George Fox in 1672 journeyed from New England to the South, and on his route rode on horseback over the present location of Burlington, reporting the soil as good, "and withal a most brave country." The Dutch and Swedes were the earliest actual settlers on the Upper Delaware, but the Jerseys having come into possession of Fenwick and Billynge, the latter getting into business straits, made an assignment of all his lands in West Jersey to three of his creditors as trustees, one of these being William Penn. They sold much of these lands to Quakers, who migrated from England to the new country, seeking refuge, like the Puritans, in the American wilderness to escape persecution at home. Thus was Burlington founded by Quaker seekers after toleration in the New World:

About them seemed but ruin and decay,
Cheerless, forlorn, a rank autumnal fen,
Where no good plant might prosper, or again
Put forth fresh leaves for those that fell away;
Nor could they find a place whereln to pray

For better things. In righteous anger they
They turned; they fled the wilderness of men
And sought the wilderness of God. And day
Rose upon day, while ever manfully
Westward they battled with the ocean's might,
Strong to endure whatever fate should be,
And watching in the tempest and the night
That one sure pharos of the soul's dark sea—
The constant beacon of the Inner Light.

In the spring of 1677 the "goode shippe Kent," Gregory Marlowe, Master, sailed from London with 230 Quakers bound for West Jersey, about half coming from London, and half from Yorkshire; two dying on the voyage. They ascended the Delaware and made their way to the meadow lands lying below the mouth of Assiscunk creek, landing there in June, 1677. By a treaty made in October the lands in West Jersey were bought from the Indians, from the Rancocas as far up as Assanpink creek at Trenton. They called the settlement at first New Beverly, and then Bridlington, from the Yorkshire town whence many of them had come, but it finally was named Burlington. Upon their arrival four Dutch families were found in occupancy, one keeping an inn. They made a street along the river, which was bordered with greensward and known as the "Green Bank," and

ANCIENT FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE—1683.
(From Old Print.)

they drew a straight line back inland from the river, making it their main street, and the Yorkshire men settled on one side and the Londoners on the other. In July, 1677, Elizabeth Powell, the first white child, was born in Burlington. Writing home to friends in England, at that early date, one of the pioneers mentions that, "as for the musketto fly, we are not troubled with them in this place." They must have changed their minds on this interesting subject, afterwards, however. The old buttonwood tree, to which were moored the early ships bringing settlers, still stands on the Green Bank, a subject of wierd romance.

The Friends in Burlington.

The Quakers, soon after arrival, started their graveyard, and in May, 1678, they established a "Monthly Meeting of Friends" at Burlington, and from that time to this the records of these meetings have been faithfully kept. The next month they ordered the graveyard to be feneed in, and the old Indian King, Ockanickon, a Quaker convert to Christianity, was among the first buried there. Having got the graveyard fenced in and successfully started, the first Quaker marriage was solemnized in Meeting August 6, 1678, between Thomas Leeds and Margaret Collier, their certificate being the first in the old book of records, which is still carefully preserved. It is signed by ten men and three women Friends as witnesses, and recites that "Thomas Leeds, of Neversink, Cooper, in East Jarsey, and Margerit Collier, of Markers Hooke, upon the river Delaware, having declared their intentions to join in marriage at two several monthly meetings of Friends, and all things being clear, they have, the day and year above written, joined in marriage at a publicke meeting of people of God, at Burlington, in West Jarsey, upon the river Delaware, where the said Thomas Leeds took the said Margerit Collier to be his wife, and the said Margerit Collier took the said Thomas Leeds to be her husband, and we are witnesses of the same, whose names are under written."

In 1680 Burlington numbered 140 families, and Mahlon Stacy, afterwards the founder of Trenton, wrote in this year that "Burlingtou will be a place of trade quickly, for here is way for trade," afterwards describing in detail the lucrative commerce then being carried on with the West Indies. In 1682, just about the time that Penn was coming over to found Philadelphia, the Burlington Friends decided to build their first meeting house—they had previously been meeting in private

OLD ST. MARY'S, BURLINGTON.

houses—and the next year it was built, a hexagonal building forty feet in diameter, with tall pyramidal roof. In 1685 they decided that a hearse should be built, the entry on the record describing it as an order for a "carriage to be built for ye use of such as are to be laid in ye ground." Burlington grew apace, and in 1699 had 300 freeholders. It was long the seat of government of the province of West Jersey, and was the official residence of the Provincial Governors, the last of whom was William Franklin, the natural son of Benjamin Franklin. In the last century the town had extensive commerce, attested by the wharves now falling into decay, and for a time had actually more sea-going vessels than her younger but more famous sister, Philadelphia. Despite the Quaker peacefulness, the Burlington merchants did not hesitate to equip a large privateer to fight the French anterior to the Revolution. In fact, in the early part of the last century Burlington was thought to be the coming metropolis of the Delaware river. Queen Anne, whose favor was then potential, made a liberal endowment of lands for old St. Mary's Church

RIVER FRONT, BURLINGTON.

much being yet held, and she gave it a massive and much prized communion service. This Episcopal parish was established, and the corner-stone of the famous old church was laid in 1703, the venerable edifice still standing. It is cruciform in shape, with a little belfry, and on a stone let into the front wall bears the inscription, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." In the extensive churchyard alongside is the modern St. Mary's, of brownstone, with its tall spire—also a cruciform church and the finest in Burlington. When "old St. Mary's" was built with its belfry, the Friends did not like this innovation, and long looked askance at the "steeple-house," as they called it; but Talbot, the first Rector, sturdily retaliated by calling the Quakers "Anti-Christians, who are worse than the Turks." Many of the parishioners of to-day are descended from those maligned Quakers.

Their Quaint Early Records.

Some of the matters recorded in the early days of Burlington Monthly Meeting are of quaint interest, showing the tenets and principles of the sect. In 1681 the Dublin Friends sent them over a letter of advice, in which they were admonished to refrain from the use of "costly attire, foolish dresses and new fashions, ruffling, periwigs, needless Buttons, wide skirts and long flap-sleeved coats;" to "keep up their testimony against striped and Flowered stuffs," and to avoid adorning their kitchens "with flourishing needless pewter and Brass." They were further admonished against horse-racing: "Let all young men and others in riding to or going from meetings or other occasions, refrain from galloping or riding after an airy, flurting manner, but let your moderation and gravity appear." A minute of 1682 advises those not requiring them to guard against the admission of servants to their houses, and another admonishes "Superfluity of apparel, immoderate and unseemly taking of tobacco, also selling of needless things whereby any may take offence justly." It has been said that the main cause of the coming of Penn and the Quakers to America was the question of "wearing the hat." This seems to have been a source of trouble in the Monthly Meetings of 1704-5. It appears that Thomas Atkinson was accused of "taking off his hat" at a funeral, solemnized in the "Steeple-house." He thus appealed to the Monthly Meeting of November, 1704:

"Friends: Whereas, I was charged in the face of the meeting by Restore Lippincott,

ST. MARY'S CHURCH BURLINGTON.

that I pulled off my hat when John Langstaff was buried, is not true. I have many witnesses to the contrary.

"THOMAS ATKINSON."

The meeting was troubled a long time about this, and after thorough examination the following minute was made on the subject in June, 1705:

"Whereas, some time since there was a paper sent in by Tho' Atkinson that Restore Lippincott charged him falsely in the face of the meeting with pulling off his hat at the time of John Lanesdall's funeral whilst the priest was speaking, for which at our last meeting some Friends were to speak to Restore Lippincott to be at our last Monthly Meeting to answer to it for himself, and he making it

ever the route cuts through a block, it either chips off or leaves triangular pieces of ground, the availability of which for building purposes it would puzzle the cleverest architect, in some instances, to determine.

This is one of the first things that strikes the observer, especially in view of the fact that the projectors of the Boulevard lay stress upon the thoroughfare being lined with magnificent residences. Another suggestion which arises out of an examination of the detailed plans is that in a great number of cases where the Boulevard does not destroy existing houses it opens upon yards and back fences which might prove anything but desirable upon a fashionable thoroughfare. The back yards and fences of private property will also be conspicuous all the way out to the mill and factory district, which sets in near Callowhill street.

Beginning at the northwest corner of Broad and Filbert streets and extending westward 160 feet, the projected width of the boulevard, hotels, stores and residences are ruthlessly cut down. In this block, which is opposite the City Hall and the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, and which, by reason of the location, is one of the most valuable along the route, there are numerous hotels, stores and business places, all of which would be affected. The plan shows that of a total of 24 lots in this block only two would not be cut. These would be where the Hotel Brunswick stands. The Boulevard would wipe out everything in this block but a triangle remaining from 12 lots, at Broad and Cuthbert streets, and a small triangular bit of ground where the Waverly Hotel stands, at Filbert and Fifteenth streets.

Back Building Views.

time made the following its "First Query"—"Are all our religious meetings for worship and discipline duly attended? Is the hour observed? And are Friends preserved from sleeping or any other indecent behavior, particularly from chewing tobacco and taking snuff?" It seems that the farming Friends in Burlington were much like other men when in harvest time rain threatened their crops, and consequently the practice of hauling in hay on Sundays caused "uneasiness." This minute appears on the records of the Quarterly Meeting: "A remark in the reports from two of the Monthly Meetings of a prevailing custom of working on First-days in the time of hay and harvest was taken under the weighty consideration of the Meeting; and it appearing to deserve the notice of this Meeting that it may be discouraged. Friends in the several Monthly Meetings where this practice has prevailed are desired to labor against it." This Quarterly Meeting in 1795 also discovered "with some alarm" that there were twelve distilleries owned by its members, and four were retailers of spirits. But they dealt gently, and in 1788 had thus recorded their minute: "Friends are admonished to exercise care who are concerned in importing distilled spirituous liquors from the West Indian Islands or other places, either on their own accounts or as agents for others." The Meeting does not seem to have done anything rash about the home product.

These Friends made Burlington what it is, and beneath the quiet shade of its noble trees their descendants to-day reside, with many other well-to-do people, fanned by the westerly breezes coming across the Delaware. They have established St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College, noted educational institutions. Probably her most famous son was the great American novelist, James Fenimore Cooper, born here in 1789, but who was taken by his parents to his future home at Cooperstown, New York, when in his infancy.

Though comfortably wealthy, Burlington is not now ambitious. Like her opposite neighbor, Bristol, she has been eclipsed by the growth of Philadelphia, and the arrival of the daily steamboats and the passing of the railway trains through her leading highway are now the chief events in her contented history. Since the British gunboats came up the river and bombarded her wharves in 1778, the career of Burlington has been eminently peaceful.

J. C.

IV.

TO PENNSBURY AND BORDENTOWN.

A GLANCE AT BLOOMSDALE.

THE STEAMBOAT journey is resumed up the Delaware, passing between Bristol and Burlington Island. The villa-lined shores above Bristol are taken in review, with their boat-landings and pretty terraced gardens and lawns. The high road out of Bristol is laid along the shore for a long distance, bordered by shade trees. Soon it passes in front of the noted Bloomsdale Seed Farm of the Landreths, with the parti-colored fields and the broad expanse of rich and luscious looking seed plants in their

early stages of growth. One of the buildings bears the appropriate sign of "Pedigree Seeds." This is the great farm of Bucks county, extending for a wide surface on the Pennsylvania shore, and back far beyond the distant railroad, its products being sent to all parts of the world. It covers 600 acres and is the greatest seed farm in existence, there being also an adjacent tract on the New Jersey shore. The ordinary grains, potatoes and grasses are not raised here, all the land being occupied with other seed crops, which are cultivated by some 200 persons. There are big barns, drying houses and storage warehouses scattered over the farm. This enterprise was begun in a small way in the last century, down the "Neck," below Philadelphia, and has since grown to its present enormous proportions. Above

FLORENCE LANDING.

Bloomsdale are the extensive propagating houses of the Floral Exchange Nurseries.

The Delaware river, not anywhere noted for straightness, now begins more than ordinary gyrations, and bends sharply around from northwest to northeast. Across a tongue of land can be seen the smokes of Trenton about four miles away, but the very crooked river turns apparently almost in the opposite direction, and we have to pursue a tortuous course of fourteen miles to reach the New Jersey capital. In the distance across the flat surface is Tullytown, and its little landing place is down at the shore. This jutting tongue of land, around which the picturesque Delaware thus winds, is one of the famous regions of the river, the ancient "Manor of Pennsbury." When William Penn first took possession of his American province, in 1682, he divided Pennsylvania into three counties—Chester, Philadelphia and Buckingham. The latter was named after the English county, whence came quite a number of the passengers on the ship "Welcome," and it was called Bucks for short, the county seat being a tree and a vine. The county boundaries then extended far northward into the mountains, including what are now Northampton, Monroe, Luzerne and Pike counties. At present its northern border is made by the Durham Hills or South Mountain, below the Lehigh, and the county stretches for forty miles along the Delaware.

Swedes had come into parts of this region as early as 1670, and it was hoped that Penn might locate his capital city at Bristol or Pennsbury. But he selected another site for Philadelphia, and located here his country home or "Manor of Pennsbury," on the In-

MRS. DELIA S. PARNELL'S HOUSE, BORDENTOWN

dian domain of "Sepessiug." The Manor originally was a tract of over 8000 acres. The place where Penn's house stood is still pointed out near the river bank. It was a very large house for that early day, and Penn occupied it in 1700 and 1701, until he finally left for England. He never returned to America to enjoy his possessions, and the house fell into decay, and was ultimately taken down. His heirs gradually sold off tracts from the Manor, and in 1792 it had passed entirely out of their possession, the farm where the house stood being sold in that year to Robert Crozier. At present, "Penn's Neck," as it is popularly called, is a region of fine estates and high cultivation, but almost as primitive and bucolic in its ways as during the domination of the founder's family.

Florence Heights and White Hill.

Having passed the Tullytown landing, the river makes another sharp bend around Florence Point on the Jersey shore, where there is an iron foundry and pipe factory. The stream narrows, with islands, and above, the bluff shore rises into a miniature mountain, so sharp is now the contrast with the low banks we have been skirting. This is Florence Heights, quite a marked spot, on account of its elevation, and formerly a noted excursion ground, but now eclipsed by more modern resorts nearer Philadelphia. Numerous flocks of geese come down to the edge of the little beach, and give the steamboat a discordant salute as it stops briefly at the landing. This is a pretty place, but the surroundings appear dilapidated, as if it had already seen its best days. The wharf is rotting in decay, and the retaining walls along the shore are falling in ruins. Yet the high, bright yellow clay and gravel bluff, with thick foliage overhanging, and the little, sloping beach in front, where picnickers were camping out, made a picturesque scene. There are brick works above, and the wide marsh-bordered channel behind Biddle's, or Newbold's, Island, where Kinkora creek flows out of Jersey, with a long dyke stretching part way across the entrance to improve the navigation and help the ice cutting for the Knickerbocker Company, whose houses are within. In the distance can be seen more brick yards up the creek, behind the island, whence the boss of these parts, Murrell Dobbins, draws his ample supplies for the Philadelphia builders. It was here, at the mouth of Kinkora creek, in the days anterior to railroads, that the boat transferred the New York passengers to the stages which carried them across Jersey,

RIVER FRONT, BRISTOL.

and a remnant of the old landing place still remains.

Soon we are at the eastern extremity of "Peun's Neck," and rounding the river bend reach White Hill, with its bluff shore, and Bordentown, seen beyond, with its steeples, up Crosswick's creek. This, from its historical associations, is a most interesting portion of the New Jersey shore of the Delaware. It also marks geographically the furthest extension eastward of the State of Pennsylvania, "Penn's Neck" apparently being a point thrust into Jersey. Around this point is the great bend of the Delaware, which having been flowing above in general course from the northwest, here turns sharply to the southwest, to proceed onward towards Philadelphia. The steamboat touches at White Hill landing, in front of the high bluff bank of light colored sand and gravel, that gives the place its name. The railroad is laid along the river bank, and at intervals alongside it are the old buildings in front of the bluff, which formerly were the railway shops. All have been abandoned as railway buildings. The "Union Steam Forge" and "Bordentown Foundry" now utilize some of them, and further up the shore, a pottery with its kilns has been started, while beyond, there are more of the ancient shops, abandoned and going to ruin. All seem aged and decrepid, and where we have halted is the decaying wharf that 60 years ago was used to transfer the passengers between steamboat and train on the route across Jersey to South Amboy and New York. The little old signboard is yet nailed to the house which then designated this station as "White Hill." The railroad, now known as the "Amboy Division," is laid along the edge of the river, up to Crosswick's creek, coming out in a deep cove, and having the heavy foliage of the "Bonaparte Park" beyond, and closing the view. Much of this celebrated estate is now occupied by the Convent and Academy of St. Joseph.

Bordentown Celebrities.

As the steamboat moved along we saw the Bordentown church spires far up Crosswick's creek, its deeply indented outlet making a pretty depression in the environing hills. Out in front, moored to a wharf, was our diminutive old ferry-boat, friend of the olden time, the quaint little "Elwood Doron," with a ragged hole torn in her side, the melancholy result of the scrap with the Edwin Forrest. She looked rather woebegone in her sad plight. To this locality came Joseph Borden in the early part of the last century to establish a ferry, and he rowed his boat over the river and earned a scanty subsistence from the produce and pence of the occasional wayfarers whom he ferried across. This started a settlement, which was ultimately named in memory of Borden, and, after a modest existence for many years, the quiet village sprang into active life with the advent of the railway, in 1830, after which it grew in population and prosperity. Its most famous citizen was Admiral Charles Stewart, "Old Ironsides," of the United States Navy. He was a native of Philadelphia and a relic of the early wars with the Moors of Tripoli, and with England in 1812-15. He did noble service in several actions at sea, his crowning achievement being the command of the frigate Constitution—"Old Ironsides"—when she captured the two British vessels, Cyane and Levant. Stewart was the "Senior Flag Officer" of the navy when he died at a ripe old age in 1860, on his farm at Bordentown, to which he had retired. He was the grandfather of the Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, who was named for him. His daughter Delia—the mother of Parnell—inherited the Bordentown estate, where she has since lived, but her patrimony has been mostly dissipated through unfortunate investments. The historic old mansion was closed when we passed and offered for rent. It can be plainly seen from the river on the high bluff south of Crosswick's creek.

To Bordentown in 1816, Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Naples and of Spain, came to live as the Count de Survilliers, in the mansion at Point Breeze, out on the river front, since called "Bonaparte Park." He was the great Napoleon's eldest brother, and was devoted to his fortunes. After the defeat of Waterloo, both of them decided to escape to the United States, but only Joseph was able to accomplish this. His first desire had been to locate on the Pennsylvania shore, but he could not hold property in the Keystone State, being an alien. The New Jersey Legislature, however, quickly passed a law removing his disability, and he bought the tract at Bordentown. The founder of Bordentown, Joseph Borden, at one time owned it, and it descended to his grandson, George Douglas, who kept a country store there, on the edge of the creek, during the Revolution, and offered for sale, as his sign had it: "French brandy in hogsheads, Handkerchiefs, Bohea Tea, grass scythes, etc." He ultimately failed in business, and the land went to his creditors,

KING JOSEPH BONAPARTE'S HOUSE, BORDENTOWN.

KING JOSEPH'S PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

coming afterwards into possession of Stephen Sayre. From him it was conveyed to Bonaparte soon after his arrival, he then living in Philadelphia. It was through Admiral Stewart's persuasions that he was induced to settle in Bordentown. The Park, as he had it, embraced about 1000 acres, and there were 10 farms, the estate extending for a mile up Crosswick's creek. Bonaparte became much attached to the place, and made extensive improvements, laying out some 12 miles of roads through the Park, and building a fine mansion which stood on the bluff shore, facing the river, with a pleasant outlook.

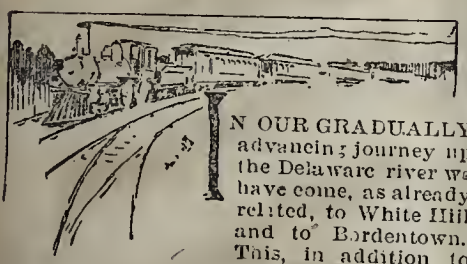
It was said that the estate originally cost Bonaparte $10,000, and that he expended $20,000 on the buildings, the mansion being unfortunately burnt in 1820, through the carelessness of a visitor whilst the owner was absent. He rebuilt the house afterwards and had subterranean passages connected with it, like the mediæval castles of Europe, so that the rumor spread about the neighborhood that these concealed exits had been made the better to enable him to escape should an enemy come, and that he kept a sentinel constantly posted upon the watch tower looking for hostile French or Spanish frigates that might sail up the Delaware to capture him. These reports were unjust, however, the passages being used for household convenience. General Lafayette visited Joseph at the Park in 1824, and Louis Napoleon, afterwards the Emperor Napoleon III, came here to see his uncle in 1837. Joseph returned to Europe in 1839, and never revisited America. He died at Florence in 1844. The estate was bequeathed to his grandson, Joseph, who would not come here to live, but sold off the land in separate tracts, and the portion of the Park fronting the river afterwards came into possession of the late Henry Beckett, of Philadelphia. The residence of the ex-King of Naples and Spain was a golden epoch in the history of Bordentown. He was handsome, courtly and affable, and there still live a few aged people near the banks of Crosswick's creek who can remember his generosity and constant kindliness, and regret that he went back to Europe to die. One of his art treasures, a portrait of his brother, the great Napoleon, now in possession of a gentleman of Philadelphia, we reproduce.

Another famous resident was Prince Murat, nephew of Napoleon and of Joseph, and the son of the dashing Prince Joachim Murat, who was King of the Sicilies, and was shot by sentence of court martial after Waterloo. The son, then 12 years of age, afterwards came to America in 1822, and ultimately got to Bordentown, buying a farm near the park. Here he settled and married, and was noted as a handsome young fellow, somewhat wild, a reckless spendthrift, but a friend to all the lowly, who became much attached to him. Many are the tales told of him, and how he ran through various fortunes, but in 1848, when a change came over the affairs of France, he returned there and was restored to his honors. In 1870 he was with Marshal Bazaine in the capitulation of Metz and became a prisoner of war. He died in 1878. Thus has Bordentown been a refuge for two distinguished French exiles who experienced most remarkable vicissitudes of fortune. J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE
A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD.

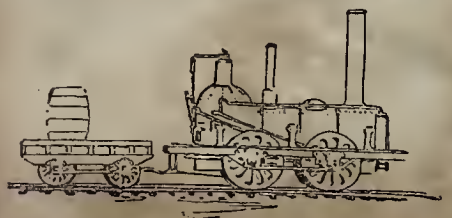
V.

TRADITIONS OF CAMDEN AND AMBOY.



THE AMBOY DIVISION.

IN OUR GRADUALLY advancing journey up the Delaware river we have come, as already related, to White Hill and to Bordentown. This, in addition to other attractions, is a region of great historical interest, being noted as the place of original beginning, and of the chief subsequent development, of the famous railroad, whose managers for over forty years so successfully ruled New Jersey, that our sister Commonwealth came to be generally known throughout the country as "the State of Camden and Amboy." Above the White Hill landing, as I have already stated, the old buildings are seen, stretching along the shore in front of the bluff, which formerly were the railway shops. Twenty years ago and previously White Hill was a busy hive of industry, where almost all the equipment and repair work for the railroad was done. Here resided in retirement, excepting for occasional hauls of the gravel train, the noted locomotive "John Bull," until his value as a relic caused him to be furbished up for the National Museum at Washington, and to be subsequently sent on a triumphal journey to the Chicago World's Fair last year. Above these abandoned shops, the railway divides, one branch going along the front of Bonaparte Park and on to Trenton, while the other turns inland along Crosswick's creek, up to the odd and ancient Bordentown Station, set in the bottom of a ravine, where the cars for Amboy go under a stone archway, surmounted by the old railway office and the street passing in front of it. Here, for many years, were held the meetings of the Camden and Amboy corporation, and here its magnates sat in almost perpetual session, to generally run things, political, social and financial, for the State, and to semi-annually declare magnificent dividends. This historic railway office-building now contains the Bordentown Post-office and the *Register* printing office. The sides of the archway and house above are to-day all begrimed with smoke from the myriad locomotives which have been passing for more than a half century under the archway. Over the side door, at the street level, still hangs the ancient sign, "To the cars," whence the steps descend to the old-time station platform alongside the rails beneath.



THE "JOHN BULL."

OLD STONE ARCH OVER RAILROAD, 1840.
(From old Print.)

Not far from this stone archway and ancient station there has recently been placed alongside the railway a monument marking the construction of the first piece of track in New Jersey, laid by the Camden and Amboy Company, in 1831. Upon this track the first movement of a passenger train by steam was made by the locomotive "John Bull," on November 12th of that year. This unique monument, erected to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary in 1891, is a cube of granite placed upon a foundation composed of the stone blocks on which the first iron rails were laid in the tracks of the railway. Encircled around it are two of these original rails, the spikes and joint fixtures being also taken from the original track. A bronze tablet on the monument represents old "John Bull," with his primitive whisky-cask tender, and the two little old-time passenger coaches that made up the first train he drew. These interesting relics were gathered together under the direction of Joseph T. Richards, the Assistant Chief Engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who has done so much to preserve the memorials and record the history of the origin of the famous Camden and Amboy Railroad, the great highway between the two chief cities of the United States—Philadelphia and New York.

Early Transportation Methods.

It was natural that in the earliest Colonial times facilities should have been provided for travel between the settlements on the Hudson and the Delaware. Rough horse tracks were opened through the forests, and the first route

OLD RAILROAD STATION AND OFFICE ON STONE ARCH, BORDENTOWN.

across New Jersey was between Burlington and Amboy. This was originally an Indian trail, and when George Fox came to Burlington he and his companion, George Whitefield, crossed the Delaware from Burlington to Bristol in a small canoe, swimming their horses after them. This was the "Lower Road," as distinguished from the "Upper Road," a trail from the Raritan river to the Falls of the Delaware at Trenton. Inroke papers are referred to on these routes in 1695, and ten pounds a year was spent to keep these roads in repair. The transporters across Jersey early learnt the advantages of "monopoly," and in 1707, Lord Cornbury, the Governor, granted the exclusive right of this transportation to certain favored persons. In that year a "waggion" ran every two weeks between Burlington and Amboy with a fixed rate of fare. Strong complaint was made of this "monopoly" to the New Jersey Assembly, but Governor Cornbury vigorously defended the monopolists of that day, replying to the remonstrance by saying: "The settling of this waggion is so far from being a monopoly that, by this means and by no other, a trade has been carried on between Philadelphia, Burlington, Amboy and New York, which was never known before." Thus our Colonial ancestors, who are now praised for so many perfections, really invented the game so well played in later years by the magnates of the Camden and Amboy.

For nearly 45 years this "waggion" moving "once a fortnight" conducted the travelling public between Philadelphia and New York. Then our friend, Joseph Borden, appeared upon the scene. He had graduated as a Bordentown ferryman, and developing into a through-line transporter, in 1751 became the originator of a new line as the proprietor of a "stage-boat," moved by tide and wind power, upon the Delaware river, between Philadelphia and Bordentown. Borden loaded his boat with freight at the "Crooked Billet Wharf," in Philadelphia, every Tuesday, sailed on Wednesday to Bordentown Landing, and then on Thursday a "stage-wagon with a good awning" took the passengers across New Jersey to Perth Amboy, whence an-

ner that during a rain storm on November 15th the cellar was flooded and the foundations of the house so weakened that it collapsed, in consequence of which he was obliged to rebuild the house, and was sued by the owner of the adjoining property because of injuries to it in the collapse. On trial.

Next case, No. 5 on Tuesday's list, Mudde against Lane.

Room 4, Judge Arnold.—J. Y. Gossler & Co. against Charles S. Hinchman. An action to recover for work done and materials furnished. On trial.

Next case, No. 21 on Monday's list, Caspany against McCrystal.

An Arch Street Property's Value.

The jury in the case of Henry Becker against the Philadelphia and Reading Terminal Railroad Company, which has been on trial for more than a week before Judge Pennypacker, in Room C, Court No. 2, yesterday morning rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $80,240. The amount represents damages for the taking by the railroad company of Mr. Becker's property, No. 1114 Arch street. The jury of view, appointed to assess damages in the matter, awarded Mr. Becker $69,790, but he took an appeal to Court, averring that the award was inadequate, and asking that the damages be determined by a jury trial.

No Negligence Shown.

Bartholomew M. Devlin, an 8-year-old boy, with one leg, lost an action for damages against the Traction Company, tried before Judge Jenkins, in Room D, of Court No. 2. The suit was brought by the boy's mother, Kate Devlin, on his behalf. On May 23d, 1892, the little fellow was playing with a marble on the sidewalk of Twenty-first street, below Manton, and while chasing the marble into the street, where it had rolled, he was knocked down and run over by a horse car. He was confined in the Children's Hospital for three months and eventually suffered the amputation of his right leg, below the knee. After the evidence on the boy's behalf had been submitted by his counsel, McIntire and Richardson, the Traction Company's attorney, Thomas Leaming, asked for a non-suit, on the ground that as the lad had not been a passenger on the car his right to recover rested upon satisfactory proof of negligence on the part of the driver of the car, and as nothing had been shown outside of the accident itself, the company could not be held responsible. The motion was sustained by the Court, and the case dismissed.

ORDER OF TONTI.

Certificate Holders Ask for the Appointment of a Receiver.

An application for the appointment of a Receiver for the Order of Tonti was made to Court No. 1 yesterday afternoon. It took the shape of a bill in equity, filed by the law firm of Biddle & Ward on behalf of Henry M. Irwin, Lewis A. Yerks and J. C. Worthington, who sue for themselves and for all other members who care to contribute to the expenses of the litigation. The defendants are the Order of Tonti, Joseph R. Clausen, Supreme President; M. E. Stillman, Supreme Secretary; M. Burkhardt, Supreme Treasurer; John Rehman, Jr., Littleton M. Cross, John H. Hudson and others, Supreme Trustees, and Joseph R. Clausen, Joseph F. Ellery, M. E. Stillman and others, Supreme Executive Committee of the Order.

The bill alleges that, by next May, the obligations of the Order will foot up in the neighborhood of $7,500,000, while its assets will amount to not more than $2,000,000, and that, for the purpose of making up the large deficiency, an assessment, styled a "debit assess-

OLD CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD SHOPS, WHITE HILL.

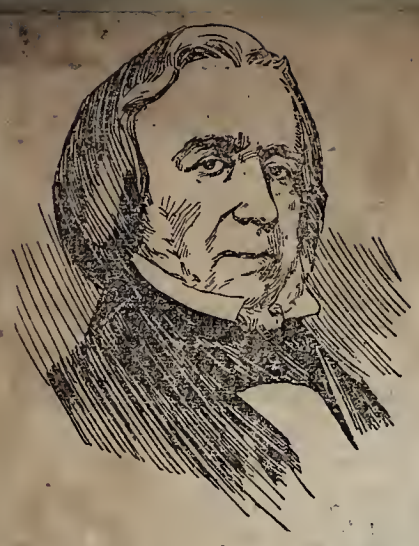
long. It consisted of a steamboat ride of 36 miles on the Delaware, from Philadelphia to South Trenton; 25 miles of staging, between Trenton and New Brunswick, over the turnpike chartered when the Delaware bridge was opened, in 1804; and another steamboat ride of 40 miles, from New Brunswick to New York. Steamboating was popular with travellers then, and was availed of wherever possible. This route carried the trade for a long period, and in 1825 was estimated as transporting about 2800 passengers each way. John Stevens, the father of New Jersey transportation, was the active spirit in this line, having made steamboat navigation a success on the Delaware river as early as 1812. He was born in New York, of English lineage, in 1749, and resided at Hoboken, being the father of Robert and Edwin Stevens. From 1792 he had been experimenting in steamboat propulsion, his "Phœnix" having steamed around from Sandy Hook to Cape May in 1808. He established the first steam ferry in the world, between New York and Hoboken, with his "Juliana," in 1811.

Development of the Railroad.

John Stevens first schemed out the idea of a railroad across New Jersey, and has been described as "the thinker ahead of his age," for he obtained the first railway charter granted in America, in 1817, for a railroad over the route of the "Union Line" stages between Trenton and New Brunswick. No result followed, for his plan was then regarded as visionary. It remained for his son, Robert, to carry out his ideas, though he lived until 1838 to see them fully realized. The first organized movement for building the railroad was at a public meeting in Mount Holly, the county seat of Burlington, in January, 1828, which passed resolutions advocating the construction of a road between Camden and South Amboy. The next three years saw the matter actively agitated at numerous meetings and by petitions to the Legislature. At that time the Erie Canal was so successful that a canal across New Jersey had strong advocates, and the Legislature was also petitioned for a canal between the Delaware and Raritan rivers. The canal projectors said they would build a railroad on the canal bank, and this made sharp rivalry. Then began the peculiar tactics in the New Jersey Legislature for which that body has long been noted.

Active lobbies appeared at Trenton in 1829-30, one advocating the railroad and the other the canal, and so hot was the controversy that the parties actually carried arms through the streets. Robert L. Stevens was the railroad chieftain, and Commodore Robert F. Stockton championed the canal. It is curious to note that the bitter controversy was terminated in a most surprising manner. Between the acts of a play at the old Park Theatre in New York, Stevens and Stockton accidentally met in the vestibule in January, 1830, and after a few minutes' conversation compromised their dispute by joining forces. Both railroad and canal were chartered on the same day, February 4th, 1830, under the titles of the "Camden and Amboy Railroad and Transportation Company" and the "Delaware and Raritan Canal Company," each with $1,000,000 capital, with privilege of increase to $1,500,000. Each was to have a monopoly, for which transit dues were to be paid

ROBERT L. STEVENS.



EDWIN A. STEVENS.

The State of 10 cents per passenger and 15 cents per ton of freight carried, and the State was authorized to purchase the works at a valuation at the end of 30 years. In furtherance of the compromise, the celebrated "Marriage act" was passed a year later, which created the "Joint Companies," their stock being combined at the same valuation, though each had separate organizations. And for many years afterwards, in return for the maintenance of the "monopoly," they practically paid all the expenses of the New Jersey government through the "transit duties" levied on travel and commerce crossing the State.

When the Camden and Amboy Railroad was organized Robert L. Stevens was made President and Chief Engineer, Edwin A. Stevens, Treasurer, and they, with Abraham Brown, of Mount Holly; William McKnight, of Bordentown; William I. Watson, of Philadelphia, and Benjamin Fish, of Trenton, were the first Board of Directors. The surveys for the line were made by Major John Wilson, the

COMMODORE ROBERT F. STOCKTON.

direct charge of the surveying parties being given to William Cook and John Edgar Thomson (afterwards President of the Pennsylvania Railroad). Cook laid out the route from Amboy to Crosswick's Creek, near Bordentown, and Thomson thence to Camden. It is very curious now to read that these surveys were made so that "as large a proportion of the distance as possible between New York and Philadelphia would be a water route, it being the belief in those days that travelling by steamboat would always be more popular and more economical than travelling overland, and that railroads would only be subsidiary to the water routes." Robert L. Stevens drew his first year's salary as President of the new railroad in November, 1831, $6000, thus early setting the fashion for high salaries among railroad officials. He designed the American rail and spike, going to England to get them manufactured, and on the voyage over he whittled out of wood his models. The first rails, 18 feet long and weighing 36 pounds to the yard, came out in the ship Charlemagne to Philadelphia in May, 1831. Afterwards the lengths were made 16 feet and the weight 40 to 42 pounds. They were laid upon stone blocks, two feet square, quarried and dressed by the convicts at Sing Sing, New York, but this was afterwards changed to wooden ties. Stevens on this visit to England also ordered the "John Bull" built by George Stephenson, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and arriving at Bordentown in August. No tender came with the locomotive, so one was improvised by putting a large whisky cask on a four-wheeled flat car, so as to supply water for the boiler.

All being in readiness, on November 12, 1831, in presence of the New Jersey Legislature and State officials, the "John Bull" hauled the two old passenger cars (then new and handsome) over about 3539 feet of track at Bordentown, back and forth many times, to demonstrate that this first movement of trains over the Camden and Amboy Railroad was a success. All rode in the cars and were satisfied, among them being Madame Murat, then residing at Bordentown. It is *naively* related that "In the evening a grand entertainment was given to the Legislature by the railroad company, at Arnell's Hotel, Bordentown, and it has been whispered that the festivities kept up until a late hour in the night. Whether that be true or not, it is generally conceded that from that time to this the Legislature of New Jersey have always been more or less interested in the affairs of the Camden and Amboy Railroad and its successors." Thus first arose the prerogatives of "Railroad Committees." In 1832 the road was completed between Bordentown and South Amboy, and on December 17th, the first passengers went through; Mr. Benjamin Fish says, "fifty or sixty people went; it was a rainy day." The cars were drawn by horses, for they could not trust the locomotive out in the rain. The first freight car was moved in January, 1833, drawn by one horse, driven by Mr. Fish. Regular traffic began in 1833, the passengers coming from Philadelphia by steamboat and landing at the White Hill wharf. Galloping horses took the cars over to South Amboy in about three hours, there being three relays. Then, as the railroad developed, the "Union Line's" gaily painted stage coach, with prancing steeds and dashing drivers, soon became a past vision. The "John Bull," late in the year, took one train each way, and during the first year of service the through passengers numbered about 32,000, which had grown in 1840 to 153,112, or about 17 carloads per day. The railroad then owned 15 passenger cars, and two trains each way of four of our present cars could easily have done the whole service. When the war began in 1861 the passengers numbered 503,000 annually. The road was a single track of 61 miles between Camden and Amboy, but gradually the track along the canal bank was availed of between Trenton and New Brunswick, which, with the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, and extensions through Newark to Jersey City made an all-rail route between the cities. In 1871, all the properties were absorbed by lease to the Pennsylvania

railroad, paying 10 per cent. annual dividends. The great corporation, so long managed by Robert L. and Edwin A. Stevens and Commodore Stockton and his sons then passed under control of the greatest railway in the world, giving it the through outlet to New York, which has contributed so much to its prosperity and expansion. Such is the interesting story of Camden and Amboy. J. C.

FRANKLIN A PROTECTIONIST.

An Interesting Letter of the Philosopher and Statesman.

[*From the New York Tribune.*]

It is admitted in every civilized country of the world that Benjamin Franklin was one of the wisest of men, and that as a statesman he was able to judge correctly of matters affecting economic interests. Therefore importance must be attached to a letter which he wrote from London, England, on April 22, 1771, to Humphrey Marshall, of Pennsylvania. The letter has been preserved carefully, and lately it passed into the possession of a New Yorker, who permitted it to be copied for publication yesterday. Franklin's spelling and use of capital letters have been followed in the copy:

London, April 22, 1771.

Sir: I duly received your Favours of the 4th of October and the 17th of November. It gave me Pleasure to hear that, tho' the Merchants have departed from their Agreement of Non-Importation, the Spirit of Industry and Frugality was likely to continue among the People. I am obliged to you for your Concern on my Account. The Letters you mention gave great Offence here, but that was not attended with the immediate ill Consequences to my Interest that seemed to have been hoped for by those that sent Copies of them hither.

If our Country People would well consider, that all they save in refusing to purchase foreign Gewgaws, & in making their own Apparel, being apply'd to the Improvement of their Plantations, would render those more profitable as yielding a greater Produce, I should hope they would persist resolutely in their present commendable Industry and Frugality. And there is still a farther Consideration. The Colonies that produce Provisions grow very fast: But of the Countries that take off those Provisions, some do not increase at all, as the European Nations; and others, in the West India Colonies, not in the same proportion. So that tho' the Demand at present may be sufficient, it cannot long continue so. Every Manufacturer encouraged in our Country makes part of a Market for provisions within ourselves, and saves so much Money to the Country as must otherwise be exported to pay for the Manufactures he supplies. Here in England it is well known and understood, that wherever a Manufacture is established which employs a Number of Hands, it raises the Value of Lands in the neighboring Country all around it, partly by the greater Demand near at hand for the Produce of the Land, and partly from the Plenty of Money drawn by the Manufacturers to that Part of the Country. It seems therefore the Interest of all our Farmers and Owners of Lands, to encourage our young Manufactures in preference to foreign ones imported among us from distant countries.

I am much oblig'd by your kind Present of curious Seeds. They were welcome Gifts to some of my Friends. I send you herewith some of the new Barley lately introduced into this country, & now highly spoken of. I wish it may be found of Use with us.

I was the more pleas'd to see in your Letter the Improvement of our Paper, having had a principal Share in establishing that Manufacture among us many Years ago, by the Encouragement I gave it.

If in anything I can serve you here, it will be a Pleasure to

Your obliged Friend
and humble Servant,
B. FRANKLIN.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall.

The letter was folded and sealed with wax, without envelope, and it bears the following address:

To
Mr. Humphrey Marshall,
West Bradford,
Chester County.

By Capt. Osborne
with a brown Paper Parcel.

A SENTIMENT FOR DECORATION DAY

Bold was the Roman captain (wi
Livius cites)
Who, after many a weary march an
glorious fights,
Was summon'd in his reverend age, w
grief and shame intense,
To answer to the Senate for a capital offence.

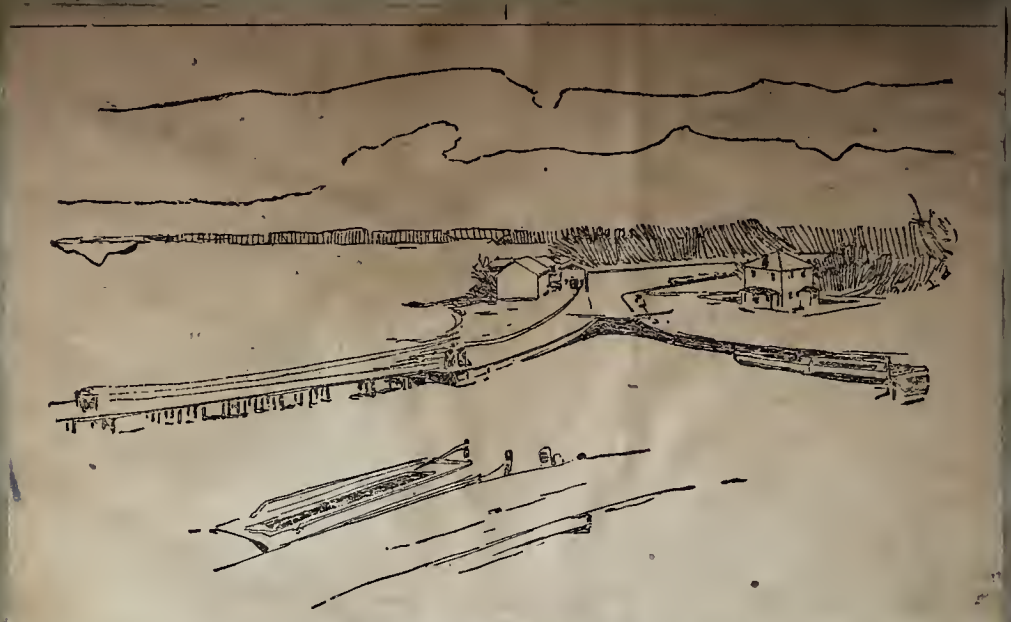
Proudly, the hero gathered up his proofs of
loyalty,
The trophies of his gallant deeds on land, as
well as sea;
The naval and the mural wreath, the camp
and civic crown
Before th' assembled Senators he cast, tri-
umphant, down.

Then, throwing back his robe, and laying
bare his stalwart breast,
Where many a livid scar and scum wer

TRENTON GRAVEL.

THE "EDWIN FORREST."

IN OUR JOURNEYing along the Delaware we have not only gone round the great bend at Bordentown, but have also seen many evidences of the deposit by the river, all along, of the drift from above, which is popularly known as the "Trenton gravel." The Delaware flows in a generally southeast direction from the Water Gap to Bordentown, and then abruptly turns a right-angle and flows southwest beyond Philadelphia. This great bend usually excites the traveller's curiosity, and is caused, the geologists tell us, by the river impinging against the low hilly outcrop of the cretaceous stratified rocks of New Jersey, a formation of yellowish limestone and green sand, extending across our sister State from near New York, down to the head of Delaware Bay. North of Trenton, the river has cut into this formation, and flowing against this barrier is diverted and works its way to the ocean, along the line of junction between the cretaceous and the underlying crystalline rocks. During the ages, it has been steadily wearing the former away, for the cretaceous measures originally extended some



ENTRANCE TO DELAWARE AND RARITAN CANAL, BORDENTOWN.

distance northwest of their present outcrop limit, the river having flowed along a line parallel to but northwest of the present channel. It has deposited the Trenton gravels, composed of the débris of most of the geological formations along the upper river throughout its course on the Pennsylvania side, from Trenton down to Darby creek. This deposit has been made an interesting geological study in disclosing the remarkable changes the Delaware river has undergone.

The late Professor H. Carvill Lewis tells us as the result of his patient investigations that this deposit of light sand and gravel has a depth on the river front of Philadelphia of about fifty feet and extends back to Third street, and that it underlies the river bed for nearly a hundred feet depth, with rock beneath. Bridesburg is built upon it, and as far up as Neshaminy creek it extends back nearly to the Pennsylvania Railroad. At Bristol, however, the boundary is two miles back from the river, and at Trenton the deposit seems universal. The material, which at Philadelphia is generally fine, grows coarser as the river is ascended, until at Trenton, immense boulders are often found imbedded, and the river has cut entirely through the gravel deposit down to the rocks beneath, exposing in places gravel banks 50 feet high. At Philadelphia the river flows on top of the gravel, this being due to the configuration of the rock floor of the river, which at Trenton is above the ocean level and at Philadelphia is nearly a hundred feet below it. Professor Lewis says that at the time of the great flood in the river which deposited the gravel, the lower part of Philadelphia, the whole of Bristol and Tullytown and almost all of Trenton were submerged under water. The gravel has disclosed bones of Arctic animals—walrus, reindeer and mastodon—often rounded by attrition and indicating a much colder climate; and in it have also been discovered traces of ancient man. During last year important discoveries were made both at Trenton and Neshaminy creek, indicating the presence of a race of men, the estimated date at Trenton being about 7000 years ago. The scientists who are investigating this interesting subject are unable yet to decide whether the race was a "Paleolithic man," who chipped stone, but did not know how to polish it, or a "Neolithic man"—a stone-chipper, who also was a polisher. The Delaware has also made immense deposits of clay along its course, particularly at Trenton and Philadelphia, this clay being gold-bearing, and it has been estimated that the gold in the clays that underlie the built-up portions of Philadelphia has a value of $126,000,000. Lest the reader should suddenly go to digging in his cellar, it is further stated that the deposit is so thinly diffused that the gold will not bear the expense of extraction, enormously valuable as it may be in the aggregate. This clay deposit was made by the Delaware at a time when it flowed at a level more than a hundred feet higher than now, and would have entirely submerged the State House steeple, the Schuylkill then emptying into the Delaware at the Falls.

The River's Wonderful Changes.

This brings me to a record of the remarkable changes the Delaware has undergone in this locality during the various geological eras, as shown by the deposits along its shores. Still quoting from Professor Lewis, we are informed that long ago, before man was created, strange mammals roamed abroad, and all Southern New Jersey lay deep beneath the Atlantic, the waves of the ocean breaking against the ranges of hills at Media, Bryn Mawr and Chestnut and Chelten Hills. An inlet from the sea extended over a great part of the Montgomery County Limestone Valley behind these hills, in Plymouth and Whitemash, depositing clays holding beds of iron ores. This whole region, then 450 feet lower than now, was afterwards slowly upheaved, and as the waters retreated the yellow gravel deposits were probably formed. Subsequently, and possibly in consequence of this rise, the climate grew colder, and the great glacial ice-cap crept down from Greenland and Labrador, forming a huge sea of ice, thousands of feet thick, which advanced to Belvidere, within sixty miles of Philadelphia. Then came another change, the land descended to about 175 feet lower than the present level, and again the waters covered the site of Philadelphia. This was fresh water, icy cold and bearing huge icebergs, which stranded on the then shore formed by the range of hills extending from Wayne Junction to Belmont, George's Hill, Hestonville, Haddington and Swarthmore. At this time the channel of the Delaware was 10 miles or more in width all the way down from Trenton past Philadelphia, nearly 200 feet deep, and a roaring flood, which deposited the red gravel along its bed. As the torrent,

VIEW ON DELAWARE AND RARITAN CANAL.

expending its force, became more quiet, though still filled with mud and sand, derived from the base of the glacial ice-cap, it laid down the clays everywhere that the water flowed, the floating icebergs at the same time dropping their far-carried boulders along the route and all over the site of Philadelphia.

This era of ice and cold water and enormous floods in the broad and raging Delaware is computed to have occupied a period of about 270,000 years, but, like all things earthly, this protracted "Ice Age" finally terminated, and the land rose to about its present level, or perhaps somewhat higher. The waters gradually retreated, and finally, as sudden elevations of temperature thawed more and more of the glaciers still remaining in the headwaters of the Delaware, there came along those last great floods which deposited the "Trenton gravel." The river, then wide enough to submerge most of Trenton, all of Bristol, and the western shore down to Philadelphia, where it extended up Chestnut street nearly to the LEDGER Building, was again filled with floating icebergs from the glaciers above. The walrus played in its waters, and the Arctic reindeer and the mastodon roamed over New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Mankind then first appeared, probably with habits much like the Esquimaux. He lived in primitive ways, in caves and holes, and hunted and fished along the banks of the swollen Delaware. This was 10,000 years ago. Occasionally he dropped into the water his rude stone implements and weapons, which were ultimately buried in the gravel, and being found in the present era, are diligently studied to tell the story of their long ago owners. The river deposited its vast stratum of "Trenton gravel;" its channel shrunk with dwindling current, and moved gradually eastward as it eat its way into the cretaceous measures; and then the land hereabouts began the slow sinking which is now in progress, the climate became warmer, the Esquimaux retired, to make room for the red Indian, and our modern era dawned. Such is the tale told by the clays and gravels and drift deposits of the Delaware. The cobble-stones of the Philadelphia streets are part of the "Trenton gravel," and, despised as they are, the scientist has, nevertheless, demonstrated that they are coeval with the appearance of mankind on the Delaware shores, and therefore entitled to respect. They make a large portion of the deposits of the river throughout all its course for many miles before reaching Philadelphia.

The Delaware and Raritan Canal.

While we have been studying the "Trenton gravel" and other deposits along the banks of the Delaware, our steamboat journey above Crosswick's creek discloses the line of the great New Jersey canal—the Delaware and Raritan, heretofore alluded to—which, beginning at Crosswick's creek, is constructed alongside the river up to Trenton, and thence across the State to the Raritan river, at New Brunswick. This is the much used "inside water route" between Philadelphia and New York, and the old line of railway built by Camden and Amboy is laid along the canal bank from Bordentown to Trenton, and beyond. As the steamboat moved along, dredges were deepening the channel opposite the canal entrance, where a pretty little green island lies in midstream. This canal has been in past times very profitable, and it usually made most of the money for Camden and Amboy. It was projected long before the railroad was thought of. In 1804 the New Jersey Legislature granted a charter "for the purpose of opening a communication by water from the river Raritan, at or near New Brunswick, to the tidewater of the river Delaware at or near Lamberton." The project slumbered, however, until the War of 1812-15, by demonstrating the difficulty of transporting military supplies across New Jersey, caused a renewal of the agitation, and a canal route was surveyed in 1816 from the Delaware to the Raritan. Afterwards a Legislative Commission was appointed, who recommended that the State should construct the canal, and the matter was discussed for several years, a canal bill being finally passed in 1826. The State, however, did not give any aid, and private subscriptions were not forthcoming, so that the canal project remained in abeyance until the agitation for a railway stirred up the canal builders to action.

The projected route had been surveyed through Princeton, and Commodore Robert F. Stockton, who lived there, was earnest in advocating the canal. He had been sent in 1823 to make a survey of Southern harbors for the naval service, and met in Charleston and married Maria Potter, the daughter of John Potter, a Scotch-Irishman, who had settled in Charleston a few years previously and amassed a fortune. Stockton, who was really the founder of the canal, induced his father-in-law, who had over $500,000 deposited in the United States Bank, to withdraw the money, and subsequently invest it in the canal. Thus he not only saved his fortune from the bank's collapse, but also increased it by the profitable investment.

THE DELAWARE BRIDGE—APPROACH TO TRENTON.

Commodore Stockton's portrait in full uniform, standing on the quarter-deck of a warship, now adorns the lobby of the Stockton Hotel at Cape May. The canal charter, passed in 1830, authorized it to charge a toll of 5 cents per ton per mile, and, at its organization, Robert F. Stockton was elected President; John R. Thomson, of Princeton, Secretary; James Neilson, of New Brunswick, Treasurer, the other Directors being James Parker, of Perth Amboy; William Halstead, of Trenton; Garrett D. Wall, of Burlington; Joseph McIlvaine, of Burlington, and James S. Green, of Princeton. John Potter was the largest shareholder. Canvass White, who helped build the Erie Canal, was the Chief Engineer, with several assistants, among whom was Ashbel Welch, afterwards President of the "United Companies." The first cost of the canal was estimated at $1,168,130, and the railroad on the canal bank at $232,092 more. After the "Marriage act" of 1831 the canal was constructed, and its subsequent history was merged in that of the Camden and Amboy Railroad. It is 75 feet wide at the surface and eight feet deep, the whole cost of construction having been about $4,000,000. It is 43 miles long, with 14 locks in its course, their aggregate rise and fall being 150 feet. It is a great coal and merchandise carrier, and the enlargement of its dimensions to make it a ship canal has been suggested.

Approaching Trenton.

As we move over the smooth waters of the Delaware the city of Trenton soon appears in front of us, with its black smoke rising from furnaces and potteries and its red roofs contrasting prettily with the enveloping green. The river channel is shallow and tortuous, requiring careful navigation and at times a zigzag course to get safely around the shoals. The most formidable of these obstructions is Periwig Island bar, about three miles below Trenton, where there is but slight depth at low water, and to safely cross it the steamboat Edwin Forrest has to make her voyages according to the tides, starting later every day, so as to time her arrival at Trenton at the top of the high water. She draws barely five feet, and has to steer carefully through the narrow channel, dragging long and heavy sweils over the bar as she passes. The winding river, with its low and pleasant banks, makes attractive scenery in the approach to Trenton, and across the lowlands of Penn's Neck, on the Pennsylvania shore, is seen the famous "Penn Valley Stud Farm." Soon we round a river bend, and there opens up a view of the great Delaware bridge, crossing from Trenton over to Morrisville, with a long railway train passing swiftly through its interlacing trusses. The Trenton foundries, and the low-lying town behind them are in full display as we pass Cochran Park, on Morris's Island, a shady grove below Morrisville, which is a favorite excursion ground for the Trenton people. Then the pretty Riverview Cemetery appears on the bluff shore of Jersey, the place where General McClellan is buried, and having the Trenton spires rising beyond. I remember on one occasion going out there from Trenton with a party who accompanied the Count de Paris to pay his respects at the General's grave, for he had been a member of the General's staff in the operations of 1862 before Richmond. We went in a drenching rainstorm, and, with true French fervor, the Count knelt down on the wet grass and kissed the grave. A huge red brick brewery adjoins the cemetery, being evidently one of the prosperous institutions of the town, so vigorously are its chimneys smoking and steam jets puffing. Passing in front of the iron and steel mills along the shore, the steamboat halts at the old ferry wharf just below the bridge, and we land in the New Jersey State capital.

J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE
A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD.

VII.

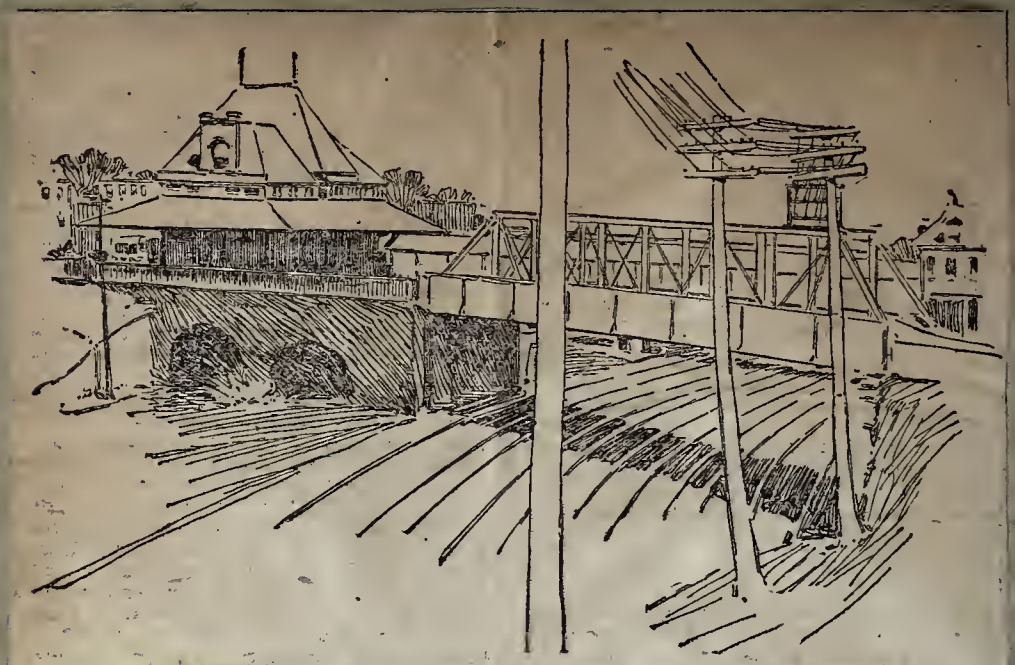
THE NEW JERSEY CAPITAL.

A TRENTON POTTERY.

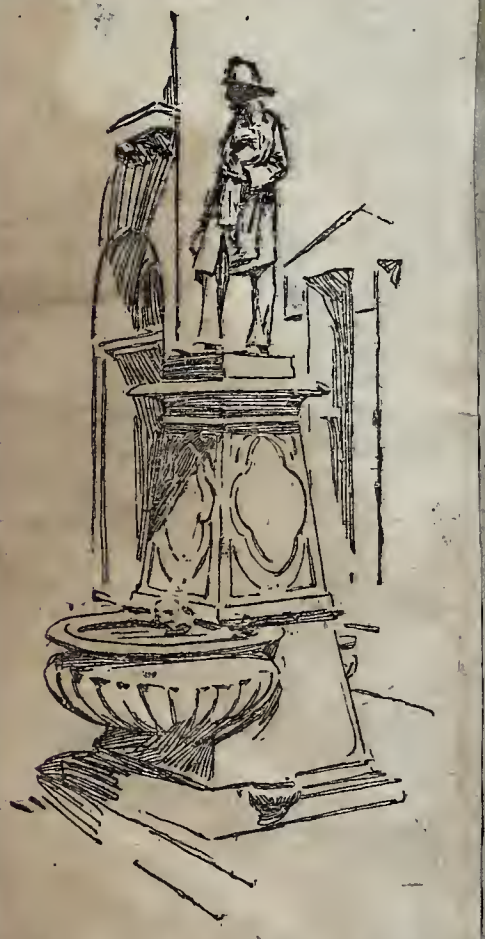
THE FIRST AND most lasting impression many visitors get of the capital of the State of New Jersey is of the deep rift cut into the clays and gravels of the southern part of the city to let the Pennsylvania Railroad go through. Here, as everywhere in the neighborhood, are displayed the lavish deposits of the "Trenton gravel." The four-track line of the railroad coming over from the Delaware bridge, with numerous sidings, is sunk beneath the street level, and also goes under the canal. A dozen bridges carry the highways across this deep trench and the depressed station is alongside Assunpink creek, of Revolutionary memory, with the chief part of the city spreading far to the northward. Trenton, as a settlement, is as old as Philadelphia, if not more aged, for the Dutch early came here from New York, but the reputed founder was old Mahlon Stacy, who wandered up here from the Friends' Meeting at Burlington and founded Trent-town, on the Assunpink, shortly after the land was bought from the Indians, the name being given in honor of William Trent, a noted Jersey law-maker of the primitive time. The town is famous for politics, crackers and potteries. Trenton politics were coeval with its foundation almost, and have been active ever since, but the Trenton crackers and potteries came later, and have brought more stable prosperity. The potteries, which give its chief industrial fame, were established by colonies of workers from the English Staffordshire district, who built up the manufacture through the beneficent nurture of a protective tariff, and they supply almost all the crockery used in this part of the country. The city, which is considerably dissected by the various canals and their feeders, is also interspersed with the conical kilns of these potteries, dropped down, apparently at random, among the houses. As Trenton is underlaid by extensive beds of the river clays, these potters can dig their materials out of the ground almost alongside the workshop. Exquisite decorations adorn much of their wares, and the thoroughness with which their artistic work is done, rivals the best imported French and English china in beauty of ornamentation.

Out in front of the Trenton State House, the finest structure in the city, occupying ample grounds facing State street, the swift current of the Delaware river bubbles over rocks and among the grassy islands. Within the spacious halls the shrewd Jersey politicians manage to govern at light direct cost to their people, owing to the fortunate position of the State, which is skillfully availed of to make outsiders pay, through the railway taxation for the privilege of crossing the Commonwealth, most of the expenses of government. The public grounds at the State House are rather restricted, but there is a small side park of green turf and attractive flower beds. The outlook in front of the building towards the river is from a diminutive enclosure where the bank slopes steeply down to a hedge-bordered canal raceway, while beyond a few acres for a park have been planted with young trees, but all else is unkempt and wild. The river flows along merrily outside, with the foliage-bordered shore of Bucks county to the westward—a road bridge closing the view above and the railroad bridge below. Here is plenty of opportunity to make a pleasant park, but the Trenton statesmen do not seem to avail of it, being probably too much absorbed within the State House in abstruse problems of politics and finance. Fine residences adjoin the public grounds, with their enclosures extending from State street to the canal race, which taps the river at a higher level above the town, to bring water down to the mills. State street and Broad street seem to be the chief business thoroughfares in the centre of the town, the latter running into Clinton street, a pleasant avenue with attractive residences, which also has the New Jersey State Normal School, a large building, mostly of rather antiquated construction, evidently built at different dates. The Trenton City Hall has in front upon the sidewalk an attractive drinking fountain, surmounted by the statue of a fireman carrying a child on his arm and a lantern in his hand. This fountain commemorates the Trenton Volunteer Fire Department, which was organized in 1747, and existed until 1892, when it was disbanded on being superseded by the Paid Fire Department.

Where Broad and Clinton streets intersect,



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION AND DEEP CUT, TRENTON.



DRINKING FOUNTAIN, TRENTON CITY HALL.

the famous "Swamp Angel" cannon from Charleston harbor is now doing peaceful duty as an ornament for a drinking fountain. It is a plain and rather uncouth looking gun, about

ORIGINAL DELAWARE BRIDGE, 1806.

10 feet long, appearing very rudely constructed in contrast with the elongated and tapering heavy rifled cannon made to-day, and is mounted on top of a cubical pile of brownstone. This was the most noted gun of the late civil war, the earliest kind of heavy and long range ordnance produced by the necessities of that great struggle, which so unexpectedly revolutionized the gunnery and fortification systems of the world. It is an eight-inch Parrott rifle or 200-pounder, and when fired carried a 150-pound projectile 7000 yards, from a battery on Morris Island into the city of Charleston, then regarded as a prodigious achievement. This gun is a muzzle loader, weighing about eight tons, and burst, after firing thirty-six rounds at Charleston, in August, 1863, the fracture being plainly visible around the breech.

The Battle of Trenton.

The great historical feature of Trenton, however, is the Revolutionary battlefield. It is now completely built upon, although the "sham battle" is occasionally fought over again, through the streets on a cold December morning, to revive patriotic memories, with a final dinner to soothe the combatants. In these encounters, on some occasions the modern Hessians are said to so far forget history as to actually make the patriots run, but it was not so on that bleak Christmas night in 1776, when Washington gave such a sound drubbing to Rahl and his mercenaries. The battle of Trenton and the subsequent fortnight's campaign ending at Princeton, revived the waning spirits of the Revolutionary army, and were said by as accomplished a soldier as Frederick the Great to be among "the most brilliant in the annals of military

THE TRENTON STATE HOUSE.

achievements." Last autumn the great monument at Trenton was dedicated, which commemorates the battle. A few days after the victory at Trenton, Cornwallis advanced across Jersey, in January 1777, to crush Washington, but he was repulsed at the ford of Assunpink creek in Trenton. Then Washington resorted to a ruse. Leaving his camp fires burning near the creek, at night, to deceive the enemy, Washington made a forced march to

A TRENTON CANAL BRIDGE.

Princeton, and fell upon three British regiments there, who were hastening to join Cornwallis, defeating them, and storming Nassau Hall (Princeton College), in which some of the fugitives had taken refuge.

Trenton is in Mercer county, named in honor of General Hugh Mercer, who fell on its soil in this battle of Princeton at the head of his Philadelphia troops, who bore the brunt of the fight. General Mercer was a native of Scotland, and was buried in Christ Churchyard, in Philadelphia. His sword which he wore at Princeton is deposited with our Historical Society, and is the property of St. Andrew's Society, of Philadelphia, who in 1840 transferred his remains to Laurel Hill, where they erected a monument over his grave.

The battle monument stands in a small park alongside Warren street, at the point where Washington's army coming into town from the north end first engaged the enemy. On this spot Alexander Hamilton, of New York, then Captain of the New York State Company of Artillery, opened fire from his battery on the Hessians. Warren street was at that time King street, and the Hessians fled down it through the town. The monument is a hollow fluted Roman-Doric column, standing upon a pedestal about 30 feet square, and rising 135 feet, surmounted by a bronze statue of Washington 13 feet high. The shaft is of white Maine granite, an electrical elevator leads to the summit, and 13 stars carved on the capital, seen by day, and 13 electric lights illuminated there at night, represent the 13 original States of the Union. The surmounting statue of Washington is characteristic. It is by O'Donovan, and represents him in the full uniform of a Revolutionary General, standing with field glass in hand surveying the flying Hessians, his right arm pointing down Warren street, the direction he wished Hamilton's battery to open fire upon the foe. The view over Trenton and the surrounding country from the top of this noble monument, tracing the course of the Delaware for many miles from the distant mountains past the city and onward towards the sea, is very fine. Standing in front of the monument at the base of the pedestal, on either side of the entrance are bronze

THE BATTLE MONUMENT, TRENTON.

statues, one representing a Continental infantry soldier, with musket in hand, and the other a cavalryman. The infantry soldier is John Russell, of Marblehead, Massachusetts, who was a private in the Fourteenth Continental Regiment, his statue having been presented by the State of Massachusetts. The cavalryman represents the "Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse"—our gallant First City Troop. Both are spirited statues. Alongside the Monument square is the Reading Railroad Station, and the Warren Street Station of the Pennsylvania, Belvidere Division, is near by.

The Delaware Bridge and Morrisville.

The city of Trenton stands at the head of navigation on our great river, and the railroad bridge crossing over to Morrisville, in Pennsylvania, is the dividing point between the tidal influence, which is felt below, and the running stream above, coming down over its rocky bed. Various enterprising people in Trenton have conceived the project of damming the river here, and availing of its vast water power, and a company has been formed for the purpose, although the work has not made much progress. The bridge is the most complete and substantial that spans the river, and at the same time is the first from the sea, there being many other bridges above. The original bridge here was the earliest constructed across the Delaware. The river rapids at Trenton were known as the "Falls," and the "Trenton Bridge Company" was incorporated in 1798 and given seven years in which to build the structure, the time in 1804 being further extended until 1812. The bridge was begun in 1804 and completed in January, 1806, being opened with great ceremony, the Governor of New Jersey marching across at the head of a procession, amid salvos of artillery. It was a wooden structure, 1100 feet long, built on wooden piers, having five tall arches standing high above the floor, which hung from them by iron rods. It cost $180,000, an enormous sum in those days, and was the most noted bridge of the time in this country. In 1851, the bridge was widened and railroad tracks laid across. Later the bridge was entirely rebuilt as a truss bridge, and again widened, so that to-day it is a magnificent structure standing on stone piers, and combining a double wagon road, footwalk, and the four tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad's New York Division. The fact that it was on the through route of travel between Philadelphia and New York created the necessity for this noted bridge across the Delaware, but it connects Trenton with Morrisville, the flourishing village on the Pennsylvania side. Near here was located, on Goat Island, adjoining the shore, one of the first settlements by Europeans in Pennsylvania, made by Dutch pioneers, who came over from New York and established a trading post for furs.

Before Penn's advent, as early as 1675, there was a travelled overland horse trail hither from New York, crossing the Delaware by ferry, and passing down to the Swedish settlements on the lower river, known then as the "King's Path." This trail took almost the same route as the present turnpike through Bristol to Frankford and Philadelphia. The earliest seat of justice in Bucks county was located here at the "Falls," the triangular district around which the Delaware winds, having been generally called "Crookhorn," suggested by the peculiar bend of the river. The early ferry across the Delaware from Trenton had much to do with forming the settlement in the last century, so that Morrisville first was known as "Colvin's Ferry." Patrick Colvin was the ferryman before and during the revolution, his boat going over to the Trenton wharf, below the bridge, whence Ferry street still leads up to the heart of the town. Then Robert Morris acquired an estate here and made extensive improvements, this great financier of the Revolution building mills and stores and a fine mansion, so that the place became Morrisville. But he ultimately failed, and his estate went to strangers. The site of the village at one time came very near being selected as the location for the seat of government of the United States. Before the adoption of the Constitution in 1787 there was much rivalry between Philadelphia and New York as to which should be the capital of the new nation, then in process of formation. In 1783 the Provincial Congress passed a resolution locating the "Federal District," which was to be the place for the new capital, in Falls township, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, this being done as a compromise of the rival claims to the location. This selection included the village of Morrisville, which would have been the nucleus of the Federal city. The next year Congress appointed Commissioners to lay out the new capital and erect the necessary buildings. But General Washington, whose advice was afterwards asked, did not approve of the location, preferring the Potomac to the Delaware, and, his influence being potential, the plan was abandoned.

Subsequently, Robert Morris's grand mansion became the home of the famous French General Moreau, when in exile. Jean Victor Moreau was the hero of many brilliant campaigns in the wars waged by France against Germany, Holland, Austria and Italy, conducted masterly retreats and was the victor at Hohenlinden. After a career of great splendor he got an idea that Napoleon was not treating him well, and he entered into the unsuccessful conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal and Pichegru in 1804. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment by court martial, but Napoleon commuted the sentence to exile. Moreau came

"SWAMP ANGEL" CANNON, TRENTON.

to America and lived nine years at Morrisville, occupying his time in agriculture, but, meanwhile, keeping a close watch upon the progress of events abroad. He was afterwards invited by Emperor Alexander I of Russia to return to Europe, and was given a flattering welcome. He became a close companion of the Czar, and devised for him a plan for the invasion of France. They were both at the battle of Dresden in 1813, and were consulting about a certain manœuvre, on a hill-top, when a cannon ball from Napoleon's guard broke both Moreau's legs. Five days afterwards he died and his remains were buried in St. Petersburg. After Napoleon's downfall a monument was dedicated to him in Paris. The old mansion at Morrisville was ultimately burnt, and a rubber factory now occupies the site of the stable. The village hardly seems like much to-day, but it has had an interesting history, the pleasant homes of its people along the river bank overlooking Trenton, whither most of them go every morning across the bridge to their daily labors.

J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DE
A JOURNEY TO
NORTHW

VIII.

APPROACHING THE MOUNTAINS.

THE BELVIDERE DIVISION.

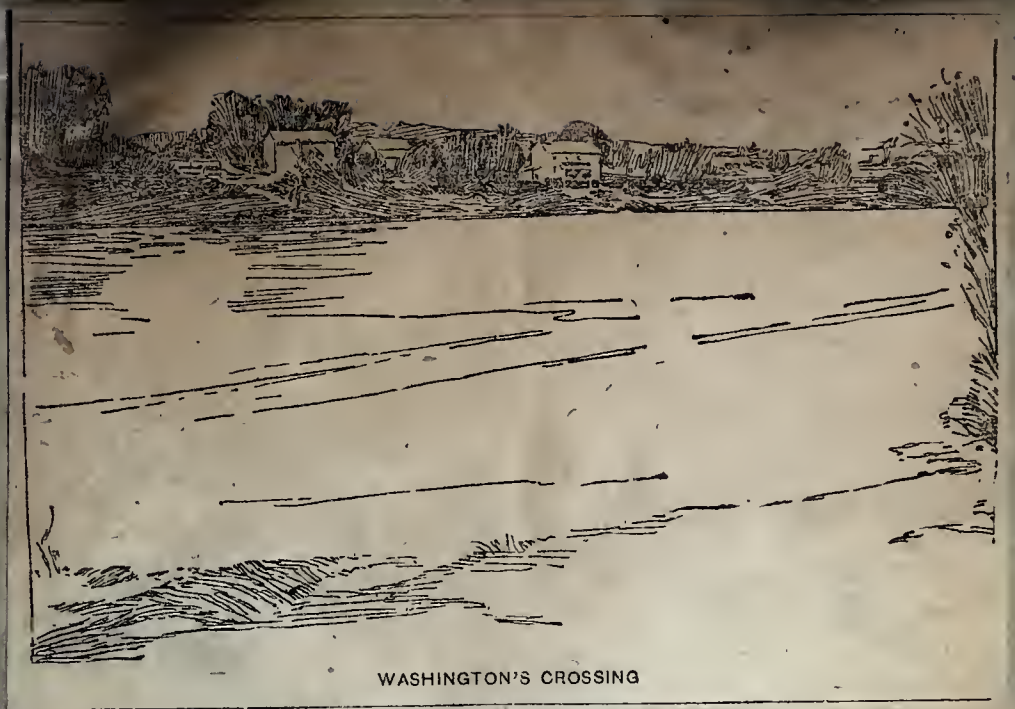
N our journey up the Delaware river to Trenton we have thus far seen our great maritime highway as a broad and navigable alluvial tidal stream, bearing upon its usually placid bosom a profitable commerce. But above the Trenton bridge it soon becomes a completely changed river. Its appearance gradually alters to a generally swift flowing stream, coming from the northwest, bubbling over falls and rapids and foaming among rocks and boulders. The low and gentle, tree-clad and grass-bordered shores rise into hills, and further up into mountains, compressing the channel as it winds among them, and making it in times of freshet a veritable mountain torrent. It flows out through the Allegheny ranges with all the attractive attributes of the numerous rivers draining that picturesque region. As we now further ascend this beautiful stream it displays, in endless panoramic view among the verdant hills, the pastoral charms of rich foliage, fertile meadow and gentle slopes, presenting the softest landscape, yet varied as we progress by high and boldly carved precipices, beetling crags and

RAVEN ROCK—BULL'S ISLAND

so fibre mountains. The river is found to dig a constantly deeper channel through the table land bordering its canyon, which gives the steep slopes and precipices a few miles above Trenton an elevation on either hand of 300 to 500 feet, furrowed by deep valleys and attractive glades.

The Atlantic coast of the United States has a general trend from the northeast to the southwest, and back from it towards the northwest the land gradually rises, being formed in successive ridges with intervening valleys, until it reaches the Alleghenies. The great ranges of this mountain chain run almost parallel to the coast for over a thousand miles. Their outposts are found about sixty miles north of Philadelphia. They are noted mountains, not very high, but of remarkable construction, and are said to be much older in geological upheaval than the Alps or the Andes. They are formed of series of parallel ridges, one beyond the other, and all following the same general course, like the successive waves of the sea. For long distances these ridges run in perfectly straight lines, and then, as one may curve around into a new direction, all the others curve with it. The intervening valleys are as remarkable in their parallelism as the ridges bounding them. From the seaboard to the mountains, the ranges of hills are of the same general character, but with less elevation, gentler slopes and, in most cases, narrower and much more fertile valleys. The southeastern outpost of the Alleghenies is the "South Mountain," an irregular and, in some places, broken-down ridge; while the great "Blue Ridge" is their southeastern buttress. The "South Mountain" crosses the Delaware below the mouth of the Lehigh. The "Blue Ridge" is about twenty miles beyond it—the famous "Kittatinny" range, as named by the Indians, and meaning, in their figurative language, "the endless chain of hills."

The "Blue Ridge" stretches across the country from the Hudson River Highlands, in New York, as far southwest as Alabama, a distance of over 800 miles, making a veritable backbone for the Atlantic seaboard, its rounded, ridgy peaks sometimes rising to a height of 2500 feet. It stands up like a great blue wall against the horizon, deeply notched where the rivers flow out, and is the eastern border for the Allegheny Mountain chain of numerous parallel ridges of varying heights and characteristics that extend in rows behind it for a width of a hundred miles or more. Within this chain is the vast mineral wealth that has done so much to make fortunes for the American people—the coal and iron and slate, the ores and minerals, that are in exhaustless supply, and upon its surface have grown the forests of pine, hemlock and harder woods that have been so extensively used in the seaboard cities. The great Atlantic coast rivers rise in the Alleghenies, break through the Kittatinny ridge and flow out to the ocean. The Hudson river breaks through its outcrop, the Highlands, at West Point. The Delaware forces its passage at the "Water Gap," one of the most remarkable natural curiosities in scenery, about eighty miles north of Philadelphia. The Lehigh passes it at Lehigh Gap, below Mauch Chunk; the Schuylkill breaks through at Port Clinton; the Swatara, northeast of Middletown; the Susquehanna at Dauphin, above Harrisburg, and the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. The latter passage has been described by Thomas Jefferson as "one of the most stupendous scenes in nature." All these rivers either rise among or force their passages through the various mountain ranges behind the great Blue Ridge, and also through the South Mountain and the successive parallel ranges of lower hills that are met on their way to the coast, so that all have most picturesque valleys, the natural beauties increasing as they are ascended, among hills rising



WASHINGTON'S CROSSING

higher and higher, into a region becoming more and more wild and broken.

Yardleyville and Scudder's Falls.

In making the further exploration of the Delaware above Trenton, our navigation is not upon the water, however, but upon the land. At Trenton the Belvidere Delaware Railroad begins, going up the eastern bank to Manunka Chunk and the Water Gap. The route is northwest, through the Trenton suburbs, displaying its clays and gravel beds in the cuttings, out past Coal Port and over the Raritan Canal on a swinging drawbridge, and then across Warren street with the Battle Monument in full view, and along the bank of the Canal Feeder, among potteries and saw mills and furniture factories, and the other industrial paraphernalia usually environing a growing city. Cadwalader Park is passed on the opposite canal bank, displaying its fine white marble statue representing Washington crossing the Delaware, and then we skirt cornfields and orchards and see the spacious buildings of the New Jersey State Lunatic Asylum. They are almost buried in foliage in their fine location on a hill-slope east of the railway, having a superb outlook over a broad plateau stretching down to the river, with the distant Pennsylvania hills beyond. In front of the Asylum, beyond the plateau, is White's Island in the river. Upon a bluff near the lower end of the island is the pleasant little red-roofed building of the "Canoe Club" nestling alongside a big buttonwood tree. Passing along the Asylum grounds is the much travelled "State Road," the chief highway northward from Trenton, going over the hills for miles to Phillipsburg and Easton and beyond, its forks diverging to the Wind Gap and the Water Gap. The train carrying us soon darts under the long trestle and high bridge of the Bound Brook Railroad, the Reading's route to New York, crossing the wide meadows on either side of the river, the bridge and approaches making an elevated viaduct nearly two miles long, and the huge embankment on the Pennsylvania side almost overtopping the tallest houses in the adjacent village of Yardley. It crosses three canals, the river and railroad, and stands up so boldly, so long and high, that it is visible a great distance. It curves grandly around towards the westward, as the trestle goes off over the low Pennsylvania shore. The locomotives drawing passenger trains across take up water from a track tank as they run over the bridge, and, scattering volumes of spray on both sides, it falls in brilliant streams to the river beneath, making a pretty scene, with rainbow touches.

Like almost all the settlements on the Delaware, Yardleyville first came into existence as the landing for a ferry, afterwards superseded by a bridge. The pioneer settler of this region, William Yardley, was an English Quaker, who came over in 1682, in the ship "Friend's Adventure," settling in Bucks county, and his son, Thomas Yardley, established a ferry here in 1698. The settlement was of slow growth, however, for in 1807 it is recorded that it contained "four families and an inn;" but the construction of the Delaware Division Canal between Bristol and Easton, in 1832, gave it an impetus, there being a lock located at the village to overcome the elevation of Scudder's Falls. Yardley's ferry succumbed to the wagon bridge more than 50 years ago, and there the same old bridge is to-day, a short distance above the Bound Brook Railroad crossing. The Delaware flows by Yardleyville, between broad meadows, with gentle hills on either hand at some distance back from the banks, and all highly cultivated. Soon the train runs closely alongside the water at Scudder's Falls, where the rapids are marked by a low and irregular sort of rocky dam, from which the canal race goes down that supplies the Trenton Mills. The water bubbles over the rocks, and this reminds me to explain that the Delaware, above Trenton, is composed alternately of "pools" and "riffs." The riffs are the rapids, and the pools are the comparatively still waters, where the current, having less descent, becomes sluggish and is generally deep. The river level thus becomes constantly higher as we ascend, having been at Trenton the same as the ocean tidal level, while it rises three or four feet in every mile, being at "Washington's Crossing" twenty feet higher than at Trenton bridge, six miles below. Gould's riff is below Yardleyville and Scudder's riff above. The Delaware here is quite narrow, appearing not wider than the Schuylkill at Philadelphia. It is a winding stream ahead of us, coming out

...among the distant blue hills which are seen off to the northwest. We have entered the region of dark red soils and brownstone quarries, which are numerous along the canal bank, and, in fact, there are choice quarries at Yardleyville bearing the tradition of having been worked in the days of Penn.

Washington's Crossing.

Now the railway is laid on the narrow strip of land between the Raritan Canal feeder and the river, the rocks in the shallow stream poking up their black and water-worn heads. It has not been so long ago that one could frequently see the industrious citizen, with flatboat moored in these shallows, gathering cobblestones, the perennial crop of the Delaware, to sell in Philadelphia for street pav-

THE CANOE CLUB

ing, for many years a profitable business, but now superseded by a better system. Soon our train halts briefly at "Washington's Crossing," where a dark and aged covered bridge spans the river, with a few little peep-hole windows pierced through its sombre sides at distant intervals. This is a famous place, being the location of the ancient McConkey's Ferry, where Washington and his troops crossed before the victory at Trenton. On the Pennsylvania shore is the original settlement, now named Taylorsville, from a well-known Bucks county family. In December, 1776, Washington had retreated from New Jersey into Pennsylvania, and on the 8th made his headquarters at "Summerseat," Thomas Barclay's house at Morrisville, then the finest building of that village, situated about a half mile back from the river. It afterwards passed into possession of Robert Morris, and still exists, a spacious and comfortable two-story stone mansion, now the property of John H. Osburn. Washington remained there a week, the main army meanwhile encamping at Taylorsville. He finally moved his headquarters nearer, and on Christmas at midnight they crossed the ferry and swooped down upon the surprised Hessians at Trenton.

The Delaware river above here has scattered rocks and rifts, with wide shingle and pebble beaches and shoals, prolific producers of cobble-stones after the spring freshets. The stream grandly sweeps around great bends and double curves, winding first

THE BOUND BROOK RAILROAD BRIDGE

one way and then the other. Soon is passed on the Pennsylvania side the interesting village of Brownsburg, which had a ferry and has always been ambitious to get a bridge. This was originally called Pebbletown, being an oasis in this region of cobble-stones, and that name it held until 1827, when Stacy Brown, a leading resident, was made postmaster. He very considerately changed the name of the post-office to his own, and held the position for fifty years, a model of good service. Two other events go to make up the history of Pebbletown—that in 1790 it contained two houses, one built of stone and the other of wood; and that a quarter of a century later a tavern was added.

Solebury and Bull's Island.

Our railway train, a few minutes later, approaches a dark red enclosed bridge connecting Lambertville and New Hope, also ornamented with little peep-hole windows, although they are larger and more numerous than in the bridge below. Here was the old-time Coryell's Ferry, at the termination of Old York Road, and beyond the low ridges of Goat Hill we enter the elongated town of Lambertville, having much length upon the comparatively level strip of land along the river, and only moderate breadth back up the hill slopes. The water level here is 49 feet higher than at Trenton, and we have come into the flourishing Jersey county of Hunterdon. A branch railway goes 12 miles northeast along the valley of Alexsocken creek to Flemington, the county seat. New Hope on the Pennsylvania shore was an enterprising village, and once the most active business town in Bucks county, but now seems regretfully reminiscent of former prosperity, stimulated when the Delaware Division Canal began operations 60 years ago, though since rather eclipsed by Lambertville, which has the advantage of railway as well as canal. New Hope is in the Solebury domain, and just below Solebury Mountain rises abruptly to about 300 feet elevation from the river, stretching far westward in an elongated ridge. The new Pennsylvania Shad Hatchery is to be built this summer on the

shore, just above New Hope. The New Hope and Lambertville bridge was the second constructed across the Delaware, having been opened in 1814. Its builders were a bridge company with banking privileges, and issued bank notes some being yet preserved. The President of the bridge company, Mr. Richard Randolph Parry, who is a

NEW JERSEY STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM

leading citizen of New Hope, living in the old "Parry Mansion," has shown me a finely executed $5 note of "The Delaware Bridge Company," dated in 1815. In Solebury several distinguished men were born: Andrew Ellicott, the great American surveyor of Washington's time, who laid out the city of Washington and afterwards founded Ellicott City, in Maryland; General Zebulon Pike, of the United States army in the early part of the present century; and Samuel D. Ingham, a Pennsylvania statesman of renown, who was General Jackson's Secretary of the Treasury during his first administration.

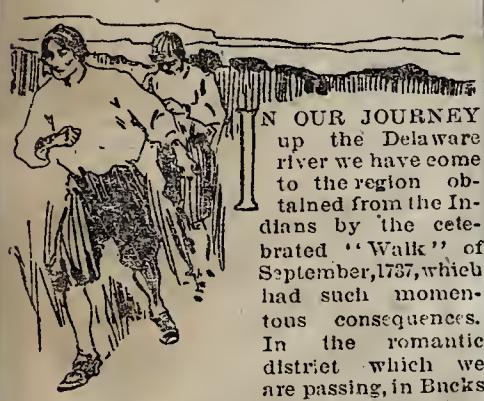
Rich and rolling fields displaying the red soils are crossed above Lambertville, but we are soon running among the hills again in this region of the red sandstone, and frequent quarries. Another dark red bridge with little windows is passed at the rural station of Stockton, this being the Centre Bridge, so-called because it is half way between New Hope and Lumberville. The rocky cliffs plainly display the red sandstone rock, and the Delaware Division canal has its route hewn in the face of the steep overhanging sandstone through which the river has cut its channel. At Lumberton is the noted quarry, spreading in chasms of large proportions and casting out much débris into the stream, where the late William H. Kemble got the Belgian paving blocks formerly used by the Traction Company in the Philadelphia streets. A wire rope hangs high over the river connecting with the railway on the New Jersey side. Just above is Raven Rock, at Bull's Island, where the Raritan canal feeder begins, being constructed twenty-two miles down to the main canal at Trenton to fetch an ample water supply from the upper Delaware at this elevation. The river at Bull's Island is 71 feet higher than at Trenton, and the canal feeder descends about 15 feet in the 22 miles. Nestling among the hills above the island is Lumberville, the original forests, whose product named it, having almost disappeared. The river bends to the westward, and then sharply back again to the north, presenting lovely views. The entire aspect of the scene is changed. Dark, steep, foliage-covered heights press closely upon the river, the forests covering almost all the surface. The winding and narrowing Delaware presents all the characteristics of a mountain stream, with foaming rapids, boulders, pebble shoals and rocky islets. Frowning precipices overhang the banks, and around their bases, at times, the current swirls and eddies. Occasionally the scene broadens, and a vista view is got along a pleasant stretch of valley, spreading far away between the steep hill ranges. Near here, in the early part of the last century, lived and hunted the noted Edward Marshall, who made the fateful "walk" of 1737, the injustice of which so greatly provoked the Indians, and was one of the causes of the most savage Indian war of Colonial times. J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD

IX.

MARSHALL'S WALK.



HOW MARSHALL WALKED!

IN OUR JOURNEY up the Delaware river we have come to the region obtained from the Indians by the cetebrated "Walk" of September, 1737, which had such momentous consequences. In the romantic district which we are passing, in Bucks county, lived Edward Marshall, the walker. The Indians in those early times usually measured their distances by "days' journeys," and transferred tracts of land in various treaties with the whites by the measurement of "days' walks." By William Penn's purchases the lands had been acquired as far north as Makefield and Wrightstown, but, after his death, his descendants Thomas and Richard Penn became anxious to enlarge the purchase, and this "walk" was the result. After a good deal of preliminary negotiation, various sachems of the Lenni Lenapes or Delaware Indians, leaders of the tribes at the "Forks" and thereabouts—Manakyhickon, Lappawiuzoe, Teeshacomin and Eutamia—were brought to Philadelphia in August, 1737, and on the 25th they made a treaty ceding additional lands, providing for the conveyance of a tract, the boundaries of which would begin "on a line drawn from a certain spruce tree on the river Delaware, by a west-northwest course to Neshaminy creek; from thence back into the woods as far as a man can go in a day and a half, and bounded in the West by Neshaminy, or the most westerly branch thereof, so far as the said branch doth extend, and from thence by a line to the utmost extent of the day and a half's walk; and from thence to the aforesaid river Delaware; and so down the courses of the river to the first mentioned spruce tree."

The Indians thought that this "walk" might cover the land as far north as the Lehigh, but there was deliberate deception practiced. An erroneous map was exhibited, which indicated a line about as far north as Bethlehem, and this had much to do with deceiving the Indians, for the agent of the Penns had been engaged some time previously in preparing to get lands much further northward, through this treaty. The outcome was so much bad feeling that this "walk" was one of the chief causes leading to the terrible Indian wars that devastated the colonies prior to the Revolution. Some time previously to this treaty of 1737 various officials representing the proprietors in Bucks county had quietly made explorations in anticipation, and had blazed routes by marking trees, beginning at Wrightstown, and going 39 miles to the Lehigh river, and thence up the Lehigh to the Lehigh Gap, in the Kittatinny, or Blue Ridge, nearly 49 miles distant. Edward Marshall was employed on this, and a later "trial walk," with others, and had thus marked out the most practicable route, and in their last trial, just before the treaty, they pushed several miles beyond the Lehigh Gap, reporting the route to be "through a very rocky, broken way." All this was concealed from the Indians. A day or two after the treaty, James Steel, who was the Receiver of

Rents for the proprietors, wrote to Timothy Smith, the Sheriff of Bucks county, which, in the colonial days, embraced all this region, instructing him that the "walk" had been fixed for September 12th, "and for that purpose our proprietary would request thee to speak to that man of the three which travelled and held out the best, when they walked over the land before, to attend to that service at the time mentioned, when Solomon Jennings is expected to join and travel the day and a half with him. Thou art also requested to accompany him, and to provide such provisions for these men as may be needful on the occasion desired. John Chapman (Deputy Surveyor for Bucks) to go along with you—and be sure to choose the best ground and shortest way that can be

RENT RECEIVER STEEL WRITES TO SHERIFF SMITH ORDERING THE "WALK."

found. The Indians intend that two or three of their young men shall be present and see the land fairly walked over."

The Walk Begins.

A reward of 500 acres of land was promised the walkers, and Marshall, who had "held out the best, when they walked over the land before," was selected, with Jennings and James Yeates, of Newtown, to accompany him. They were all young and athletic hunters, experienced in woodcraft and inured to hardships. As the Sheriff had to attend court, the walk was postponed until September 19th, and, before sunrise on that morning, as the historian relates, a great number of officials and spectators gathered at the starting point of the "walk," in Wrightstown, a few miles west of Taylorsville. This location was identified several years since, and the land whereon it is situated, at the northeast corner of the Friends' Burying Ground, near the turnpike, in Wrightstown, was given by the owner to the Bucks County Historical Society. An obelisk, rising from a pile of boulders marks the spot, and bears this inscription: "To the Memory of the Lenni Lenape Indians, ancient owners of this region, these stones are placed at this spot, the starting point of the 'Indian Walk,' September 19, 1737." The gathering, as the historian tells us, was around "a chestnut tree near the turning out of the road from Durham to John Chapman's." The Sheriff was there with his deputies, and various others who were to carry the "provisions, liquor and bedding" provided, also Chapman and his surveyors and three Indians. All those who were going on the journey were on horseback, excepting the three Indians and the chosen walkers.

As the time of sunrise approached the walkers stood with their hands upon the tree awaiting the signal to start. Sheriff Smith and one of his deputies held their watches in hand, and just as the sun rose above the horizon they pointed to 6 o'clock precisely, and the signal was given. The walkers at once started, Marshall being somewhat in the rear. They went out the Durham road crossing the Tohickon creek, and, when about two miles beyond it, Jennings and two of the Indians gave out, falling back with the attendants, who were following. Reaching Gallows Hill the walkers turned off the Durham road into a lesser road, on which they travelled until noon, when they halted for dinner alongside a small stream. Fifteen minutes were allowed for refreshment, and then the walk was resumed along an old and beaten Indian path leading across the Saucon to the Lehigh, where Bethlehem now stands. The journey continued until fifteen minutes past six o'clock in the evening, to complete the day's journey of twelve hours' actual travel, and as they neared the finish in the twilight the Sheriff held his watch in his hand counting off the remaining minutes, and calling out to the walkers, who were beginning to mount a little hill, to "pull up." This "they did so briskly that immediately upon his saying the time was out, Marshall clasped his arms about a sapling to support himself," and declared "he was almost gone, and that if he had proceeded a few poles farther he must have fallen." Yeates seemed to be less distressed by this first day's walk than Marshall. The Indians, however, were dissatisfied from the outset, claiming the walk should have been made up the river and not inland. One also complained of his shoes being unfit, and said he expected the proprietors would give him good shoes. At this some of the attendants dismounted, and afterwards alternated with the Indians in riding. The Lehigh river was reached early in the afternoon and was crossed, when the Indians became sullen, murmuring at the rapid gait of the walkers, and they several times protested against running. Some time before sunset two of them left, saying they would go no further; that they saw the walkers would pass all the good land, and after that it made no difference how far or where they went. The third Indian continued some distance, when he lay down to rest and could go no further.

Its Sad Consequences.

It appears that the walkers halted for the night about a half mile from Lappawinzoe's Indian village of Hokendauqua, on the Lehigh, where they were holding a festival and the shouting of the Indians could be plainly heard. The next morning was rainy, and some of the horses had strayed during the night. These had to be hunted up, and messengers were sent to the chief to request a detail of Indians to accompany the walkers. Lappawinzoe was not in pleasant mood, and he declined, saying "they had got all the best of the land and they might go to the devil for the bad." Some Indians, however, strolled into camp and took drinks, and Yeates was reputed as taking rather too much of the varied store of liquors provided. A good deal of time was thus consumed, but the horses were finally secured, and the second day's start was made up the Lehigh valley at 8 o'clock, some of the Indians accompanying a little way through the rain, but soon leaving, dissatisfied. The route was north-northwest through the woods, Marshall carrying the compass, by which he held his course. In crossing Big creek, at the foot of the mountains, Yeates, who had become very lame and tired, staggered and fell, but Marshall pushed on, followed by two of the party, both mounted, and with watch in hand. Finally, at precisely two o'clock, the "walk" was ended on the north

END OF THE FIRST DAY'S WALK.

THE START.

side of the Pocono, or Broad Mountain, not far from the present site of Mauch Chunk. The total distance travelled in the eighteen hours, was about 68 miles, a most remarkable performance, considering the condition of the country. The terminus of the "walk" was marked by placing stones in the forks of five trees, and then the surveying staff proceeded to complete the task by marking the line of northern limit of the tract across to the Delaware river. This was done not by taking the shortest route to the river, but by running a line at right angles with the general course of the "walk," and, after four days' progress through what was then described as a "barren, mountainous region," the surveyors reached the Delaware in what is now the upper part of Pike county, near the mouth of Shohola creek.

The greediness shown in this "walk" had most serious results. Before the walking party got home they saw the deep feeling of dissatisfaction among the Indians. Two months afterwards Marshall was at Hokendauqua and saw Lappawinzoe and other Indians, who were loud in their complaints of the way the walking was done. One old Indian said: "No sit down to smoke—no shoot squirrel; but run, run, run all day long." The chief was thoroughly disgusted and said: "Next May we will go to Philadelphia, each one with a buckskin, repay the presents, and take the land back again." This, however, was not practicable, as the lands had been sold to speculators. When

MASSACRE OF MARSHALL'S FAMILY.

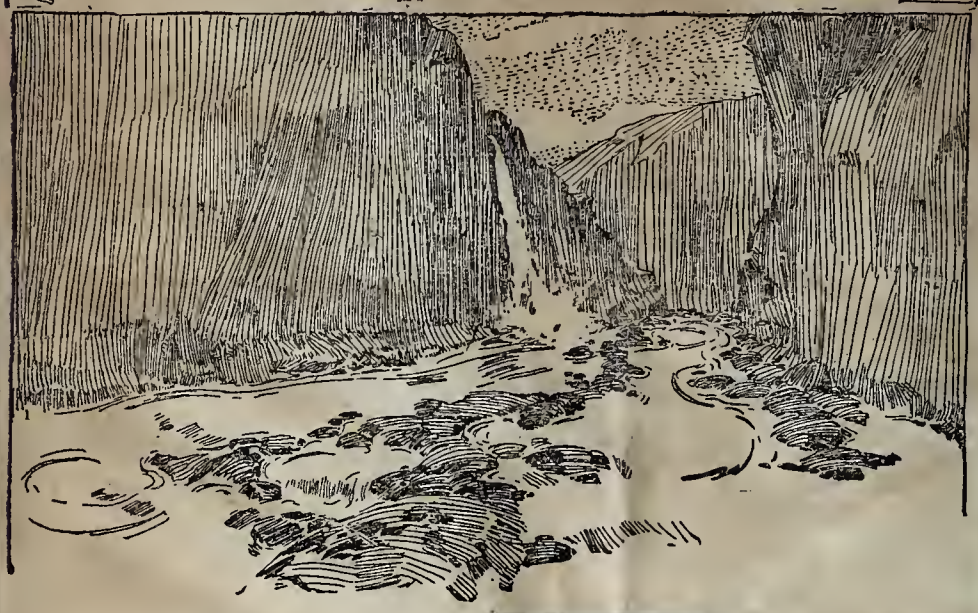
the new owners sought to occupy them the Indians refused to vacate. This provoked disputes over a vast domain covering a half million acres in what is now fully half of Bucks county, all of Northampton, half of Monroe and Pike and a goodly portion of Montgomery, Lehigh and Carbon. The Penns afterwards, to defend their position, repudiated the surveyors, and they never fulfilled their promise to give five hundred acres of land to Marshall. This did not mend matters, however, and the attitude of the Lenni Lenapes ultimately became so threatening at the loss of their darling Minisink lands that the proprietary invited the intervention of their hereditary enemies, the Iroquois Confederation, or Six Nations. Two hundred and thirty of the leading Iroquois were brought to Philadelphia in 1742 and the controversy submitted to their decision. They sided with the proprietary, and the Lenni Lenapes were ordered to vacate the lands, and they afterwards reluctantly removed to Wyoming, part going as far west as Ohio.

It was only natural that these badly cheated children of the forest, who had never received aught but kindness and generous justice from the great "Mignon" as William Penn was called, should thirst for revenge. When the French began their attacks upon the frontier settlements the remnants of the Lenni Lenapes joined them. Many were the raids and terrible the vengeance they wreaked upon the innocent settlers throughout the whole of Pennsylvania. Marshall, who never got his reward, removed in 1754, up the Delaware river, pursuing his occupation as a hunter, and having his cabin about 18 miles above Easton. The Indians always pursued him as the arch-conspirator against them, for a special vengeance. They attacked his cabin, killing his wife and wounding a daughter, he escaping by being absent. Then they made a second attack and killed a son. The whole of his later life was embittered by these murders, and he lost no opportunity of retaliation. For greater safety, he removed to an island in the river which bore his name. For forty years after the ill-starred "walk" they pursued him, a party of Indians during the revolution, as late as 1777, coming all the way from Ohio to attack and kill him, but fortunately he eluded them and escaped. Marshall's closing years were passed peacefully, for he died at the advanced age of 90, at his island home in the Delaware river. He had been the father of twenty-one children, very few of them surviving him.

J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD



X.

THE NARROWS AND THE FORKS.

AN OLD LEHIGH FURNACE.

OUR journey among the hills that closely environ the Delaware has brought us to Point Pleasant, at the great bend in the valley from the west around to the north. Here flows in from the Rock Hill region to the westward, and the remarkable sugar-loaf formation known as the Haycock Mountain, the Tohickon creek, draining an extensive water-shed and coming out through a deep gorge to the river. The village is mainly on a narrow peninsula between the creek and river, with steep hills enclosing it, and out in front, a light, open-work, iron truss bridge of modern construction crosses over to Jersey, looking most airy and attractive compared with the uncouth structures spanning the river below. Point Pleasant, where the river is elevated 73 feet above mean tide at Philadelphia, is proposed as the source of our water supply, to be drawn from the Tohickon and upper Delaware, by constructing an aqueduct down to the city, to give 210,000,000 gallons daily, of which Tohickon creek will supply 90,000,000 gallons by gravity. This long agitated project has many warm supporters and is quite feasible, provided the river water be suitable. Above Point Pleasant the hills west of the Delaware come out to the river bank, making a rocky wall for miles, rising abruptly almost from the water's edge to a height of several hundred feet, compressing the stream into a narrow channel, with barely space at their bases for the canal and accompanying roadway. Breaking out through this remarkable ridge, a few miles above, is the gorge of Tinicum creek, thus named by the Indians, and which in turn has named this region the township of Tinicum.

The train, moving rapidly along the river bank, passes a dark and ancient covered bridge, mounted on sombre brownstone piers quarried out of the neighboring crags, and connecting Frenchtown with Uhlerstown. Soon the river cañon, which is cut down deeply in the table land, broadens, the stream winding across the valley floor, going first to one side and then to the other, with rolling meadows between it and the enclosing hill slopes. Further up, at Milford, is another enclosed bridge, this time varying what had come to be rather a monotony of dark color, by being a dingy white, as if once upon a time whitewashed in the dim past. The entrance gate is shut, and the toll-taker sits in his box like a spider, ready to pounce upon the victim who ventures in. The mill is

THE NOCKAMIXON ROCKS OR PENNSYLVANIA PALISADES.

alongside that originally named the place—the mill at the ford—now superseded by the bridge, leading across to Upper Black's Eddy, in the Bucks county domain of Nockamixon. The level of the river, which had risen to 104 feet above tide at Frenchtown, is 111 feet at Milford, the foaming and bubbling rifts in the channel being frequent. Some of these rifts received curious names from the early raftsmen, who used to "shoot" them, and these names yet cling to them. For instance, on the way up, we have passed the "Buck Tail Rift," the "Cut Bite Rift" and the "Man-of-war Rift," and further up is the "Ground Hog Rift" and the "Old Sow Rift."

Nockamixon Rocks and Durham Hills.

Above Milford, the long, high ridge of Rock Hill, that has been gradually approaching from the southwest, closely presses upon the Delaware Valley, which suddenly turns west, and, almost doubling upon itself, cuts through the mountain at Holland. The river, flowing down from the north, impinges against this ridge, and acts very curiously. It turns back northeast, along and partly through the ridge, and then, bending southward again, goes entirely through. This makes one of the grand gorges of the Delaware—the Narrows—displaying the famous Nockamixon Rocks or Pennsylvania Palisades. We speed through the pass, in full view of this splendid range of beetling cliffs upon the Pennsylvania shore, which extend for three miles, and in places rise 400 feet, being cut down almost perpendicularly. The picturesque stratification of the red sandstone is plainly seen, as it inclines gradually up hill with the ascent of the river. The view is both impressive and beautiful; the rich red and brown tints of the rocks are heightened by contrast with the green bushes and vines clinging to their crevices. At their bases the patient mules plod along the canal towpath, unmindful of the gorgeous display above them. These rocks extend up to Kentnersville, where Gallows Run flows in, which has on its banks, some miles inland, the hamlet of Nockamixon, formerly called "Rum Corner." Across the Narrows, the high ridge spreads away to the northeast through New Jersey, as the Musconetcong Mountain. Passing this ridge, the river valley again broadens and the Musconetcong river flows in at Reigelsville, scattered along both sides of the Delaware, the divided sections of the village being united by yet another covered, but in this case colorless bridge, which has evidently seen many years since it had a coat of paint.

Upon the shore, southward from the Pennsylvania half of Reigelsville, can yet be traced vague vestiges of Pechoqueolin, a populous Indian village, which existed as late as 1727, under the rule of the Shawnee chieftain, Gutchgawatchqua. These Indians guarded the iron deposits in the neighboring hills which have long been used in the Durham furnaces below the village. The original founders of the iron works in 1727 bought the property from the Indians. In the last century there were here made the well-known "Franklin" and "Adam and Eve" stoves,

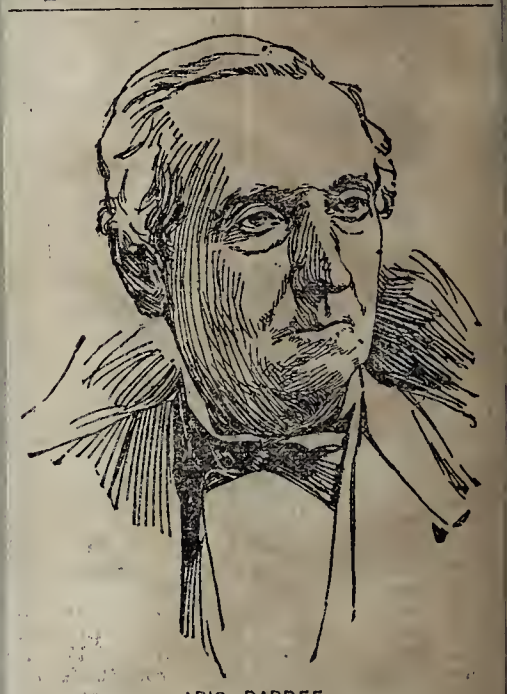
the latter bearing in bold relief a striking representation of our respected ancestors in close consultation with the serpent. Now we come to the Durham Hills of the South Mountain, which are the northern border of Bucks county. The river makes some astonishing gyrations in getting through and around these tremendous crags which press upon the channel, some of them having green fields upon their comparatively flat tops. A narrow gorge allows the river, canal and railway to pass through the first ridge, and, as we roll swiftly along, rocky ledges, over which the waters foam, cross the stream-bed, sometimes varied by green islands dividing the current. The river makes a great sweeping curve eastward as if to get around the ends of still higher hills above, and then enters another compressed gorge, winding back to the westward, and beyond this spur of the South Mountain it receives the Lehigh, coming out from the southwest, along the upper side of the ridge. We quickly move by iron mills and their outlying slag heaps, with Easton coming into view, as the train rounds the curve passing the end of the ridge. Going over the inclined-plane railway up which the boats are hauled from the river into the Morris canal, and under the elevated railroad bridges at Lehigh Junction, and briefly scanning the streets of Easton, mounting the opposite hillside, in a moment the train halts at Phillipsburg Station, near the entrance to the old covered yellow bridge, humped up in the middle, carrying the highway across from Phillipsburg to Easton.

Easton, in Northampton.

In our exploration of the Delaware Valley we have now reached the confluence of the Delaware and Lehigh rivers, known in early times as the "Forks of the Delaware." To this place often came the chiefs of the Lenni Lenapes to treat and trade with William Penn's successors, and a town was founded here in the last century. John Penn was then a newly married man, his bride, a daughter of Lord Pomfret, having been courted at her father's English country house of Easton, in Northamptonshire. So the proprietary gave instructions that the town should be called Easton, and the county Northampton, at the junction of the Delaware with the pleasant stream the Indians called the Lechwiechink, signifying "where there are forks." This name was shortened to Lecha, which has since become the Lehigh. Here divided the Indian trail from the Lower Delaware, forking into various branches going north and west. The township of Northampton county, above Easton, along the Delaware, still bears the familiar name of the "Forks."

We have approached the junction of the rivers through the New Jersey county of Warren, and the first sight of the "Forks" is of the three high railway bridges crossing over the Delaware at Lehigh Junction, where the Lehigh Valley, New Jersey Central and Lehigh and Hudson Railroads, each has its own viaduct. The centre bridge is straight, but the others curve outward, one to the south and the other to the north, the latter bringing the Lehigh and Hudson tracks into the Belvidere Delaware Line just below the Phillipsburg station. Across these bridges roll a constant procession of coal trains, testifying to the vast anthracite trade of the Lehigh and Wyoming Valleys, and reminding of its famous coal barons who have passed away, Asa Packer and Ario Pardee. At either end of the bridges, much of both towns, Phillipsburg and Easton, are practically hanging upon the steep hillsides. The train having halted, I crossed over the humped-up old yellow wagon bridge, which has an inscription on the end, saying that it was "Erected in 1805, by T. Palmer," and no doubt it was a model of bridge architecture for that early time on the Delaware river. In crossing, the view along the river is superb. On the Jersey shore, just left behind, the houses of Phillipsburg are terraced sharply on the hill that seems to stand up almost perpendicularly. From among the hills on the Pennsylvania shore the narrow Lehigh flows out over an aproned dam, with the canal basin alongside, and a church standing high on the southern bank, the steep South Mountain spurs environing. Upon the flat land between the Lehigh and the Bushkill creek, just above, part of the city of Easton is spread, but much of it runs up another hill to the northward, to the Lafayette College buildings, with villas fringing the top of the long ridge behind.

Easton was laid out in 1737, but it was only slightly settled until after 1752, when the region of the "Forks" was established as Northampton county. For a decade afterwards this was the favorite place for holding Indian councils, it being not uncommon to see 200



ARIO PARDEE.

to 500 of their chiefs and warriors assembled on such occasions, in consultation with the officials of the province. In 1753 one of the provincial officers wrote from Easton his doubts whether the tract of 100 acres of comparatively flat land between the Lehigh and the Bushkill, surrounded by hills, will afford room enough for much of a town. He praised the admirable water power, and described the navigation of the Delaware and Lehigh "for small craft for several miles," and said the population then numbered 11 families. This navigation has since been utilized for canal boats, which go down the Delaware Division Canal to Bristol, or else, descending the lock into the Delaware, cross the river under the railway bridges, and, at Phillipsburg, the "chunkers" being divided, are hauled up on cradles upon the inclined plane railway and again launched in the Morris Canal on the higher level, to go into the interior of New Jersey. Except for purely local coal traffic, however, this method is now almost aban-

EASTON.

THE FORKS OF THE DELAWARE.

THE LITTLE WATER GAP.

doned, the coal for New York harbor going across New Jersey in cars. The Delaware river level at Phillipsburg is 157 feet above tide.

Easton Characteristics.

In surveying Easton from the bridge, the great ridge of Chestnut Hill is behind the city, stretching in sombre garb far away to the northeast, and closing the view above the city, until it is deeply notched down into what is known as the "Little Water Gap" to let the Delaware flow out. There in the distance, standing like a sentinel alongside the notch, at 700 feet elevation, on top of the long ridge, and gleaming brightly among the dark trees that almost surround it, is the superbly placed white Paxinosa Inn. Its name recalls the sturdy Paxanose or Paxnous, who was the last of the Shawanese Indian kings, who lived east of the Alleghenies. This ridge on the other hand stretches far southwest, bordering the

THE OLD DELAWARE BRIDGE—PHILLIPSBURG AND EASTON.

placid Lehigh, which flows northeast to the Delaware, a narrow stream, having the Lehigh Valley Railroad on the southern bank and the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad of the Lehigh Navigation Company on the northern bank, the latter railroad being operated by the Central Railroad of New Jersey. This latter railroad crosses the Lehigh river just above its mouth, with a tall stone pier standing in midstream, so that both railroads are side by side as they reach the Delaware. The Lehigh and Susquehanna road was finished in 1867, when the late James S. Cox was President of the Lehigh Navigation Company, and it was the costliest railroad ever built in this part of the country, on account of the then high prices of labor, the steel rails costing $145 per ton, six times the present charge. But the traffic rivalries of those days required that it should be built. The railroad and hill-bordered Lehigh river come out from among the green slopes to the southwest, with the canal along side, its locks debouching just above the railroad station. It was upon this canal that Asa Packer was a boatman before the era of the railway, and carried goods for the industrious little Frenchman, Ario Pardee, who then had a mill and a store at Hazleton, back in the interior.

The town of Easton has broad streets and comfortable looking dwellings, spreading over the flat land between the Lehigh and the Bushkill and up the bordering hill, slopes all around. Like most interior towns of Pennsylvania, it has the usual c[illegible]ater square and market place, this open space being a small park, ornamented with a circular lawn and fountains. The Scotch-Irish race were the earliest permanent settlers of Easton, the Germans coming afterwards, and George Taylor, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was a native of Ireland who lived here. Lafayette College, a Presbyterian foundation, is the chief lion of the place, its fine buildings, the leading one being Pardee Hall, the gift of Ario Pardee, standing upon the mountain beyond the Bushkill. Being at the gateway to a vast mineral region, this university has been made largely a school of the mine, and is devoted to that branch of scientific research. Pardee Hall, built of brownstone, being one of the finest endowments for its purpose in this country. This college was founded about the time of Lafayette's visit to the United States and hence its name. Easton is surrounded by iron mills, the adjacent hills being full of ores. It did not grow greatly until the Lehigh coal sought this route to a market, but it is now a thriving city of over twenty thousand people, commanding the gateway to the noted valley, out of which come the coal and iron by both railways and the canal. Here in former times lived Samuel Sitgreaves, James M. Porter, Richard Brodhead and Andrew H. Reeder, all well-known Pennsylvanians, who had a share in the Government of the United States. Here in an earlier day at the Indian councils was heard the eloquence of Teedyuscung, the redoubtable "King of the Lenni Lenapes," pleading for the rights of his people. The last remnant of these, our aboriginal ancestors, who had so many council-fires at the "Forks," being pressed back further and further towards the setting sun, now live as the "Delaware Indians" in Oklahoma. There are only 90 of them left, but, considering their number, they are the wealthiest Indians under the guardianship of the United States Government, having, besides ample farms and stock, nearly $900,000 to their credit in the Federal Treasury. Hon. Charles Journeycake, the descendant of a long line of illustrious chiefs, is now the "King of the Delawares," the successor of the eloquent Teedyuscung and the redoubtable St. Tammany.

J. C.

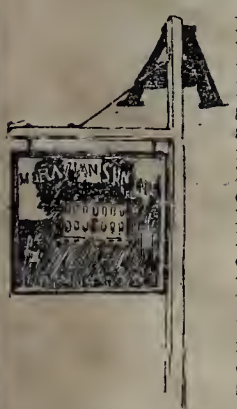
THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD

XI.

THE HOME OF THE MORAVIANS.

A BRIEF exploration of the Lehigh, the chief tributary of the Upper Delaware is of the greatest historical and scenic interest. The railways are notched into the hillsides on either bank above Easton, while solemn looking mules drag the canal "chunkers" between. The Lehigh Valley line runs among the Glendon iron furnaces and slag heaps on the southern bank, sweeping grandly around the curves made by the river bends, and thus we go for a dozen miles or more, past Freemansburg, and the narrow, winding valley soon discloses ahead, the spires and buildings of Bethlehem. The train crosses Saucon creek, runs alongside the extensive works of the Bethlehem Iron Company, where the big guns, armor and crank shafts are made for the navy, and thence to South Bethlehem station. Here comes in the North Pennsylvania Railroad from Philadelphia, which passes Bingen and Hellertown, and is laid down the valley of Saucon Creek to the Lehigh. It is interesting to know that this neighboring borough of Hellertown enjoys such unusual prosperity that it levies no taxes.



OLD SIGN, MORAVIAN SUN INN.

Standing amid the knobby-topped and tree-clad Durham Hills, it gets such generous revenues from its numerous saloons, which average one for every thirty-three voters, that the licenee fees are said to pay all the borough expenses.

We halt at Bethlehem, where the Lehigh, flowing through its deep canyon, divides the town into Bethlehem and South Bethlehem, and the attractive Monocacy Creek comes in from the northwest from the slate regions of Northampton beyond. The railway station occupies the site of the old "Moravian Crown Inn," a famous hostelrie in its day, with the meadows adjoining that were originally the Moravian farms, now largely occupied by the iron works. On the hill slopes of the northern bank is the odd old Moravian town, built of bricks and stone, with a steep slate roof on nearly every house. All the interesting traditions of Bethlehem are connected with its Moravian origin. It was one of the earliest, and the most important settlements in America, of the refugee followers of John Huss, the "Congregation of the United Brethren," and for a century was under its absolute government. The first trees were cut down in the winter of 1740 that built the log hut which was the first settlement on this part of the Lehigh. Their leader, Count Zinzendorf, arrived from

CHIMNEYS BETHLEHEM IRON WORKS.

UNION RAILWAY STATION, SOUTH BETHLEHEM.

Moravia, with his young daughter Benigna, before the second house was built, and he celebrated with the settlers the Christmas Eve of 1741. They had called the place Beth-Lechem, the "house upon the Lehigh," but it is related that towards midnight on this occasion Zinzendorf, becoming deeply moved, seized a blazing torch and sang a German hymn:

Not Jerusalem—lowly Bethlehem
'Twas that gave us Christ to save us.

And thus the young settlement got its name. It received large accessions by immigration, and soon grew into activity. Outstripping Easton in early development, it became the commercial depot of the Upper Delaware and the Lehigh, and for all the back countr , sent missionaries among the In-

THE DEAD HOUSE, BETHLEHEM.

dians, and during the Revolution was a busy manufacturing centre. For the first thirty years it was a pure "commune," the church elders regulating the labor of all the people, and afterwards, until 1844, the church council of the "Congregation" ruled everything, controlling the agriculture, manufactures and trade, and conducting the hotels, no one not of Moravian faith being allowed to hold property in the town. This exclusive system was then abandoned, and Bethlehem has expanded greatly during the past half-century of practical freedom.

The original town is upon the hill north of the Lehigh, and to see it we cross the river upon the uncouth old covered wooden bridge near the railway station, which is still owned by the "Congregation," who derive an income from its tolls, a long list of them being displayed, with the announcement, "No credit for tolls; yearly contracts made." Going up a winding highway to the main street the old "Sun Inn" is found, which used to have its ponderous swinging sign in front, announcing it to be the "Moravian Sun Inn, 1758," adding "First license, June, 1761." The inn has been modernized, and the swinging sign is gone. Mounting the higher hill, above the Main street, we soon get into the heart of the original Moravian colony, among the ancient and spacious hip-roofed, slate-covered stone houses with their ponderous gables. Though they dwelt in a sort of communism, yet they strictly separated the sexes in church and graveyard, taking good care of the lone females, whether maidens or widows. Here are the "Widows' House" and the "Single Sisters' House," quaintly attractive with their broad oaken stairways, stout furniture, diminutive windows and sun dials, low ceilings, tiled and flagged pavements, steep roofs and odd gables, in curious contrast with the surrounding modern buildings. The Sisters' House was built in 1742. The "Congregation House" and "Theological Seminary" are here, and also the extensive and widely known "Young Ladies' Seminary," which also pays a good income.

The Ancient Moravian Graveyard.

The great festivals and solemnities of the Moravian creed are at Christmas and Easter, and thousands come to Bethlehem to witness the ceremonies. Fronting upon the Main street is the Moravian Church, a large, square building, having a low and broad pulpit in an alcove. Alongside, at the end of a passageway leading back from the street, is the "Dead House," a small pointed-Gothic building, having the usual steep roof, which is brought into use whenever a member of the congregation dies. The public announcement of the death is made at sunrise from the church cupola by the

THE SISTERS' HOUSE, BETHLEHEM.

"trombone choir" who go up there and vigorously blow their horns, one standing at each corner to face the four points of the compass. The funeral services are held in the church, but the corpse is never taken in there, being deposited in the "Dead House," where it is guarded by the pall-bearers during the ceremony. This ended, a procession solemnly marches further up the hill, led by the "trombone choir" playing a dirge, and escorts the corpse, the relatives and the clergy to the ancient Moravian graveyard. In this attractive old enclosure on the hill-top beneath its grand trees, are interred all the faithful, the men lying on one side of the central path and the women on the other. There are no private mausoleums or family lots, but the graves stretch all across the cemetery in long rows, each row being completed before another is begun, and the latest corpse, without reference to relationship, being laid alongside the last interred, so that the row of graves is made to show the exact chronological succession of the deaths. All, whether of high or low degree, are treated exactly alike, the dead bishop resting alongside the humblest of the flock, without monument or mark, save the square stone laid upon the flattened grave, that tells whose remains are beneath, with date of birth and death and usually a number. In the earlier graves, these marking slabs are not much over a foot square, but they have since been made larger and thicker in some cases, and with a more elaborate inscription, occasionally adding Bible texts.

Only one person—a woman—in this unique cemetery, has any sign of distinction above the others. She was Deaconness Juliana Nitschman, wife of Bishop John Nitschman, who, dying in 1751, greatly beloved by the congregation, was honored by not being interred among the others, but was given a special grave in the path in the centre of the yard, the memorial stone having been renewed in 1884. There are some fifty graves of Indian converts in the early days of the congregation, among them being "Tschoop of the Mohicans," whom Cooper has immortalized, the brave and eloquent father of his hero Uncas. Here are a few specimen inscriptions from the old gravestones:

"**David Nitschman, founder of Bethlehem,** who felled the first tree to build the first house, born September 18, 1676, in Moravia, died Ap. 14, 1758."

"Martin, Indian boy of Shecomoco, born during wheat harvest 1744, departed October, 1750, No. 146."

"Daniel, African boy, sick nurse in the school, dep. 1752, 9 years of age, No. 179."

"Simeon, of the Delaware Nation, born 1680, dep. October 17th, 1756, No. 209."

"James McDonell Ross, oldest son of John Ross, principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation, born Oct. 10, 1814; died in St. Louis, Nov. 9th, 1864. His corpse transported by Adams Express to Bethlehem and interred at this Sacred Spot Nov. 22, 1864, aged 50 years, 20 days."

"Samuel Sidney Smith Born 25th April 1814 in Bethlehem Departed 12th Feby 1819 How does our Saviour look? 'Right clean,' was his reply."

This curious old graveyard has many visitors. It is a pleasant place, and very appropriately there stands guard over it, upon the bordering street, the statue soldier, on the monument erected in memory of the men of Bethlehem who fell in the war of the rebellion.

King Teedyuscung.

From this hilltop we turn our faces to the southward, and there, overlooking the valley, can see far over the river the stately buildings of Lehigh University, and stretching broadly along the river bank below the extensive works of the Bethlehem Iron Company and Lehigh Zinc Company. The level meadow land down there, which made the Moravian farms, was at one time the home of King Teedyuscung, who was for many years the Indian ruler of all this region, his name and exploits being recorded upon many pages of the early Moravian annals. Born near Trenton about 1700, he and his family came to the Lehigh in 1730, and in 1742, with the others of his tribe, he released the lands at Bethlehem to the Moravians. He still lived there, however, listened to the preaching of

OLD MORAVIAN GRAVEYARD, BETHLEHEM.

Zinzendorf and his successors, and, after submitting to a long probation, was finally, on March 12, 1750, taken into the fold and baptized under the name of Gideon. Bishop Cammerhoff then made an entry on the Moravian records which, translated, reads: "Today I baptized Tatius Kundt, the chief among sinners." He was made Graud Sachem of the Lenni Lenapes in 1754, and, retiring north of the mountains, appears to have backslid from the Church, becoming dissipated and being engaged in pillage and massacre against the whites. He joined in the general Indian war, being stung to resentment, like all of them, by the injustice that followed "Marshall's Walk." In 1756 and 1757, the annals relate, he was indueed by the whites to come back to the Lehigh to treat with the authorities and end the war, and Teedyuscung was then the most distinguished guest at the "Crown Inn." With lengthy and often surprised comment the annals tell of the enormous bills he ran up at the inn for rum and beer for himself and his warriors, and candy for his wife; and how his residence was afterwards changed to a royal wigwam alongside the inn, where Teedyuscung was "as drunk as a lord every day," the landlord of the Crown bearing testimony to the fact that each day "the Indian King drank three quarts of rum." Yet with eloquence and vigor he always fearlessly spoke for his people's rights during the long negotiation, and finally he was given land in the Wyoming Valley, whither he removed with his tribe. Here "Honest John," as he was then familiarly called, lived until 1763. He was hated by the Iroquois of New York, for he had always labored to relieve the Lenni Lenapes of their vassalage to that nation, and they were responsible for his undoing. He gradually became more and more the slave of drink, and the Iroquois making a raid upon his Wyoming settlement, on April 19, 1763, the last "King of the Lenni Lenapes" was found in a drunken stupor in his wigwam, when they set fire to it and he was burnt to death.

The Lehigh University.

The fame of Bethlehem now, however, comes more from the new than from the old. The modern industries have attracted a population of 15,000 to the place, the later growth thus overshadowing its ancient quaintness. It is to-day known throughout the world for its great guns and armor plates, and as the seat of Asa Packer's princely educational endowment for his favorite valley. Let us cross over and ascend the slopes of the South Mountain to the magnificent establishment which the great coal baron erected for the instruction of young men in the technical studies that develop mining and railways. Realizing the basis of his own success, and at the same time the greater advantages that education would have given him, he endowed the Lehigh University, where civil, mechanical and mining engineering, chemistry, metallurgy and kindred studies have been allied with a complete course in literature and the classics. He gave the University a large landed estate, and money gifts of $2,500,000, while future bequests remain that are even larger. On the route up the hill, and in full view from the railroad station, we pass the Episcopal Church of the Nativity, a perfect gem architecturally, with its massive, clolstered, rounded choir. Further up the hill slope, on Packer avenue, is another beautiful church, the "Fritz Memorial Chapel," of Potsdam sandstone, a Methodist church, erected in memory of his parents by John Fritz, who was the engineer and organizer of the great Bethlehem Iron Works, and the maker of its guns and armor. We mount the hill to the extensive campus upon its higher slopes, where the splendid University buildings stand facing the valley below, with the stately tower of Packer Hall rising above the group. Being munificently supported, free tuition is given to over four hundred students from all parts of the country, it having $80,000 to $120,000 annual income. There is an excellent museum and library, with fine collections of birds and archæology, and the laboratory is

PACKER HALL, LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

one of the best in the United States. The founder's daughter some time ago added the "Packer Memorial Church," an attractive edifice, whose cruciform interior, vaulted Gothic roof and splendid stained-glass windows are a reminder of the church architecture of the Old World. Each graduating class places its commemoration plate in this attractive church.

We ascended the lofty tower of Packer Hall, elevated high above the University buildings and the town, to get the grand view over the valley and the broad expanse of country to the northward. At our feet spread the Lehigh Valley, with the peaked and slate-roofed houses of the quaint old Moravian settlement stretching away from us. Among them the river winds with its borders of railways, the trains, which come out from behind the mountain to the left, apparently running away into the obscurity of the dense smokes of the Bethlehem Iron Works, off to the right. Far beyond, towards the northwest, the expanse of fields and farms and rolling table land extends to the distant ridge of the Kittatinny or Blue Mountain, the "endless chain of hills," which bound the pleasant scene. Its long and level hazy wall as it spreads across the country is broken down by three deep notches. Off to the northwest is the clear cut narrow gap through which the Lehigh river comes, and as the ridge runs away to the northeast, there is another notch, not quite so low, and beyond this a third deeply cut incision. The first of these two is the "Wind Gap," and the other, the "Delaware Water Gap," the Indians having told the early pioneer that the wind goes through the one and the water through the other. As we gaze over the fascinating landscape, which has for its extensive horizon this distant mountain wall, the smokes of many mills arise, while the mingled noises of forge and railway train and steam engine tell of its multiplied industries. Such is the view from the slope of South Mountain, over Lehigh and Northampton counties to the distant Blue Ridge.

J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE

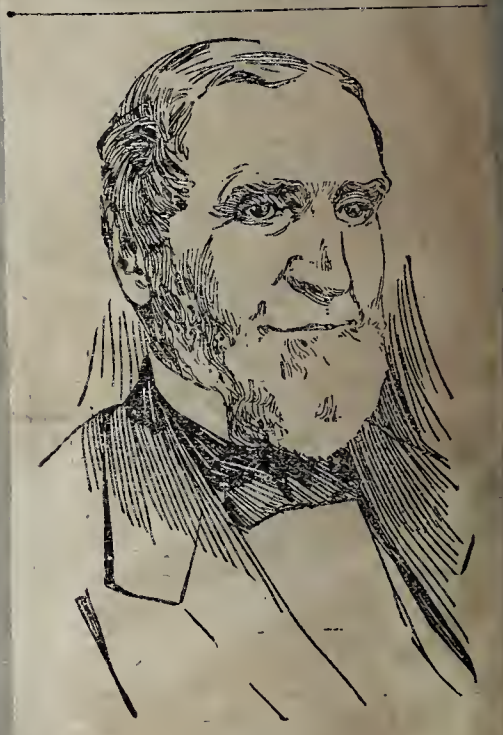
A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD

XII.

EXPLORING THE LEHIGH.

ALLENTOWN BEER.

LEAVING Bethlehem for the further exploration of the picturesque Lehigh, a railway train carries us past the pleasant grounds of St. Luke's Hospital, which has an exquisite view over the valley, and up towards the clear-cut "Lehigh Gap" in the distant Kittatinny range, out of which the river flows. At first the narrow Lehigh winds from the southwest along the South Mountain, rounding the hill-spurs and bordered by railways, mills and iron furnaces and the mountains of slag they cast out. The Jordan creek comes down out of the South Mountain and flows into the Little Lehigh, and the meadow lands thus formed, where the two uniting fall into the Lehigh river, make the site of Allentown, the chief settlement of the valley, where the route turns sharply towards the northwest direct for the "Gap," passing some furnaces and slag-heaps, varied by coal piles and pig-iron, in this region of the two great Pennsylvania staples. There are nearly 30,000 people in Allentown, the county seat of Lehigh county, where the first settlers on the banks of the modern Jordan originally named it Northampton. It is surrounded by most beautiful scenery, its people being noted brewers of beer, and also workers in metals and textiles, tobacco and leather and other industries. The East Pennsylvania Railroad comes in here from Harrisburg and Reading, along the base of the South Mountain, past Macungie, which is Indian for "the feeding place of bears." In entering Allentown the Lehigh Valley Railroad carries us alongside the Little Lehigh and Jordan creeks to the fine new station,



ASA PACKER.

VIEW OF MAUCH CHUNK.

with its beautiful clock tower, built almost over the stream bed. It was in Allentown that the old "Liberty Bell," with the chimes of Christ Church and St. Peter's, hastily removed from Philadelphia, were concealed in 1777 beneath the floor of Zion Reformed Church to prevent their confiscation by the British. The old church was taken down in 1838 to make room for the present building.

Above Allentown, the winding Lehigh, coming from the northwest, crosses the valley between the Kittatinny and South Mountain ranges. At Catasauqua, or "the thirsty land," and Hokendauqua, just above, are the huge furnaces of the Crane and the Thomas Iron Companies. These were founded by David Thomas, the Welsh pioneer of the iron industry on the Lehigh, who was brought out from the old country in 1839 by the "Lehigh Crane Iron Company" on a salary of £200 a year to build furnaces and start smelting with anthracite coal on the Lehigh, and for every furnace he put into successful operation he was given £50 more salary. The great "Thomas Iron Company," which controls the Lehigh industry and is the guide to the iron markets of Eastern Pennsylvania, has grown up from these small beginnings in the past half century, and the founder's son, John Thomas, who has done so much for their successful development, overlooks the vast works from his pleasant home on the hillside, above the river. Not far beyond we pass Siegfried's Bridge, the earliest bridge constructed across the Lehigh, named for Colonel John Siegfried, a well-known revolutionary officer, who lived here. The train rolls along the river bank among more slag heaps and furnaces, but soon they give place to another extensive industry of the Lehigh—the manufacture of slates—for we pass over the great slate measures in approaching the Kittatinny, and halt a moment at Slatington. Here there seem to be enough piles of broken slates to supply all the schools in the land. The railways are laid upon slates, the rocks through which their routes are cut are slate layers, and soon we roll into the "Lehigh Water Gap," in the long Kittatinny range, the solid eastern buttress of the Alleghenies. The tall and narrow ridge is deeply notched down to make the river passage, with the waters foaming over the slaty bed, where the long, thin layers stand up in almost straight lines across the stream. We have run out of Lehigh and into Carbon county, as the train passes through the Gap, and behind the ridge is a wide valley, pastoral to the extent possible in this mountainous region, with Aquanchicola creek flowing from the northeast along the western base of the Kittatinny into the Lehigh river.

Mauch Chunk.

Beyond the Kittatinny, distant about ten miles across the intervening valley, the next range of the Alleghenies to the northwest is

UNION RAILWAY STATION, ALLENTOWN.

the Broad Mountain. As this wide-topped range extends in a sort of rough and elevated table land to the northeast it becomes the Pokopoko Mountain and finally in Monroe and Pike counties the Pocono, and the Tobyhanna and Tunkhannock creeks drain its flanks and gorges into the head waters of the Lehigh. We trundle along for a few miles over the intervening valley, and reaching the Mahoning creek on the southern bank of the river are soon at Lehighton and Weissport. The railroad avails of the flat land here and at Packerton above for car yards and shops. Here was the place of earliest settlement in Carbon county. The Indian trail of the "Warrior's Path" reached the Lehigh and their village of Gaudenhutten was established, where the first Moravian missionaries came up from Bethlehem, Christian Rauch and Martin Mack, built a church and converted them. Here was the scene of the terrible Gaudenhutten massacre, and the Gaudenhutten Cemetery still remains with the sad memorials. At Weissport, on the opposite bank, was the famous outpost of the pre-revolutionary days—Fort Allen—a stockade with four bastions, commanding the river passage, which in 1756 was considered the most important post in the chain of frontier forts among the mountains between the Delaware and the Schuylkill. Above is Asa Packer's deer park, on the slope of Broad Mountain, and, entering the gorge through which the river passes, we reach the oddest town on the Lehigh, Mauch Chunk. With a sudden jerk, upon a sharp curve, the train halts at the station, and over across the river, set upon a shelf, and apparently leaning against the mountain wall behind it, is the curious city.

Mauch Chunk has two principal streets, one laid along the front of the shelf above the river bank, and the other at right angles, stretching back through a cleft in the mountain, down which comes a torrent that flows usually in a culvert, under the street and adjacent buildings. Most things are set on edge in Mauch Chunk, and the resident, who may have the front door of his house on the street, usually goes out of the top story into the back yard, which slopes steeply upward, and possibly, in some cases, a hundred feet above the roof. Mount Pisgah rises high above, with its chimney-crowned inclined plane railway, and a brief ascent of the mountain side causes the visitor to look back amazed at the novel landscape, the railroads, canal, river and front street, all being compressed together into the narrow carving gorge which bends around Bear Mountain (Mauch Chunk), under shadow of which the train stopped. The roads leading out of town are carved into the mountain walls, the trees cling to the steep cliffs, and the red sandstone is universal, giving everything a chocolate hue. Through the centre of the place the river pours in a torrent down the canal dam, its roaring punctuated by the shrill locomotive whistles reverberating among the mountains. The river courses down the narrow valley, and sweeps sharply around the conical Bear Mountain, everything else curving with it in so many circles. This curious sugar-loaf of the Lehigh rises 700 feet high,

ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, MAUCH CHUNK.

MAUCH CHUNK—BEAR MOUNTAIN.

and all things about it are devoted to coal. The town nestles at various elevations, wherever houses can get room to stand, whether in gullies and gorges, or up on the hillsides. From every point of view rises the tall and quaintly turretted tower of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, looking like some ancient feudal castle on the Rhine, built as a memorial of Asa Packer by his widow, for here was his home. There are many attractive villas in beautiful positions, and upon the hill-top is the cemetery. Here lived the canal boatman who developed the wonderful industries of this noted Lehigh Valley, and he sleeps in the cemetery, almost over the roof of his house, with the trains on his railroad steadily rolling along below, sounding an unending requiem.

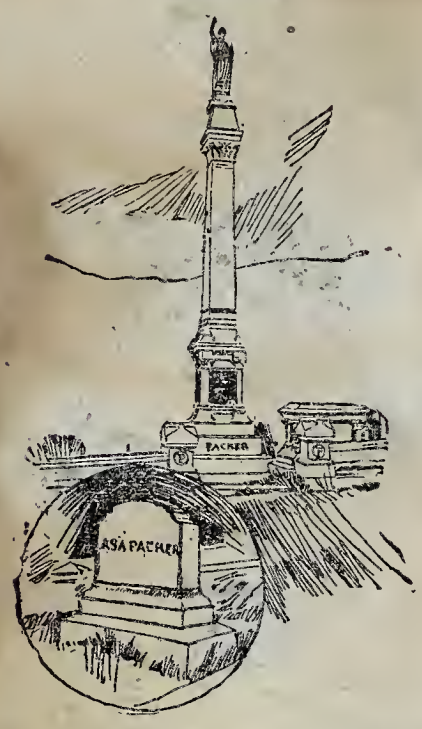
Lehigh Coal Mining.

It was at Summit Hill, nine miles northwest of Mauch Chunk, that the hard anthracite coal of this region was first discovered. A hunter named Philip Ginter found it while roaming over the mountain, in 1791. He told his discovery to Colonel Jacob Weiss, of Weissport, then the nearest settlement, and, giving him some specimens, that gentleman carried the "stove coal" down to Philadelphia. Weiss exhibited it to several persons, who the next year formed the "Lehigh Coal Mine Company," taking up about ten thousand acres of land on Sharp Mountain, where the coal had been found, and opening a mine. Then came a long and wearying period of disappointments in getting the coal introduced, the miners having no success for 30 years. The public would not use the coal. It was derided as a fuel and was rejected by the Philadelphia Water Works, and it cost $14 a ton to transport to Philadelphia. To cheapen the transportation the first rude efforts were made at improving the navigation of the Lehigh by Erskine Hazard and Josiah White. They planned dams and sluices, which assisted the rough coal-carrying "arks" in descending the river. Out of this grew the Lehigh Navigation Company. Asa Packer once told the story that in 1820 there were 365 tons of anthracite sent to Philadelphia, and this vast shipment choked the market. Now Carbon county frequently sends down 400,000 tons in a year. Undaunted energy and perseverance introduced the coal, and we wonder in these days at the stupidity of our ancestors in rejecting it. Mauch Chunk provides homes for ten thousand people, who in one way or another are employed in the coal trade and kindred industries.

In 1827, when the coal mining at Summit Hill had got a good start, the famous old "Switchback" gravity railway was built for the purpose of fetching the coal out from the mines, to load upon the boats in the river. The loaded coal cars were run by their own momentum nine miles down a grade of about ninety feet to the mile to the village of Upper Mauch Chunk, where they emptied the coal into chutes, that poured it into "arks," and afterwards into barges moored in the river below. To get the empty cars back to the mines, they were hauled up the inclined plane on Mount Pisgah, then run by gravity six miles inland to the foot of Mount Jefferson, to be there hauled up a second inclined plane, and finally ran three miles further, down another slope, to Summit Hill. This cheap and ingenious transportation method, after serving its purpose for many years, was ultimately superseded by another railway out from the mines to the river, and now the famous "Switchback" has become a summer excursion route for tourists, who go by hundreds to get hauled up the planes in the little cars and then slide at high speed down hill, enjoying the exhilarating journey. Mount Pisgah rises 900 feet above Mauch Chunk and 1500 feet above the ocean level, while Mount Jefferson is 1660 feet high. From these elevated outlooks there are great views over range after range of sombre mountains. The mining town of Summit Hill has about 5000 people working in the mines of Sharp Mountain and the Panther Creek Valley, sending their coal out through a tunnel to the Lehigh above Mauch Chunk. There is a burning mine at Summit Hill which has been smouldering more than a half century.

The Upper Lehigh.

We leave Mauch Chunk, and passing through the gorges in the Broad Mountain, further ascend the very pretty yet very crooked Lehigh river towards its head waters. Branch



ASA PACKER'S MONUMENT AND GRAVE.

lines come in from the adjacent coal measures of the Mahonoy and Hazleton regions, bringing traffic to the main railway lines along the river. Asa Packer developed the advantages of Summit Hill, the Panther Creek and Nesquehoning Valley as coal producers; and here he was met by Ario Pardee, who opened up the Buck Mountain, Beaver Meadow and Hazleton regions, the latter town being his home, and the two went hand in hand in fostering everything that was for the advantage of the Lehigh Valley. The river above passes through gorge after gorge, at times almost doubling upon itself, making sharp bends where the railways are laid in concentric rings around some bold promontory, a marvel of crookedness and skillful engineering. The roads dart through tunnels and cross and recross the stream to get a passage. Little cascades pour over the encompassing rocks, and for concentrated and picturesque wildness this canyon of the Upper Lehigh is hard to excel. Sometimes both railways have to get together on one side of the stream, and ponderous walls are built to hold them up. In other places there are long vista views, with the inevitable coal train always following in winding, twisting curves, the puffing steam-jets at its head. Enormous hills encompass the canyon, through the bottom of which the stream often flows with the rush and foam of a miniature Niagara rapids. Dams are built in the upper river, which are the relics of the abandoned canal above Mauch Chunk, destroyed by a freshet more than 30 years ago, its ruined locks and other wrecks appearing at times, like some ancient castle's dilapidated moat and walls, through which the amber-colored waters pour.

The country is rough and strewn with boulders, and the stream bed is filled with them. The ruthless wood-chopper has denuded the surface of the slopes, so that they present a gaunt array of rocks and stumps and charred tree trunks, with half-decayed logs lying about that seem ready to roll down upon us. Thus we come to White Haven, preserving the name of Josiah White, of the canal, where the canyon broadens sufficiently to locate a small settlement. Here are the log booms of the Lehigh lumbermen, an almost obsolete industry, and here the railways leave the Lehigh Valley and begin to climb over the Nescopec Mountain to go down beyond into the Vale of Wyoming to the banks of the Susquehanna. Upon the slopes of Nescopec, southeast of White Haven, the Lehigh has its sources, gathering the tribute of many streams flowing for twenty or thirty miles in the gorges between it and the Pokopoko range. It is an inhospitable region, but the railways climb the mountain side to Glen Summit, and then, going through the Sugar Notch, come out on the western slope in full view of the gorgeous and prosperous Vale of Wyoming.

J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD

XIII.

THE GREAT ICE AGE.

THE INDIAN CHIEF PHILLIP.

IN the early part of the last century there lived at the "Forks of the Delaware" the Indian chief Phillip, who was the friend and contemporary of Teedyuscung. The flourishing Indian settlement over which he ruled was called "Chintewink," opposite the mouth of the Lehigh, and on the flats above, under the shadow of the "Marble Mountain," the Indians grew their corn. The Dutch pioneers from the Hudson came along as early as 1654 and found this village, and for a century its people traded peaceefully with the whites. After the massacre at Gaudenhutten, on the upper Lehigh, Phillip, with 14 other Indians, although they had nothing to do with it, were captured by the whites and imprisoned at Easton, the only place at the "Forks" which had a jail. Phillip was then an old man, and he was soon released, being not long afterwards gathered to his fathers. White settlers, chiefly Dutch, built huts near his village for trading purposes before the laying out of Easton, and David Martin had obtained the grant of a ferry privilege there as early as 1739.

The settlement became known as Phillipsburg, from the Indian chief, before 1753, but it grew only slowly, the presence of the more vigorous town of Easton retarding its expansion. Major Sitgreaves, one of the pioneer residents, wrote in a matter-of-fact way of the primitive methods of life in the village: "Every man was armed with a gun and every woman with a spinning wheel. The outer clothing of the men was stripped from the bodies of deers and bears. Their food was Indian corn, beans, flesh of beasts from the forests and fish from the river. The women dressed in linsey-woolsey, wore their own hair and ate with their own teeth, and their feet were shod with moccasins, made by their own hands. Nearly all the houses were mere log cabins." The place was for many years only a straggling village, connected with Easton by the old humped-up bridge which had been built from the proceeds of a lottery. The Morris Canal started its prosperity in 1832; the Trenton Iron Company's furnace was built in 1848; the New Jersey Central Railroad opened in 1852, and the Belvidere Delaware Railroad in 1854. It has grown greatly as an iron manufacturing place, and now has about ten thousand people.

Mount Parnassus looks grandly down upon the lower portions of Phillipsburg, its main street stretching a mile and a half, while back from the river the land rises into an abrupt elevation, with the residential section upon its slopes and summit. The Belvidere Delaware Station is alongside Union Square, whence the old bridge crosses the river. This is a small square, its eastern verge being the steep hillside, where the town seems almost set on end, the houses up the hill apparently standing on top of one another, so abrupt is the slope. The town was made a city in 1851. The Morris Canal, which really began the business importance of Phillipsburg, was chartered in 1824, and orlginally extended

OLD DELAWARE BRIDGE, PHILLIPSBURG.

UNION SQUARE, PHILLIPSBURG.

through Newark to New York Harbor, at Jersey City, 102 miles. It was a remarkable work, crossing mountain ridges over 900 feet high. The ability to construct such a canal was based on the high elevation of Lake Hopatcong, in New Jersey, which furnished most of the water for the levels. The canal is 32 feet wide at the surface and 20 feet at the bottom, and, while some elevations are overcome by locks, the greater elevations are mounted by inclined planes up which the boats are drawn. In the ascent from the Delaware to Lake Hopatcong there are eleven planes and seven locks, rising 760 feet, while on the eastern side, going down to the Hudson, 12 planes descend 748 feet and 18 locks 160 feet, a total of 914 feet down to tidewater. The machinery of the planes was worked by water power taken from the canal. This canal cost about $3,500,000, and is owned by the "Morris Canal and Banking Company," now leased by the Lehigh Valley Railroad, paying a high rate of dividend. The Jersey City Canal outlet basin has been covered over for a Lehigh Valley terminal station for its railroad, and the eastern portion of the canal supplies water to Newark. It was in its day one of the most profitable water routes in this country.

The Little Water Gap.

We leave the "Forks" at Phillipsburg and start on the Belvidere Delaware Railroad again to pass through the "Little Water Gap," bound further up the Delaware. Almost at the starting point is shown the place where the ill-starred steamboat "Alfred Thomas" exploded her boilers on March 6, 1860. There had long been an agitation for steamboat navigation on the Upper Delaware, and this boat had been constructed expressly for the route between Easton and Belvidere. On her trial trip, just after she started from the landing, she was blown to pieces, and, out of 38 people aboard, 12 were killed and half the others badly injured. This tragedy ended all attempts at steamboating in this region. As our train rolls along towards the "Little Gap," the long, flat, low white building of the Paxinosa Inn surmounts the ridge on the opposite bank, with the Easton Water Station down by the waterside. Its duties, however, are mainly confined to pumping water for washing and similar uses, as the Easton people do not relish the Delaware river water for drinking, preferring to collect that beverage from rain water in cisterns. The Inn enjoys a magnificent view over the Monocacy Valley toward Nazareth and up the Delaware far away to the distant Kittatinny range, while almost beneath it on the mountain side are soapstone quarries, where the precipice falls sharply off to the river, their ample output of rubbish being emptied into the stream. As we turn to enter the gorge there is seen the clear-cut profile of the "Indian Head" in the edge of the almost perpendicular cliff. Tradition relates that, under the inspiration of a reward of a bottle of rum, a young Indian once leaped from the top of this rock into the river. That leap was his last. The railway curves with the river towards the northeast around the end of "Marble Mountain" in going through the gap. This long ridge and its continuation, the "Ragged Ridge," stretch up to Belvidere, the river flowing at the base of their foothills, while further to the northeast in the interior the ridge continues as the "Jenny Jump Mountain."

Above the "Little Gap," the Delaware river, having got out of the immediate embrace of encompassing mountains, spreads more broadly, the valley displaying farms in the clearings along the shore and on the hillslopes. There are many abandoned fish-wiers in the river, with long lines of shoals made by the pebble and shingle, over which the current foams; and, as the channel widens, islands frequently divide it. These wiers used to catch all the small fry in their fish baskets thus destroying the food fishes, but the wiser policy of the Fish Commission has recently compelled their abandonment, thus protecting the food fishes from annihil-

MOUTH OF THE LEHIGH RIVER—OPPOSITE PHILLIPSBURG.

ation by selfish interests. The Delaware flows along the base of the ridge, sweeping around great bends, the railroad curving with the long reaches. On the Pennsylvania shore, Martin's creek, named for a revolutionary officer, flows down from the slate regions of Northampton county, one of the railroads leading out from that country coming across a bridge to our line. Splendid vista views are given as we approach Belvidere, and soon we pass the "Foul Rift" in the river, where the channel is filled with boulders and rocks of all sizes and shapes, the dread of the raftsmen coming down from above, who have given the place this significant name. This is the most dangerous place to navigate in the river, and though their rafts are guided most skillfully, they are frequently wrecked on the rocks.

The Foul Rift and Its Origin.

This Nemesis of the river raftsmen, the "Foul Rift," is the crossing place in the channel of the great "Terminal Moraine" of the glacial epoch, recalling the "Ice Age," which had such potential influence in shaping the Delaware valley. Many thousands of years ago—and a period of ten thousand years is a small matter to the geologist—all the northern country was covered with ice. About 280,000 years ago, according to the calculation, induced by a climate then much colder than now, the great Greenland ice cap crept gradually down so as to overspread the northeastern portion of America and the northwestern part of Europe. It filled the bed of the Atlantic with ice far south of Greenland, the edge of the glacier reaching from Newfoundland across to Southern Ireland. It broke off many rocky fragments in its southward advance, scratching the surfaces of the ledges, and the fragments held in its grasp, with striated lines and grooves in the direction of its movement. Its origin was around Hudson's Bay and Greenland, where the atmospheric conditions favored its creation, and the ice steadily flowed southward, coming over mountain and valley alike in a continuous sheet, enveloping the ocean and adjacent continents, and it finally halted about 60 miles north of Philadelphia. Its southern boundary spread from Alaska to St. Louis, and thence to the Atlantic on the coast of New Jersey.

This vast northern glacier was so thick as to overtop even Mount Washington, for it dropped transported boulders on the summit of that highest peak in New England. At the southern edge, in Pennsylvania, it was at least 800 feet thick in solid ice. One hundred miles back, among the Catskills, it was 3100 feet thick, and two hundred miles back in Northern New England, it was 5000 to 6000 feet thick, being still thicker further to the northward. The Pocono Knob, in Pike county, Pennsylvania, out-topped this great glacier, however, and jutted from the extreme edge, almost like an island, surrounded by ice. The late Professor H. Carvill Lewis, who closely studied the phenomena of this glacier, has described how it dropped all over the country which it covered what is known as the "northern drift," or "till," or "hardpan," being scattered deposits of stones and clay and débris of all kinds, brought down from the northward in the progress of the glacier, and irregularly dumped over the surface, thick in some places and thin in others, with many boulders, some being of enormous size. It abraded all the rock surfaces that were crossed, and transported and rounded and striated the fragments which were torn off in its resistless passage.

The southern boundary of this vast glacier, crossing the continent from Alaska to St. Louis, and traversing Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, entered Pennsylvania near Beaver and passed northeast to the New York line, then turning southeast again, it crossed the Lehigh

THE INDIAN HEAD. LITTLE WATER GAP.

about 10 miles north of Mauch Chunk, and the Delaware just below Belvidere. Crossing New Jersey to Staten Island, and traversing the whole length of Long Island, it passed out to sea, appearing on Block Island, Cape Cod, St. George's Bank and Sable Island Shoal, south of Nova Scotia. The boundary of the glacier west of the "Foul Rift," on the Delaware, appears as low gravel hills, which wind up over the slate hills of Northampton farther westward, and reach the base of the Kittatinny ridge, three miles east of the "Wind Gap." The boundary of the glacier mounted this great ridge, 1600 feet high, being well shown upon its summit, and thus crossed from Northampton into Monroe county, then going over the intervening valley to the Pocono range. The elevation of the Delaware at the "Foul Rift" is 250 feet above tide, and where the glacier crossed the elevated mountain ridges and plateaus in the interior it was at 2580 feet elevation on the highest land in Potter county, where is the Continental watershed, with streams flowing to the St. Lawrence, to Chesapeake Bay and to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Terminal Moraine.

This line of furthest southern advance of the glacier in the great Ice Age is shown by the "Terminal Moraine," where it put the obstructions into the Delaware that so appal the raftsman at the "Foul Rift." A glacier always pushes up at its foot a mound of unstratified material, composed of fragments of rocks of all shapes and sizes, which the ice has taken up at various points along its course of flow and carried to its terminus, thus forming the moraine. This "terminal moraine," throughout New Jersey and Pennsylvania, is a continuous wall of glaciated material, crossing over mountain and valley alike, regardless of topography. It has been traced and carefully studied for 400 miles across Pennsylvania, through all the Allegheny ranges. The line separating the region that was covered by the glacier from the non-glaciated territory to the southward is shown throughout by a remarkable accumulation of drift material and boulders, heaped up into irregular hills and hollows over a strip of ground nearly a mile wide. This makes a continuous line of drift hills completely across the State, varying in height from a few feet to 100 or 200 feet, and becoming occasionally such immense accumulations as to form a prominent feature of the landscape. There are various series of hummocks, or low conical hills, alternating with short, straight ridges, and enclosing shallow basin-shaped depressions, known as "kettle holes." Many large boulders are scattered over the surface, and the drift composing the deposits is filled with glacier-scratched rocks and fragments, of all sizes and shapes. The action of the Delaware river currents at the "Foul Rift" has washed out the finer materials and cobble stones, leaving the larger boulders and rocks to perplex the navigator.

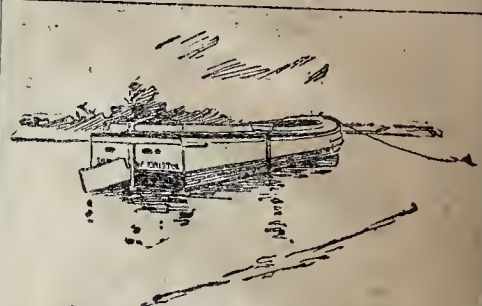
This great glacier, in its southern movement, has carried large boulders from the regions to the northward, and planted them all along the summit of the Kit-

MORRIS CANAL INCLINED PLANE RAILWAY.

DELAWARE RIVER AT THE FOUL RIFT.

tatinny range, where it crossed. It has also torn out huge pieces of limestone, some being 30 feet long, from their beds in Monroe county, carried them in the ice more than 1000 feet up the steep northern face of that range, and over its summit, finally dropping them in the terminal moraine in the slate valley of Northampton county. These immense limestone rocks made comparatively short journeys, but one ponderour boulder of syenite, from the Adirondacks, was found in Northampton, well rounded and dressed, having travelled in the ice at least 200 miles. There has also been discovered a "glacial groove" upon the Kittatinny mountain, near the Water Gap, where some ponderous rock, imbedded in the ice, has gouged out a great scratch six feet wide and 70 feet long. Although this sea of ice evidently had immense power in its slow motion, yet it seems to have had little effect upon the topography of the country. It merely "sandpapered" the surfaces of the rocks. While the glacier passed bodily across the sharp edges of the upright sandstone strata of the Kittatinny, yet it does not seem to have had any appreciable effect in cutting the ridge down, the glaciated portion of the mountain east of the "Wind Gap" appearing as high and as sharp as the unglaciated part to the southwest of the moraine. The glacier made an abundance of lakes to the northward of the moraine, due to the "kettle holes" and the obstruction of streams by the unequal deposits of drift.

Estimates of the probable duration of this glacial epoch are of interest. It is inferred from astronomical data that the cold period began 280,000 years ago, but that its greatest cold was many thousands of years later. The intense cold began moderating 80,000 years ago, but the sea of ice naturally remained long afterwards, and then steadily diminished under the increasing heat. As many thousands of years were required for melting, there are data inducing the belief that the ice-cap did not retreat from this part of the country back to Greenland until within 10,000 or 15,000 years ago. The end of the ice epoch, as already mentioned in referring to the "Trenton gravel," seems to have been closely connected with the antiquity of the human race. With the advent of mankind came the floods of water from the melting glacier, and it is significant that the Indians, in the great valley northwest of the Kittatinny, called that fertile region the "Minisink," meaning "the



CHUNKER ON MORRIS CANAL.

waters have gone," an indication of their legendary memory of the floods following the retreat and melting of the glacier, and the final outflow of its waters. This "terminal moraine" left by the great glacier marks a complete change in the character of the surface, through the deposits of drift over the whole country to the northward of its line.

J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD

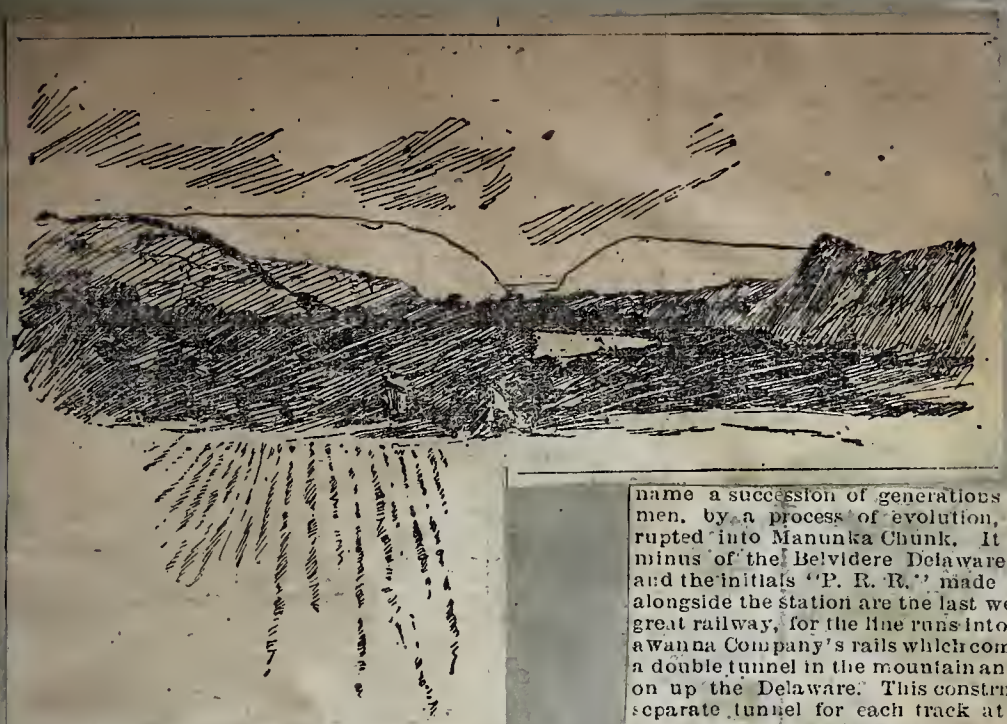
XIV.

APPROACHING THE KITTATINNY.

SENTINEL ROCK, BELVIDERE DIVISION.

BELVIDERE, New Jersey, the "town of the beautiful view," looks prettily out upon the high hills across the Delaware river, from its superb site on the terraces at the mouth of Pequest creek, flowing from the Jersey mountains. Our train runs in among its slate-roofed wooden houses, and halts briefly near its bridge spanning the Delaware, sixty-five miles north of Trenton. The creek is dammed at its outlet and almost under the railroad, this water power having been one of the attractions to the original colonists. We have been coming up through Warren county, New Jersey, and Belvidere is the county seat. Warren extends along the Delaware river from the Musconetcong river where it joins Hunterdon, down near Riegelsville, all the way up past the "Water Gap" to the great Wallpack Bend at Bushkill. Warren county is a peninsula, shaped much like a boot, with its toe thrust in between the two rivers, the Delaware bounding it west and northwest, and the Musconetcong to the southeast. The Pequest, in its upper reaches, drains the fertile region of the "Great Meadows" of Warren. The older portion of Belvidere is on the south side of the creek, built upon a broad and level plateau, elevated about forty feet above the river. Here is the public square, with its noble old trees, having the county court house facing one side, and on the others the leading churches—Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist. North of the creek an extensive but quite uneven surface is built over. Like various other settlements on the Delaware the site of Belvidere was originally an Indian village. The land, known as the "Allord Tract," was bought from them by William Penn, and one Robert Patterson ultimately came this way and settled, building the first dwelling, about 1753, a blockhouse, constructed for defence, which existed until 1838.

After the Revolution, Robert Morris, who had a penchant for acquiring frontier lands, became an extensive land owner at Belvidere, then known as the "town of Mercer," and his descendants made the first development of the settlement, but its growth was slow. For a long time, prior to the construction of canals and railroads, communication with the outer world was had by means of "double enders," known as "Durham boats," on the river, propelled by "setting-poles," when going up stream, but floating with the current when going down, the approach being heralded on arrival at the river bend below the town by the boatman "winding his mellow horn." The historian informs us that the early trade of the place was the lending away of grain and flour, and receiving in exchange "molasses, tobacco, sugar, rum and similar household necessities." We have all heard of the famous statue of the Vatican, the "Apollo Belvedere." The city of Belvidere is largely known throughout the country from its leading newspaper, the "*Belvidere Apollo*,"



FIRST SIGHT OF THE WATER GAP FROM MANUNKA CHUNK.

which was started January 11, 1825, when the village had not one hundred population, and only seven dwelling houses. When this noted publication first began its teachings, the historian further tells us, there were no churches in the place, the citizens occupying their time on Sundays in strolling along the Delaware with fishing poles. He adds that there were at that time "ten taverns for every school house, and a dozen distilleries for every church in the county." I am told that the population now consists largely of shrewd lawyers and astute politicians. In 1845 the "town of Mercer," which had, during some time previously, assumed its new name, was incorporated as the "City of Belvidere," and the first city council fixed the annual license fee for the innkeepers at $12 62, and at the same time fixed the following list of their prices:

Breakfast	25 cents
Dinner	37½ cents
Supper	25 cents
Lodging	12½ cents
Two or more in one bed, each	8 cents
Brandy, per gill	12½ cents
Geneva, per gill	12½ cents
West India rum, per gill	12½ cents
New York rum, per gill	6¼ cents
Cider spirits (apple jack), per gill	6¼ cents
Strong beer, per quart	12½ cents
Oats, per quart	3 cents

This list gives a good idea of some prices a half century ago in this region. Belvidere, to-day, is one of the most prosperous and attractive settlements on the Upper Delaware.

First Sight of the Water Gap.

Above Belvidere the Delaware river makes a great bend to the westward around a promontory, forming a point of Jersey land jutting out into the stream, this being the huge and almost perpendicular mass of the Manunka Chunk Mountain. The railroad has its route hewn around the face of this great cliff, at the river's edge, while on the opposite bank are pleasantly sloping green fields, liberally sprinkled with loose stones, as indeed is the surface of almost all the country hereabouts. This mountain was, in the Indian days, the "Penungauchung Hill," which pretty name a succession of generations of Jerseymen, by a process of evolution, have corrupted into Manunka Chunk. It is the terminus of the Belvidere Delaware Railroad, and the initials "P. R. R." made in flowers alongside the station are the last we see of the great railway, for the line runs into the Lackawanna Company's rails which come through a double tunnel in the mountain and continue on up the Delaware. This construction of a separate tunnel for each track at some distance apart was made necessary by the unsubstantial character of the rocks through which they were bored. Just above Manunka Chunk another long ridge of hills coming across the country is cleft down to allow the Delaware to pass out, and, looking northward through the gorge, with the fresh air blowing in our faces from over the water, is seen far away beyond the cleft, which makes an admirable setting, the dark blue wall of the distant Kittatinny. It is ten miles off, and has the narrow notch of the "Water Gap" cut down deeply into it, with its steeply sloping sides, and seen through the Gap beyond is the dim outline of a still more distant ridge. This picture exhibited through the nearer gorge is grand, and as we look at it this is the first sight of the "Water Gap," seen from the banks of the Delaware. As the train progresses northward along the Lackawanna line, curving first one way and then the other, as the winding river bends, all our forward views have this great "Water Gap" as the gem of the landscape, the dark blue Kittatinny stretching all across the horizon, and steadily rising into greater prominence as it is approached.

I lift my eyes, and ye are ever there,
Wrapped in the folds of the imperial air,
And crowned with the gold of morn or evening rare,
O, far blue hills.

The train heads northwest direct for the Gap, and Delaware Station is approached, where the intervening valley broadens, giving room for farm land, and soon the cars glide diagonally across the river upon a truss bridge, carrying them into Pennsylvania. The Gap and its enclosing ridge, spreading across the scene, have attained enormous proportions, dwarfing the smaller hills, among which the narrow, placid river flows below. Now we realize how tame are all the other ridges through which we have come with the Delaware compared with this towering Blue Ridge, having the low lying Blockade Mountain just behind, and partly closing the gap. We pass the village of Portland, with Paulin's kill flowing from the valley, at the foot of the Kittatinny, on the opposite New Jersey shore. Here comes out the Bangor and Portland Railroad, another of the lines leading

THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

from the slate quarries of Northampton. Dill's Ferry crossed here in ancient times, afterwards called Decker's Ferry, superseded long ago by the long wooden bridge now spanning the river, the stream bed displaying great masses of stones as we move along the comparatively low shores. The New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad has come in on the Jersey bank, so that each side of the Delaware now has a railroad. Almost at the base of and parallel with the Blue Ridge, there comes along the line of the Pennsylvania, Poughkeepsie and Boston Railroad, crossing the river on a bridge high over our heads, and going off to the northeast. Soon we are at the foot of the towering and precipitous mountain range, and, bending with the river suddenly to the left, enter the Gap, each railway closely hugging its shore of the narrow stream, while the steep and rugged mountains rise high above, and seem almost ready to topple over. Scarcely have we entered the Gap, when the bordering railroads and the river, which have been swinging to the left, bend again gradually around to the right, and in a moment we are through the gorge. Then, circling around the Blockade Mountain, the train halts at the little station for the Water Gap village at the northern verge. We laboriously toil up the hill for a half-mile of steep and crooked road, ascending to about 400 feet elevation, and are soon at the hotel, perched upon a shelf of rock overlooking the deep river gorge in front of it.

View of the Water Gap.

The "Water Gap" was known to the Indians as "Pohcqualin," or "the river between mountains," a very significant name. It is about 80 miles in a direct line north of Philadelphia, and the Delaware flows through it at an elevation of 298 feet above tide. It is 29 miles northeast of the "Lehigh Gap," where we went through the Blue Ridge, along the Lehigh River. Between them are five other depressions, the chief being the "Wind Gap," 11 miles southwest of the Delaware. This depression is not nearly so low as the "Water Gap," but it makes an excellent passage for a highway and a railroad, and in fact for many years it furnished

THE WIND GAP.

MOUNT TAMMANY.

the only route to the country north of the Kittatinny, there being no road opened through the "Water Gap," which the Indians controlled, until 1764. About two and a-half miles southwest of the Delaware is "Tat's Gap," named in memory of Moses Fonda Tatamy, who lived near there, an old time Indian interpreter, and it was soon familiarly called "Tat's for short. The French brothers Lubar, who were among the earliest white colonists, cut the road through "Tat's Gap," a continuation of that from the railway station up to the hotel, their object in opening it being to get a route to take their grain to mill south of the mountain. But the greatest of all these mountain passes is the "Water Gap," where the Blue Ridge, rent asunder, has left two noble peaks to guard the portals, towering 1600 feet high, and named in honor of the Indians Mount Minsi, in Pennsylvania, after a tribe of the Minisink region, and Mount Tammany, in New Jersey, from the great chief of the Lenni Lenapes.

Crags, knolls and mounds, in dire confusion hurled
The fragmentary elements of an earlier world.

The ledge on which the hotel stands is known as Sunset Hill, and from it in the early morning, at an elevation of 400 feet above the Delaware, the view of this wonderful freak of nature is most imposing. Opposite rises the bold form of Mount Tammany on the Jersey shore, and to the southward is Mount Minsi, the river forcing its narrow way between them, though it flows far below, and is so hidden by the foliage and projecting Brodhead's creek to Stroudsburg. The Delaware itself comes from the northeast, sharply around the projecting mass of a mountain. The former Indian hunting grounds of the Minisink, taken away from them as the result of "Marshall's Walk," spread across the scene to the northward, a broad expanse of rich and rolling farm lands, crossed by the lower range of the Fox and Shawnee Hills, of Godfrey's Ridge, through which Brodhead's creek comes by a miniature gap. The Minisink region spreads as far as eye can see, with the distant Pocono Mountains, gray and misty, at the edge of the horizon. Such is the gorgeous landscape to the northward.

To the southward, however, the great mountains guarding the pass, barely a mile from us, abruptly close the view, excepting where the river goes around its graceful curve into the opening of the narrow gorge, and is soon lost behind the intervening mountain. This precipitous, but comparitively low mountain juts out in front of Mount Tammany, and conceals the lower part of the gap, a tantalizing obstruction, properly named the Blockhead, or Blockade Mountain. With a companion cliff on the Pennsylvania side, it makes the entrance portal to the pass. Their sides are densely wooded, and between them

MANUNKA CHUNK—RAILWAY STATION AND TUNNEL.

cliffs that it cannot be seen. Down in the valley the passing railway trains roll along, and they can be traced upon the lines of rails far to the northwest, as they cross the Cherry Valley, and run up the stream known as the narrow river, down to which the rays of the early sun have not yet reached, makes a graceful curve to the eastward. Mount Minsi, also densely wooded, rises just below, like the curved side of an enormous basin, and closes the view, while the tall and abrupt wall of Tammany on the other side rises in bluish haze behind the smaller blockade in front. These mountains now grow better trees than when the white man first saw them, for then it was the Indian custom to burn the woods all about this romantic region to rout out their game. Between these two great mountains to the southward can be seen the "Water Gap," through which the river has forced a passage towards the sea—a narrow and contracted pass, and just opening, as it were, like a pair of sliding doors. This remarkable formation is upon so stupendous a scale that all else seems dwarfed. The gentle air from over the Minisink country solaces the mind as we drink in this calm scene of grandeur among the blue hills and placid waters, and such is the view of the "Water Gap" as enjoyed from Sunset Hill.

J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE

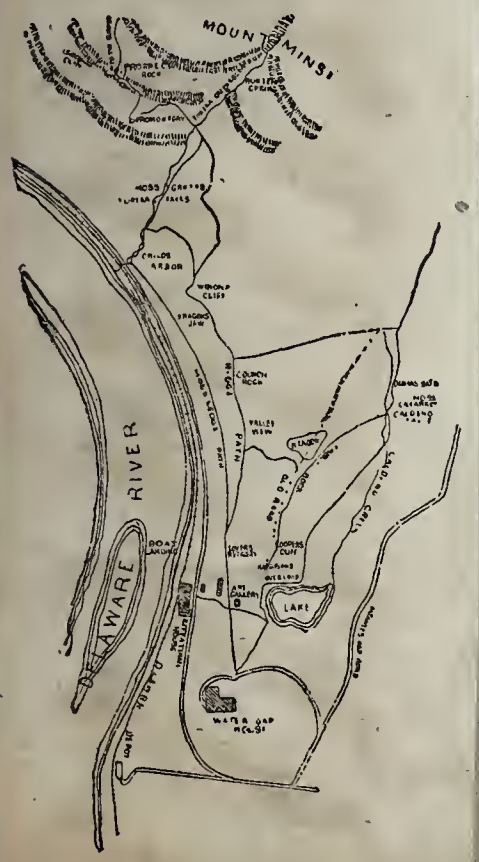
A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD

XV.

THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

CANOEING AT THE GAP.

IT IS ALWAYS A marvel to the visitor to the "Water Gap" as to how the mighty chasm in the Kittatinny was formed which lets the Delaware river go through. It has been fashionable, and is at the same time easy to ascribe it to "a mighty convulsion of nature." This cataclysm, if it ever occurred, certainly did a mighty deal of work, for Mr. Luke W. Brodhead, the historian of the Gap, estimates that 8,451,600,000 cubic feet of material has been washed out to make the river passage. The patient and painstaking geologist, however, deprecates the idea that any sudden convulsion formed the Gap, but rather ascribes it to the slow wearing away of countless ages. Nature has always wrought as now, slowly and uniformly. The mountains were formed by the slow contraction of the earth's crust, shrinking and wrinkling its surface into ridges, and the Kittatinny, like the others, was pushed up by lateral pressure. The strata originally lay at the bottom of a great inland ocean extending to the Rocky Mountains, wherein, as proved by their fossil remains, myriads of living creatures swarmed that were long ago extinct. The sands of this ocean hardened into sandstone, and long afterwards were pushed up slowly and gradually into a great wave of land, a portion of which is now called the Kittatinny. As this great wave was forming, the massive strata in places gave way under the pressure, and, instead of bending into enormous arches, they cracked transversely, making what geologists call "faults." These cracks were lines of weakness, and when erosion began, through the slow but unerring work of rain and frost and wind, these "faults" were naturally worn down more rapidly than the unbroken rock on either side, and an opening was formed. These great forces of erosion slowly cut down the vast mountain wave, so that only one side of it now remains, and at the same time the gap was just as slowly being deepened, streams began running across it aiding the erosion, and finally the Delaware found its way through the chasm, and its waters are enlarging it to this day.



MAP OF THE WATER GAP.

A small crack, made when the mountain was being upraised millions of years ago, was the origin of the Delaware Water Gap, this crack being gradually enlarged by atmospheric agencies until it became the present Gap. Prof. H. Carvill Lewis, who has investigated it thoroughly, says all was done slowly, through the work of countless ages, and that, ever since the time when the coal beds were laid down, the Gap has steadily been deepened. Careful observations in the Gap show the presence of the "fault" that made it. The rock strata on the Pennsylvania side incline to the horizon at a less angle than on the New Jersey side, and at the same time the whole Jersey mountain is thrown 700 feet north of the Pennsylvania mountain and its crest rises 105 feet higher. The crack ran across the mountain southeast, throwing the Jersey strata further up and further back. This "fault" extended several miles northwest, and is shown by the structure of the smaller Gap in Godfrey's Ridge, which lets Brodhead's creek pass through to the Delaware. In this opening the "fault" is even more plainly shown, the sandstone strata on one side being nearly horizontal, and on the other perpendicular, the axis of the hill to the northeast being at the same time displaced further north. The enormous power of erosion is shown everywhere about, and the slow and resistless work through the millions of years has completely changed this locality. The mountain wave here was two miles or more high, and some 10,000 feet thickness of strata originally lay on top of all this region, including the coal beds, but it has been gradually eroded and washed down below Trenton to cover the lowlands adjoining the sea, and to help fill up the ocean. The enormous power of these natural forces of erosion are almost incomprehensible; they have removed mountains and have filled up valleys, and, time being given them, this magnificent Delaware Water Gap would be but a small task for these resistless erosive forces to form. One cannot help thinking in the contemplation of this mighty work, that long before the days of mankind Isaiah's prophecy was literally fulfilled, that "every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low."

Exploring the Gap.

For the exploration of this romantic gorge, we clamber down Sunset Hill by steep and winding paths and over rustic bridges, alongside shrubbery and flowers and past little waterfalls, each doing its allotted task of tiny erosion, and embark upon a diminutive steamboat for a voyage down the Delaware through the Gap. It takes us out upon the narrow river at the bottom of an immense basin, with the towering mountains encompassing us, their green foliage clinging to the red sandstone crags. We gaze back at Sunset

THE WATER GAP SEEN FROM THE RIVER.

Hill, with the hotels built upon its ledges, one above the other, the upper one seeming almost suspended from the sky, it stands so high. To the southward, the mountains forming the gigantic basin, at the bottom of which we are floating, raise their heads far higher, the almost perpendicular cliffs surmounted by masses of trees. These cliffs form a wall of dark red sandstone, rent into a horizontal chasm, looking not unlike the open mouth of some monster, and, therefore, called the "Dragon's Jaw." Above, perched on an eminence, is a foliage-covered arbor, the "Lover's Leap," upon "Winona's Cliff," over 400 feet above the river. Further around the basin, to the eastward, a wooded ravine divides the cliff from the side of Mount Minsi, which grandly rises far above. Here, on the "Promontory," at 600 feet elevation, is another arbor, and about 100 feet higher up, but further back from the precipitous face of the mountain, a third arbor rises amid the foliage on top of "Prospect Rock." The river seems very narrow as we float along, the almost perpendicular mountain sides coming down to the water's edge, and in their vastness dwarfing all below.

Going down stream our little steamboat heads for Mount Minsi, that seems to close the passage through which it flows, standing there like an obstructive wall as we round the end of the Blockade Mountain. Grandly the gorge sweeps around to the left as we move, the curving lines of rails on both shores glistening in the sunlight. Soon passing the outer point of the Blockade we see the towering form of Tammany behind it, the Gap opening its sliding sides further and further down as the steamboat advances. The beetling crags rising far above show the rocky construction of the chasm, and on both sides they grow higher and higher as we enter the Gap. Having thus rounded the eastern curve we glide between the Blockade and Minsi, and now steer direct for the face of Tammany, as the river begins its second grand curve through the Gap, this time reversing the movement, and flowing towards the south around the base of Minsi. The narrow Delaware sharply bends to the right as we enter the pass, which is not more than 800 feet wide, the water being 60 to 70 feet deep, while right in front Tammany rises perpendicularly to an enormous height, as we look at it from below. The sandstone rocks on either hand, as we sail between them, look as if the fissure had been really rent by some sudden and resistless convulsion, and the whistle sounds to show the superb echo reverberating from one side to the other in the deep chasm. A little further, and the gap suddenly ends, for the face of the Kittatinny, south of the pass, rises almost abruptly from the comparatively level valley. Low and rocky ridges, however, so conceal the view of the river beyond, that it is almost impossible to discern the route it takes in flowing away.

The Roads at the Gap.

This extraordinary place, within a few hours' railway journey from Philadelphia and New York, has naturally become a popular resort, and there are thirty or forty hotels and boarding houses within a small circuit around the Water Gap Village, on the northern slopes and terraces of the Kittatinny mountain and down in the valley at its base. The visitors years ago formed associations that made roads and foot-paths to display its beauties. The earliest of these was the "Honorable Corps of Sappers and Miners," organized upon the popular basis of giving every man an office. This body of axemen and road-makers was composed of leading New York and Philadelphia people, and had about one hundred officials of various grades of dignity to command a solitary individual, who was known as the "High Private." Then came along the "Minsi Pioneers," but, after several years of industrious labor, they fell into ways of

CALDENO FALLS.

idleness, and now the landlords chiefly look after the roadmaking. Many convenient paths have thus been laid out to develope the beauties of this extraordinary gorge. The romantic "Sylvan Way" leads along the wild banks of the "Caldeno creek," a name that was made by three of the roadmakers, each contributing a syllable. The path leads from the steamboat landing down by the waterside, up this creek to the level of the hotel, where the stream is dammed into the "lakelet" for a reservoir—a pretty sheet of water surrounded by rocks and shrubbery. The "Sylvan Way" then leads further up the bank of the little stream, a rough and rocky path over rustic stairways, among the laurels, through wild woods, past cascades and rapids, all given attractive names, and finally away from the stream and out towards the face of the mountain, where it runs into another footpath.

This is called the "True Ridge Path," the most travelled route of the Gap, its entrance being an arbor, erected by the "Minsi Pioneers," who have covered it with rustic emblems. It is a pleasant path along the face of the mountain, with frequent views through the trees out over the magnificent gorge. The many pilgrims who have gone this way have numerously cut their names on woodwork, hand-rails, stairways and bridges along the path. It leads steadily upward by flights of wooden or stone steps, bridges and inclined planes and tortuous ways, until it comes out at the arbor perched upon "Winona's Cliff," from which there is a grand outlook over the river and gorge, the mountains, and the valley far away to the northward. We can look out over this gorgeous Minisink Valley and trace the Delaware river for miles as it comes down past a series of islands to abruptly turn into the Gap. The narrow river below us curves around in front, first to the left and then to the right, as it goes between the great mountains. Here can be seen to perfection the effect of the resistless erosion that has let the river through the Kittatinny ridge. Further up the mountain side the path goes on, and winding around a grand ravine comes out at the "Promontory," which is on the side of Mount Minsi, and so perpendicularly above the water that, if so inclined, one could jump down into it. From here another splendid view stretches over the hills northward to the distant Pocono Mountain. The cloud shadows creep along the dark sides of Mount Tammany, which looks like a vast recumbent elephant, its peaks towering high above us across the gorge. The path then leads still higher over the rough sandstone ledges to the "Projected Rock," and finally a mile further to the summit of the mountain. This is much higher, but is back from the river, so that its views lack the superb beauties of the transcendant scene from the less cleveled spots directly overlooking the Gap, although the summit displays an outlook over many miles of country on both sides of the great range.

The Sad Story of Winona.

All romantic places like this have their legends, and the thrilling story of Winona is the favorite tradition of the Water Gap. This beautiful Indian maiden, we are told, was the beloved and only daughter of the noble chieftain Wissinoming, who reigned over the Minisink more than two centuries ago. The Dutch pioneers, at that time, penetrated into the remote region of the Upper Delaware, from the Hudson river, and opened copper mines in the Kittatinny Mountain side, a short distance above the Gap. In course of time, young Hendrick Van Allen came along upon a mission, it was said, from the Holland Government, to look after these mines, although, according to the story, his time seemed largely occupied by going out rowing and fishing with the charming Winona in a little red canoe. Soon afterwards, Wissinoming died, and his son, Manatammany, becoming chief, a rival Indian tribe essayed to defeat him, but, after several trials, found it could not be done. These contests, however, embroiled the Indians with

THE WATER GAP SEEN FROM THE PROMONTORY.

the whites, whereupon the fair Winona, exerting her talents as a diplomatist, restored peace. Then followed the English conquest of the Dutch at New York, when orders came to Hendrick to return at once to Amsterdam. He hesitated about breaking the sad news to Winona, but finally, taking her up upon the cliff, he read her the fatal letter. Its effect

EUREKA GLEN.

was startling. The story says that, "standing firm and erect as the forest oak, displaying the heroism of her noble ancestry," she made an impassioned speech and "then disappeared. Hendrick ran to the cliff; caught her in his arms; they reeled on the precipice; and ——." Such is the story of the "Lovers' Leap" from "Winona's Cliff," and it is easy to imagine how they were dashed to pieces in the abyss. The arbor stands where the lovers made the leap, and a convenient booth dispenses refreshing liquids to the less despairing lovers of to-day who are wearied by climbing these steep mountain paths to this historic spot.

The "Eureka Glen" is, however, the true gem of the Water Gap. High on the mountain side spouts out the "Hunter's Spring," and the stream from it rushes down a precipitous gorge, wild beyond description, the overhanging trees shutting out all rays of the sun, so that the growth of mosses and ferns is most beautiful. The piles of moss-covered rocks occasionally almost conceal the stream flowing beneath them, which pours over a succession of cascades for a thousand feet down the ravine, until it darts under the railroad and into the river. This glen is entered at the top from the "True Ridge Path." The broad footway leading down it has long rustic stairways and bridges so placed as to display all the beauties of the glen, its stream tumbling swiftly among the moss-grown rocks and plunging down the cascades, the path at times crossing it and displaying its scenic enchantments. This wild gorge is abrupt in its descent, so that the descending route winds in full view far below, as you look through the foliage down the rock-lined fissure. The stream dashes over the largest waterfall into the "Grotto," where the brownstone rocks stand up in the form of a capacious amphitheatre, and then it reaches "Rebecca's Bath," a little water basin, so naturally formed that it looks as if someone had placed it just by the exit of the glen at the river. Alongside this bath, with winding steps leading the path into it, is the most attractive arbor at the Gap. From the "Eureka Glen," other paths lead along the face of the "Giants' Cliff" hundreds of feet above the river far below, where caves are hollowed out, and then right into the "Dragon's Jaw," where rough rocks on the outer edges, above and below, make teeth and fangs. Such are the romantic wonders of this great gorge, which the Delaware river has broken through the mighty Kittatinny range on its route to the sea.

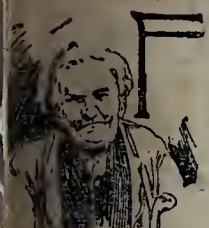
J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE.

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD

XVI.

THE MINISINK.



GEORGE LA BAR, AGED 107.

FROM THE ELEVATED outlook at the Delaware Water Gap we can gaze northward, over the region of the "Minisink," the fertile and attractive hunting ground of the Indians, stretching from the Kittatinny almost to the Poeono Mountain. For many miles it spreads through Monroe county and beyond, embracing the ley of the Delaware as far up as Port Jervis. This is the region of the "Buried Valys," remarkable trough-like valleys, made ring an ancient geological age and afterds partially filled up by the débris from great glacier. From the Hudson river, thwest, to the Lehigh, and just beyond Kittatinny range, two long valleys stretch oss the country, with an intervening ridge tween. The Delaware river, from Port vis to Bushkill, flows down one of these leys, then breaks through the remarkable lpack Bend into the other and follows it ther down to the Water Gap. The intervenlow range of hills is known as "Godfrey's dge." The northwestern of the two troughe valleys begins at Rondout, on the Hudn, comes across New York State to Port vis, where the Delaware, flowing from the rthwest, turns to the southeast into it, and upies it for 30 miles to Bushkill, then the ley continues past Stroudsburg to the Lehigh river at Weissport. The other parallel ley stretching many miles at the base of e Kittatinny, begins in Orange county, w York, enters New Jersey, where it is own as the "Flat Brook Valley," receives e Delaware as it breaks through "Godey's Ridge" at the Walpack Bend, and, er the Delaware turns southeast out of it at e Water Gap, it continues on as the Cherry alley and afterwards as the Valley of uanchicola creek to the Lehigh. These lleys, underlaid by the Marcellus shale as a bed rock for the northwestern one, and by the red shale for the other, have been filled up with drift by the glacier, from 100 to 700 feet depth, and they constitute the famous region of the "Minisink."

In this region was the earliest settlement made by white men in Pennsylvania, the Dutch from the Hudson river wandering over to the Delaware at Port Jervis through these valleys and settling on their fertile bottom lands along the river, many years before Penn came to Philadelphia. They opened the copper mines in the Kittatinny, just above the Water Gap, and made the "Old Mine road" to reach them, coming from Esopus, on the Hudson, across to the Delaware and then down along the river. In 1659, the records at Albany refer to specimens of copper brought from "a copper mine at the Minisink," and after Penn's arrival an account was sent to England by Thomas Budd of "the exceeding rich open lands of the Minisink," about which the Indians had given information. The Provincial authorities at Philadelphia, however, do not seem to have had any clear knowledge of settlers above the Water Gap until 1729, when they sent a surveyor named Nicholas Scull up here to examine and report. He learnt that 30 years before the New York Governor had given authority for land purchases from the Indians along the upper Delaware, that several patents were granted for lands in the Minisink, and he found Nicholas Depui in a snug home at Shawnee, just above the Water Gap, where he had settled in 1727. Depui had bought two islands in the river and level land on the shore from the Indians. He, like the Dutch settlers above, had no idea where the river went to, or in what province they were, having come over from the Hudson through the "Buried Valleys" along the "Old Mine Road." Depui was a French Huguenot from Holland, who had exiled himself on account of religious persecutions at home, and to get a complete title for his estate he again bought it, 647 acres, in 1733, from a grantee of the Penns. His house was built of stone, stockaded for protection, and having a swivel-gun mounted at each corner. It was called "Depui's Fort," and the Water Gap for a long period was known as "Depui's Gap." He put up a mill, which ground the corn for the early settlers and the Indians, and his descendants built a stone church at Shawnee in 1752, which was replaced by a fine brick structure a few years ago, the cornerstone of the old building being placed in the new one in full view from the roadside.

La Bar and Dutot.

Old George La Bar was the most famous resident of the Water Gap. Three brothers La Bar, Peter, Charles and Abraham, more refugees from French religious persecution, desiring freedom in solitude, early built themselves a cabin just below the Gap, and plodded miles along the road they opened over the mountain through "Tat's Gap" to get their corn ground at Depul's mill. Each one married a Dutch wife, but in 1808 this region became too crowded for them, and one of the brothers, Peter, at the age of 85, then migrated to Ohio to get more room. When he was 98 years old his wife died, and soon afterwards, in his 100th year, out on the Ohio frontier, he took to himself a second wife, and lived to the ripe age of 105. When this venerable Benedick migrated he left his son, George La Bar, at the Water Gap, where he was born in 1768. George was the famous Pennsylvania centenarian, who died at the age of 107, being a vigorous axeman almost until the day of his death. Such is the longevity induced by the bracing air of these marvellous mountains. A visitor who called upon him in 1869 reported that every day he took exercise and chopped wood for his fireplace, occasionally getting out railroad ties. During the summer of 1869, at the age of 106, he felled the trees and peeled with his own hands three wagon loads of bark, which were sent to the tannery. He could not be persuaded to ride on a railroad train, regarding the cars as a modern innovation. He was too young for a Revolutionary soldier, but when the War of 1812 came he was too old. He shook hands on one occasion with General Washington at Easton. He never wore spectacles, always used tobacco, voted at the election for every President of the United States from George Washington to General Grant, and, like most of his neighbors, always voted the straight Democratic ticket. He had 14 children; his oldest son, born in 1791, when 21 years old, married a girl aged 13; their oldest son was born in 1814, and when George La Bar died, this grandson had a whiter head than his grandfather of 107. The estimate is made that the descendants of the three original brothers La Bar have numbered about 13,000, of whom 8000 are now living. A large part of the population of this region have the "La Bar strain" in their veins.

THE CENTENARIAN AXEMAN OF THE GAP.

Another well-known, though later settler at the Water Gap was Antoine Dutot, a Frenchman, driven out of Hayti in 1794, who had been a companion of Stephen Girard. Arriving in Philadelphia, Girard induced him to go up the Delaware and he finally settled at the Gap, being entranced with its grand scenery. He bought a large tract of land, including the site of the village and Sunset Hill, and laid out the plan of an extensive inland city named Dutotsburg. Streets were opened where they were not needed, for the expected population did not come, and the improvements only ceased when his funds were exhausted. He was a gay fellow, going about his estate, to the astonishment of the rustics, wearing ruffled shirts, silk stockings and silver knee-buckles in court costume. He opened the wagon road above the Gap, making it a toll-road over almost the same route now taken by the Lackawanna Railroad, but his life was made miserable by the perversity of his neighbors in driving through the toll-gate without paying toll, pretending not to understand his broken English when he remonstrated with them. He selected his solitary grave on Sunset Hill and was buried there in 1841.

The State of Pahaquarry.

But we cannot linger too long on the lovely slope of Sunset Hill. Descending into the Minisink, we cross the Cherry Valley, stretching for miles southwest at the base of the Kittatinny to the distant "Wind Gap," where Cherry creek begins its pleasant meanderings towards us and flows out into the Delaware just above the Water Gap. This was originally "Ned Cherry's Creek," named from a pioneer hunter in this region. The Delaware river comes down through the prolongation of this valley from the northeast, and turns abruptly out of it and into the Gap, the New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad, which has come up through the gorge, crossing the river on a light and airy bridge and proceeding up the valley of Brodhead's creek to Stroudsburg. Above the Gap the Delaware Valley broadens, with fertile bottom lands, and here was Depul's first settlement, now the flourishing village of Shawnee, while dotted all about, on the hillsides and in the valley, are the hotels and boarding houses of this noted watering-place. Out in the river are two broad and fertile islands which Depul bought from the Indians—Depul's Island and Smithfield Island—both extensive farms. For miles above, the river can be seen coming down at the base of the Kittatinny, the valley, constantly broadening into rich bottom lands as the Kittatinny diverges towards the eastward. The long and narrow strip of green land on the Jersey side is Pahaquarry township, of Warren county, popularly known as the "State of Pahaquarry," as it is entirely cut off from the rest of New Jersey by the frowning Kittatinny Mountain, and has most of its intercourse and gets its supplies from Pennsylvania, to which it really ought to belong. Its name is a corruption of Pohoqualin, the Indian name of the Water Gap.

For miles the narrow Delaware wanders crookedly over these rich bottom lands of the Minisink, between the two ridges, the great Blue Mountain in New Jersey and the lower and more irregular range of hills in Pennsylvania, known as "Godfrey's Ridge," the former gradually diverging and leaving a constantly wider strip of farm land at its base. In a deep gorge in this mountain are the ancient "Mine Holes," made by the Dutch in their early search for copper. At the entrance to this gorge can be seen the "Mine House," a small white building, now occupied by a farmer. The gorge is a comparatively small one, cut down in the side of the Kittatinny, and the mines

LOOKING OVER THE MINISINK FROM WINONA'S CLIFF.

are about one hundred yards in from the entrance. The old "Mine Road" runs along on the flat lands above, northeastward at the base of the mountain. There are rich farms along both shores, the chief one being the great tobacco farm of William Buck. The protection given by the import duty on Sumatra tobacco in the tariff has stimulated tobacco-growing throughout the Minisink, these rich bottom lands being peculiarly adapted to its culture. Another curious yet profitable industry on the Pennsylvania shore is the raising of polecats for their skins. There is a "skunk farm" above Shawnee, adjoining the river road, where a large field has been enclosed with interlaced wire fencing. There they are bred numerously, and each fur fetches $1 50. Signs forbidding trespassing are displayed, a precaution that apparently is unnecessary.

The Environment of Stroudsburg.

We start for Stroudsburg, up the valley of Brodhead's creek, where the two railways that have come through the Water Gap keep close company. It is a wild stream, coming down over rocky rapids, full of cobble-stones and boulders, its white waters, straight from the Pocono Mountain, displaying life and spirit. This was the Indian "Analomink," its headwaters draining the highlands on the eastern slope of the Pocono plateau, and it flows past Canadensis, Spragueville and Stroudsburg to the Delaware, a short distance above the Gap. To get out to the river it breaks through the gorge in "Godfrey's Ridge," between the Fox and Shawnee Hills. From the top of Fox Hill there is a grand view over the Stroudsburg Valley, spreading far away towards the base of the Pocono, a pleasant valley which has been well described as "full of dimpling hills and fine orchards, among which stalwart men live to a ripe old age upon the purest apple-whisky." Stroudsburg and its outlying suburbs spread along the bottom, with the Methodist church spire loftily rising above the town. Upon its eastern verge Brodhead's creek receives the waters of the Pocono and McMichael's creeks, which join just before reaching the other. These streams drain the flanks of the "Pocono Knob" and the "Wire Ridge," an early settler having his name remembered in McMichael's creek. Marshall's creek, another and smaller tributary, named after the great walker, Edward Marshall, comes from the slopes of Kakout Mountain to the northward. Daniel Brodhead was the first settler who purchased lands here, arriving in 1737, and the creek which bears his name flows through a beautiful valley, but does not bring down so large a current as formerly, before the timber was cut off, although the spring freshets are heavier.

Stroudsburg, the county seat of Monroe, is spread over the valley near the confluence of these streams. The older town is on the west side, while the newer suburb of East Stroudsburg is on the eastern side of Brodhead's creek, each having its railway, the Lackawanna route passing through the new town and the Susquehanna line through the old. There is considerable rivalry between the older town and its younger suburb, and there are large textile mills in each, with new ones going up. The new town is composed largely of wooden houses, but they have plenty of room around the residences. The State Normal College, with its pyramidal Louvre dome, stands in a fine position on the ridge overlooking East Stroudsburg, and has 300

pupils. Almost all the houses have slate roofs—this is so near the slate regions. We see the well-known Indian names of Analomink, Lackawanna and Tobyhanna, the familiar signs of Brodhead, Stroud and La Bar, the family names in these parts, and halt at the Indian Queen Hotel, recalling the dusky Queen of Tedyuscung, who came from this romantic wilderness. The place has had rapid recent growth, with many summer boarding houses on the outskirts, it being a favorite resort.

Daniel Brodhead originally called the settlement Dansbury, but Daniel Stroud improved and newly named the town after his father, Jacob Stroud. This pioneer, who acquired much land in the neighborhood, was born in New Jersey in 1735, and when a boy was placed with Depui to learn farming. When the French and Indian war began, like many other colonists, he enlisted in the British service with three of his brothers. He was one of the garrison at Fort William Henry, on Lake George, in 1757, at the time of the horrible Indian massacre. He scaled the Heights of Abraham with Wolfe at the capture of Quebec, was alongside Wolfe when he fell, and helped carry him behind the rocks where the hero expired. Stroud married Depui's granddaughter and settled in Stroudsburg. During the French and Indian war of 1756 Fort Hamilton was established here, one of the line of block houses built along the frontier as a protection. It did not amount to much as a fort, being composed merely of stakes driven into the ground, and then banked up with earth, having a sort of a log hut at each corner inside, for barracks, and a shelter for settlers' families. During the Revolution a new post, Fort Penn, was established here, and Colonel Stroud was placed in command. He afterwards lived in Fort Penn, dying in 1806, having served in many official positions. His son, Daniel Stroud, was born in Fort Penn in 1772, and died in 1843. He laid out the town, a large portion of the land on which it is built having descended to him from his father. George M. Stroud, son of Daniel, was a well-known Judge of the Courts in Philadelphia. Stroudsburg was incorporated in 1815, and when Monroe county was created out of portions of Northampton and Pike, in 1836, it was made the county seat after an exciting election.

J. C.

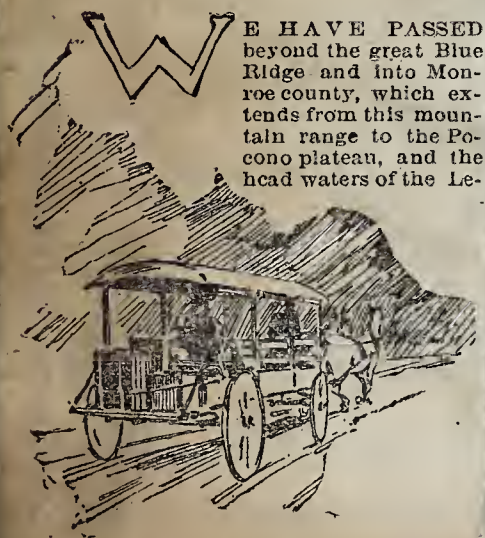
THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD

XVII.

BOUND FOR BUSHKILL.

WE HAVE PASSED beyond the great Blue Ridge and into Monroe county, which extends from this mountain range to the Pocono plateau, and the head waters of the Lehigh, where is the "Great Swamp," which the fugitives from Wyoming, who fled into it, called the "Shades of Death." Monroe stretches over to Luzerne county. Originally this region was all Bucks county, and the district above the Blue Ridge was known as Smithfield. In 1750 there was a road laid out to Andrew Dingman's ferry on the Upper Delaware, and the next year Smithfield township was created. Then, in 1752, the whole of Pennsylvania north of the Durham Hills was cut off from Bucks and created into Northampton county. Much of this district in 1796 was made into Wayne county, from which Pike was cut off at the lower end in 1814, and finally Monroe was made out of parts of Pike and Northampton in 1836. It is curious to note that each of these new counties was named for the hero of the time, General Wayne, General Pike and President Monroe. The new county began its history in 1836 with a famous contest about the location of the county-seat, the rivals being Stroudsburg and Kellersville, a few miles westward. Monroe county, in the adjustment, had taken the townships of Smithfield and Middle Smithfield, while Upper Smithfield was equivalent to most of Pike county. The two Smithfields decided the county-seat election in favor of Stroudsburg. The election officers in that contest could give points in the game to any modern election board that aspires to fame, for, it is said, they took votes from boys of fourteen years, and from "tombstones mossy with age." The



ON THE ROAD AGAIN.

THE OLD-TIME PIKE COUNTY COURT.—SENTENCED TO "GET OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH."

Middle Smithfield election board had in the final count "three sets of returns of varying dimensions, and when the roll of the townships was called they kept an account of the total vote and then reported that list which was sufficient to overcome the vote for Kellersville without being excessively large." The total vote was returned as Stroudsburg 1132, Kellersville 1062, of which Smithfield gave 224 to 2 and Middle Smithfield 345 to 2, thus settling the dispute. In the subsequent Presidential election of 1840 the vote of Middle Smithfield was: Van Buren, Democrat, 208, and Harrison, Whig, 2, showing how the vote had declined in four years. These early election counters certainly were experienced.

This result and the method of its attainment naturally created a row, and the proceedings were watched all over the country. The Middle Smithfield election officers were indicted for fraud and arraigned for trial before the Pike County Court, composed of Judge David Scott and Associates Daniel W. Dingman and John W. Coolbaugh. Judge Scott, after hearing argument, quashed one or two counts in the indictment, giving his reasons, based on the common law, and then he left the bench, the trial proceeding before the Associates. They made short work of the rest of the indictment. Dingman was a character. He was uneducated, but had a strong intellect and good common sense, and he usually appeared in the august courts of Pike county in his shirt sleeves and with bare feet. He always addressed his associate Coolbaugh, when they were on the bench together, as "Bub." In this case, a few moments after Judge Scott had left, Dingman, who had assumed control, said, with great positiveness: "The President Judge has seen fit to quash several counts in this indictment on grounds of common law. Now, Bub and I know little of law, but I know all about the Legislature, for I have been a member of that, and (laying his hand impressively on a copy of the pamphlet laws) Bub and I will quash the other indictments on grounds of the Legislature." This they at once did, and thus decided the location of the county seat in favor of Stroudsburg. Dingman sat on the bench 26 years and Coolbaugh nearly as long. Another of Dingman's eccentric decisions is quoted which is as unique as the election case. A vagabond negro, convicted of petit larceny, was brought before him for sentence. Dingman ordered him to stand up and said: "You are charged and are guilty of the crime of larceny. You ought to be hung, but the sentence of this court is that you be banished from the face of the earth; go get off the face of the earth."

VIEW ON MARSHALL'S CREEK.

MARSHALL'S FALLS.

"Why, Massa," was the astonished reply, "how ken I git off de face of dis yere earth?"

"You can go," sternly said Dingman, "to Jersey. The sentence of the court is that you have 15 minutes to get out of the county of Pike and into the State of New Jersey, and if you ever come back we will hang you."

The offender is said to have run to the bank of the Delaware and swam over to Jersey.

Marshall's Falls.

Leaving Stroudsburg, we take the old "Minisink Road," which originally came through the mountain at the "Wind Gap," bound for Bushkill. We leave the region of railroads and telegraphs and journey northeastward among the hills in a long-geared mountain wagon, exploring the "buried valley," the surface being mostly covered with cobble stones and boulders, which are a prolific crop over this region, being piled up in all directions for fences. It can readily be seen how these people could spare so many of them that were kindly sent down to Philadelphia for street paving. The long ridge of the Kittatinny stretches to the eastward, with the lower Shawnee hills of Godfrey's Ridge in front hiding the Delaware, which flows between them. The country is full of parallel ridgy hills, all running northeast, and the road is laid generally among the stones and slaty ledges on the tops of these low ridges. This was done in the early road-making to avoid encroaching upon the tillable lands in the valley bottoms, which, being scarce, were all needed, as food transportation from outside was then almost impossible. There are many immense half-embedded boulders, some weighing hundreds of tons. Cattle and sheep are grazing, and an occasional grain field is passed as we jog along. Wagons laden with coal and merchandise are passed, going out from Stroudsburg, whence all the supplies are drawn for the northern country.

Crossing the long ridge of Row's Hill, and coming down on the other side to Craig's Meadows, there are a few farm houses, with Marshall's creek beyond. This region, since the invasion of fashionable life in the Monroe summer season, has been rechristened the "Bonny Mead." Reaching the creek, which flows through a pretty valley into Brodhead's creek, below Stroudsburg, we turn up its bank to visit Marshall's Falls, an attractive little cascade. Coming out of a gorge in the ridge the creek approaches the sandstone ledges at the edge where they fall off, and, after flowing down several ledges, like steps, in a pleasant cascade, it suddenly rushes into an abyss between the crags, the current then running away through a chasm rent in the tall rocks below and passing under our feet as we stand on a bridge thrown across the narrow chasm to give a better view. As we gaze upon it, sheep are contentedly browsing on the rocky verge above the cataract. The water bubbles and foams and rushes away to go over the Buttermilk Falls at some distance down the stream. The enclosing rocks are all shale-like ledges, broken into jagged edges by the frost and weather, with mosses growing, and water everywhere dripping. At the top of the fall is a "pudding stone" of considerable size, which some of the ambitious visitors have been vainly trying to roll over into the chasm. This attractive little cataract is just budding into popularity, and here are all the regulation sights done up, though in miniature style—the "Flume," the "Rapids," "Pulpit Rock," "Gypsy Queen," and the "Elfin Grotto." From the ridge through which the cataract breaks out, there is a fine view southward to the distant Delaware Water Gap, and its long blue mountain wall stretching on either hand.

Topography of Monroe.

Almost every farm house in this pleasant region of Monroe has been enlarged, modernized and equipped for summer boarders, who are coming to enjoy its attractions more and more every year. We are going northeastward over the "buried valley" between the ridges, giving excellent opportunity to study

THE OLD BUSHKILL BRIDGE.

the topography of the country. To the westward is the great Pocono plateau, rising to 2000 feet elevation in a wooded wilderness stretching miles away to the Susquehanna Valley. The eastern front of this extensive upland is an irregularly continuous mountain wall, a thousand feet high, bluff, precipitous, and only broken by the deep gorges through which break out the headwaters of Brodhead and Big Bushkill creeks. Pohopoco is the name of this mountain wall in Western Monroe, but Pocono further east, each name coming from a creek and signifying in the Indian language "a stream between mountains." The plateau is really the widening eastern extension of the Broad Mountain, through which the Lehigh breaks at Mauch Chunk. Six miles northwest of Stroudsburg on Pocono creek, the Monroe section of this mountain wall abruptly terminates in the Pocono Knob, which rises in stately grandeur as viewed from east and south. It was this knob that stood as a small island in the edge of the great glacier, a deep notch separating its summit from the plateau behind. The "Terminal Moraine" encircles its sides at about two-thirds its height. The mountain wall to the westward continues northeastward into Pike county, and it is merely the eroded front edge of the extensive plateau, being practically a gigantic staircase of almost horizontal red sandstone strata, ascending from bottom to top, one a little behind the other. Eastward, in front of the wall, the surface is an undulating plain declining by successive stages to the valley through which we are riding. Then over to the eastward this rises again into Godfrey's Ridge, with its long range of mound-like knobs rising 600 to 800 feet above us. We are passing the Shawnee hills in this ridge which rise into Mosher's Knob, having a superb view over the surrounding country and along the Delaware river flowing on the other side. A little house stands on top of the bare and rounded summit.

Nowhere can be better seen the result of the powerful erosive forces which in former times have removed the entire surface of the softer rocks in this region. It is estimated by the geologists that originally the surface here was 9000 to 10,000 feet higher, including, far above our heads, all the coal measures. The hard rocks have been planed and polished by the ice, and the limestone all scraped off the northern side and top of Godfrey's Ridge, and hurled in huge blocks across it and scattered far and wide by the transporting power of the glacier. We pass the little hamlet of Smithfield, and to the left of the road is the attractive Echo Lake, named from the fine echo which at a certain point is reverberated three or four times from the steep banks of drift material enclosing the lake. This is about at the summit level of the valley and 500 feet above tide, the lake having an outlet into Marshall's creek, and being one of the "Kettle Holes" left by the glacier nestling under the high long ridge on that side. There are frequent churches up here, each having its cemetery, and located generally on top of a ridge. These graveyards were placed in early times among the forests and undergrowth on these ridges, so as to be concealed from the Indians, who would have exhumed the bodies if found.

Approaching Walpack Bend.

The Sand Hill Church is thus elevated, with its cemetery, and going down the hill beyond there is got a magnificent view of the Valley of the Delaware ahead of us as it approaches the great Walpack Bend at Bushkill. The forests are bright under the declining western sunlight, and the deep, narrow valley, with a distant rounded knoll directly in the centre of the view, makes a brilliant display of lights and shadows. The Shawnee Hills, on the right hand, have run into the Elephant Ridge and the Walpack Hills, the Elephant's massive head facing the river as it curves around to make the grand double bend, taking it out of our valley to the other parallel trough to the eastward. The trunk stretches down the hill-slope, with an eye and a sort of ear-flap—the recumbent monster being thus formed by the mountain. From out of a deep gorge in the Kakout Mountain ridge to the left, flows the Big Bushkill creek, passing across the scene at the base of the steep and sombre ridge, to make the boundary between Monroe and Pike counties. This famous stream of Pike drains Porter's Lake and the slopes of the Pocono High Knob and South Knob, which overlook that pleasant water. Saw creek also comes from the highlands south of Porter's Lake, and breaks out through the ridge; also, the Little Bushkill creek, and all uniting their currents in front of us, go out to the Delaware at Walpack Bend. The eastern end of this Kakout Mountain rises above their confluence into the "Prickly Pear," where there is another grand view. The road leads us alongside the Big Bushkill, which flows deep down in the gorge, its spruce and laurel-bordered steep banks concealing many a speckled beauty.

The Little Bushkill creek joins the other, which bends sharply at right angles, and the road suddenly crosses one of the worst bridges in Eastern Pennsylvania, a wooden and dilapidated veteran of the early days of the century, whose rattling timbers, however, carry us safely over into the county of Pike. The creek dances over foaming rapids on its winding way, roaring along towards the "Hog's Back," the prolongation of Godfrey's Ridge projected into the Delaware, and around which the river makes the Walpack Bend. Coming from the northeast, the great river impinges upon the solid sandstone wall of this "Hog's Back," bristling with attenuated firs; turns sharply eastward as the Big Bushkill flows in and then, turning back upon itself and going around the edge of the ridge, resumes its course southwest again through the other valley down to the Water Gap. This double Walpack curve, making a perfect letter "S," is so narrow and compressed that a rifleman, standing on either side, can readily send his bullet across the river three times. On the surface of the "Hog's Back" have been found the trilobites, the earliest form of animal life. The Delaware shores are made up largely of rocks and layers of cobble stones, and the stream is a succession of rifts and pools, making a constant variation of rapids and still waters, with magnificent scenery as the lights and shadows pass across the beautiful forest-covered hills bordering the banks. And, as the evening grew apace, fatigued by the day's journey, we sought for slumber, with the steady roar of the Bushkills to sing a lullaby.

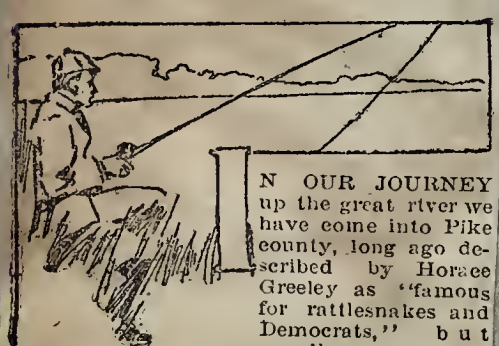
J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE D

A JOURNEY TO THE NC

XVIII.

RAMBLES ABOUT BUSHKILL.



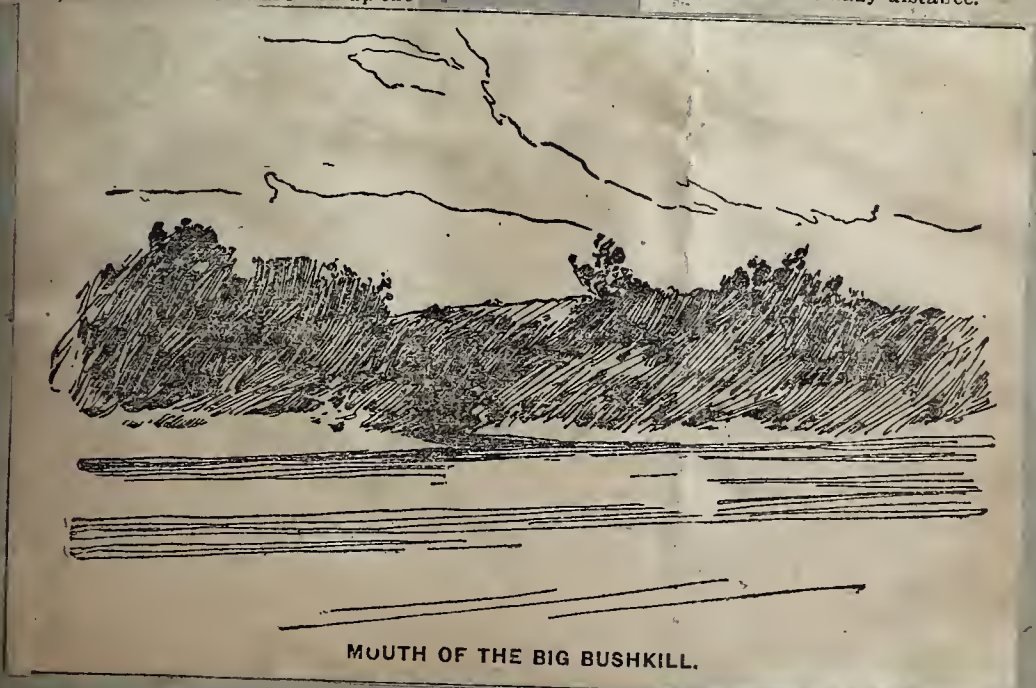
SIR IZAAK WALTON AT BUSHKILL.

IN OUR JOURNEY up the great river we have come into Pike county, long ago described by Horace Greeley as "famous for rattlesnakes and Democrats," but equally noted for its waterfalls and attractive scenery. We are in one of its most picturesque and pleasant villages, opening finely towards the Delaware, and having its hotels and boarding houses on the high road adjacent to the Big Bushkill. All the arriving wagons rattle sharply over the loose planks of the old bridge, which has "1837" carved on its corner stone, and they thus warn and startle the quiet place. We go down to the creek, and watch the dark amber-colored waters rush roaring over the rocky bed as they come down from the spruce and hemlock forests and swamps of the Pocono, and standing under the overhanging trees can see an occasional trout break as they dart after their prey and then disappear in deep and darkening pools under the shelving banks in secluded places. The Big Bushkill, as I have said, drains the lakes adjacent to the flanks of the Pocono "High Knob" and "South Knob," one branch being the outlet of Porter's Lake, recently named Lake Teedyuscung, after the famous Indian chief, while

THE REFORMED CHURCH, BUSHKILL.

another branch drains Lake Laura, one of the most beautiful in Pennsylvania; Lake Ernest, Bella Lake and others. The main stream goes down Uttsbarren Fall, and then over another fine cataract at Ressaca, about ten miles from its mouth. The Saw Creek, a noted fishing stream, comes down several cataracts, and flows into the Big Bushkill just above the village. The Little Bushkill has the finest cataract in Pike county.

The high road leads past the village store and church, out to the Delaware and up the river valley. It climbs up Sunset Hill, at the outskirts, and we go out there to overlook the river, with its fringe of fields in full cultivation upon the flats along the shore, the stream flowing around the double curve of the "Walpack Bend," the long southern point of the ridge over in Jersey interlacing with the northern long point of the "Hog's Back" behind it. They thus enclose the bend as their elongated fringes of firs beautifully intersect the sharply winding river, the valley of Flat Brook coming in behind, while a noble background for the scene is made by the grand blue wall of the Kittatinny. Then we laboriously ascend "Simon's Mountain," a part of the high ridge overlooking Bushkill, named in memory of an early settler, Simon Heller, and go out upon the eminence of the "Prickly Pear," 600 feet above the village, where the slaty ledges stand up almost perpendicularly and are full of fossil marks. The prickly pear and other cacti grow here in profusion, some being rare specimens. Here, as elsewhere, the great glacier has dropped its rocks, cobblestones and boulders, brought by the ice from many miles northward. The view from this elevation over the "Walpack Bend" is fine, and the significance of the name, meaning a "turn or eddy in the stream," is realized. Stretching far to the southwest is the "buried valley," its depression going off towards Stroudsburg, with the road on which we came, marked out past the Sand Hill Church, and the farm houses dotted at intervals. Nearer to us is seen the Big Bushkill, winding down the valley from its gorge in Kakout mountain and passing far below us to the Delaware. Its roaring can be plainly heard as it dances down the rapids under the sunlight. Beyond is the opposite ridge, the "Hog's Back" and the "Elephant," and the long undulating Shawnee Hills running far to the southwest. Behind this rises the dark blue wall of the Kittatinny seen down to the Water Gap and in the distance to the Wind Gap. The deep valley of the Delaware lies between, and to the northeast, beyond the little Bushkill village, the river swings around its double curve through the Bend, and then river and Kittatinny, side by side, stretch far northeast up towards New York State, lost in the hazy distance.



MOUTH OF THE BIG BUSHKILL.

GLIMPSE OF THE HIGH ROAD.

The Walpack Bend.

Coming down from this eminence to get a closer view of the great "Walpack Bend," we go out over the flat land to the "Hog's Back," and then skirt along its steep and rocky hillside, where the sign "Keep off the grass" induces a startled glance around, seeking the grass to keep off of. A beautiful rill runs down this hill-slope, over moss-covered boulders, pouring briskly along to the meadows adjoining the river. We go out through "Ozone Park" to the "Indian Rock," the steep slope almost embedded in laurel and evergreens, and having enormous crags, under which the elements have worked out a cave, where, according to Bushkill tra-

THE WALPACK BEND, BUSHKILL.

dition, "the Indians boiled their corn" as they watched for canoes darting down the adjacent rift in the river. The Delaware strikes against these mighty rocks of the "Hog's Back," and glances off, making the first turn of the great bend. Just opposite projects the long, low, sandy peninsula from Jersey, around which the current goes, making rapid rifts in its flow on either side, and a deep pool at the head. Going out upon the river in a boat we float down around the bend, past the green slope of the "Hog's Back," made by the laurels and evergreens, and most appropriately called "Greenland." This slope is built up on a base of ponderous rocks which the waters wash, the inclined ledges which have been scraped off smoothly running down to the river bottom, and the channel alongside being made twenty to thirty feet deep by the powerful current. The crags rise high up in castellated forms behind the huge tree trunks on the ridge, and the extended point of the peninsula runs gradually off until it is lost at the reverse curve of the river.

Here can be seen a view far up the eastern valley, where the straggling hamlet of Flat-Brookville is located, and that sluggish stream

A PIKE COUNTY TROUT STREAM.

comes in. The Walpack Hills stretch away to the northeast as we look up the valley of this stream at its distant mountains. The waters of the Delaware are very clear, so that the stones and plants at the bottom can be plainly seen as we float over them. At various places all the soil and trees have slid off into the river, leaving the sloping ledges bare, and at one of these spots an enormous square rock has come down to the water's edge, where it now lies, looking exactly like a pan of huge loaves of bread just taken out of the oven. The curving crust is at the top, colored exactly right, and around the sides is the peculiar mark that shows the edge of the pan with the bulging bread above, the loaves being regularly divided off into five equal parts. This remarkable formation is known all along the Delaware as the "Five Loaves," a landmark for the raftsmen. In the waters around them are the black bass which will represent the "two fishes" that kept them scriptural company. In front, a reef extends out to the middle of the river, making the beginning of the long rift extending down to the second curve of the "Walpack Bend," where the waters again form a deep and quiet pool. There is a road directly over the top of the "Hog's Back" to a ferry crossing below the Bend, which gives opportunity to visit New Jersey. Out here the great ridge projects in a huge promontory, making a magnificent proboscis running into the river, which the neighbors honored one of the early settlers by calling after him, "Van Camp's Nose." This is in full view of the final curve of the Bend, and the raftsmen guiding their rafts around it used to closely graze it, and, as they did so, called out "Van Campey, you are getting your nose skinned this morning."

The Early Churches.

One of the attractive buildings at Bushkill is the church which stands on a hill overlooking the Delaware—a plain building with a little bell-tower. The ringing of this bell calls the faithful together, and on the week-day evenings summons the class to the singing-school or such other occasional amusement as the village folk may have. This is a "Reformed Church," and its Consistory has a great history. The earliest settlers of the Minisink—the Huguenots and Hollanders, who came over from Esopus on the Hudson, by the "Old Mine Road"—brought the Dutch Reformed Church with them. They were pious frontiersmen and no sooner established a settlement than they also provided for their religious needs. Prior to 1737 they had organized their little churches at Machackemech (now Port Jervis), Menissinck (now Montague in New Jersey), Walpack on the Jersey side in the Flat Brook Valley, and at Smithfield (now Bushkill). These four churches were in one Consistory, and got a minister at stated periods from the Hudson river settlements. They soon determined to have a minister of their own, however, and the four churches, covering 50 miles of the Delaware Valley, selected a youth of 16, Johannes Casparus Fryenmuth, and sent him to Holland for four years' education, and, in 1741, he came back to them ordained for the ministry. The news soon

spread that a talented minister had arrived from the old country, and then the older churches in New York tried to get him, and sent sundry tempting "calls," promising higher pay as an allurement.

The early church records show how, with Christian spirit, yet with complete earnestness of purpose, the Consistory replied to these calls, naturally resenting the efforts to take their minister away, who had cost them over £125 to educate, money which they had raised with much difficulty to support him while abroad. In one of these replies, sent in December, 1741, to Rochester Consistory, the offer is made to let them have the minister "four or six times in the year." The epistle adds, however, this strong language: "If it please the Lord to permit you to deprive us of our minister, then we hope that your consciences will not be so seared as to take away a part of our living, being the sum of £125 12s. 6d. Should this, however, be the case, we shall not hesitate to give the matter into the hands of the Worldly Judge." The young minister remained steadfast, however, and none of the "calls" captured him. He performed his duties well, travelling fifty miles in his ministry on horseback, up and down the Delaware Valley above the Water Gap, and was paid £70 and 100 schepels of oats (about 75 bushels) annual salary. This steadfastness so pleased them that in 1742, the two churches of Machackemech and Menissinck, resolved to increase their share of the annual pay to "40 pounds in New York current money whenever he should marry, but if he should continue unmarried the two churches should only pay the sum of 35 pounds." The young minister took good care to deserve this increased salary, for six months later he married, and the church record contains this entry in his own handwriting:

"Johannes Casparus Fryenmuth, young man, born in Switzerland, and Lena Van Etten, young woman, born in Nytsfield, were married with a license from Governeur Morris, in Jersey, by Justice Abram Van Campen, 23d day of July, 1742."

An Interesting History.

There are to-day twenty or more clergymen of the different denominations engaged in the ministry of the district which Fryenmuth covered. He remained here till 1756, when the Indian troubles came, and he then accepted a call on the Hudson river, including Kinderhook, dying there in 1778. The Van Burens of that place were his descendants, including President Martin Van Buren. The mixed character of the early population of this region is shown by a record in 1747, when the Moravian Missionary Thomas Shaw preached at Menissinck Church to a congregation which included "Swedes, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Germans, Walloons, Shawanese, Mohawks, Delawares and Catawbas." There is related of one of the succeeding clergymen, Rev. David Cushing, whose sermons were so powerful that they sometimes had surprising results, that on a certain occasion he quoted the words: "Pay that thou owest," at the same time earnestly pointing his finger at the congregation. This so wrought upon one at whom the finger accidentally pointed, that, after the service, conscience-stricken, he went to a neighbor and said: "I will bring you that load of boards to-morrow"—and he did it. In 1752 the church was given a farm of 210 acres, with a fine spring, over in Jersey in the Flat Brook Valley, in Sandystone the consideration being "sixpence and a pint of spring water yearly if demanded." This farm was held until 1869, and then sold. The earliest Bushkill church was built on the Pennsylvania shore near the village of Shawnee about 1725, of logs. In 1750 a stone church replaced it. The church opposite Bushkill at Flatbrookville, N. J., was built prior to 1741, and the two have always been together, as they now are, being known as the congregation of Lower Walpack.

To this place came the Moravian Apostle, Count Zinzendorf, with his daughter, Benigna, in August, 1742, being then journeying from Bethlehem to Shecomeco, on the Hudson. He heard Fryenmuth preach, but evidently did not take to his doctrines, for he is described in Zinzendorf's journal as "the well-known Casper from Zurich, a well-meaning man, and efficient for good in his denomination," adding, "the heat was overpowering, and we were compelled to listen to two sermons which wearied us." Between sermons, "in order to avoid being drawn into religious controversy, we went into the woods and read Josephus." The present Walpack Church was built in 1855. The first church at Bushkill was built by Cushing in 1832. He cut timber for it on the church farm, and rafted the logs down the river. He got $90 annual salary, and gave $50 of it towards building the church. This building stood for 40 years, and was succeeded by the present church, dedicated in 1874.

In this pleasant village of Bushkill life is taken easy. Everybody knows everybody else. They have in the centre of this village the mill by the creek, the store and the confectionery. The latter has on its sign, "Confectionery, ice cream, tobacco, fresh oysters, raw and stewed." We went there for oysters, but the place was shut, and a bystander told us that the shopkeeper had gone hunting, and usually opened the place about once a week, and if we were not in a hurry we could wait and see him, as he was sure to come back. The village store is the "Bushkill Exchange," where all things are sold. Here gather the neighbors to discuss the affairs of the nation, and the township as well, and they sit in a group between the two counters, and swap fish and snake stories and tales of marvellous hunting escapades up in the backwoods of Pike. Here in winter is brought in delicious buckwheat which finds its way to various Philadelphia breakfast tables. Here goods are traded for railroad ties, the chief native product, which are hauled down to the riverside, made up into rafts and floated down the Delaware to the "Gap." Here also come wise men from the city to communicate knowledge to the natives and dispense cash for services and supplies, the natives being shrewd enough to absorb their advice and smile at their jokes so long as the cash is on tap. This village store has filled its useful duty for generations, and many a fragrant memory of pleasant evenings hangs around it. The good folk of Bushkill do their best for entertainment in a homelike way, and so long as the locomotive and the telegraph keep out, this lovely stretch of the Delaware above the "Water Gap" will be safe from spoiling by the invasion of fashionable frivolty.

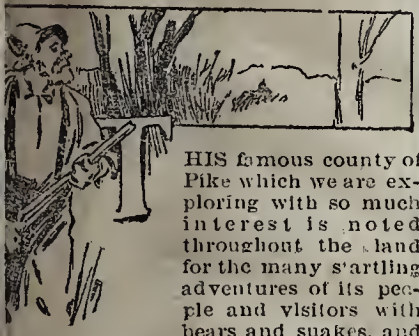
J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE.

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD

XIX.

THE COUNTY OF PIKE.



COUNTY HUNTER

HIS famous county of Pike which we are exploring with so much interest is noted throughout the land for the many startling adventures of its people and visitors with bears and snakes, and for marvellous tales of angling achievements unting prowess. Here grow a perennial of wonderful stories of woodcraft and ng marvels that are sent out for news- consumption. Pike is a veritable rness, much of it being far away from ay or telegraph, and it is most beautiful ry and landscape. The northeastern

so the eastern sides of the county are ded by the Delaware, which makes t-angled bend from southeast to south- at Port Jervis. Wayne county is on the eastern boundary and Monroe on the western. It is thus included in the far rn projection of Pennsylvania, which is by the great bend of the Delaware The whole western surface is the o wilderness, a high plateau, gradually g away as the east is approached until great cliffs are reached that border the which flows through the wonderful ied valley" of Marcellus shale from Port s down to Bushkill. Coming out from Pocono elevation, passing ridge after all the streams leading to the Delaware ually break through the Hamilton slates, ng down deep and picturesque gorges, falling over beautiful cascades, making many attractive waterfalls which add so h to the splendors of the scenery. Here the artists and sketchers, and these cas- s and gorges and bits of wild forest and are reproduced in many paintings that admired in the leading collections of America and Europe. While the population is sparse and widely scattered, only 9412 by the last census—almost as few as the smallest ward in Philadelphia, the Sixth Ward—yet they include some of the best and kindest and most hospitable people in Pennsylvania.

Pike county was erected in 1814, out of the township of Upper Smithfield, at first part of Bucks county, but then part of Wayne. It was named after the hero of the time, General Zebulon M. Pike, a native of the Delaware Valley, who had been killed the previous year in the battle of York in Canada, in the last war with England. The township of Smithfield had been erected as early as 1751, on "petition of the inhabitants of Minisink," among the names being Daniel Brodhead, Cornelius Van Aken, John Van Etten, Samuel Depuy, Andrew Dingman and others, numerously reproduced in the present generation. The county seat of Pike was fixed at Milford on the Delaware. The first court in Pike was held by those eminent Justices heretofore referred to, Daniel W. Dingman and John W. Coolbaugh, in December, 1814. When the court was to be convened, the Sheriff always went up on the Court House roof and blew piercing blasts upon a huge tin horn, afterwards superseded by an enormous triangle, which was vigorously beaten. It took thirty years, until 1845, to get a bell put on the Pike County Court House. In levying taxes, everybody was assessed, as well as every piece of property. Thus they valued the judges at $100 each, the sheriff, $100; improved land, $20 an acre; a horse at $40, an ox at $25, a cow at $12, a negro slave at $40, a lawyer at $100, a carpenter or shoemaker at $20, a doctor at $100, a justice of the peace at $25, the prothonotary at $200 and each unmarried man at $100. It was said to be Justice Dingman's custom every court week to convene a political meeting, at which he would have passed "strong resolutions endorsing the National and State Administrations."

The Bushkill Falls.

As we start from Bushkill village for the famous Bushkill Falls, there is pointed out on the hill near the creek and not far from the Delaware the site of Fort Hyndshaw, one of the chain of frontier posts established during the Indian wars. It was a square structure, about 70 feet on each side, stockaded, with corner bastions. Only the faintest traces remain of this defensive post of the Minisink. The Little Bushkill creek comes down through the "Forest Park Reservation," where a branch drains the first and

A PIKE COUNTY LANDSCAPE.

second Ponds, now named the Forest Lake and Lake Tamauent. In coming out of the Reservation, about two miles from its mouth, at Bushkill village, this creek goes over the finest waterfall in Pennsylvania. We go up the gorge of the Little Bushkill, passing a tannery, which seems to have about exhausted its business, through the concentration of this business in large concerns with which the smaller ones can no longer compete. It was in this region of tanneries that Jay Gould passed his early life, having a tannery at Gouldsboro, on the Pocouo plateau. The creek comes down a deep gorge, the road climbing steeply along the upper slopes of the chasm, and constantly ascending. When well up the mountain we turn in through the woods and approach the cataract. Above it, the stream, which has worn a deep channel, comes along through a sombre pass, almost veiled by the overhanging evergreens, and having, on either hand, protruding pillars of rock, like so many gateways that partially obstruct its course, around whose base it whirls and eddies, going down step by step over the successive ledges. It flows through an occasional quiet pool, with waters black as ink, over which the bubbles slowly and gently sail along.

Coming out through a contracted fissure, where there is a short rapid, the water from above passes over what may be described as a sort of upper step to the great fall, then; foaming along a succession of smaller steps, finally goes over the outer brink in a grand cataract. It pours at the base among the rocky ledges, down which it runs in another steep rapid. The gorge here drops down very deep, and quickly broadens into a sort of basin, which is curved by the course of the creek sharply bending around below. This grand cataract falls in full volume, the stream a dazzling white, but having the richest amber shades showing through in the ever changing torrent. It is enclosed by massive black walls of slaty rock in a comparatively narrow channel. The water finally pours in a deep black hole, and then turns away down the bending gorge to the left. Where the bank bends around there is an excellent location for viewing the front of this beautiful cataract, and paths have been cut out to facilitate the view. This great waterfall is universally admired, and is always presenting new beauties, as the dark rocks and rich evergreen setting, with the sunlight and shadow constantly changing, vary its charms. After the gorge bends, the stream goes down another roaring fall just below, running away over more rapids out towards the Delaware. This cataract of the Bushkill descends in its great leap 90 feet. The total descent of falls and rapids within a distance of a few hundred yards is about 250 feet, while the bordering walls of the gorge rise 300 to 500 feet to the top of the ridge above. A Philadelphia lady, a few years ago, fell 108 feet off the rocks and down into the abyss, afterwards miraculously recovering. These enclosing rocky walls are almost perpendicular crags of slate, paths being rudely hewn in their faces to make walks all about the gorge, displaying its beauties. The layers of slates and flags, in many places, have so much regularity that they seem almost to have been built by a mason.

The Forest Park.

As we reluctantly left this magnificent waterfall to go further up the winding road ascending the gorge, we talked of the floral attractions so lavishly displayed in this Pike county wooded wilderness. Through the open

INDIAN LADDER FALLS.

places in the forest there are caught glimpses of long vista views over deep valleys and steep sombre ridges. In the heart of these woods the silence is at times almost overpowering as one gazes upon the giant trees standing straight up, branchless for a hundred feet or more until a tuft of foliage crowns the top to seek the sunlight. Some of them are broken and bent and twisted into fantastic shapes by the fierce winds that often howl through this solitude. Occasionally a monster trunk is laid low and decaying where it has been cut down and ruthlessly stripped of its bark for the tannery. Countless flowers ornament the undergrowth. Roses and lilies, wild and innumerable, commingle rich colorings; the gorgeous flowering mantle of the wild indigo plant is displayed; there are daisies and orchids; the rhododendrons guard the banks of the streams, and lovely ferns and mosses luxuriate in the damp recesses of the glens. The modest forget-me-not and the brilliant scarlet lobelia add to the scenic beauty, while the placid lakelets bear their crop of water lilies and their shores are fringed about with the white flowers of the wild pepper. It does not take much imagination to believe that this attractive wilderness might be a thousand miles away from human habitation.

We are bound up the Bushkill gorge to visit the "Forest Park Reservation," a tract owned by Mr. Oppenheimer, of New York, through which the Bushkill flows, and including some of its headwaters. This Reservation is nine miles long, two to three miles

A PIKE COUNTY MILL.

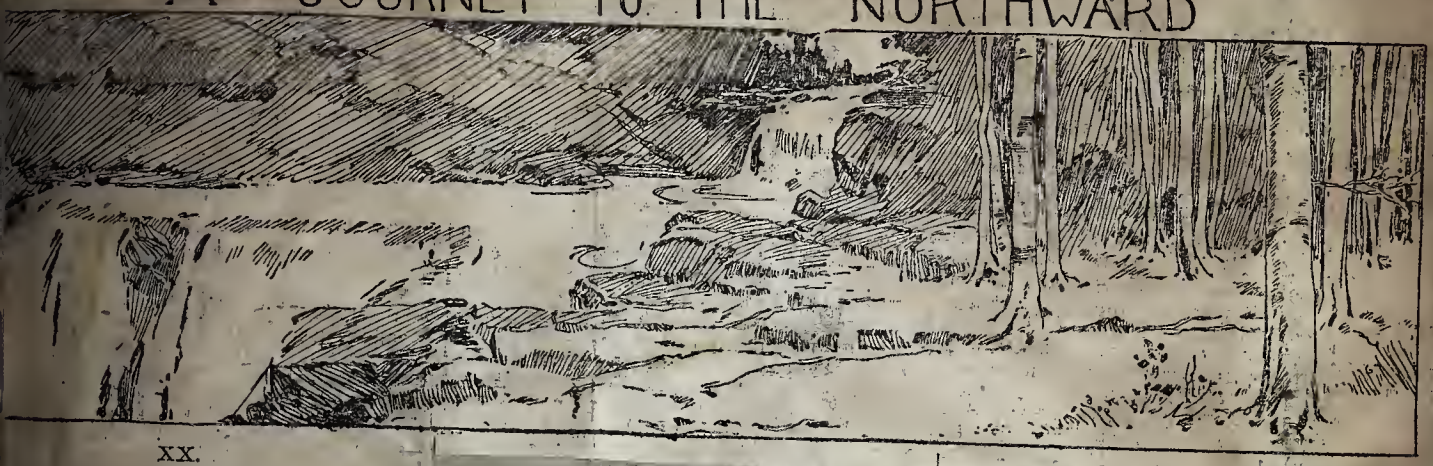
wide, and embraces about 17,000 acres. When we get out into the open, the surface of the rough and rolling land is everywhere covered with stones, there being an occasional clearing, with a little show of farming and a few cattle grazing. To reserve the limited amount of arable land, they have the habit of piling the smaller stones on the boulders, and thus fill the fields with cairns of all shapes and sizes, some of them, as the base may be contracted, being tall and ghostly. Crossing over to the opposite side of the Bushkill at a place where it runs wildly down rapids through the forest, we enter the Reservation, which is kept for hunting and fishing. We go about four miles up the stream, past abandoned farms and much scrub timber, and at an elevation of probably 1500 feet, arrive at the buildings. Here in the heart of this wilderness, on the bank of Forest Lake, have been erected fine and spacious buildings, making a summer resort for health restoration among these mountain firs, having accommodations for several hundred guests, with all the amusements and attractions of the most fashionable watering place. For a mile away from these great buildings stretches the placid lake, and twenty miles to the westward, seen directly over it, is the fine blue profile of the Pocono Knob. The outlet of the lake goes down through rapids and falls to the Little Bushkill. Its shores are lined with rocks and boulders, and its waters are very attractive. There are a steam launch and boats for visitors. Lake Tamanent, to the northward, is quite near, and is larger, and a third and smaller pond, Deer Lake, is beyond. All of them are excellent fishing grounds, being reserved for the guests and fully stocked. Among the pines bordering the lakes tents are provided for camping, so that thorough rustic enjoyment may be had. These lakes, like most others in this region, are "kettle holes" left by the great glacier, and heaps of drift materials brought down by it from the far north surround and enclose them.

BUSHKILL FALLS.

We turned backward from the Reservation to return to Bushkill village, and as we came down from the high elevation, facing the southeast, the vast blue wall of the distant Kittatinny range, beyond the Delaware, in New Jersey, stood up to bound the view all across the horizon. In front of it flowed the river like a silver streak, coming from the northeast, and disappearing around the Walpack Bend. On the side of the dark mountain a brighter spot was made by a cleared field at Milibank, several miles away, but otherwise all was deeply blue in the sombre grandeur of the great and solid backbone of this beautiful but very rough country. J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE.

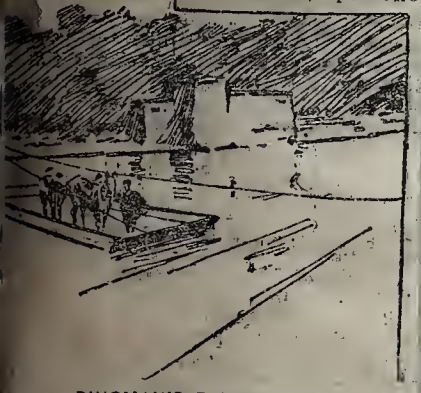
A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD



XX.

DINGMAN'S CHOICE.

FROM the pleasant and hospitable village of Bushkill we travel further ber up the Delaware, bound for "Dingman's Choice." The route is along the Pennsylvania bank of the river, upon one



DINGMAN'S FERRY.

finest roads in the world. The Marcolales of the "buried valley," which he grand bordering cliffs in the county form the roadbed, as smooth and a floor, skirting the bases of the hills river's edge all the way up from Bush- Port Jervis. Our horses trot briskly e lower spur of Sunset Hill in going the village, and we can see the re far up the valley as it out from behind the enormous projectmontory of Egypt Hill, above. The estles placidly between this mountain e Walpack Hill on the Jersey side, and is the valley of Flat Brook interveween this part of Godfrey's Ridge and wering Kittatinny. The sun shines y over the Kittatinny upon us in the orning, as we glide along the shady oor of this magnificent highway. The rface alternates with shallow rifts and placid pools, the haunts of the anglers k here the gamey bass. The normal the Delaware river, which is 294 feet de just above the Water Gap, becomes 325 feet at the Walpack Bend and 350 feet at Dingman's, thus showing the gently ascending grade of the river road. An occasional farmhouse is passed and now and then a little cemetery on the hillside and soon we come to "Smith's Ferry."

In one of our Bushkill excursions we crossed this ferry, which runs semi-occasionally whenever anybody wants to cross the river, and charges an uniform toll of 25 cents, regardless of whether it is a single passenger or several, or a loaded wagon. The clanging bell summoned the ferryman, who was engaged in killing hogs at the time, and he came out red-handed to perform the duty entrusted to him by special charter from the State. Two wire ropes are stretched across the water, the upper one, used in high stages of water, being 20 feet above our heads. The ferryman pulled his flat boat bearing us slowly across by the lower rope, and as we progressed the beauties of the Delaware were displayed for a long distance above and below, enclosed by the huge cliffs to which the abundant laurel in the spring-time gives such a lovely pink tinge. Through the pellucid water could be plainly seen the bed of pebbles and cobbles over which the river flows. Our crossing on that occasion was between Walpack township in Sussex county, New Jersey, and Lehman township in Pike. I have already described the long and narrow township, known as the "State of Pabaquarry," which stretches for 12 miles between the mountain and the river, from the Water Gap up to Walpack Bend. For forty miles from the Gap up to the New York boundary this Kittatinny ridge forms an almost unbroken wall, adjacent to the river, being the highest land in New Jersey. Almost upon the summit of the ridge, overlooking the Walpack Bend, are two pretty lakelets, the "Cat Fish Pond" and the "Sun Fish Pond," elevated fully a thousand feet above the river into which their outlet flows. Above the Bend, in Sussex county, the similarly isolated township of Walpack stretches for nine miles along the river, the pool at the mouth of Flat Brook, near its southern boundary, disclosing the turn hole or eddy which gave the Indian name of Walpack. It is visible at most stages of the river, becoming in times of freshet a powerful whirl pool.

Indian Forays.

Flowing out of a deep ravine cut into the side of the enormous Egypt Hill comes "Tom's Creek," named in memory of Tom Quick, a great Indian fighter in the last century, and our ride takes us across it at the

VIEW AT DINGMAN'S CHOICE.

Egypt Mill, which was the first established in this region. Hither came the early settlers from up the valley to get their corn ground, much as Joseph of old went into Egypt for food, and hence its name. Here is the store and post-office, with the public notices of "vendues" and lost articles posted like news bulletins on the front door, this being the popular method of disseminating such information. The river flats spread out into good farm land in front of Egypt Hill, and the channel makes the sharp bend known as the "Fiddler's Elbow Rift" to get around it. Not far above, Van Camp's Creek comes out of its gorge over falls and rapids. Throughout all this region, and for miles above, the Delaware flows between massive cliffs, with rich farming flats between. The steep face of the Pennsylvania ridge is high, rock-bound and forbidding, but that on the Jersey shore is more rounded and with better cultivation on its slopes and tops.

In the early days the Indians, coming in their forays over from the Susquehanna, where they lived, would skulk among the rocks or stand in the forest on top of the cliffs, and thus survey the whole valley below. They could watch the farmers go out in the fields, and, attacking them unawares, would carry off families into captivity, or kill them on the spot. The evening, when the farmers went out to milk their cows, was a favorite time for the savages to make their attacks. The early history of Pike is filled with tales of Indian barbarity and the carrying of prisoners into captivity. Manuel Gonzales, the founder of Bushkill, with his little daughter Lizzie, on one occasion was going after some horses on the flats, when the Indians saw and chased them. He jumped into some underbrush and escaped, but she ran another way and was captured. She was only seven years old, and he heard her scream when taken. The Indians hurried with their captive into the Pocono wilderness, and the first night of their encampment it was decided to kill her. An old Indian interfered, however, and saved her, saying she was a smart little girl and he would take care of her. They carried her to Canada, where she lived 32 years, and she married an Indian chief, and was the mother of two children, both dying. Long afterwards, a stranger who came to Bushkill told Gonzales where his daughter was, and he went up to Canada and found her. Her husband and children were dead, and she did not want to return, being satisfied with her mode of life. She had forgotten her name, but recalled it as Lizzie, and did not remember her surname, and she only recollected her home by the memory of the river and certain apples she had eaten. After much persuasion she consented to return, but was never fully contented, though she married again in the Delaware valley.

During the Revolutionary War, in 1777, three Indians captured Major Moses Van Campen on these flats, and, pinioning his arms, led him off through the Pocono wilderness towards the Susquehanna, where they intended murdering him by lingering torture. At night they compelled him to lie down with his elbows tied behind his back, one Indian reposing on either side, and the

OLD MILL AT EGYPT.

third standing guard. It once happened that all three Indians fell asleep, when Van Campen managed to get his arms loosened, and, quickly seizing a tomahawk, killed two of the sleeping savages. The other, awakening, ran away, and Van Campen hurled the tomahawk after him with such sure aim that

Christian street, above Fourth, was held under $800 bail by United States Commissioner Bell yesterday on the charge of intercepting a letter addressed to John McClellan, who formerly lived at 426 Christian street, and obtaining possession of a check for $13 95 drawn to the order of McClellan, which was indorsed, and getting it cashed.

there. Strangely enough, this proved to be the same Indian who had run away with the tomahawk sticking in his back, and he showed Van Campen the deep scar it had left. The two are said to have continued fast friends until death separated them.

The Village and the Ferry.

As we roll smoothly along the splendid roadway it is observed that the succession of river-bordering farms on the flats has become, under the influence of the protective tariff, a great tobacco-growing region, thus effectively replacing imported "Sumatra leaf wrappers." Tobacco drying-houses abound, and the moist atmosphere of this deeply indented trough-like valley is good for buckwheat as well. Sheep are numerous, being raised not alone for their wool, but because mutton and lamb are a necessity to satisfy the keen appetites of the summer boarders, who are coming to Pike in greater numbers every year, owing to the attractiveness of the country and its comparatively easy access. Much money is thus brought in, and this revenue is now the chief support of the inhabitants. While studying these economic developments we crossed Hornbeck's creek, darting under the road with a lively current. This stream, about two miles from its mouth, has a dozen falls in succession, the water running down a series of steep ledges like so many steps. This is the cataract of the "Indian Ladder," and is about 100 feet high and very attractive, although the stream, excepting in time of freshet, does not have much volume of water. Soon we briskly ride into "Dingman's Choice," a scattered village, largely of boarding houses and inns, spread along the high road just at the edge of the flats abutting on the Delaware. The location is beautiful. Dingman's creek, having come

A PIKE COUNTY LOGGING HUT

down out of the Pocono wilderness, over its series of rapids and waterfalls, as it approaches the river, emerges from its gorge which opens out broadly, making an almost level fertile valley nearly a mile across. Here are the church and store, the blacksmith shop and little post-office, the ferry over to Jersey, and the remains of the bridge that spanned the river until an unkind freshet lifted it off the pier some time ago and carried it down stream.

The noted pioneer of this lovely region was the sturdy Andreas Dingerman, of Dutch descent, born at Kinderhook, New York, in

THE DELAWARE RIVER AT DINGMAN'S CHOICE.

1711, who wandered over from the Hudson in 1735, having heard much of the Minisink. He selected this pleasant location for his settlement, which afterwards, as his name was gradually Anglicised into Andrew Dingman, came to be generally known as "Dingman's Choice." That he made a most excellent choice of a home is universally conceded. Upon the banks of the beautiful stream, that was also called after him, he built his rude log house and his mill, and out on the river he established his ferry, constructing his first flatboat with a hand-axe. Here he raised his children and founded a well-known family. His grandson was the famous Justice Daniel W. Dingman, already referred to, who was the leader and political boss of Wayne and Pike for nearly a half century. When Pike county was created for his special bailiwick, he also exercised a "choice," being allowed to decide whether the village of Dingman's should be the county seat, or have an academy established here, and his choice was wisely made for the academy, which still stands by the roadside. Judge Dingman became an active correspondent and member of the Pennsylvania Historical Society at Philadelphia in his later years, of which he was very proud, and, dying in 1862 at the age of 87, he sleeps in the Delaware Cemetery, overlooking the river.

The Delaware river is some distance out in the flat meadow land in front of Dingman's. The road leading to it runs around a protruding hill-spur, and over the flats to the old bridge and ferry. A pier of the bridge now stands up in midstream in gaunt remembrance of the structure, and another pier has been partly broken down in the water. This bridge, which superseded the original ferry, is now replaced by the ferry again, with its long, low, flat boat and its two wire ropes, one higher than the other, that stretch across to the Jersey shore. It is related of this ferry that in early times Messrs. Greeley and McElrath, who were the publishers of the New York *Tribune*, having wandered this way, were on one occasion passengers, when Mr. Greeley gaily asked the ferryman whether he knew that he had the honor of transporting Mr. McElrath, of the New York *Tribune*, across his ferry. That gentleman demurred at this and said that the ferryman's honor was the greater, as he was carrying Horace Greeley over, the great *Tribune* editor. The ferryman replied that he did not recollect having ever heard of either gentleman, that he himself was a Pike county Democrat, and that they were having "the distinguished honor of being ferried across by John Ribble, ferryman." They at once cheerfully admitted that honors were even.

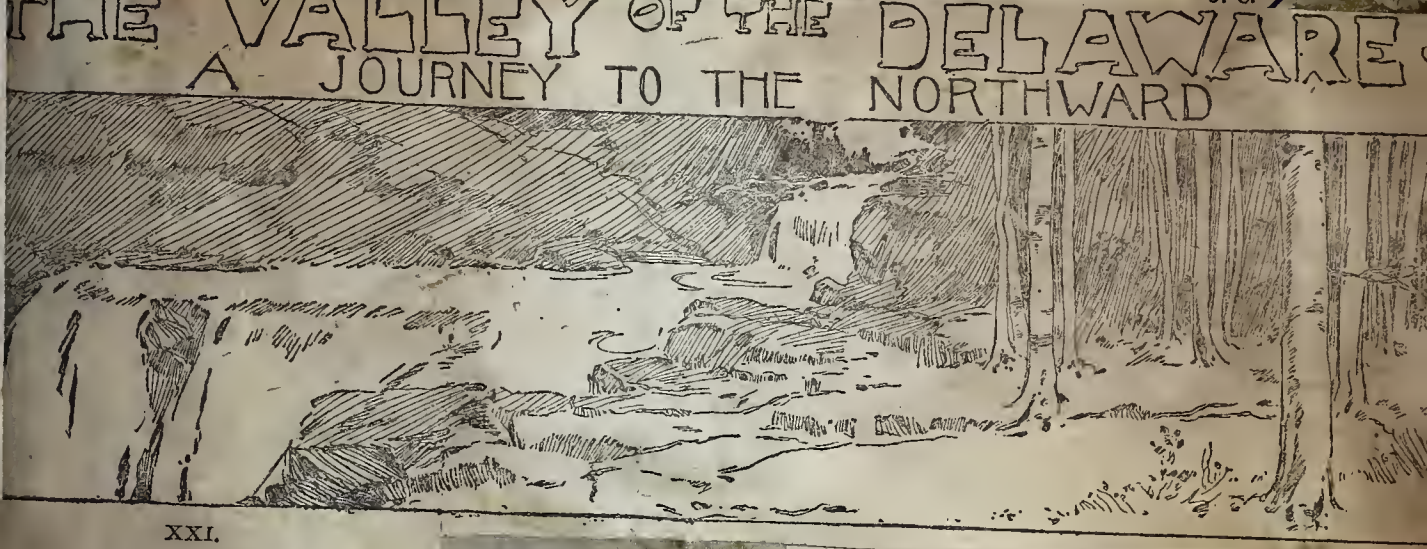
The great enclosing mountain ridges environing Dingman's rise steeply up from the flats which still show the rich fertility that attracted the pioneer settler. Overlooking the village is a high, flat-topped knoll, much like a rostrum built up in the crags, where the ancient Indian chiefs are said in romance to have stood and spoken in thunder tones to their people gathered on the meadows below, declaiming against the aggressions of the white man. The cemetery spreads far up the steep hillside, the rear being much higher than the front, and the white gravestones are scattered about, with darker ones of greater age among them. Alongside it stands the Academy which was "Judge Dingman's Choice," the building having been recently newly painted and freshened. The river comes closely in to the steep bluff in front of the cemetery, and below, at the edge of the water, are piles of railway ties, carted there, and waiting to be made up into rafts to float down to the Water Gap, this being almost the only lumbering now done in this region, once so prolific in timber cutting. Over the river is the New Jersey county of Sussex, which stretches from Walpack Bend all the way up to the New York boundary at Port Jervis. This county was organized in 1753, and then included War-

ren county, afterwards taken from it in 1824. Among the famous men of Sussex was Colonel John Cleves Symmes, of the Revolution, who afterwards became a Judge and removed to the Ohio frontier. His wife is buried in the old Shapanack burying ground, adjoining the river, in Walpack, where her grave is still shown. Their daughter, Anna, after the removal to Ohio, became the wife of General William Henry Harrison (Old Tippecanoe), President of the United States in 1841, and was the grandmother of President Benjamin Harrison.

J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD



XXI.

DINGMAN'S CREEK.

THIS ROMANTIC stream, whose fame has spread so far, has its source in the "Silver Lake," seven miles west of the Delaware, and in its flow descends about 900 feet to the river, coming down several noted waterfalls. It passes through a region of picturesque mountains, deep valleys, rugged ravines, magnificent views, the purest air, the loveliest water, abundant game and fish and all the attributes bringing perfect health—as I condense its virtues and attractions from the Port Jervis *Gazette*. It is here that the late George W. Childs located the little bit of water and woodland paradise recently opened for free public enjoyment, in a ravine of this beautiful stream—"Childs's Park." In breaking its way over the various strata of Catskill, Chemung and Hamilton sandstones, on the outflow to the Delaware, Dingman's creek comes down the "Fnimer" and "Factory" falls and the "Deer Leap," in this park, while below it pours over the "High Falls" a short distance in from the river. Near the latter is the curious "Soap Trough," down which pours the "Silver Thread," on a small tributary stream. The gorge of Dingman's creek is deep and massive, the entrance being a narrow canyon, cut down into the Marcellus shales which make the cliffs along the river.

To explore the creek we turn in alongside the creek on a road that gradually climbs the side of the ascending gorge. We soon get far above the floor of the constantly broadening and deepening canyon, which presents very beautiful scenery, and go out on the table land, the object being to go first to "Silver Lake," and then descend the stream. The route crosses one "barren" after another, as the flat tops of the ridges are called, where the stone crop is plentiful, piled up into fences, but with few houses by the wayside. Thus we go for miles, passing an abandoned woollen factory, with a little graveyard, high on the hillside above it, and enclosed by the usual stone-pile fences, a few white gravestones within the enclosure shining brightly in the sunlight. Then the road passes an abandoned and half destroyed tannery, going over more "barrens" and descending into the intervening valleys, crossing from one side to the other of the torrent, flowing swiftly among the moss-covered stones and boulders, through woods and thickets—about the worst stony road in Pike county, which I was told, by way of encouragement, was a "back road," and therefore one which "the Supervisors never expect to work down below the smoothness of a magnified grater." A few sparsely scattered settlers live in here, trying to get a precarious living on these almost desolate "barrens." They originally

A PIKE COUNTY MOUNTAIN ROAD.

ame to cut off the timber, which was sold, but now the trees are nearly all gone. At present they raise a little corn, and catch a few fish and get some game, but their main reliance for a livelihood is upon the wandering angler and scenery-hunting "tenderfoot," who ventures into the wilderness and becomes their welcome "victim." From his "tips" and spending money come about all the cash they ever see.

We laboriously ride alongide the rushing stream, past a sawmill, humming as it cuts the logs, and the patient ox-team waiting outside. We gradually ascend all the ridges to the table-land, and see here the little stream, almost a thread, as it flows through a diminutive ditch, the outlet of "Silver Lake," which is the source of Dingman's creek. This lake is a beautiful sheet of white water, about a mile and a quarter long and quite wide, elevated 1265 feet above tidewater. It is surrounded by banks of gravel drift left by the glacier, and has no inlet, being fed by springs. The water is 20 to 30 feet deep at the margin and 100 feet or more in the centre. Its shape is almost an oval, and the silver sheen of the glittering surface, ruffled by the wind, shows that its name has been well bestowed. We walk over to the shore through a grove of lovely white birches, and find that the banks all around are fringed with these attractive trees. Forests enclose the adjacent hill-slopes, and well up on the western bank are a few cottages, the abode of summer visitors attracted by the beauty of the lake. The oldest resident has lived here 34 years, and his little children have grown fat and chubby in the fresh pure air of this mountain home.

Childs's Park.

We turn eastward to go down the creek. In front of us as we move along the gorge is seen the great backbone of all this country, the vast blue wall of the distant Kittatinny, spreading far across the horizon. In the centre of the view, it is notched partly down in "Culver's Gap," through which can be seen the darker Sparth Mountain, further off in Jersey. Soon we are at the ruins of the old Factory, and Childs Park. An artistic stone wall made of the boulders picked up on the land encloses it, and there is a rustic gateway and postern alongside the factory, which is quite a picturesque ruin as the vines are climbing over it. A huge boulder surmounting the wall, bears the inscription, "Childs Park, 1892." About 75 acres are enclosed in the Park, which is part of the tract bought by Joseph Brooks, in 1820, an English manufacturer, who two years afterwards erected the stone woollen factory here, which he operated until 1835, when he died. Since then it has been abandoned and has been gradually going to ruin, until now its vine-clad decrepitude adds to the charms of the park. The widow of the founder, Bettie Brooks, survived until recently, and died a centenarian in this attractive region. We enter through the postern, and a short walk leads to the stream, which comes down from the westward over ledge after ledge of the sandstone to the "Factory Falls," this water power having been used to turn the mill wheels. Its course, as it goes down, makes a right-angled bend, the stream running around this curve and over one ledge after another. In opening the park extensive improvements have been made. The whole gorge has been cleared of rubbish and extraneous substances to develop its great natural beauties. Paths are laid out and rustic seats and bridges provided so that the rapids and

HIGH FALLS, DINGMAN'S CREEK.

falls can be viewed with comfort and advantage. There are flights of stone steps constructed down the ledges, alongside the cataracts and the stream, and thus all the beauties are fully displayed.

The creek flows through a magnificent gorge, not so extensive as to be tiresome, but about a third of a mile long, descending probably 300 feet within the park enclosure. Here the briskly running waters and the sighing winds combine in cadence. As the current approaches the ruins of the old mill it goes over the second cataract, the "Bettie Brooks" or "Fulmer's Falls." This is a somewhat sliding cataract of 40 feet, and then a sheer pitch-over, like a sudden leap from a narrow platform of sandstone, down a perpendicular wall for 50 feet more, the water falling between dark, shady rocks to a series of sloping sandstone steps below, over which it pours into a black pool, the foaming amber water looking very dark in the dense shade of this circular basin. Then the stream runs away through bubbling rapids beyond. It is noteworthy that the eels in countless numbers gather below this fall, because they are unable to ascend it, although they can get up the much higher cataract further down the creek, by wriggling through the mossy covering of its abutting walls. This overhanging sandstone platform makes a cataract here which they cannot mount, and therefore no eels are found in the creek above it, nor in the Silver Lake at its source.

The Dingman gorge, as we descend through this pleasant park, becomes higher and higher, its sloping sides and enclosing forests being wildly beautiful. The rapids go down successive steps over the ledges, and foot bridges thrown across display the finest views. Running on among the slaty rocks and boulders, the stream soon comes to a third fall, which is directly under another

SILVER THREAD FALLS, DINGMAN'S CREEK.

foot bridge, supported by the massive rocks which press the cataract into a narrow channel. The stream pours over a ledge of Chemung sandstone, falling about 30 feet upon another ledge which splashes it off for 10 feet further in a fine cascade, spreading out much like the outfall from a fountain. This narrow cataract is so compressed that it comes down upon the lower ledge in most vigorous volume, and it is called the "Deer Leap" because once a deer, pursued by hounds, leaped from the rocks above it and broke his neck. The stream below runs over more step-like rapids by a winding course downward, and here another foot-bridge spans it, so fixed as to give a good final view, and here the gorge ends, the creek having reached the bottom of the sandstone layers, then flowing out into more open ground. This is the lower boundary of the park, which is a gem of concentrated beauty, making in its cataracts and rapids, and wild wooded crags and slopes, one of the most attractive displays in Pike county.

The Soap Trough and High Falls.

Climbing laboriously out of this lovely canyon to the wagon road alongside the park limits, we resume the journey further down the valley. Two miles before we reach Dingman's, that village comes into view far below as the road winds down from the high elevation. It seems like a distant patch of little toy houses scattered along the roads de, with the Delaware beyond, and having the huge Kittatinny for a dark background. We can look far through the widening Culver's Gap in the top of the mountain

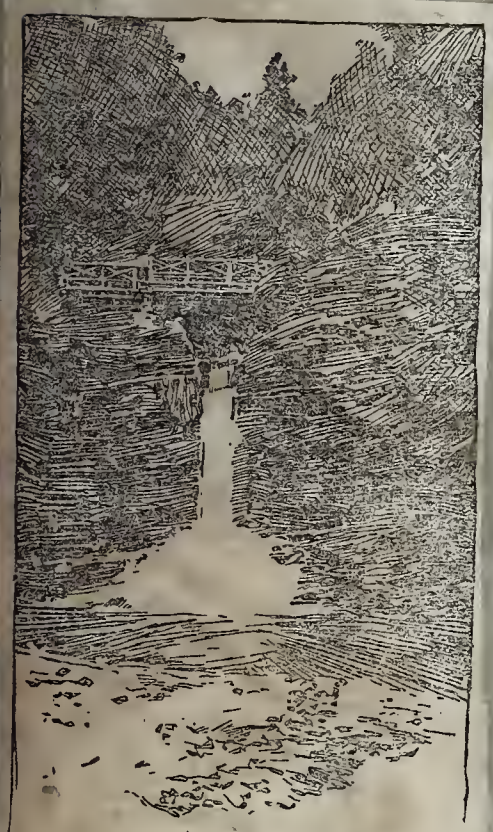
FACTORY FALLS, CHILDS'S PARK.

and are told that in the pass just behind the enclosing ridge on the southern side is the beautiful sheet of water almost on the mountain top, known as Culver's Lake. Again we descend into the Dingman gorge, along a rude road laid down a subsiding ravine leading into the heart of the forest. We go down to the bottom of the deep gorge and to the bank of the creek, fording its rushing waters; then up alongside the rapids and through the rich evergreens and ferns to seek the great fall. An abandoned mill is passed which once availed of its waters, and a little distance off is seen the small tributary stream pouring down the steep rocky walls of the glen, in what is known as the "Silver Thread Fall," or "Soap Trough." This does not have large a flow of water, but it is an unique cascade. It comes steeply down the rocky side in a sort of inclined plane for over 100 feet. The water darts down a very narrow and straight rift, like a trough, in the rocks, foaming step by step over the ledges, in this contracted channel, barely two or three feet wide apparently, and then drops finally into a square grotto filled with foaming bubbles like so much soap-suds. Finally it runs off over the rocks to the main stream a few yards away.

A footpath leads a short distance further up the gorge to the "High Falls," the pleasant way along the bank being overhung with evergreens. This is the greatest waterfall on Dingman's creek, 130 feet high, the water coming down three successive cataracts, and then a long slide, where the current narrows, and flows diagonally from right to left over the sloping face of the rocks, which in times of freshet are evidently completely covered with foaming waters. As we saw it on this gigantic slide the stream made a beautiful lace-work. This is one of the finest cataracts in Pennsylvania, and its beauties are enhanced by the solid walls of huge black sandstone rocks, hemming it in. At the foot of the final slide, the stream turns at right angles suddenly to the eastward, and, after flowing placidly through an extended dark pool, glides away over rapids. The successive leaps of this remarkable cataract are as curious as they are attractive. A short distance down the gorge it widens into the broadening flats at the village. The top of the "High Falls" is 645 feet above tidewater level and about 280 feet above the Delaware. A brief journey brings us back to Dingmen's Choice.

I have already written that the Jersey shore of the Delaware, opposite Dingman's and up to Port Jervis, is Sussex county. The only way these people have to get to the rest of their State is by the road over the Kittatinoy, through "Culver's Gap." The township of Sandyston stretches six miles along the river above Walpack, and Montague for eight miles further, up to the New York boundary. Godfrey's Ridge skirts the river all the way up, and behind it is the Flat Brook Valley, with the Kittatinny on the other side. It is curious that no streams of moment flow into the Delaware between Port Jervis and Walpack Bend, on the Jersey side, and that this brook runs parallel for many miles between the ridges down to the Bend, making a rich grazing region. We came through this valley on a recent occasion, passing one of its noted buildings—the "Brick House" in Montague, built in 1780 for an inn, an almost square two-story building, still kept as a tavern. Passing down the narrow vale of good farms and fat cattle, with frequent mills and dams to make fish ponds for a company that has acquired the fishing rights, we soon learnt that this sort of exclusiveness was not relished by the natives, so that fish poaching was general and could not be stopped. Further down, at Centerville and Peter's Valley, the hills approach, narrowing the farm land—and here old Peter Van Ness settled at "The Corners," though since it has been named Peter's Valley in his honor. Then the road passes Walpark Centre, with a fine view of its little church and school house on the hillside, with the stream wandering in a tree-bordered course through the lowland beyond. The valley soon becomes almost painfully compressed between the ridges, the arable land is scarce, and the people live by cutting trees for railway ties and throwing them into the creek, to be floated down to Walpack Bend and the Delaware. The

ENTRANCE TO CHILDS'S PARK.



THE DEER LEAP.

lower reach of the stream being almost level, the waters become rather sluggish, so that it thus gets its name of the "Flat Brook." Sussex county has always been famous for its inns, possibly like most other parts of Jersey, but it is specially recorded of Sussex that in early times "the business of tavern keeping was a stepping stone to public distinction, as well as a source of pecuniary profit. Nearly all the early Judges, Justices, Sheriffs, Chosen Freeholders, etc., were innkeepers." At the first Sussex Court, held in 1753, the following rates were fixed for innkeepers' charges:

Hot dinner of three dishes	1 shilling
Cold dinner	9 pence
Lodging one person	3 pence
Rum per gill	4 pence
Beer per quart	5 pence
Wine per quart	18 pence
Oats per quart	1½ pence

Liquors and oats when called for were ordered to be delivered in full measures. It is further recorded that a brisk trade was done in these Sussex inns in providing "lodgings in bed" at wholesale rates. They charged five pence for "one man in a bed," but two in a bed were charged three pence each, and three in a bed two pence each. In those halcyon days the thrifty Jerseymen in Sussex used to bundle together, and thus save enough pence to indulge next day in copious libations of the great drink of the time—New England rum—the predecessor of the popular beverage of today—applejack.

J. C.

THE VALLEY OF THE DELAWARE

A JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD

XXII.

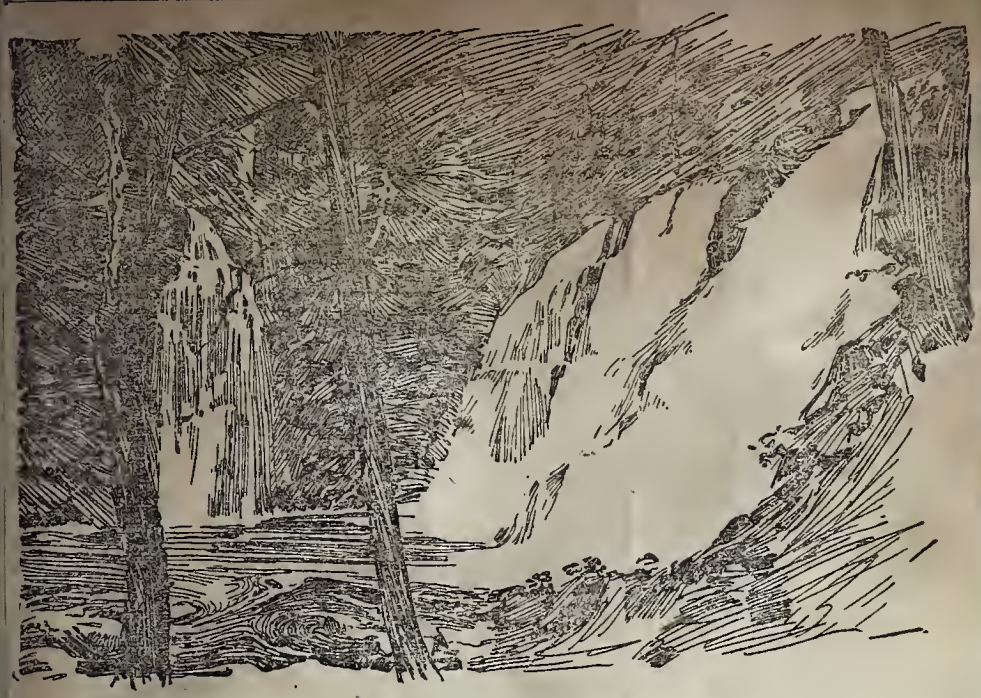
DINGMAN'S TO MILFORD.

FROM "DINGMAN'S Choice" we start again to go further up this beautiful valley, along the magnificent park-like roadway. It still skirts the edge of the river flats, just where the hill bases come, at times crossing

THE SAWKILL FALLS.

their spurs and rounding their promontories, where it is laid upon rock ledges high above the river. Adams brook darts under a little bridge—a pleasant stream that pours down a picturesque cataract about a half-mile up its gorge, which provides many favorite spots for artists, being like all these bold cliffs and beautiful ravines, most popular with the sketcher and scenic painter. The river winds prettily over the broad meadows, with its rifts and pools, and far ahead we can see up the long trough-like valley. The seething crags come out steep and naked on the tops of the ridgy, bordering hills which fall sharply off almost like palisades. Their tops are 600 feet or more above the river, rising as Milford is approached, into the grand promontory of "Utter's peak," elevated 800 feet. As the road winds high along the sides of these hills, the outlook is superb, giving everywhere fine views, and we look for miles along this noble valley, with its level meadows, enclosing hills, glinting rapids sparkling in the sunlight, and the distant blue wall of the Kittatinny enclosing the scene. We pass above "Cave Bank" and get its excellent view, making everyone marvel at the superb magnificence of this scenic paradise, the Upper Delaware.

Wheelmen glide by us swiftly on their silent, almost ghostly steeds, for they delight in this splendid road with its grand scenery, and it is one of their favorite routes. We have come into the township of Dingman, which preserves the name of the old Judge, and has a belt of fertile land along the river meadows, and another strip of passable farmland about a mile wide just northwest of the bordering cliffs. The rest of the township is mostly in the original condition of wilderness, a forest where bears, deer and other wild animals roam. The Hamilton sandstones make the cliffs bordering the river, whose valley is excavated out of the softer Marcellus shales. It was under the shadow of these towering cliffs that "Old Case Cole" built his little log-house in 1750 and occupied the meadows all the way up to Milford. A venerable Indian squaw came and camped on his land every summer, catching fish in the neighboring streams. One claimed the land and for several seasons demanded payment, her price being two Dutch robe blankets, five gallons of whisky and one sheep. Finally he reluctantly agreed to her terms, and she came with about thirty Indians to collect the payment. They drank the whisky and devoured the sheep, and an exciting orgie followed throughout the night. The squaw, by way of receipt, drew a rude picture of a horse in the cellar of the house, and afterwards left with her tribe for Wyoming, never troubling him afterwards. This bargain was sacredly observed throughout the subsequent Indian wars, the savages, no matter how hostile, desisting from attack as soon as they saw the picture, saying he had paid for his land. Within a half mile of his house was fought the battle of Raymondskill, near the mouth of that creek, April 21st, 1780, in which the Indians ambushed the whites and [illegible] thirteen of the settlers. The contest [illegible]ed around the "Pow-wo



RAYMONDSKILL AND BRIDAL VEIL FALLS.

Hill," a flat, elevated table land overlooking the Delaware, which the Indians regarded as a peculiarly sacred region, as here they held their councils and had their ancient cemetery.

Raymondskill Falls.

We have come to the noted Raymondskill, flowing out from the "Log Tavern Ponds" in the township of Dingman, and eastwardly down to the Delaware. One Joshua Drake, the first settler who ventured up into the wilderness, built a rude log tavern near these ponds, and hence their names. The "Big Pond" is elevated 1270 feet above tide water, and is about a mile and a half long, being separated from the "Little Pond," which is slightly lower, by a long, narrow ridge of rocks and drift 150 feet high. The Raymondskill comes out to the Delaware through a deep and somewhat broad canyon, which the geologists tell us is of comparatively modern origin, as the course of the lower creek was changed by the great glacier. Before this ice-cap came down and enveloped all the country, the creek diverged from its present channel about two and one-half miles west of the Delaware, and, going northeast, united with the Sawkill, their combined stream flowing into the river three miles above here, and somewhere under the present site of Milford. The old drift-buried valley of the ancient stream can now be traced, leading across from the Raymondskill to the Sawkill, near Milford. The present Raymondskill channel descends, about 450 feet from the point of former divergence, through a splendid gorge, being a constant succession of rapids and falls, with one grand leap of 125 feet at the Raymondskill Falls. From the foot of these falls the creek descends about 100 feet further to the Delaware, having cut its deep canyon all the way out through the soft, shaly rocks.

We turn into this famous ravine, and climb up its northern edge, going in about a mile to the Falls. Walking along a pleasant footpath through the forest, down the side of the ravine, we enter a wild gorge, the noise of the cataract directing our steps. This waterfall is of surpassing scenic beauty. The stream has cut a deep channel through the sandstone ridge and at the bottom of this it descends through a vertical distance of about 125 feet, in what practically make two successive leaps, excavating a beautiful glen enclosed by perpendicular walls of fir-crowned rocks, 200 feet high, into whose sombre depths the sun never shines. The cataract is a curious one. There are successive ledges for about eighty feet, down which the water tumbles over a dozen or more steps, each cascade differing in appearance from the others, and the water pours into the usual dark pool at the foot. This is the "High Fall," but it does not complete the cataract, however, for the pool takes the stream about fifty feet to one side, and then it starts down another fall, the "Bridal

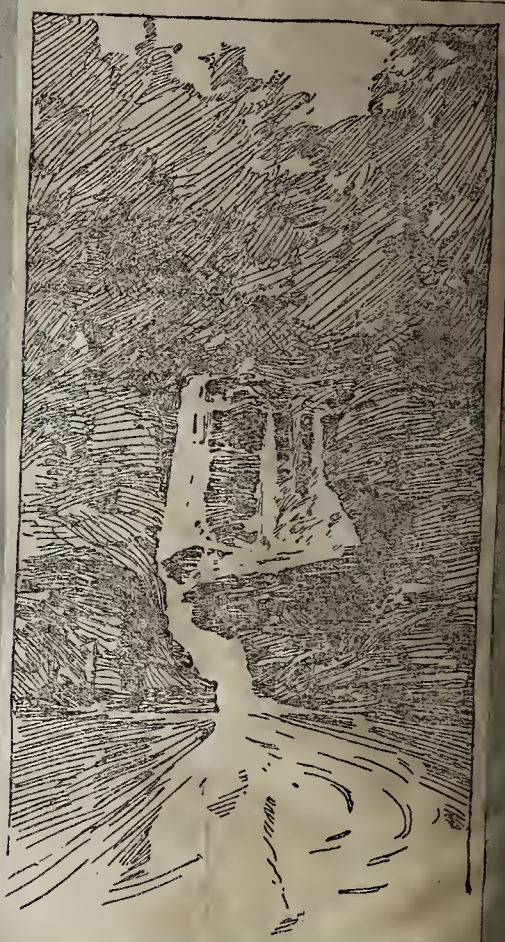
UPPER RAYMONDSKILL FALLS.

THE DELAWARE VALLEY, SOUTH OF MILFORD.

Veil," which can only be seen by descending a roundabout path to the lower level. Here the water half slides and half pours down a few rude rocky steps for forty-five feet more, falling into another pool, surrounded by a great rocky amphitheatre, beyond which it runs away amid the boulders and over the flags, out towards the river, through the gorge. This deep enclosure is covered with mosses and ferns, and fringed with evergreens on the sides and tops, decorating it beautifully. The delicious coolness of this glen in the warmest weather makes it a favorite resort of pleasure parties. The Raymondskill is usually a stream of ample flow, and in times of freshet the full cataract becomes a roaring torrent. There are tributary rills, hanging like so many silver threads, down the sides of the ravine among the jagged and frost-broken rock strata, these enhancing its beauties.

Utter's Peak.

We go further up the gorge and out at its top, where the creek flows through the table land, and, leaving the stream, traverse the rolling farm land, turning towards the Delaware again. Coming to the summit, at the high ledge of "Utter's Peak," a path through the woods leads out to the front of the cliff, where one could readily jump off the top to the meadows, 800 feet below. This peak standing up almost like a perpendicular wall, like six Drexel Buildings piled one upon the other, displays a gorgeous view of the beautiful Valley of the Delaware for many miles, from Port Jervis almost down to the Bushkill. It is built up of the Hamilton sandstone rocks. Its face stands up so straight that it brings the highly cultivated lands on the "plaided meadows" along the river almost beneath our feet, the squared fields looking like an enlarged chess-board, alternating green and yellow and brown, with the grass or grain or plowed ground. The river road, which we came along, stretches like a white streak among them. Further out, beyond the fields, the river winds its narrow, glistening channel, which divides in twain just south of us, enclosing the large Minisink Island, the divided stream reuniting far below, where the Raymondskill flows in. Beyond the river are more farms on the Jersey flats, and running up the slopes of Godfrey's bordering ridge, all being well cultivated. Behind it is the Flat Brook Valley, with the ever-present dark blue Kittatinny, rising beyond, to close the view and extending as far as eye can see, all across the landscape, with its waving, ridgy top-line backing against the sky. To the eastward "Culver's Gap" opens in bold relief, and farther north a big hotel is perched upon the



THE FULMER FALLS, DINGMAN'S.

summit of the ridge, which rises alongside into the mound of High Point, the most elevated spot in the State of New Jersey. This grand Kittatinny ridge spreads far beyond the boundary into New York State, and we can follow it away up the valley of the Neversink, past Port Jervis, until a projecting promontory to the westward closes the view.

In the solemn stillness of this high elevation, the gentle roar of the river rapids floats upward to the ear, and with this come the occasional cries of the farm animals from the meadows below, where, like toy-houses, the buildings are scattered about. In one of these little dwellings lived the family from whom this peak was named. To the northward the Delaware river bends around great curves, one of them swinging to the westward in towards the bluff and terrace at Milford, concealed behind an intervening ridge, while out in front is the distant truss bridge spanning the river near this county-seat of Pike. Some nine miles above is the protruding rocky buttress, around which the Delaware comes to break into this "buried" valley at Port Jervis, where its course, which for many miles has been towards the southeast, is turned to the southwest to flow on towards the Water Gap, where it again bends to the southeast. Under this towering buttress nestles Port Jervis, over in the Neversink Valley, its smokes and steam jets rising as the glass discloses its distant railway trains running along the Erie road. Across in Jersey, almost opposite us, is the old Minisink Church and its graveyard, one of the earliest in this valley. Near by a puffing, singing, portable saw mill is trying to devour a small patch of good timber, one of the last remaining tracts in this region. This was the locality of the first Minisink settlement, the "Minisink Precinct," its municipal organization having been formed in 1739. These early and thrifty Dutch pioneers occupied the most fertile portion of this splendid valley. The grand view of the Delaware, which we are thus overlooking, as if from a balloon, extends from the Neversink Valley down to Egypt Hill, near Bushkill, and covers thirty miles. Yet it is a dangerous place to venture upon, the face of the rocks being so precipitous. A boy once slipped and rolled nearly 250 feet down a fissure in this cliff, where he was miraculously saved, with comparatively slight injuries, afterwards living to be an old man.

The Sawkill Gorges.

Reluctantly withdrawing from this gorgeous scene, and emerging, as we had entered, through the forest, we ride along the back roads behind the cliffs and down into the valley of the Sawkill creek. Here, on the hillslope above Milford, are displayed the conical-topped turrets of its finest building, "Pinchot's Castle," a feudal castle of the Norman style, built here by the descendant of one of the early settlers, now a successful business man in New York. Within its domain are the "Falls of the Sawkill," where, flowing through a forest and between steep, drift-covered banks, that stream runs down a long series of rapids and cascades, with a descent of about 90 feet, the water falling over ledge after ledge, through a deep and foliage-enclosed canyon, the rocky walls ornamented by ferns and creeping plants, and the stream overhung with vines and evergreens. This makes a very attractive glen, and the cataract is entirely different from all others in this region. A bridge thrown across the creek, midway of the rapids, gives an excellent view. This romantic place is called the "glen," and is the favorite resort of the summer boarders thronging Milford. At the head of the "glen" the stream plunges 18 feet over a ledge of dark rocks, the channel below being a gorge only 30 feet wide, with perpendicular walls of slate, while above the channel broadens out into a considerable valley. Another cascade below the "glen" is dammed to give power to some mills near the Delaware.

The Sawkill, while not a large stream, is almost throughout a succession of cascades and rapids. It brings down the water of the Sawkill pond, an oblong lake at 1175 feet elevation, back in the wilderness, occupying an old drift-enclosed valley. Where it empties into the Delaware at Milford the river is at 380 feet elevation from tidewater. Above the "glen" the creek comes down successive cascades and rapids, and flows through deep and narrow fissures in the rocks, presenting remarkable characteristics, making miniature representations of Ausable Chasm. This curious development is all due to the action of the great glacier, like so much else that is strange along the Delaware. The beautiful site of Milford, just above the mouth of the Sawkill, is upon a broad terrace of drift materials rising 100 to 120 feet above the river. It is, in fact, a mass of glacial *débris*, fronted by an almost perpendicular bluff, at the foot of which the river flows. This accumulation of glacial drift, by damming the ancient channel of the Sawkill nearly three miles above its former mouth, caused it to seek a new outlet to the Delaware over the cliffs of Hamilton sandstone, and hence the curious development of fissures and falls and rapids and gorges as the diverted stream breaks its way through the high escarpment of these hills. In the pre-glacial times, as I have already written, the Sawkill waters passed by a channel now buried in drift, and, receiving the Raymondskill, their united current entered the Delaware directly under the terrace upon which Milford is built.

J. C.