REMINISCENCES

OF

CARBONDALE, DUNDAFF,

AND

PROVIDENCE

FORTY YEARS PAST.

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

To write a letter on business, or to correspond with a friend, one knows full well in what language to couch his sentiments so as to meet the approval of those with whom he would communicate. But in making a book for the public eye, when, perhaps, thousands of eyes will be peering over it, and many of them boiling over with criticism, one may well find himself at a loss in what measure to write; whether to be sedate or gay, or to rightly estimate how many ounces of felicitiousness to throw in.

Nothing was more remote from our design when we commenced our letters to the *Advance*, on the early history of Carbondale, than *of getting up a book.* Having for years past retired from the active business cares of life, we have found our monotony so much like the waiting at a railroad station for the train, that we have occasionally passed away our time by writing letters to the *Advance;* oftentimes feeling that the publishers, as well as the readers, endured rather than enjoyed them. As time passed on, and we becoming more used to corresponding, and receiving much encouragement (more than we expected, or felt was due us), emboldened us to continue, until for the past year or two we have grown into a regular correspondent. In corresponding for a paper, one writes only for the time, "that he who runs

may read." People, however, pay for papers to get the news, and it is not right that they should be filled with matter that concerns no one. When a person gets up a book, he does so at his own risk, and the public can buy or reject it as they see fit. In the small work we here present, we have endeavored to state facts as we found them, though roughly hewn. We possess no polished words or rounded sentences wherewith to clothe our thoughts. The sentiments, and the language which utters them are our own. We need not inform the reader that in our journey through life we have not been blessed with ease and affluence, but have worked our way up its rugged steps, a stranger to education and its refinements. If our labor, which we here present to the public, proves of interest to them, we shall feel satisfied. Should our views differ in some respects, say these are *his*, but not ours.

This history of Carbondale has been undertaken at the request of two prominent citizens, formerly of Carbondale, but now of Scranton. In complying with their request, we can only say, if the present generation does not *now* appreciate or feel an interest in these pages, perhaps when their author shall have gone to his long home, some abler hand may turn them and gather ideas of the past, as well as remembrances of those who have acted so well their parts in the early struggles of the embryo city.

J. R. Durfee.

November 1, 1874.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CARBONDALE.

Carbondale township was formed from Blakely and Greenfield, in 1831. C. E. Wilbur, now a resident of Jefferson, and upwards of ninety years old, was one of the first settlers of Carbondale, about the year 1800. He it was who first discovered coal near the Lackwanna, now in Third Ward of the city of Carbondale.

In 1812, William Wurts, under the guidance of Mr. Wilbur, explored this region, and discovered coal at several places in the township. This induced him and his brother Morris to purchase property here, then owned by Lord John Russell, of England. His agent was J. R. Priestly, of Northumberland, Pennsylvania. These enterprising men, in 1824, erected the first log house in Carbondale, for the accommodation of themselves and laborers. Then there was no outlet or market for coal; and very little was accomplished in the coal busi-

ness, until the organization of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and the completion of the railroad to Carbondale in 1828.

The township contains an area of twenty-three square miles. Its surface is rugged, though not sterile. Being underlaid with anthracite coal, like other mining regions, agriculture has not received much attention from its inhabitants.

In the year 1840 there were 252 persons engaged in mining, and 32 in agriculture. Its population in 1840, including the city, was 2,398. In 1850, without the city, it was 459.

Carbondale city was incorporated by an act of Assembly in 1851. Prior to that time it was a borough, which in 1850 contained 4,945 inhabitants. The first dwelling in the place was built by Morris Wurts, Esq., in 1824, and for some years was used as a boarding house, and called the "Log Tavern." In the year 1828 a Catholic Church was built; also, a Union Church, occupied by Protestants, and a school house.

With a few exceptions, the following named gentlemen are the only persons residing in Carbondale who, located there prior to 1830: Dr. T. Sweet, D. W. Lathrope, John M. Poor, S. E. Raynor, Samuel Mills, R. E. Marvin,

Henry Johnson, Stephen Rodgers, and D. Yarrington.

Stewart Pierce, writing in 1860, says: "There is a court house and a jail here, and a Recorder's Court for the city, held four times a year, by the Hon. John Conyngham. The city contains 56 dealers in merchandise, 24 restaurants, 5 hotels, 8 churches, 2 machine shops, and 3 foundries. There is only one brick building in the city."

He also writes: "Through the efforts of Morris and William Wurts, the enterprising projectors of the Delaware and Hudson Canal and Railroad Company, the work was commenced in 1826, and completed in 1828; J. B. Jarvis acting as engineer. The canal is 108 miles in length from tide water on the Hudson to Honesdale. It ascends to Honesdale, 980 feet above tide, by means of 106 locks and 2 guard locks. Its boats carry 125 tons, and draw $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water.

"The railroad originally connected the mines at Carbondale with the canal at Honesdale, having five inclined planes and stationary engines, overcoming an elevation of 850 feet, and costing, with the canal, $3,500. Within a few years past the road has been continued to Archibald, and is now in process of extension

to the newly purchased coal lands of the company, near Scranton and Providence. This was the first railroad in Luzerne county, and the second that was commenced in the United States.

"The first locomotive was brought from England soon after the completion of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and placed on the road in 1828. It was conveyed through the canal, and when placed on the road, where its self-moving power—as it rapidly coursed along the iron rails—excited the unbounded astonishment of the natives. The bridges and trestle work of the road proving too frail for the great weight of the steam horse, it was abandoned, and for several years lay rusting by the road side—the boiler of which is now in a foundry in Carbondale."

From the description given by Mr. Pierce, we learn that the wheels of this wonderful piece of mechanism were of wood, like ponderous cart wheels, with wooden fellows, and wrought iron tire and flange. It was also built with a walking beam, similar to a steamboat.

We also append a scrap from an old paper.

"The first locomotive that ran upon a railroad on this continent was imported from England by the Delaware and Hudson Canal

Company; was ordered in England by Horatio Allen, assistant engineer; was shipped from Liverpool, April 8th, 1829, on board packet-ship John Jay; arrived in New York the 17th of May, 1829; was sent up the river to Round-out, and arrived there July 4th, 1829, from thence was transported by canal and arrived at Honesdale, July 23d, 1829, and on the 8th day of August, 1829, made the trial trip. This locomotive was built at Stourbridge England, was named the Stourbridge Lion, and the boiler is now in use at Carbondale."

CHAPTER II.

CARBONDALE NAMED.

We have been told by Stephen Rogers, Esq., one of the oldest citizens of your place, that the name of Carbondale was first announced when a wagon load of axes, picks, shovels, &c., came from Philadelphia, making their way through Canaan, then an unbroken wilderness, marked "Carbondale," and thus those silent messengers proclaimed along the way, that Pennsylvania was giving birth to another settlement. Little did the most sanguine think then of the impor-

tance that the little city in embryo would become in less than half a century, and although it cannot boast of being named after some illustrious personage, it can boast of standing on its own merits. The name is much more appropriate than to call that part of the city below the Highland Mill South Africa. While riding through that interesting portion of the city with our much esteemed friend, John Watt, Esq., whose head is a complete encyclopedia of knowledge, and whose index finger is ever ready to point out the most interesting places, we could but think while riding over those ungraded roads and unbridged water courses, of the lady who had just returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley. She said that the scenery was gorgeous, but she didn't like the locomotion. "How is that?" said her friend. "Why it was *a la clothes pins.*" But that part of the city is young yet, as Father Dickson said of Colt's pistols—"when they get age they will be good as any gun."

When we first came to Carbondale, forty years ago this fall, there was only two streets, one running south to the White Bridge, the Carbondale & Blakely Turnpike, and the Milford & Owego Turnpike running east and west up as far as Church street, and thence north as

far as the Thomas Gillespie house, and then diagonally across the yard of Henry Jadwin, and back of the parsonage to the foot of the hill. Not a sidewalk was thought of for a number of years. Were all the people that were there then and still live there, assembled now, they would make a very poor corporal's guard.

We were much pleased on our arrival at Carbondale to know that ever since the spire of the Catholic Church had been put up, that not only the whole city, but all new comers had been looking up. We congratulate our Catholic friends on their success in building so noble an edifice, and it would seem that the materials of which it is built would almost defy the ravages of time, and would be as lasting and unfading as their principles. We were glad to see that the Public Square had been nicely cleared off, so that the people could drive across it with safety, and that the regular rates of toll were but one dollar for all kinds of carriages. But another inconvenience is that the citizens have no convenient place to dump their coal ashes, or empty their straw beds and other rubbish; but probably by another year times will change, and the Public Square will be used by the quadrupeds as a place to hold high carnival by running their snout colters under the turf.

But perhaps some mischievous boy may serve them as one did the colored man's. He said, "It tooked a whole ebening to pick the shot out ob de pig, when de pig warnt doing nothing but root up de little grass in de street." We were also much pleased to see the great improvements in the sidewalks. We well remember when the first one was laid, and how a countryman looked at it and said that soon he would have to polish his boots when he came to the city. The roadways are also much improved. Now a good marksman can drive from the depot in broad day light to the Watt House and not hit one stone in a hundred.

It was pleasant indeed to revisit the city of Carbondale, and meet the many smiling faces with whom we had in former years travelled up the rugged paths of life's journey, also to see the vast improvements that have been made and are still being made. If our judgment is not at fault, there has been more houses built, not only in numbers, but more wealth in houses the last six years, since we left there, than all that were there then. What the future will bring forth remains to be told.

CHAPTER III.

CARBONDALE FORTY YEARS AGO.

When we first visited Carbondale, forty years ago, our greatest curiosity was to see those coal mines of untold wealth. Making our way from the two hotels, where the Keystone now stands and the Mansion House on the opposite corner, down across the river to where the Episcopal Church now stands, and down to the "Dip," a little below the Gas Works, we found some half dozen persons in their mining clothes, and some mine cars with a mule attached. We told the men that we had come to see the mines and would like to go into them. They told us to get into the box and they would take us in. No sooner said than done, and away we were hurled into the darkness. What our feelings were can better be imagined than described. We had always read and been taught the story of the Evil One, how he had deceived poor Mrs. Adam in the garden so long a time ago, and had been going on progressing in wickedness and cunning ever since, and how did we know but that it was one of the schemes of the arch enemy of all goodness thus to de-

ceive and thus entrap us into those sulphurous regions!

"But down through the regions of the night
They took their way through forests void of light,
To stand before the inexorable king,
And there before the trembling ghosts to cling."

Arriving at the end of our journey, where were now and then the appearance of some ghost-like form, we could only think of the clergyman in the Lehigh Coal Fields, when he accidentally slipped down a mine shaft among a lot of miners. Both parties were tremendously frightened, but finally one of the miners ventured to approach him and thus addressed him: "Who and what are you?" "Well," said the clergyman, "when I was up in yonder world I was a preacher of righteousness, but now I'm here I'm anything you want I should be." Very soon a ghost-like form seemed to make his way towards us, and in a squeaking kind of voice seeming to come from near a pair of eyes and a row of ivory, said, "Footing, sir; pay your footing." What's that?" said I. "Quarter of a dollar, sir." Well, thought I, if a quarter of a dollar will puchase my immunity from such a place as this, it is a cheap purchase, and I was then allowed to cling to the rear end of a little car load of coal, until daylight satisfied

me that I was out of those unearthly realms, those sulphurous regions, which only seemed to be the abode of wealth and labor.

On interviewing the embryonic city we found much to occupy our attention. There were two very respectable hotels in the upper part of the town, the Mansion House, kept by David Blanchard, son in-law of Salmon Lathrop, the Railway Hotel—where the Keystone now is—kept by Mr. Porter, father of Rev. George Porter, then bar-tender for his father. The two in the lower part were kept one by John Coyle and the other by Michael Riley. There were also a number of mercantile houses—Benjamin & Van Bergen, Mapes & Mann, Hackley & Son, Samuel Hodgdon, George F. Knapp, Wm. Eggleston. L. G. Ensign kept a jewelry and notion store and repaired watches. On the south side of the store where the Harrison House now is, were in large letters "Townsend & Poor." But our ever-to-be-respected J. M. Poor left about that time for the South, but returned in a few years, and has been an active, energetic citizen ever since, a granite pillar in the church. Grant & Wood also occupied the store where Mrs. Moffit now is, but left soon, succeeded by E. H. Castle, who did a flourishing business for two or three years and was

burned out. But now a wealthy citizen of Chicago, J. W. Burnham was then a jeweller, but soon received an appointment from the Governor as Justice of the Peace. E. H. Castle and Judson and Stephen Clark had been there but a short time. They were teamsters and coal dealers, having opened the Fall Brook Mines, and sold to the innumerable teams that came in from Ithaca, Cortland, and intermediate towns for more than one hundred miles north and west.

We found the Delaware and Hudson Company struggling in its infancy. We were told by Mr. Clarkson that the year before that they had mined and run off 800 tons per day through the season of canal navigation, but had overdone the market, and so this year they would not run but 600 tons per day. Mr. James Archbald, whose name will ever be respected and beloved by all who ever knew him, was engineer, controller, treasurer, paymaster, and general adviser. James Clarkson stood side and shoulder with him in all the business cares and vicissitudes connected with the mining business, and to these two noble men generation after generation may well look back as the pillars of success in the great struggle for independence to which this great

Company now stand forth proudly eminent among the great monopolies of the Union.

We were told by Mr. Frothingham, who was at that time clerk in the office, that when the Company built their railroad and canal from the Hudson river to the mines, they borrowed of the State of New York their scrip to that amount; that when put in market in New York, in order to obtain ready money to pay the expense of building their works, they received $40,000 less than the face of the bonds. Their first charter had but thirty years to run, and the State had reserved the right to take their works at the expiration of the time by paying them their money and interest. He said that the Company were going to ask the State to accept of just what money they actually received in ready cash. How they settled I never knew, but I presume amicably, as they renewed their charter on a perpetual basis.

In the mechanical department J. H. McAlpine stood foremost. For many years he was his own purchaser, manager and paymaster, and it was no uncommon occurrence when settling with the hands—sometimes not for three months—for him to give them his check with the letters "I O U so much—J. H. Mc-

McAlpine." The checks were at par and honored at any counter.

Next in order comes Robert Maxwell, who for some two score years stood at the head of the transportation department, and as Railway King his shadow would throw Vanderbilt entirely in the shade.

On the line of engines up the mountain, William Ball was Chief Engineer. He was engaged from one of the shops in New York on the first starting of the works, when quite young, to take charge of the five engines on the line. He declined coming until the Company gave him a bond of agreement to keep him in their employ six months. He remained in their employ his lifetime, between thirty and forty years, beloved and respected by all who knew him. Those in his employ were, at No. 1 Whitman Brown, who remained for a number of years, and then went to Honesdale, where he was killed by the cars. At No. 2 was James Johnson, who removed to Keokuk, where he died. He was assisted at No. 2 by Joseph Gillespie, who died at Providence a few months ago. Afterwards by Patrick Archbald, who went to Michigan. They were succeeded by P. R. Farrer, who died there. No. 3 was run a number of years

by John Davis, whose sons succeeded him and followed in the same line of business. No. 4 was run forty years ago by Peter Campbell; afterwards by James Cookson, and later by Mr. Ball, brother of William Ball. By a misstep he slipped into the machinery and in a moment was a mangled corpse. Orlando Foster, formerly from this neighborhood, ran No. 5 for a long number of years, and was, I believe, succeeded by one of his sons, all of whom are engineers. So it is that Mr. Archbald and all that line of skilful, energetic men have passed away and given place to others, with new and much improved machinery. The first engines were run by or with walking beams and heavy balance or fly wheels. The engineer had to use the starting bar every time the machinery was set in motion.

There yet remains a number of mechanics that were in the Company's employ forty years ago, whose gray hairs are witnesses of their usefulness and assiduity, of whom we can call to mind Henry Johnson, R. W. Graves and Samuel Mills, now in the active scenes of life. Also J. B. Smith, who, for some score of years, has been the archimedian lever that has raised the Pennsylvania Coal Company to its present proud position, and while he has been the ar-

chitect of his own fortune, he has paved the way for others to occupy important positions in the brain-field of usefulness. Deacon Jessup, John Love and son, Mr. Farrer and John Few have long since gone to their reward. Mr. Marsh, a man long known and respected in the community, had the charge of building and keeping the railroad in repair from the mines to the top of the mountain, until his health and strength failed him, when the duties devolved upon his son. We do not recollect a single man then in his employ who is still among the living. The overseers of the out-door labor were Hugh Brown, who went to Keokuk with his son-in-law, James Johnson, where they both died—Mr. Brown at a good old age like a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest.

To operate a railway at the present time, as they had to then, would not only require much time, but would seem crude indeed. Instead of latches, frogs and switches, when they shifted the cars from one track to another, the car was brought to a stand-still at a certain point where there was an under track at a right angle, and the upper track and the car were shoved over so as to connect with the other track. This was commonly done by a man going around

with a lever. As to the business of Carbondale at that time, outside of the Company's work it was of but little amount. Amzi Wilson published a paper called the *Northern Pennsylvanian*, having removed the whole apparatus from Dundaff. It would now be quite a novelty to see the printer's devil ink the type as he did then with his two ink pads resembling two black cabbage heads. Eggleston & Reed had then advertised a steam foundry where Van Bergen & Co.'s iron store now is. The bellows were operated on the same principle as an old-fashioned hand bellows, and such was the anxiety for business that when there was a runaway on the planes the first question was, "Any wheels broke?" There were only two men employed in the foundry, and not work for them near all the time—John Mott, now of Hollisterville, and Enos Pedrick, who was so crushed under a flask while perfecting a mould as to disable him for life; he died a number of years ago. We had almost forgotten to mention our ever respected friend, Joseph Coogan, who was then an apprentice to the blacksmith trade, and I have no knowledge but that he has pursued the iron business for over forty years within a few rods of the same place.

The late John Simpson, did the principal part of the outside blacksmithing for the Company, such as making picks, drills, horse shoeing, &c. Daniel and John Taylor carried on wagon making and ironing and blacksmithing in general. Mr. Cameron, a long tried and useful citizen, carried on the cabinet and undertaking business for a long number of years, when he retired to his now pleasant home in Canaan. Henry Johnson, Mr. Burgess and Mr. McCune, builders; the two latter left very soon for other parts. J. H. Waterbury, now in the far West, was the merchant tailor. The late Wm. Root and Mr. Jadwin carried on the boot and shoe business. J. W. Burnham carried on the jewelry business, and after awhile kept one horse to let, and when Abram Peck kept one to let also, he remarked that "it was strange that a man couldn't engage in any kind of business but that some one else must engage in the same business and spoil it all." The physicians were Drs. Sweet, Copeland, Farnham, and very soon Dr. Jackson came there and practiced a number of years. We had forgotten to mention in its proper place, Martin Curtis, who was an active merchant, with his brother William; the latter died there, and the former is now a merchant in Dansville, N.

Y. We had also forgotten the firm of Gillespie & White, afterwards Gillespie & Pierce, whose history might well furnish the foundation for quite a novel. They were running a small store on the corner opposite the Harrison House. They had no more in their store, I think, than a travelling merchant could carry on his back, and the existence of the firm was as limited as their stock of goods. They soon got into a muss, when some pugilistic operations were called into requisition, and the consequence was that White retired from the business. Mr. Pierce, then a clerk in the concern, proposed to go into partnership with Gillespie, which was accepted, H. S. giving his note for the amount of one-half the stock—which didn't require a very large piece of paper. The next thing was to get in a stock of goods. To do this, Mr. Pierce repaired to New York, and after beating about the city for two weeks, succeeded in purchasing a bill of groceries of the firm of Dennis & Belden, and on the strength of their recommendation bought what dry goods they wanted. From that memorable time the firm never were short of credit. The firm of Gillespie & Pierce has been patent for many years, having arisen to fortune and to fame.

CHAPTER IV.

CARBONDALE A CITY.

When we commenced our two former letters on Carbondale, we little thought our babbling pen would run on so far, but the Delaware and Hudson Company and the business people of Carbondale are so nearly identified with each other that we see as yet no stopping place. In endeavoring to enumerate in connection with the Delaware and Hudson Company, the business people of Carbondale forty years ago and later (depending entirely upon memory), we find that we have omitted quite a number of prominent citizens, men who were there then and soon after—S. B. Hathaway, teamster, trader and builder, now at Wilkes-Barre. Jesse Williams, remarkable for the kindly feelings which he always seemed to possess, for a number of years a merchant, went to Pittston, where he died much respected and beloved by all. His brother, Joseph Williams, also remarkable for his large-heartedness, removed to Wilkes-Barre, where he died some years ago. Mr. Cox, who carried on the bakery business, we have no knowledge of. Mr.

Prosser, his son-in-law, died some years ago; the last we knew of his widow she was living in Pittston. Stephen Rogers, for a number of years carried on the shoemaking and tanning business, a lover of the Church of England, moved to Susquehanna county. Gilbert Burrows, for a number of years one of the Justices of the Peace in Carbondale, died at Wilkes-Barre; his brother, the harness maker, I have no knowledge of. Abraham Peck, for a number of years merchant, teacher and surveyor, is now a wealthy farmer in the western part of Michigan. Hon. S. S. Benedict came to Carbondale when young and engaged as teacher; was afterwards publisher and Justice of the Peace, and has for a number of years been the successful editor and publisher of the CARBONDALE ADVANCE, also a member of the Legislature. Lewis Higgins was for a number of years a merchant tailor, but of late a very useful man in the Company's employ and in the city generally.

In 1850, on the 15th of December, was the great fire which laid waste the greater portion of the city above the Public Square. In consequence of this quite a change in the affairs of the town was brought about. Before that time there never had been any municipal regulations, consequently no fire company had been organ-

ized, or any means of protection against fire or outlaws. A meeting was called in what was then Pierson's Hall, Mr. Archbald as chairman, to take into consideration, the best means to pursue under the circumstances in the future. It was suggested by Cyrus Abbott to apply at once for a City charter and have a Court of Record, rather than submit to a borough ordinance, which was carried by a unanimous vote. Accordingly such a charter as would answer the wants of the community was drawn up by Hon. Lewis Jones, now of Scranton, and Carbondale from that time became a city, and a Mayor's Court was soon organized. Judge Jessup, of Montrose, was for the time being Recorder, and Mr. Archbald the first Mayor, succeeded by Mr. Frothingham. Capt. Wm. Brennan was Clerk of the Court, and J. H. Eastabrook was Marshal, succeeded by Saml. Bilger, now of Philadelphia. The aldermen were the Associate Judges—Wm. Root and others. The first courts were held in the old Methodist Church, and the first trial was a criminal case, a cross suit between the Commonwealth and two Americans, two Irishmen and two negroes, for an assault and battery. The jury room was in the Lackawanna Hotel, kept by Mr. John Gore, now of Carbondale. Judge

Jessup was soon succeeded by Judge Conyngham, who held the office for a number of years, and was succeeded by Judge Lathorp, as Recorder.

But we go back in the history of Carbondale forty years, to the time when there was but three small churches in the place. The Presbyterians had a very neat little church, without dome or steeple, gothic style, just finished by Henry Johnson, builder. The Methodists and Episcopalians owned one together where the present Methodist church now stands. Each occupied it on alternate Sabbaths, under an agreement that at any time when the Methodists should pay the Episcopal society $200, they were to surrender up to them the entire use of the church, which was done under the administration of Rev. A. J. Crandell, when the church became a chartered institution. The organ of the Episcopal church was left there for some years, and used by Dr. Farnham for the benefit of the M. E. Church, which caused some dissatisfaction among the older members, as they didn't think there was much real Christian vitality in that kind of a machine. Probably there are at present those who recollect the smile that used to pervade the audience as soon as the hymn was given out. Mr. Prosser,

who so kindly led the singing, used to speak out in plain Hinglish—"The ladies will take the line between the H-air and the Base, and Dr. Farnham will give us the kay upon the H-organ." Rev. Mr. Marks who officiated there at that time for the Episcopal church, one of the most talented and refined men, generous even to a fault, we found last summer in Huron, on the south shore of Lake Erie, now an old man of four score years. The Catholic church, then quite an inferior building, soon gave way for the one which so recently had to be removed to give place for the present noble structure, which would seem to well nigh defy the ravages of time. The other two, Presbyterian and Methodist, have given way to more costly and commodious structures. The Baptists were without a church or pastor for a number of years, until Mr. Baily came there, a young man, fresh from his preparatory studies, and labored assiduously, not only in building a very convenient and comfortable church edifice and seeing it paid for, but gathered around him a respectable congregation, and labored with them. He not only, like Paul, planted the church, but like Apollos staid there and watered it most of the time until the angel death said unto him, "Come up higher." No doubt such was his love for

his church and people that in the language of one of old he said, "I am with you till the world shall end." His language no doubt now is—

"I have not gone to some foreign shore,
Lo! I am with you evermore."

CHAPTER V.

INCIDENTS.

I BELIEVE we closed our last chapter to the *Advance* with some remarkes in memory of the late Rev. Mr. Bailey and his connection with the Baptist Church of your city. There has been a long array of ministers and fathers in your city within the last forty years in the various churches, whom we might mention. With some of them we have had but a partial acquaintance, but all, we presume, have long since built up a monument in the hearts and memory of their church and people more pure and enduring than the Parian marble. The Welsh people had a little building of their own soon after they came over the seas to operate the mines, and it was quite a treat to go in there in time of their worship. Although we could not

understand a word that was said, yet it was interesting and pleasant to see how they enjoyed themselves, thus far from home and friends, in worshipping in their own native tongue and according to the dictates of their own consciences.

Poetry and literature always seemed to find a poor or barren soil from which to take root in Carbondale. The greatest effort that we recollect of ever being made was by some disaffected persons, who had been members of the temperance society and held other positions. They wrote a number of chapters in chronicle style, either to show their wit or to throw disgust upon certain ones who were not only possessed of some peculiarities, but determined to carry them out. These productions were only one step from the sublime, and that step was to the ridiculous, so that no printer in the city would take stock in the concern by admitting them to their columns. The next thing was how to bring them before the public. At length a plan was hit upon. There was a young negro in Honesdale, whom Lawyer Throop had furnished with a few articles and allowed him to fit up a room, yclept a printing office, where he printed a little paper called *Pete's Express.* One of the ring was a clerk in the Company's

office, and the manuscript was sent by him to another clerk in the Store-House at Honesdale, as Company papers, and from thence were taken to *Pete's Express* office to be printed. No sooner did the darkey editor set his eyes on the unexpected documents than his ivories showed quite an elongation, and the whites of his two eyes glowed with enthusiasm, to find himself the recipient of such unexpected patronage. The papers were regularly published, with two or three columns headed, "The Chronicles of Carbondale." They were returned by the same postal express (the Company's freight) free of postage, and were delivered around the Company's office, machine shops, &c., and afforded a great deal of merriment for the young as well as some side-shaking for the older and more sedate. Whence they originated, or from whence they came, no one knew outside of the ring. The last one was with regard to a foundling which was left on the back porch at the house of one of our then most respectable citizens, commencing on this wise: "Now it came to pass that in the first month, on the 8th day of the month, at about the time of the evening oblation, as the servants were assembled together at a house near the river side, that the voice of a young child was heard upon the porch," &c.

But the author very wisely hid himself behind or under a bushel; not so with the greatest poet that ever graced that city, "Mother Ingerick," as she was called, who let her light shine. While her husband busied himself in his little shop, making butter ladles, potato mashers, or turning rolling pins, for domestic purposes, his nobler half would be in the house weaving or writing poetry.

> "No one would suppose that she ever strode the horse Pegassus,
> Or took a nap on Mount Pernassus."

but on any eventful occasion the scenes would be delineated in the most glowing or tragic manner, as the case might require. It was not unfrequent that, true to the purpose of obtaining an honest living, she would appear in her august person among a crowd of people, either in the street or bar-room, with her articles for domestic use on one arm, and her ballads on the other, offering them for sale at a low figure.

We are here reminded of a scene which Mother Ingerick dramatized most pathetically. About a quarter of a century ago, the company built a dam, and earthwork a little above the city, across the Racket brook, as a reservoir, covering several acres. The year after it was built there came a heavy rain, lasting several

days. The embankment gave way and a tremendous sweep of water came rushing down, uprooting trees more than two feet through, bringing them down with logs and rubbish, partially stopping the course at the foot of No. One Hill, and turning the water down the town, sending a volume down Church and Main streets. The first that some families knew of the flood their doors burst open, and in came the water more than knee deep, upsetting bureaus, tables, &c. A green tree, more than thirty feet long, was brought down and left across the street between W. Burr's mansion and Jadwin's park. Another was left on the corner where Van Bergen & Co.'s office stands, and the rush of water down Main street was so powerful that it swept off a pile of grind-stones on the platform of F. P. Grow's store, where Corby's shoe store now stands. But the rush down the railroad was still more powerful. A train of cars had just started up the plane, loaded with coal, when the water struck it, and the engineer was taken all aback to see his engine running one way and the rope the other. When the cars had gone the length of the rope, they upset and there hung by the rope. The flood did not seem to take interest enough in the mischief it had already caused to stop to

look at it, but rushed on to the Lackawanna, whose banks were already full, and which by this auxiliary burst its boundaries and rushed directly for the mines, which soon filled, drowning two young men by the name of Davis. When the water had partially subsided an effort was made to pump it out of the mines, but before they had accomplished much some of the machinery gave way and the pumping stopped. In order to repair the machinery, an agent (A. Ruthven) was sent in haste to New York to purchase a submarine dress or armor. To see it fitted on the mechanic made one think of the culprit under the gallows, as he turned pale and his knees trembled like those of Belshazzar of old. It was a number of weeks before order was restored and business resumed its natural channel.

We are sorry that we did not preserve some copies of those pathetic lines, which gave so much truer picture than our pen possibly can do. We only recollect two lines—

> "The dam it broke at Durfee's mill,
> And so the mines did quickly fill."

One prominent citizen, now of your city, was so affected by the tragical lines that he repeated for several days—

> "Come all young men a warning take,
> For Durfee's dam will surely break."

CHAPTER VI.

ACCIDENTS AT THE MINES.

SINCE we have traced up something of the history of Carbondale as well as we could from memory, we would not be unmindful of the dreadful calamity that befell that city on the 16th of January, 1844, by which upwards of sixty persons were buried alive, and fourteen were still missing. The following we mostly copy from the *Carbondale Democrat:*

About nine o'clock on Monday morning, an accident occurred in the mines in our village, more appalling and dreadful than anything that has taken place here, or that comes within the knowledge of the oldest miners among us. The roof of the mines fell in, almost simultaneously, to the extent of half a mile or upwards in length, and about forty rods in width, burying in its fall, or shutting up in subterranean caverns, about sixty workmen. Of these, forty-six escaped through the various chambers, some with little injury, others severely wounded. But, sad to relate, fourteen, dead or alive, were still imprisoned in the bowels of the earth. The No. 1 Mines had been working, that is, the pillars

had been groaning or cracking, under the weight of the mountain that rested on them, for some days; but as the phenomena was not new, nothing serious was apprehended from it. The effect of such workings is inconsiderable, extending but a few yards, and producing no other danger than what is occasioned by the falling of pieces of slate, of which there is generally sufficient warning to enable one to escape from its reach. On Monday morning of the week, Mr. Clarkson, the Mining Engineer, went into the mines before the hour of work, to examine their condition. Though all seemed quiet, to increase their safety, some additional props with roofing were ordered to be put up. The workmen had been but a short time in the mines when a heavy cloud of smoke and dust came rushing out of that and the adjoining mine, attended with a current of air sufficient to remove cars, large stones, &c., with its force. Workmen that were then entering were raised from their feet and thrown violently backward against the pillars and other objects, many of them receiving severe wounds. A driver, Patrick Clark, had his horse instantly killed, and he was thrown so violently against the cars as to break several bones and cause his death the next day. Huge Fitzpatrick and John

McHale were severely hurt in the same manner. Dennis Farrell was nearly killed by stones falling on him; his brother, to relieve him, ran for an iron bar, and was not seen after. Mr. F. was afterwards extricated from the stones by two other men, and placed against the side of the mines, where, being wholly disabled, he was left, while they ran for their lives from under the falling mass. He was afterwards brought out by Mr. Bryden, Assistant Engineer, though at a great peril to himself. To Mr. Bryden is entitled great credit for his courageous and energetic efforts to save those involved in the calamity. Mr. John Hosie, an overseer in the mines, was for forty-eight hours supposed to be lost; but after encountering numberless dangers and difficulties, he was enabled to work his way out. An account of his adventures, while it would be of much interest, we are obliged to omit. His having been so recently married, the feelings of his wife during that time may be imagined, but cannot be described.

The following is a list of the greatest mine disasters on record :

14 killed at Carbondale, Pa., by caving in of 40 acres of a mine, in 1844. Five bodies were never recovered. One man was two days in a

mine. 209 at Hartley colliery, England, in 1862; 357 at The Oaks, in 1868; 13 at Diamond mine disaster, Scranton, Pa., March 31st, 1868; 53 at Ferndale colliery, Wales, June 10th, 1868; 53 at St. Helen's colliery, July, 1868; 50 at colliery explosion, Jemappes, Belgium, August 10th, 1868; 28 at Lancashier, England, 1868; 321 at mine near Dresden, Saxony, August, 28th, 1869; 110 lost their lives at Avondale, Pa., September. 6th, 1869.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW BANK BUILDING.

The Miners' and Mechanics' Savings Bank of this city have removed to their new banking building. As this building is an admirably constructed and elegant one, so thoroughly creditable to the officers of the bank, and to the town of which it is a prominent ornament, it seems to be entitled to more than a brief mention.

By way of contrast, we may allude, usefully perhaps, to the unfortunate fact that there has been far too little of that kind of building in

town. Carbondale is, and has been throughout her whole history, emphatically a *business* town. Its buildings have been plain, and have given evidence of having been erected solely for present use and business, with little or no expenditure for ornament. Not only our dwellings, but our stores, our shops and our offices, all, until quite recently, seem to have been constructed upon this principle—for utility only. Hence, while business has been good, and our citizens generally prosperous, we have not been able to boast of *fine* buildings. Other towns, much younger, and certainly no better able to make outlays for the sake of style and elegance, have far surpassed us in this respect. They have built not for the present merely, but for the future, giving their towns the appearance of thrift and permanence, and of their intending *to stay*, and abide by the interests of their town, and cherish it as a home. And it is worthy of remark that this disposition to erect elegant and costly buildings, instead of being accounted an extravagance, has been accepted as a patent and sure evidence of thrift and growth, and has conduced largely to their business prosperity. Capitalists are attracted to them as "go ahead towns," and have helped to swell the tide of success. As a consequence,

real estate and rents advance at rapid rates, until in a very few years they reach many times their former prices.

But there is a change for the better even in our own plain, substantial and prosperous town. Our business men are becoming enterprising, and seem to be inspired with something of that faith in the town and willingness to make outlays for its improvement, which should always have been cherished. They have caught the spirit of improvement. We have now not only some elegant dwellings, but some really fine brick blocks for business, several excellent church edifices, one of them among the finest and most beautiful brick churches in the State. Our old, solid and prosperous bank, The First National, has an excellent banking building, and now the officers of the Miners' and Mechanics' Savings Bank have erected a banking building of surpassing elegance. These officers are composed mainly of our own prosperous and solid business men, as follows: President, John Jermyn; Vice Presidents, R. Manville and E. E. Hendrick; Cashier, James R. Lathrop; Directors, John Jermyn, J. B. Van Bergen, Peter Byrne, Alfred Pascoe, E. E. Hendrick, John Stuart, G. S. T. Alexander, W. W. Watt and Thos.

R. Lathrop. They are men of standing and character, and possess a large aggregate of means.

The building is centrally located, being on the Harrison House lot—is three stories in height, or two stories and English basement, constructed substantially of iron, brick and stone, combining strength, durability and beauty, and may be considered nearly, if not fully, *fire proof*. The first floor, or English basement with floor just below the sidewalk, furnishes two very fine rooms, and will be rented for business purposes. For many kinds of trade, it is one of the best locations in the county.

The second floor of the building contains the banking apartments, exhibiting in rare combination, elegance, convenience and good taste. One enters by massive black walnut doors into a beautiful banking office, with tasteful counter, desks, &c., all of black walnut, and beautifully lighted with large French plate glass windows. The only entrance behind the counter is by a door next the front windows, whence to get to the vault one has to pass by the cashier and employees of the bank, who are well provided with means to arrest the progress of an unwelcome visitor.

The vault is large, and would seem to be fully fire and burglar proof. The foundation wall commences five feet below the floor of the basement, fifteen feet below the floor of the banking room, and is composed of large blocks of very hard conglomerate rock laid in cement. The floor of the vault is wholly composed of one large solid stone. The vault is composed of stone so hard that dressing them was found to be nearly an impossibility, and sharpening chisels was nearly as brisk a business as dressing the stone. The blocks are two feet or upwards in thickness, and some of them about seven feet in length. In the centre of each block is a half sphere cavity to admit a cannon ball between the upper and lower stone, so as to prevent most effectually their ever being moved by burglars. It would take more chisels than a dozen men could carry to dig through those blocks of stone, and apparently some weeks of hard "State prison" work. The door of the vault is a double one, made by Herrings & Farrell from the hardest metal known, and cost $1,500. It has two dials, designed to be set and worked by different persons, neither of whom can alone gain access to the vault. It would seem that anything inside of this vault, with the doors closed, must be absolutely

safe. But there is yet more. Inside the vault is yet another safe from Herring & Farrell's establishment, of the most defiant description, embracing all the latest improvements, and designed for keeping greenbacks, bonds and other valuables, and to make certainty doubly sure. We have omitted to mention that above the ceiling of the vault is about five feet of solid and impenetrable concrete, all surmounted by another solid stone just below the floor of the upper story. The vault contains abundant conveniences in the shape of shelves, book-racks, pigeon holes, &c., for books and papers, and is altogether wonderfully complete and safe. The directors' room is in the rear of the vault, and is beautifully finished. This and the banking room are each furnished with low grate fire-places, and each with elegant gas chandeliers.

The upper story furnishes two beautiful offices, which are also for rent. Both the second and third stories are furnished with water, and the conveniences and modern improvements in both stories seem to be complete and perfect.

The iron front of the building is a beautiful one, furnished by the Dickson Manufacturing Company, of Scranton, and is tastefully painted.

The contract for erecting the building was

taken much below the estimates of other builders, by Messrs. Jermyn & Hendrick, the president and one of the vice presidents of the bank, and they have seemed resolved that everything pertaining to it should be of the most perfect description, and done in the best possible manner. So far as we can see, they have succeeded fully. The work has been in charge of J. A. Rymer, Esq, of Gibsonburg, one of the most skilful architects and builders in northern Pennsylvania.

Much more might be properly said in describing this very fine building. Had any one predicted a few years since the erection of such an one in our town, or such dwellings and stores, and churches, and school buildings, as we now have, or such shops, offices and depot buildings as the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company now have here, or so extensive a foundry and machine works as Van Bergen & Co. are erecting, or iron bridges over the Lackawanna, or water hydrants and street lamps upon our principal streets, he would have been considered a wild and visionary zealot, and an over sanguine friend of the town. And this last and crowning improvement, the new bank building, now that it is done, all can see is a most wise and proper in

vestment, and that we ought to have more, and doubtless shall have more, of such buildings. We hope the splendid and commendable enterprise of our vigorous young bank may greatly stimulate the spirit of improvement, and thus prove a rich blessing to the town.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAIL ROUTES.

Forty years since there was a mail route from Wilkes-Barre to Honesdale, and John Searle, of Pittston, was the mail contractor, and G. A. Whiting driver as far as Carbondale. Afterwards it passed into the hands of John Kennedy, in consequence of which he removed to Carbondale. As there was only now and then a passenger, they generally ran a lumber wagon, so that they could carry freight if they chose; but after the country became more settled, and Scranton began to rise, Harvey Nash came on there and put on a fine coach and drove it himself, making it a very pleasant and popular route. Afterwards it went into the hands of Wm. W. Bronson, who put on two daily lines of coaches to Scranton and back; but just as he was reap-

ing a golden harvest the railroad went into operation, which cast a gloom over the stage business, plank road and all.

Before Carbondale came into existence there was only a straggling road along the Lackawanna river from Providence, which was then a trading and whiskey vending corner and only known as *Razorville.* The main travelled road north and south, from two miles north of Providence, went up over the hills through Greenfield; but no sooner had Carbondale sprung into existence, than it was found necessary to have a good road down through the valley, as Carbondale was greatly dependent upon the valley for supplies, as well as the valley being dependent upon it for a market whereby to get their money. So a company was soon organized, and a charter obtained for a toll road from Carbondale ten miles to where it connected with the turnpike road that ran through Greenfield. This ten miles of road proved a rich investment to the stockholders, a vast amount of lumber, flour, grain, &c., being continually hauled over the road, then running directly south from Jermyn over the heavy grade of a mountain, and leaving Archbald on the left. But about the year 1852 or 1853, there was a plank road mania throughout the country,

and the people of Carbondale were no exception to the contagion; and so the charter of the Carbondale and Blakely Turnpike Company was changed to that of the Carbondale Turnpike and Plank Road Company.

As a level road was desirable, the road over the mountain was abandoned, and the new road was to be via Archbald and Peckville. So long as the turnpike company kept on their chartered road it was all very well; but when they came to take possession of the town road, and lay their planks upon it, charging the inhabitants three or four cents per mile for driving over it, it was quite another thing. Thus sprung up an anti-plank road war, and no sooner were the plank laid down than the inhabitants turned out *en masse* and threw the plank one side. At this juncture a writ was issued from the Mayor's Court in Carbondale for the arrest of the offenders, and put in the hands of J. A. Easterbrook, then Marshal of the city. But they didn't arrest worth a cent, and the Marshal came back empty as he went away.

However, the road was built through, which did very well until a rain came, and in the hollows the plank were all afloat, making a good play spot for boys to sail around on their little rafts. The next thing was to drain those

water spots; so that, with a good deal of nursing, the road was made to answer for two or three years, when the engineers thought a gravel or pounded stone road was far better than a vegetable road. The road was a failure after all, and those who sold their stock at fifty cents on the dollar did better than those who bought it. About this time the Delaware and Hudson Company had run their gravity road as far as Archbald, and afterwards to Olyphant, not intending it for anything but a coal road; but Edward Garland and I. Decker conceived the idea of running a passenger car over the route to Olyphant. Accordingly, they fitted up a lumber car with rough, temporary seats, and invited a number of the citizens, mostly ladies, to a free ride, which was much enjoyed by all. Very soon the company entered into the spirit of it, and got up some very comfortable upholstered cars, which answered for some ten years, I think, and in the meantime extended their railroad to Scranton. On the 4th of July, 1871, they had a formal opening of the new locomotive road from Carbondale to Scranton, when the old gravity road was given up entirely for the purpose for which it was first designed—that of transportation. The new road being finished, that, in connection with the

Jefferson Branch Railroad, opened up a direct line of communication (except twenty miles from Susquehanna to Nineveh, which has since been finished), from Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, to the capital of New York at Albany, and so on to Saratoga and Whitehall. From Carbondale to Susquehanna is about 35 miles; from there to Albany, 145; from Albany to Whitehall, 74; and from Whitehall to Montreal, about 180 miles, thus giving the Delaware and Hudson Company over four hundred miles of direct railroad communication north up into the cold country where coal will always be appreciated.

CHAPTER IX.

FLOUR RIOT IN CARBONDALE.

THIRTY years since, I think it was in or about the year 1842, one of the wildest scenes occurred that we ever witnessed in the usually peaceful city of Carbondale. To give the reader a just idea concerning it, we will have to go back to the first settlement and the building of the Delaware and Hudson Works. Up to that time the whole valley, including the

Wyoming, was an inland and secluded country, and no public works carried on, either in coal, lumber, or iron. As there were no means of getting their produce to market outside of the valley, only as they ran down the Susquehanna river or the North Branch canal (after that was built), into the Chesapeake Bay; then across the peninsula by the ship canal, and up the Delaware Bay to Philadelphia—and *vice versa*. What little coal was used in and about Philadelphia could be obtained from the Lehigh at a much cheaper rate; so that the opening of the Delaware and Hudson canal was a God-send to the entire valley, as the coal works opened up a great market for the produce of the valley, especially of their flour. Their lands were then very prolific for wheat, and it was the principal article from which they could obtain their so much needed cash. That led to their purchasing of a great portion of their goods and merchandise in New York rather than Philadelphia, and have them come on the Delaware and Hudson canal and railroad. They would send their teams up loaded with flour, and come back with goods. But of the time of which we write there was something of a flour panic, and western flour had gone up to panic prices, and the flour merchants down the valley were

taking what advantage they could in lining their pockets with the filthy lucre. The principal one was the late lamented James Mott, of Blakely or Providence.

The company (Mr. Archbald) realizing the wants of their employees, sent to New York and purchased a large quantity of flour at a much lower figure, and bringing it over their line, delivered it to their workmen free of transportation. Such was the strife for this flour that dozens of women would be constantly waiting at the store-house, to seize upon a barrel the moment it arrived, and it was no uncommon thing to see one, two, or a delegation of women on the coal cars, going up the road to meet a car load of flour, and seize upon a barrel *a la clothes pin*, not surrendering their right until it was safely housed in their domiciles. Our friend Mott, who always had an eye to the almighty dollar, did not feel just right about it, and resolved to put a stop to it, knowing that the company's charter restricted them to the business of mining and trade in coal exclusively, and have no other dealings in merchandise or trade whatever. Thus he (Mott) raised quite a muss about it. Whether he had actually commenced proceedings against the company or not we do not recollect; but the indignation of every man,

woman and child in the company's employ knew no bounds, and at a time when the tide of indignation was at its highest pitch Mott's team, loaded with flour, made its appearance in the streets. It being the day after the work in the mines had been suspended for awhile, and also pay day, there were hundreds in the streets, and that too before the Father Matthew temperance society had been formed. They gathered around the load and began punching the driver and horses, yelling and shouting in the most vociferous manner, and throwing snow balls and missiles of every description. This was down on Main street. When we became cognizant of the affair we repaired there with Mr. Frothingham, and while he was trying to disperse the mob, we went to the hotel and tried to get the team and driver into safe quarters. But no one dare let them in, as they felt sure if they did their barns would be burned. Seeing the tempest waxing hotter and hotter, we armed ourself with a sled stake and jumped on the load, ordering the driver to put his team through the crowd to our barn. While on the way naught was heard but the yells and hoots of an enraged people, accompanied by snow balls and every available thing they could pick up along the street. On arriving within the

gate we jumped off the wagon and made some threats of no small import if one of them stepped foot on our premises. While the melee was in full blast and a shower of missiles falling thick and fast around us, Mr. Archbald appeared in the midst of the crowd, and after a very few of those kind words which every man in his employ considered as more commanding than Napoleon with his banners, their features dropped, and in the language of Gen. Joseph Warren, when the British made a raid on Boston, "They retired, they fled, and in that flight they found their only safety."

CHAPTER X.

THE IMPROVEMENTS OF CARBONDALE.

THE first public livery business of Carbondale —which has grown to its present importance —was commenced about the year 1848 or '50 by Cyrus Abott, with two or three horses, where Williams & Curtis' bakery now is. It being about the time of the building of the Erie Railroad, it proved a very lucrative business. After running it some five years, and increasing his stock to eight or ten horses, he sold out to

Francis Perkins, who, after a year and a half, sold out to Durfee & Son, who ran it together for twelve years, when the elder withdrew in favor of the younger son, Thomas R., so that the business has now been carried on seven years under the firm name of Durfee & Brother. It would be somewhat surprising now to be put back nineteen years with just the outfit and equipage of that time, with three or four top buggies and a couple of hacks, one three seated and the other two, two or three cutters and one two-horse sleigh. The first fancy carriage ever owned in Carbondale was bought in New York for $200 by the writer, and it was remarked by a prominent merchant at that time that he never thought the city would ever get to that. The first omnibus was bought at Easton by A. B. Durfee, which was used for a number of years for the transportation of passengers to and from the cars, until the increase of business required a much larger one, and then a second one was purchased. The Durfees have carried on the livery business nineteen years, and the "bus" business twelve years, and are now using sixteen or eighteen horses. The Briggs Brothers, also are using nearly as many more in staging and livery. Probably there are but very few of the citizens of Carbondale but that

have been tributary to one of these establishments.

THE CARBONDALE LIBRARY.

In watching the rise and progress of the city of Carbondale for the past forty years, we have noticed that much, if not all, the important results of that fast growing city have come up to their present grand proportions from very small beginnings What seems to take a strong hold of the minds of the people there now is that of establishing a Public Library, and we are glad to see so deep an interest taken in it now in its incipient stages. Libraries have always held an important position in the world of mankind ever since the stately steppings of civilization have made their impress upon our earth, and is an institution which is entitled not only to the respect of every person, but has a claim as strong as a title deed to every man's liberality. It has had the support of every lover of literature, and the good will of mankind, ever since that massive collection of literature was shelved in the Temple Serapeum, when most of its rolls and scrolls were brought from India. Ptolemy Sotor has the honor of being its founder; Ptolemy Philadelphus enlarged it; others increased it over 700,000 vol-

umes. Nearly destroyed by Julius Cæsar, it was replenished by Cleopatra, and to further increase it the following unique plan was devised: To seize all the books brought to Egypt by the Assyrians and Greeks and foreigners and transcribe them, handing the transcriptions to the owners, and putting the originals into the library. Book burning is a business common to both ancients and moderns. The blinded zealots of the bygone ages strove to obliterate every vestige of that historical knowledge which distinguished the nations of antiquity. John Philaponus, a noted philosopher, being in Alexandria, when the city was taken, and being permitted to converse with Amron, the Arabian general, solicited that inestimable gift at his hands, the Royal Library. At first the general was inclined to grant the favor, but upon writing the Caliph he received the following answer, dictated by a spirit of unpardonable fanaticism:

"If those ancient manuscripts and writings of the Eastern nations and the Greeks agree with the Koran, or Book of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved. But if they disagree they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed."

The torch was applied, and wretched bar-

barism was for the time triumphant. Says a recent traveller:

"Sensations of sadness thrilled my being's core while walking over ashes and ruins that were once ablaze with the literature of the East. Never for a moment have I felt that it was all for the best, the burning of the Alexandria Library."

CHAPTER XI.

LAND TITLES, AND J. W. JOHNSON AND W. P. MILLER.

All the lands for miles north and south of Carbondale were formerly owned by Lord John Russel, of England; and J. R. Priestly, an Englishman, of Northumberland, Pennsylvania, was his agent for the sale of the lands. The reason for their being so many fancy names to the various tracts was that the government did not want the lands to be monopolized by any one person, but sold to actual settlers; so that it had to be taken under different titles, such as Susan Diller, and other fictitious names. The tracts were surveyed and laid out in lots of 400 acres, with 60 acres allowance for roads and highways, and sold at the nominal price

of four dollars per acre. I believe there was no reservation of coal until some years after the Delaware and Hudson Company bought, built up and started their works. What they paid for theirs I do not know, but probably not more than four dollars per acre. James W. Johnson came in about this time and purchased a large tract, now owned by G. W. Morss, for four dollars per acre, where he soon built a saw mill and tannery; also a large dwelling and boarding house, being right in the midst of a dense forest of hemlock timber for his mills and bark for his tannery. The greatest drawback to his business was the want of a road to Carbondale. He had no other way than to go by way of the foot of No. 3 plane; a tremendous hill to go over both ways, and bad roads at that. After running his tannery some three or four years, it was burned while he was away from home. Johnson got his insurance and rebuilt his tannery, but soon leased it to R. D. Lathrope. As the only means then of transportation from New York was by the canal, the hides to be tanned through the winter had to be got before the close of navigation. Wm. P. Miller, of Gold street, New York, furnished the hides, with the condition that they were to be tanned through the winter

and the leather returned in the spring, and after taking out his pay for the hides, paid the balance in money to Lathrope. But just before the canal opened, the fore part of May, James W. Johnson came on with two writs of *fieri facias* and levied on all Lathrope's teams, leather, wagons, land, tannery, mills, etc. It turned out that about the first of March, that same spring, James W. sold Lathrope the above property, taking his non-exemption notes for the sum of $20,000. As soon as Miller heard of the transaction, he sent up his agent to get possession of the leather, which had been drawn to Carbondale and stored in a building there. But there it was, in a position where possession was nine points of the law, and Miller found that his only remedy was to replevy the leather. To do that, in case he should fail to gain his suit, he was required to furnish bail for the forthcoming of the money; but there were very few at that day that hankered for a chance to go bail for $20,000 to be decided by law, so Miller found that about the best and only thing he could do was to take what they offered him—the tannery, mills, and lands after the timber had been cut off. Johnson then sold his leather for ready cash, probably giving Lathrope a good slice for playing

high-low-Jack in the game. Johnson then went to Pittston and bought coal property at the lower end of the village, right by the basin in the Pennsylvania canal, and started the first coal works in Pittston, selling his coal right at the mouth of the mines to boatmen, to be shipped off on the canal. He also owned the coal lands at Dickson for awhile, but he has long since gone to his reward. Miller, after getting possession of the tannery property, run it on his own hook for awhile, appointing Wm. Dimmock as his agent. He also established a store in the city, with the late Henry Wilbur clerk and sole manager. But ere two years had made their round, Miller found quite a difference in running a tannery up in this wild country, and in buying and selling leather and hides by the cargo in New York, and was glad to sell out to the present proprietor, G. L. Morss, who has run it successfully for a long number of years, acquiring a competency. He has built a stately palace, cleared off the land, and made it a pleasant and desirable home, with all its pleasant surroundings.

CHAPTER XII.

REV. OLIVER CRANE.

While sketching something of the history of Carbondale, and some of the citizens that have made it what it is, perhaps there are but few men whose names will be longer remembered, and cherished with more interest, than the name of Rev. Oliver Crane. To sketch the history of one like him, especially while he is living, seems like assuming quite a responsibility; but as his labors (most probably) are finished there, and the time may come when some abler pen will take up the subject of handing down to posterity the history of Carbondale, with its most illustrious personages. To such we give the few incidents which have come under our notice. The few years while we lived so near neighbor to him, the whole time that we lived so near each other, the question never went out as of old, "Who is my neighbor?" No matter whether in the street, in the omnibus, the railroad cars, or his own house or study, we always found him the same genial, social, confiding person, and from him we learned much of the manners and cus-

toms of the oriental nations, as also much of his eventful life.

He was born in 1822, graduated at Yale College in 1845, and at Union Theological Seminary in 1848, sailed as missionary to Turkey, January 3d, 1849, and spent four years in different parts, when he returned to the United States. After preaching in Huron, New York, he settled in 1857 at Waverly, New York, and in 1860 returned again to his former missionary field in Turkey. On account of the poor health of his family, he returned again to the United States in the fall of 1864, and accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church in Carbondale. In 1870, after six years of labor there, he resigned and removed to New Jersey, to the assistance of his aged mother, who has since died; and in 1872 he took another trip across to Europe, intending to visit the scenes of his former labors, but on account of an injury received on the way, was obliged to return to his home in Morristown, New Jersey.

It is with much pleasure that we remember the many pleasant hours and agreeable associations in the presence of not only Mr. Crane, but those of his no less interesting family, which were always scenes of interest. People

lavish money, time and expense to visit foreign lands, to learn their manners, customs and habits; but to sit by one's own fireside at home, and have the oriental life pictured to them in all its various phases, was interesting indeed; and to see those daughters, young misses, lay off for a time the American and don the Oriental costume, and sing those Turkish hymns, or their own hymns in the Turkish language, one might well fancy himself in Constantinople, Trebizond, or along the Black Sea. I understand that Mr. Crane has been the recipient of quite a fortune since he left Carbondale, and is now living in the city of Morristown, New Jersey, the place rendered historical by the memories of the Revolution.

Since writing the above, we learn by the papers that Mr. Crane has again received a call from the American Board of Foreign Missions to revisit those eastern climes as a missionary, and, having accepted the call, he sailed on the 8th of April, 1874; thus leaving behind him the land of his nativity, his interesting family, friends, and all that is dear to him here, for the good of those in foreign lands. He is now upon the broad Atlantic, and his language no doubt is, Farewell, America! hail, Oriental Turkey!

CHAPTER XIII.

BENJAMIN FINCH.

Or, as he is known, *Ben Finch.* If he was not one of the early settlers of Carbondale, he was an early traveller or wanderer up and down these streets, known of all people. I have always understood that he was born in Luzerne county, and commenced his career in or about Abington, where he learned the joiner's trade, and also became a member of Elder Miller's church; but for some indiscretion, either real or imaginary, he was excommunicated and turned out into the world—a wanderer; and it has always been said that his being turned out of the church was the cause of his hallucination. Be that as it may, it seemed the subject on which his anger could be most easily aroused would be to introduce the subject of Elder Miller. When we first knew him, some forty years since, he was capable of doing considerable labor or business in his line; but year after year his mind grew more weak and his dignity more important. He always had a very polite and prepossessing way of getting along. Although dependent upon friends, he

never begged. Whenever he called at a house or met a friend, the first word he would utter would be, I was going to such a place, where I expect to get a few millions, and thought I would just call and take dinner with you, or stay over night, as the case might be. Or he would say to a friend, "Couldn't you let me have a few thousands for a few days until I get my draft from England? then I can let you have a thousand or two as well as not." And there were a great many who would give him some worthless bills, or it might be the card of some firm, having the impress of a bank note, which he would take great pleasure in showing, and telling who let him have it, and that they were going to let him have a large amount soon. At one time, travelling alone in Wayne county, he was overtaken by a teamster, and got on his wagon to ride with him. As they rode along, Ben showed the farmer his money, and he being of an avaricious disposition, his mouth watered for some of the shekels. So when they got to the end of their journey, three or four miles, Ben said, "How much shall I pay you for my ride?"

"Well," said the farmer, "I guess about one dollar." "Here it is," said Ben, handing him a V, and the farmer gave him back four dollars

in good money in change. In a day or two the farmer had a little inkling that he had actually paid Ben four dollars for his company and riding with him, and started off to find him. After a day or two's search, he came upon the identical Ben, when he said to him, "That bill you gave me was a counterfeit—not worth a cent." Ben said, with an air of triumph, "Well, wan't that a wipe on you!" So it took some eight or ten bushels of oats to replenish his exchequer again. But his most predominant passions were for money and the love of the beautiful. It was a common saying that money and women were his greatest passions. But he was a great lover of a beautiful discourse, and whenever he heard of any great doings he was always on hand, and would drink in every word that was spoken; always getting near the stand or pulpit where he could face the audience and the audience face him, and would be constantly on the *qui vive* in giving his assent to each and every parenthesis by motions and nods of the head. At one time, in Carbondale, while the Rev. Mr. Gorham was preaching one of his sensational sermons, Ben was carried clear away, and gave evidence of his approval by signs and gestures, until at a certain point in his discourse Mr. Gorham,

being a splendid singer, sang out, "The old ship Zion is passing by, is passing by," when Ben spoke out so as to be heard by the whole audience, "Yes; jump aboard! jump aboard!"

But Ben was a man of no small natural ability. He always scorned to stoop to anything low or mean. His aims were high. The first knowledge we ever had of him was when he was about thirty-two years old. He is now seventy. He was then bent upon going to England to marry the then young Queen Victoria. About that time, happening in the Mansion House bar-room one evening, Sheriff Palmer came to me and asked me if I wanted to see a little fun. Yes; always on hand for that. He led me through the hall into the reading room, where were ten or a dozen fun-loving men, who had gotten Solomon Arnold fixed and puffed up with false whiskers, representing him as Col. Johnson from Syracuse, and young Dudley, of Montrose, a stage driver of rather delicate appearance, dressed up in a lady's costume, bonnet and all; also, a violin player. The dance commenced. All had gentlemen partners but Ben. He had the pleasure of dancing with the beautiful Miss Johnson, of Syracuse. After the dance had been gone through with, the would-be Col. Johnson said in a very round,

masculine voice, "Mr Finch, my daughter has often heard of your fame, and as she has a dowry of some few millions, we have come here expecting to see my daughter and you joined in the holy bonds of matrimony." "*Well, well,*" said Ben, with fluttering heart, "we'll see about it in the morning." And then the hat was passed around and a few flips thrown in for the fiddler, and then another dance; after which Col. Johnson said, "Mr. Finch, my business is very urgent and I must leave in the morning. It is necessary that the nuptials should be solemnized this evening;" and then the time passed on until "the wee sma hours," when the happy couple were sent into the hall to talk over matters. So, after the party had given full vent to their mirthfulness, they went out to look for the happy couple. Dudley had gone to bed and Finch was in no humor for getting married. Had Benjamin been in some good society, away from these untoward influences, and his mind directed in the right channel, he might have been a useful man and an ornament to society.

CHAPTER XIV.

DANIEL COLE AND THE FLOOD IN FALL BROOK.

When we became acquainted with the hero of this sketch we took him to be an Eastern Magi, learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. He lived in the mountain gorge, about a mile and a half from Carbondale, at the junction of two roads and a rivulet, which goes by the name of Fall Brook. It would seem that Nature never designed it for any other use than the little rivulet; so completely is it shut in by mountains that the sun only shines in there a couple of hours in the day. At the junction of these two roads, beside the little stream, stood his domicile, where he was ever ready to extend his kindness to any one that happened that way. As a physician he was quite an expert, never using but one kind of medicine, and that was soda, so that at the time of the black fever he was titled with the name of Soda Cole. His motto was, "If the Lord wills ye live, ye live, and if the Lord wills ye die, ye die; there's no use of too much medicine." But he never charged anything for his services. At one time a good sized six

footer of a livery man got caught out and called there to borrow a coat. "Yes, Daniel," said the good wife, "let the gentleman have your best coat." He put the coat on, being told by Daniel that it was the wedding coat, and that he had had it for twenty-five years. The sleeves came a little below his elbows, and the swallow tail came down so that he did not have to pull it away when he sat down. Daniel was always obliging, and divided his time between tending the toll gate, telling fortunes and keeping sheep. For twenty-five cents he would have such a rush of mind that he would gives his customers several *dollars*' worth of knowledge, besides information enough to last them their lifetime. Here he plied his vocation until a sad catastrophe occurred. One of the agents of the Delaware and Hudson Company proposed to build a dam for a large reservoir, ostensibly for the company's use, but in reality for the benefit of his own mill, a little distance below. After it had been built some years, the stone dam, twenty feet high, containing a reservoir covering some thirty or forty acres, was observed to be bulging out somewhat. But what was everybody's business was nobody's until about the 1st of April, at about four o'clock in the morning, the dam

burst, and away went that large body of water with a tremendous sweep, taking in its course saw mills, bridges, buildings, lumber, etc.

But the grandest scene of all must have been at the Falls. Here the stream passes through a narrow gorge, and has a precipitous fall of from eighty to one hundred feet. Over these falls were swept no less than three saw mills, more than half a dozen bridges, together with buildings, saw logs, lumber, trees, etc. The scene must have been one of grandeur. If there was no beauty to elevate, there was a grandeur to survey. The young Niagara rushed on in its power and pride with its accumulated freight, gaining new force by sweeping away every barrier in its way, until it reached near its entrance into the Lackawanna, where a number of miners' houses stood. It swept away a number of them, drowning, I think, some six or eight persons, and taking in its way the White Bridge across the Lackawanna, just below the city.

But we go back and take a survey of the desolate places, and come to where the first bridge was, just above the falls. Here was the old rock abutments formed by Nature, of which no one can tell. We ask the now little river, as it glides along its course, why all this?

It seems to say, "It's not my mission to stop and babble by the way," and down it leaps into the abyss below. We go on a little further to where Wedeman's saw mill was only the day before in active service, and not a mark or a mudsill is left to tell a stranger that a mill was ever there. We go on a little further and there is a rock weighing some ten or fifteen tons, that has been carried as many rods down the stream; it had served as a mile stone for all past ages. A little further up and we come to where a day or two before stood the little hamlet of our friend, the Fortune Teller; but now no trace of civilization is left. Whether it was his first or second sight, or his dogs, that warned him of his imminent danger, we do not know. But how changed the scene! From their warm beds and downy pillows, within three or four minutes' time, the father, mother and children were scratching up the mountains steep, amid rocks and snow, with just what they could clutch in their hands or under their arms, clinging to the bushes, just in time to see their house, and all the results of labor and care of years, swept out of sight. On seeing the lives of all the family saved, the good wife gave expressions of thankfulness to

that Being to whom she felt they owed their lives, and of which it is said—

> "The moon shines full at His command,
> And all the stars obey."

Upon this the unthankful Daniel said, in not very evangelical language, "You needn't thank Him, for you'd all been in those unpleasant regions before now if it hadn't been for me." After travelling about half a mile the family came to the house of a neighbor in their dishevelled state and were kindly cared for.

The dam, with its breach, still stands there, a monument of the folly of man. A temperance orator once said: "The little drop says, 'It is not in me;' the little rivulet says, 'Surely I can do no harm,' but go stop if you can the rushing Niagara, as it bears its waters to the mighty ocean." The people had to suffer the inconvenience, but the company had to shoulder the loss.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LATE REV. E. L. BAILEY.

We know that in a sketch of Mr. Bailey's life in Carbondale no words of ours would be of any avail. Had we a sapphire pen, and could write in rainbow lines, or spread his useful life like pearls upon the golden line of thought, it would avail nothing so long as his memory is so deeply enshrined in the hearts of his people. We know that his whole life is but a commentary of household words. Ever social, ever genial, ever felicitous, he always drew friends around him and endeared himself to all who knew him. His public administrations were no more to be admired than his daily life and social qualities. One specialty of his life and office was that of uniting people in the sacred bonds of matrimony. However rough and stormy the after life might be, parties could always look back to one pleasant hour as that of golden memory. As a son of the Emerald Isle once said when some little infelicity occurred and his better half cursed the hour that they were made man

and wife—"Dear wife, that's now too very bad; it's the only happy hour we ever had."

Being situated as we were in life, it was no uncommon thing for us to be called on for livery to attend weddings, and our advice as to whom and where to go and get married, and it was with pleasure that we recommended the parties to get Mr. Bailey to perform the ceremony when he was in the city. But we hardly knew which most to admire, Mr. Crane or Mr. Bailey. Mr. Bailey was in Harrisburg two years or so as chaplain in the Legislature, and then very often Mr. Crane's services were very happily called into requisition, not that we loved Cæsar most or Roman more. The Baptists were without a pastor for a number of years, until Mr. Bailey came there, a young man fresh from his preparatory studies, and labored assiduously, not only in building a very convenient and comfortable church edifice and seeing it paid for, but gathered around him a respectable congregation, and labored with them. He not only, like Paul, planted the church, but, like Apollos, stayed there and watered it most of the time until the angel Death said unto him, "Come up higher." No doubt such was his love for his church and people that in the language of one of old he

said, "I am with you till the world shall end." His language no doubt now is—

"I have not gone to some foreign shore,
Lo! I am with you evermore."

He left us when his manly heart
With earnest hope was beating high;
Too soon it seemed for us to part,
Too soon, alas, for him to die.

We gaze into unmeasured space,
And lift our tearful eyes above,
To catch one glimmering of his face,
Or one light whisper of his love.

CHAPTER XVI.

HON. G. W. PALMER.

We clip the following from *Forney's Press:*

Hon. Gideon Wilmer Palmer was born in Hopington, Rhode Island, April 18th, 1813; educated there at the age of eighteen; in 1836, emigrated to Pennsylvania, and settled at Clifford, Susquehanna county; taught school one session and then engaged in agriculture. From there he went to Carbondale, Luzerne county, in 1845, and while there was elected constable, and served three years. In 1850 he

was elected justice of the peace, and served till the autumn of that year, when he was elected sheriff of Luzerne county. In 1854 he was elected to the lower house of the Legislature, always elected by the Republicans, overcoming the great Democrat majority of 3,000. Two years during the war he was paymaster in the army. In 1872 he supported Horace Greeley for President, and was elected by the liberal Republicans and Democrats to the Constitutional Convention. He and ex-governor Andrew G. Curtin, and T. H. B. Patterson, of Pittsburg, were the only liberal Republicans in the Convention. Mr. Palmer is the father of his colleague, the Hon. Henry W. Palmer, who is a Republican still of the olden school, and one of the most prominent of the rising men of the State of the present day. Mr. G. W. Palmer, the father, is on the Committee on Militia and on Schedule, is one of the most punctual in his attendance, and is always awake to the best interests of the State. He is a farmer and miller and has amassed an elegant competency. He takes high rank as an independent and upright delegate, measures 5 feet 11, weighs 180 pounds, has brown hair, full beard, no moustache, a good head, fine front face and

profile, and gentlemanly appearance. He now resides at Humphreysville, Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. He has, among other marks of distinction, never been beaten for any office for which he has ever been named, and is on the rising tide.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEORGE A. WHITING.

Although it is a number of years since his useful and valuable life has closed, yet his memory is enshrined in the hearts of his numerous friends and acquaintances. He was ever kind, ever generous. He spent the most of his life as agent of the Delaware and Hudson Company, in the purchase and management of the horse department, overseeing the teaming, etc. His life was that every day round of business that we have but little to record. As an exemplification of his generosity we will relate a little circumstance. Falling in with the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, the Episcopal clergyman from Carbondale, at Tom Clark's hotel in Waymart, he called for a dinner for the twain. Mr. Clark, knowing them to be

men of note and corporosity enough to do justice to any dinner, had a very large, fine turkey cooked, with all the accompaniments that the most fastidious could desire. The dinner thus prepared, the table was set expressly for the two. They both felt that it was a feast of reason, if not a flow of soul, so that soon the spacious turkey disappeared like the morning dew. When the turkey was finished the Rev. gentleman looked up and said: "Well, Mr. Whiting, one turkey is a little too much for *one* man, but not quite enough for two." Mr. R. was an Englishman, and a very popular preacher, but as to American customs he was somewhat peculiar. He was very fond of reading the latest news, and as soon as Love & Gillespie received their New York paper he used to send in for it; but it was not long before they sent him one that was a little stale. He was also very fond of bathing. The young men at the machine shop had fixed up a bath house, where they could let in a flood of water at the top. This was his place of resort. The youngsters, like other young folks, feeling a little mischievous, went a little way up the stream, where there was a wintergreen distillery, and shoved into the stream a quantity of vines which had been distilled, and floated them down

to the bath house, where they were moored on the bank until the Rev. gentleman came for his bath; then they were shoved into the water, and when the gate was hoisted, down went the vines which only a few days before enclosed the real essence, but now enclosed the popular divine of the Apostolic succession. But it wasn't always that young America got the best of him. As was customary the good people made him a donation party, and one prominent firm in the mercantile business had a very *poor* lot of tea which they could not sell, and one of the firm wishing to be generous, put up several pounds of the tea and sent it in. In a day or two the minister discovering that the tea was not genuine, called on the firm, and expressing his ideas of its fine flavor, inquired the price of such tea. The merchant replied that it was worth one dollar per pound. "Well," said he, "we have had considerable tea sent in, and I would like to exchange it for other groceries." The merchant could do no better than to pay him one dollar per pound for the tea which they had been selling for three or four shillings per pound. The last we heard of him he was in California. Miss Watt, of your city, being there, heard that a distinguished preacher was to speak to the people that day, and when he

entered the desk, lo and behold it was the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, who was preaching in Carbondale when she left!

CHAPTER XVIII.

JESSE WILLIAMS.

JESSE WILLIAMS was a first rate citizen and merchant, one of whom to know was to respect; kind and generous to everybody, and rather leaning to universalism. Again and again did his friends urge it upon him to come into the Methodist Church, where he had a host of friends, but he chose to follow in the footsteps of Murray, Ballou, Chapin and others, rather than come in with the followers of Wesley, Whitfield, &c., and join in those cheerful melodies:

> "This is the way I long have sought,
> And mourned because I found it not."

At that time there was an old colored gentleman by the name of Samuel Wright. Although a real Methodist, "dyed in the wool," he seldom attended church, unless there was a moving of the waters, and then you would see

him constantly on the course. He was possessed of a pair of lungs that would beat anything that was ever heard for half a mile around. At the time of one of these seasons of rejoicing, some of the friends got around Brother Jesse and persuaded him to go into one of their meetings. The old darkey wrestled in behalf of our good friend Jesse as man never wrestled before. It really seemed as though the heavens and the earth were coming together. On leaving the church some of the brethren ventured to ask Jesse what he thought of the meeting. He said it was all well enough for aught he knew, but thought it rather queer for them to ask a gentleman to go to their meeting, and then get a nigger to pray for him. After leaving Carbondale, many years ago, he went with his family to Pittston, where he engaged in the foundry business until his health failed him, when he quietly passed over to the other shore—not only in the full belief, but in the full knowledge of the spiritual philosophy—where he awaits our coming, and will be always ready to not only beckon us over, but, like a white-winged angel, will welcome us over to those blissful realms where the weary are forever at rest.

To speak of his brother Joseph, who moved

to Wilkes-Barre, where he served as justice of the peace, and where he died, would be but a repetition of the same good man.

CHAPTER XIX.

MICHAEL B. WHITE.

MANY years ago we knew M. B. White, of the firm of Bilger & White, merchants, on lower Main street, and a very social and accomplished gentleman he was. After suffering from the ravages of fire, wherein they lost heavily, Mr. White was chosen marshal, jailor, etc., successor to his late partner, S. E. Bilger, which office he filled very acceptably for some years. After Mr. Bronson had been burnt out two or three times, he bought the site on the corner where the Keystone Hotel now stands, and soon commenced excavating for a new cellar. Being called away for a short time, he returned to find himself in the same predicament that Samson did when Delilah had shaved off his locks, his strength was gone. Michael had often been called on for his taxes, but refused to pay them on account of the

city's indebtedness to him for services, boarding prisoners, etc., but Martin coming along just at that time, clothed with authority from the chief councils in the shape of a collector's warrant, took up the whip and drove off the oxen. The scene that followed may be better imagined than described. To duplicate the language on that occasion would be hardly modest, not to say irreverent. A man coming along discovered the atmosphere looking very blue, and on asking the cause, some one replied that Michael had been indulging in a little profanity, but on seeing how unequal he was to the occasion he very quietly gave it up. However, he went on and built his hotel and run it very successfully for a number of years, when he was again burnt out with all his surrounding buildings and his household goods. He then sold out his site and removed to Canada, where, we understand, he run a hotel for awhile, but not liking so much of Frenchdom, soon returned to the city of his former years, having followed while in Canada in the footsteps of good old King Solomon when he sent his ships to Tarsus to be freighted back with apes and peacocks. While on a tour of travel we met a gentleman who had seen him in one of the northern counties while on his way back to Carbondale,

who thus describes him: He had a good horse and wagon, with eight dogs, and more curiosities than Solomon ever thought of.

But Michael, getting back to Carbondale, and feeling quite at home, like the far seeing Columbus, saw the glory that was soon to be revealed in Carbondale by the rise of property in the city, bought one of the most eligible sites, which he has caused to bud and blossom like the rose.

CHAPTER XX.

MESSRS. BRONSON.

When we first came to Carbondale, forty years since, we found our ever respected friends, B. K. and his son, Wm. W. Bronson. They were then, as now, and ever have been, engaged in buying, fitting up and selling horses, and lived then in the lower part of the city. They soon went to Philadelphia, and for some years, I think, were engaged in keeping a hotel there. But they returned to Carbondale again, William bringing with him his young wife, and entered upon the duties of hotel keeping, and living in the Railroad Hotel, where the

Keystone now is kept. In the great fire, September 15th, 1850, they were entirely burned out, but not discouraged. They soon erected a temporary board house for the winter, where they entertained travellers when they could do no better. We have heard it remarked by sojourners, that they spent some of their happiest nights there. In the spring they built another commodious hotel, and many will remember the kind and obliging John Edwards, the bar tender and clerk, whose untimely death occurred at Binghamton some four or five years since by suicide. The new hotel was burned five years subsequent to the first, when he sold the site to M. B. White. After having spent the most of his useful and active life as a hotel keeper, stage proprietor, mail contractor, etc., he retired with a very handsome income. Probably Mr. Bronson would not have retired to private life so soon had it not been for some little circumstances of infelicity. There was a farmer living up in Herrick by the name of Jerry Rounds, who often came to Carbondale and stopped with Mr. Bronson, and generally brought something to market. We can no better describe Uncle Jerry, only like the Dutchman was, when he says, "I bees him so wide as I do high, so if he falls over he will

be so higher as when he stands up." It was so with Uncle Jerry. His circumference was more than his altitude. One day he called on Mr. Bronson and sold him a quarter of lamb, Mr. Bronson paying him fifty cents, less twenty-five for his dinner. The quarter was cooked, and Uncle Jerry sat down and dispatched the whole quarter with the accompanying condiment, when Mr. Bronson began to think that hotel keeping was not so profitable. At another time in staging, he sent his stage around for a passenger, and when the stage came around, there sat a buxom lady on the back seat as dark as ebony. Mr. B. requested her to take another seat, as he had some of the *elite* to ride in the stage that morning, but no go. After some words, the lady informed Mr. B. that she would have him understand that white folks were just as good as colored ones, if they only behaved as well. Although Mr. Bronson, Sr., is far along in his four score years, it seems but a few short years since we used to see him on his famous trotter, on the streets, with his white hair straight behind, and at every few rods he would give that well known signal, "Ye, yep!" while his horse was on that well known gait, 2.40. But alas! we shall see him ride so no more.

Perhaps our readers of these sketches would feel that there was a missing link did we not mention Black Ell, as he was called—Ell Smith —who so long and so faithfully served as hostler at the Railroad Hotel, both before and after Mr. Bronson was proprietor. Ever faithful, ever trusty, kind and obliging to all the numerous visitors, he was respected by all.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SEASON AND CAPT. DANIEL BACON.

Two months of the present year have come and gone, and we are already treading upon the third month. The first month of spring, when nature, as if already aware of the importance of the season, is manifesting itself in the bud preparatory to the blossom, when she shall again deck herself in her wedding garment or holiday attire, and already has the sugar maple yielded up its delicious fruitage. In the world of mankind how many are there laying plans for the future! The man of avarice is already laying plans for his future prosperity, whereby he may increase his coffers, while

those of wealth and leisure are beginning to look around to see where they can best shine in their most resplendent glory. The denizens of the hot southern cities, New Orleans, Natchez, Richmond, Washington, etc., long to loiter in the cooling shades and arcadian groves of Saratoga, and drink of the carbonic waters, or saunter about Congress Hall, or the Grand Union, with its costly equipages and its 300 waiters, whose hands are ever open for a recompense. And then there is another class of fast men, with their fast horses, fine carriages and equipages, and their Flora McFlimsies, anxious for the time to come when the multitude shall assemble at Long Branch, to frolic in the rolling surf or on the sandy beach the fore part of the day, dress, read novels and dine in the afternoon, saunter about until six o'clock, and then to see one of the finest boulevards two miles in length, and broad enough for four carriages abreast, straight as a line, filled to repletion with the grandest display of equipages one can imagine. Then there is Newport, another fashionable watering place on the eastern side of Rhode Island, which is more cosmopolitan. There many people have their own homesteads and equipages, and there families reside through

the summer and close them through the winter. Others hire cottages there just for the summer. As for their amusement and Newport life, we can no better describe it than in the language of another.

"The scene on the beach, however, rarely wearies. Between the bathing houses and the white lines of breakers, what a crash of phætons, dog-carts, clarences, and landaus, and what a motley crew of bare-footed beings patter up and down the hard sand, or plunge in the sea beyond! You know the scene; there is the fat man with spectacles and a gray moustache, who looked portly, but dignified, in his carriage, now, with a flapping hat tied over his ears, and a tightly clinging, thin bathing dress, looks like a disgraceful fisherman on a spree. Then trips gaily past him the woman with the hair, whose carefully crimped golden waves float to her knees, who presently comes out with stringy locks looking very doubtful as to whether the show paid for the work of reconstructing that head anew. Near by is the timid woman, who shrieks when a very mild wave breaks below her knees, and the belle whose attractions are in her bath house, but who still thinks herself lovely, and comes languidly along with the kangaroo droop,

while now and then appears that rare avis that still looks like a human being, in spite of wet tunic and trousers. Springfield contributes at least one graceful girl swimmer, and the handsomest head that rises above the spray is the Brightown poet's. One athletic figure emerges, talks awhile with some carriage friends, takes a flask from his bathing shirt pocket, imbibes freely and returns for another dip, fortified ; and so the merry scene continues, till verging on 1 o'clock, the last bathers in dresses hurry their toilets and depart in haste, and up goes the red flag on the office to say to the masculine gender that they can now plunge, untrammelled by gingham, flannel, or bed-tick apparel. Later in the day, driving on the avenue, you see the same goodly company, and realize anew that fine feathers make fine birds. Indeed Higginson says: 'It takes two years to learn to drive on the avenue,' and instructs us to lean back in total indifference to surrounding things putting a remote superciliousness into our countenance, highly suggestive of gout and ancestry, and never looking improperly intelligent, if we would have the passing crowd (their own faces marked by the 'renunciation of all human joy') suppose we are 'to the manor born.' Disregarding his advice, we

proceed to wonder who the people are that sport such huge calves and so many buttons behind and before, and say, with poverty's acrid spirit, the crabbed dean's consoling words, ' It is plain to see what the Lord thinks of money by the folks he gives it to ! ' "

While at these three places assemble the rich, the gay and the proud, there are hundreds of other places where the fashionables of the cities congregate to be freed from the annoyances of city life, to enjoy the sports of fishing, hunting, &c., and breathe the pure air of the rural districts, and revel in the luxuries of nature—some of which we hope to be able to give some account of the coming summer. But were this earth one great pleasure ground, then might we bask in the sunshine of prosperity, but scarcely do we take up a paper but we read of accidents, disease, murder and death. But we must take the world as it is, knowing that God governs it, and our business here is to make it better if we can. While spring may linger in the lap of summer we hope to pick up a few crumbs of items of interest here and there for the readers of the *Advance* to enjoy or endure, until we shall go forth to engage in new scenes wherewith to

interest, feeling that a living present is far better than a dead past.

CAPTAIN DANIEL BACON.

In looking over the columns of the *Advance* from time to time, we are glad to notice the prosperity of Gibsonburg. It carries us back to the time of the first settlement of that interesting burgh, when Captain Daniel Bacon came in there and cut away the laurels and hemlocks, and made the first opening some forty-five years ago, an account of which we will reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

CAPT. DANIEL BACON.

Although not exactly a citizen of Carbondale, yet he was nearly identified in all the relations of interest in its early settlement, having been one of the early pioneers of the Lackawanna Valley, coming there when it was one unbroken wilderness, and settled four miles below, in the township of Blakely, where the flourishing village of Jermyn now is. When

he first gave the name he hesitated as to calling it Baconville or Hamburg, they being synonymous terms; but the *Capt. Daniel Bacon* were prominent and noble words on his escutcheon, and, therefore, he settled down on the name so long known as *Baconville*, afterwards changed to Gibsonburg, but of late so justly named Jermyn. When he first went there, there was one unbroken wilderness of laurels and hemlocks, and a forest of pine timber, that would seem almost to defy the puny hand of man to ever cause a scarcity of; and there are at present thousands of pine stumps still left as so many witnesses of the past. Yet, with his determined zeal and ambition, he cleared away the rubbish and built him a tenement wherein to live and board his hands while he built a dam across the Lackawanna river and a saw mill at each end, and in a very few months from an entire wilderness it became one of the most lively places in northern Pennsylvania, with something like a score of men, some cutting logs in the woods, and half as many teams hauling logs and lumber to the railroad, where it was loaded on the cars, and quite a force in the mills running them night and day. Some of the lumber was unloaded at Honesdale, and run down the Lackawaxen

to the Delaware, and then rafted to Philadelphia; while some was taken directly to New York. In our mind's eye we can now see him on his roan horse, as we used to, that never broke his gallop from his mills to town, or from town to the mills; and then among his workmen, ever present in a short space of time.

At that time lumber was a specialty. In the valley there were Capt. Bacon's two mills and one called the Great Western, where the Moosic Powder Mills are; another, half a mile below, owned by Benjamin & Van Bergen; another at Mt. Vernon; another at Decker's Bridge; another at Peckville; and another at Olyphant, owned by Mr. Barber. These mills were all employed in the cutting of pine timber, at that time, and it was estimated that there was an average of 30,000 feet of pine lumber drawn over the Carbondale and Blakely turnpike every day in the year. But Capt. Bacon's was the nearest, except the Meredith mill, and did much more than any other two on the stream. The land of the upper end of the city was one dense lumber yard from Foundry street up to the railroad bridge, sending off a car load every hour. But alas for all human greatness! When in the zenith of his glory he went to New York, where he started

a retail sale lumber yard; but through the treachery of some would-be friends his trade proved unsuccessful, and he soon returned to Archbald, where he owned land on which the village is built, which he and Doctor Farnham sold in village lots to great advantage. But he was no longer Captain Daniel Bacon, but said, "I'm now *Pa Bacon*."

Through all his useful and active life we never knew him to have a quarrel with any one, or a suit at law. He was always conciliatory, kind, and watchful for the good of others. Although he never joined the Methodist Church, yet he was a good exhorter, and many will remember the good old man walking up to the altar at the close of the service, and turning to the people how the tears would roll down his cheeks while he exhorted them to kindness and brotherly love. But as his health failed him, such was the relation of mind and matter, that his mind and body weakened down together, until we saw the last of an honest man, all that was mortal of the noblest work of God, lowered down into the narrow house, near the old Baptist Church in Blakely, and as his last mortal remains were forever hidden from our sight, we thought could those closed eyes again be opened, and those parched lips be again re-

animated, from what we know of him, the immortal would triumphantly exclaim:

My faith fears nothing; sink ye hills,
And all ye mountains nod;
Faith all my soul with transport fills—
I firmly trust in God.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHURCH RECORDS.

The Ministers of the Presbyterian Church of Carbondale, as near as we could get them, were:

Rev. Jonathan Noble, 1829; Rev. T. S. Conklin, 1833; Rev. Mr. Fuller, 1835; Rev. J. R. Mosier, 1835; Rev. R. E. Taylor, 1840; Rev. Mr. Allen, 1840; Rev. Mr. Willis, 1847; Rev. Mr. Ward, 1857; Rev. Oliver Crane, 1864; Rev. E. D. Bryan, 1870.

The Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Carbondale were:

Rev. Mr. Cushman, Rev. A. J. Crandall, Rev. Wm. Ready, Rev. Mr. Benham, Rev. H. E. Luther, Rev. Mr. Cook, Rev. Mr. Warden, Rev. Mr. Bronson, Rev. B. W. Gorham, Rev. H. R. Clark, Rev. W. W. Wyatt, Rev. H. B.

Brownscomb, Rev. D. T. Walker, Rev. G. M. Blakesley, Rev. A. Barker, Rev. D. Shepherd, Rev. J. M. Snyder, Rev. G. M. Peck, Rev. I. T. Walker, Rev. J. O. Woodruff, Rev. A. Griffin.

The Ministers of the Berean Baptist Church of Carbondale, from March, 1848, to September, 1874, were:

Rev. David E. Bowen, Rev. Henry Curliss, Rev. Charles Griffin, Rev. Frederick Glauville, Rev. Edward L. Baily, Rev. J. B. Tombes, Rev. E. L. Baily, recalled, and died in a few weeks after resuming the pastorate; Rev. John J. Owen, who also died during his pastorate; Rev. John Emory Gault, Rev. W. B. Grow.

The Ministers of the Trinity Church of Car bondale were:

Rev. Samuel Marks, now of Huron Ohio; Rev. Mr. McKim, Rev. John Reynolds, Rev. A. Beaty, Rev. Thomas Randall, Rev. J. A. Stone, Rev. Thomas Drumme, Rev. B. H. Abbott, Rev. Edward Dezeny, Rev. J. M. A. Harding, Rev. M. L. Kern, Rev. R. B. Peets.

For this list we are indebted to Miss H. E. Dart, *who has our thanks.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

PUBLIC OFFICERS.

THE officers of the Mayor's Court of Carbondale, from its first establishment to 1874, were:

Mayors:—James Archibald, 1851; Edward Jifkins, 1855; Gideon Frothingham, 1856; John M. Poor, 1857; Canfield Harrison, 1861; Anthony Grady, 1862; Wm. Brenan, 1865; J. M. Poor, 1866; Thomas Voyle, 1867; Joseph B. Van Bergen, 1869; Thomas Voyle, 1873; Wm. C. Morrison, 1874.

Recorders of the Mayor's Court:—William Jesup, 1851; J. W. Conyngham, 1851; H. M. Hoyt, 1867; E. L. Dana, 1868; D. W. Lathrope, 1870; Alfred Dart, 1872; I. D. Richards, 1873; Alfred Dart, 1874, and re-elected.

Clerks of the Mayor's Court:—Wm. Brenan, 1851; Bernard McTigh, 1854; John E. Brown, 1863; Geo. H. Squire, 1867; M. G. Neary, to December, 1875.

Post Masters:—James W. Goff, William Eggleston, H. S. Pierce, Jesse Williams, Calvin Benjamin, C. T. Pierson, Martin Curtis, F. M. Crane, H. P. Ensign, Joseph Gilispie, Anthony Grada, D. N. N. Lathrope, W. R. Baker, Daniel Pendegrast, P. S. Jocelyn.

CHAPTER XXV.

PROVIDENCE TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

In January, 1846, the late F. B. Woodward began printing a weekly newspaper in Providence called the *County Mirror and Lackawannian.* It was the only paper printed between Carbondale and Wilkes-Barre. Its editorials were outspoken and versatile, and it was printed up stairs over an office now occupied by Capt. Fish—then known as the Arcade. Charles H. Silkman, Esq., kept a law office next door, filled with a brood of incipient Blackstone's, whose literary efforts betimes made the *Mirror* more spicy and readable at home. These gentlemen, the late Dan Rankin with his quick, keen vein of humor to carry his point when assailed; the phlegmatic D. R. Randall, who relied upon bluster to discomfit his adversary; the less mercurial D. S. Koon, now of Pittston, and the more precise and polished E. S. M. Hill, formed the voluntary part of the editorial staff. C. R. Gorman and H. Hollister, then reading medicine with Dr. Throop at Providence, some times diffused their crude notions through its columns as did A. B. Dunning, then a clerk in

the store of Winton & Atwater. While Charles H. Silkman, with his fertile, yet merciless pen, favored the new county movement and fought the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company with a savage persistency never equalled by any one in the valley before or since.

Mr. Woodward had formerly printed the *Mirror* at "Carbondale, a little town north of Providence," as he styled it, and he came to Providence while a majority of its citizens were expecting two important events to transpire; first, that a new county, to be called Lackawanna, would be created out of the upper townships, with the county seat at Providence; second, that the New York and Erie Railroad Company, then knocking at the northern border of our State for permission to cross it, would, after this was granted by the Legislature, build their great road through Cobb's Gap, and thus rapidly develop this portion of the valley in a manner that would enrich everybody. The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company had as yet made no progress down the Lackawanna farther then Archbald, "a village," says this paper, "from the best information we can get, of one dwelling, one store house and one barn, and, we believe, of *eight* inhabitants." The friends of this last

named company were largely in the minority in the valley, owing to the fact that C. H. Silkman, H. W. Nicholson, Dr. Bedford, S. Heermons, Wm. Merrifield, Capt. Felts, N. D. Green, and hundreds of others in the county, were holding meetings every week alternately at Cottrell's Hotel, in Providence, Greens', in Hyde Park, and at Cannon's, in Blakely, to warn the public in their language against "the base and detestable intrigues of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company—one whose policy is like a bandit in acquiring power and influence, and like a tyrant and despot in the use of it." The champions of the last named company were Nathan Smith, T. Youngs, L. S. Watres, D. Sligh, Daniel Bacon, Levi L. Lillibridge, Esquire Callender, and a few others who labored steadily to neutralize the operations of the opposing factions. The proceedings of these counter meetings, held in Blakely and Providence during 1846-7, would fill a volume, and will do so some day.

These sketches were not intended to bring up reminiscences of one of the most exciting periods in the history of the valley, since the expulsion of the savages, a hundred years ago, but to exhibit in a suggestive manner the relative status of the villages of Providence and

Harrison (now Scranton), as reflected by the Providence *Mirror* in 1846–7. The first named village arrogated to itself such consideration that the new improvements then being made in Harrison, under adverse circumstances, were deemed unworthy of a single note.

The bridge across the Lackawanna had been carried away by a freshet, and as there were four stores in Providence and but one in Harrison, people did not run down every day, as now, for a thimble or a paper of pins. The Lackawanna Iron Works, supposed to be hopelessly bankrupt, were of no account to the old settlers in their struggles for a single gleam of financial sunlight. But three advertisements came from Harrison. Alex. N. Jay, now of the West, desired to inform the people of Providence and vicinity that he would "put Harrison against the country in the way of saddle, harness and trunk making." No advertisement, however, so fitly and forcibly illustrates the mutations of twenty-eight years, as the following:

NEW GOODS

AT THE LACKAWANNA IRON WORKS!

THIS ESTABLISHMENT

was commenced now nearly six years ago. At that time goods of all descriptions were sold at enormous high prices and large profits in the valley. We claim the credit of being public benefactors by creating competition and reducing prices generally, and also of building up an establishment which has already made a large and valuable home market for the produce of the farmers, and also benefited them by being able to supply them with iron and nails at much lower prices than they could heretofore be sold in this community.

Owing to great press of other business during the past year, we have not paid that attention to our store that we desired, or that the wants of this community require; but we would now say that we have associated with us Mr. J. C. Platt, who has been largely engaged in this branch of business for twelve years, and whose experience and knowledge of the trade is unsurpassed. Mr. Platt will devote his whole time to the purchase and sale of merchandise—and we would here say, that we have made such arrangements for the purchase of our goods as will enable us to sell at

very low prices, and that we neither fear competition nor opposition.

We most respectfully invite all our old friends and customers in the valley, and also all the citizens living north of the mountain, all the way unto the State of New York, to come and trade with us.

P. S.—We understand that some of our old customers have been deterred from coming to see us the past season, in consequence of there being no bridge at Providence village. We are sorry if this be so—don't, however, let this "lion in the way" frighten you, but find some other place to cross the Lackawanna. You will be well paid for making the trial. Don't let so small a matter separate you from those who have and who will ever do you good.

Very respectfully,

SCRANTONS & PLATT.

December 2, 1846.

Colonel George W. and Selden T. Scranton, and Mr. J. C. Platt then ran the store, while the late Joseph H. Scranton was still in Augusta, Ga.

The following letter from Dr. G. Underwood, having located himself at Harrison, offers his professional services to the public. Office at

Barton Motts', where he may always be found, except when business calls him from home."

Dr. Underwood, was the only doctor here, yet he abandoned the iron works, because the medical business of Harrison would not enable him to pay his board. He is now in Pittston, and is regarded as a good practitioner.

Dr. Wm. H. Pier puts in an appearance from Chenango county, N. Y., and "tenders his professional services to the citizens of Providence and the adjoining towns. Office in Hyde Park, next door to the store of John Merrifield." He removed his office to Harrison, in February, 1846. H. Hollister, M. D., advertised his services and drugs; while Dr. Throop, "desirous of avoiding the disagreeable necessity of making cost, respectfully requests those indebted to him by note or book account for medical services, to call and make such arrangements as will avoid the alternative." He also advertises, "cheap for good pay, a few dozen of patent bedsteads." N. Hanford, M. D., a graduate of the University of New York, a very worthy man by the way, informed people that his office was at the house of R. H. Lackey. He died two years later of consumption. James H. Kays says that he will exchange "harness for coach, or gig for lumber, produce, hides or cash."

Fashionable tailoring thrived for the reason that there was found no Knight of the Goose between Providence and Pittston Ferry. "Robert Higgs, late of Hyde Park," Asa Corson, "three doors above N. Cottrill's," and Henry Reichardt, "at the Assembly rooms of A. Jeffry, the emporium of English, French and American fashions," all advertised yearly and served the public well. The last named gentleman was a character in his way, and by his wonderful gifts in weaving a story or a song to divert a group, grave or gay, was always welcome to every gathering. Wm. P. Stevens, a landholder of some note, who was brutally killed by a bullet while riding near Hyde Park, in June, 1856, advertised a farm for sale. Benjamin S. Tripp, who then owned the rich acres now known as E. W. Weston's place, advertised lime at his kiln and "good coal, for one dollar per ton, ready pay." Ira Tripp and W. W. Winton also advertised coal for sale. W. W. Winton "would be glad to employ a miner to raise one hundred tons of coal." The temperance element did not deter R. H. Lackey from inserting the following: "A quantity of rye whiskey, manufactured in Broome county, N. Y., has been left with the subscriber to be sold by wholesale or retail. Providence, May

9th, 1846." Nor did it interfere with E. S. M. Hill, of the Arcade, or Bennett & Weaver, of the New York branch store, from offering a choice lot of liquors for sale. Bennett & Weaver's store stood on the corner now occupied by the drug store of Charles Henwood.

The following notice speaks for itself:

LOOK HERE!

To all my customers at large,
Whose accounts are now full due:
Those who pay me I'll discharge,
And those that don't I'll sue!

PROVIDENCE, *May* 9, 1846. R. NICHOLAS.

The author of this stanza was an Englishman, and it is claimed that he was the first miner ever living or mining coal in Providence township. A few years later he was found dead in a coal mine. Carter and Crane, two eastern artisans, proclaimed through the columns of the *Mirror* the beauty of the edge tools they manufactured at Capouse works, while in another column Mr. Crane invites "all but sheriffs and constables to buy his property, as he desires to leave his *garden*." "Said property can be found any day in Providence." Did it ever go away from home? "An old brown cow with a crumple horn," disturbing the pastures at Mt. Vernon, called for an estray notice from L. S. Watres. Major Wm.

Jackson, Jr., gave the world notice not to trust his run-away wife *Sabra*, upon any account. William went to the land of shadows scarce twelve months ago. Winton & Atwater "wish it to be particularly understood that we have lately received an addition to our stock in the way of a case of *stout boots* and a few pieces of *blue calico*, also potash and a few violins." Fiddling and dancing were common pastime in the village during the autumn and winter months.

J. Marion Alexander, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, settled in Providence in 1846, among *five* other lawyers. He advertised his office "in the cave at Cottril's hotel." He was a well qualified lawyer, and made many enemies, because he collected debts, instead of losing them. He now resides in Kansas. Mrs. Lackey announces that she has just returned from New York with the spring and summer fashions.

VILLAGE LOTS.

For sale by the subscribers, handsomely located in the new village of Archbald, in Blakely township, adjacent to the new mines of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. By application to John P. Farnham, a map of

the lots may be seen, and terms of sale, which will be favorable, ascertained.

DANIEL BACON,
JOHN P. FARNHAM.

CARBONDALE, *September* 20, 1845.

Both of the above named gentlemen are sleeping now, but the careful description of the location of the new village indicated the minor importance of it at this time.

INTERESTING.

"Notice.—The Trustees of the 'Proprietor's School Fund' of Providence, will meet at the Hotel of N. D. Green, in Hyde Park, on Monday, the 2d of March, at 10 o'clock. All persons having demands or orders against the Treasurer of said fund, will present them for settlement; and all knowing themselves indebted to the town, either by note or otherwise, for interest on their bonds and mortgages, are requested to make payment on or before that day.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

WM. H. TRIPP, *Sec.*

HYDE PARK, *February* 12, 1846."

The above is interesting to those who are familiar with the history of this fund. John

H. Spencer, and S. A. Bennet each presented their rival claims for patronage in the cabinet and painting line. The entire list of letters remaining in the Providence P. O., D. S. Koon, P. M., January 1st, 1847, was but 34; in the Hyde Park office were but 12. O. P. Clark, who had succeeded Joseph Griffin, was postmaster at Hyde Park. No post-office as yet in Harrison, nor was there yet a daily mail between Wilkes-Barre and Carbondale. The ubiquitous schoolmaster was around, as the *Mirror* of September 2d, 1846, says: "A letter with this address has reached our post-office:

Lewzerne county Amircky
To Mr. J. Murphy esq esquare
in Providence sposin he's thare, Pa.
and else beside he arn't thare then send it
where he is sure ye illigant postafficer.

The year previous, Sylvenas Heermans associated himself with Mr. Woodward in conducting the paper. In the scanty local department of the paper of July 29th, 1846, appears the following interesting scrap:

I. O. O. F.—Capouse Lodge, No. 170, was instituted in this place on Thursday, the 23d inst., by D. G. M. *H. Gregory*, of Wayne District, assisted by D. G. M. *A. Yohe*, of Luzerne

District. The Cambria and Olive Leaf Lodges of Carbondale, the Howard Lodge of Honesdale, the Wyoming of Wilkes-Barre, the Covenant of Belvidere, the Quinipac of New Haven, were represented.

The following were the officers elected and installed for the first quarter; E. S. M. Hill, N. G., Welcome Hocket, V. G., J. S. Sherrod, S., O. J. Dodge, A. S., J. D. Mead, T. Four candidates were initiated.

Every officer named above are now deceased; the last named gentleman, long the urbane paymaster on the Pennsylvania Coal Road, died with small-pox in New Jersey. This honored lodge held their meetings for two years in the old Slocum House, Scranton, previous to locating in Hyde Park.

In all of these advertisements, and others from "Pittston Ferry," Harrison was ignored, because of its obscurity and second rate of importance. Even the *Carbon County Gazette* of June, 1846, speaks of a quantity of railroad iron from the Harrison Iron Work, Providence, Luzerne county." Carbondale, standing upon its stilts, had a better show than Harrison. The following were the business men and firms November 20th, 1845:

F. P. Grow & Bros., Richmond & Robinson,

A. G. Boley & Co., L. G. Ensign, W. N. Arnold & Co., Gillespie, Pierce & Co., Howell & Co., D. Mills, Ruthven & Co., Cyrus Abbott, Agt., Clayton & Holley, J. M. Chittenden & Co., John Reider, Anthony Miles, Love & Gillespie, S. H. Pierson, Wm. Stanton, Pierson & Co., Benjamin & Dickson, A. P. Wurts, A. J. Sterling & Co., B. Harrison, Jehd. Bowen, Anthony Grady, Mills, Jones & Co., J. H. Estabrook, E. S. Hart, G. L. Morss & Co., P. Moffitt, Jr., Thompson & Stott, Wm. Brennan, Patrick Moffitt, James O'Brien, Lewis Pughe, Michael Mooney.

Prominently among them appears the advertisement of Lathrop & Burnham, lawyers; A. P. Wurts, Benjamin & Dickson, Richmond & Robinson, Ruthven & Co., merchants; Jas. Pringle, Wm. Stanton and Lewis Pughe, merchant tailors. Doctors Sweet and Wheeler, two excellent medical men, offered their drugs for *ready pay*, but for professional services "they will expect to give the *usual credit* and terms of the country."

That eccentric and long-remembered man, Dr. Rafferty, was then in his prime, and he offered his visit and family medicines to all with an assurance really refreshing. Dr. N. Jackson, now a well-to-do gentleman of Scott

Valley, says in an advertisement January 1st, 1845: "I am happy to state that I have on hand and for sale *Moffit's Life Pills, Tomato Bitters*, and *Coon Oil*." Other doctors, without the lubricating *coon oil*, made their mark in Carbondale, and other men were brought to the surface by the *Mirror*, before its fine dissolution, in March, 1847.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT

List of retailers and dealers in merchandise in the city of Carbondale, with their class, April 1st, 1874.

Co-Operative Association, No. 1, 11; Moses & Scurry, 13; Pascoe & Scurry, 11; A. Watt & Co., 12; Xerxes W. Williams, 14; E. W. Mills & Co., 12; W. Burr, 14; Yarrington & Bartlett, 12; John Kase, 14; J. W. Marcy, 14; S. T. Corby, 14; Evans & Alexander, 14; John R. Shepherd, 13; J. B. Kirby, 14; S. E. Raynor, 14; J. Alexander & Sons, 14; C. W. Fowler, 12; Bolton & Reynolds, 12; Fred. Elbrecht, 14; John Watt & Sons, 11; N. Mohrs,

14; W. E. Kirby, 14; S. Sampson, 14; G. F. Swigard, 14; J. B. Van Bergen & Co., 12; C. A. Truex, 14; Misses Brown & Porter, 14; Mrs. Dale, 14; Jadwin & Aitken, 12; Davis & Herbert, 14; J. H. Carr, 12; James Barrett, 13; Michael Mahon, 14; George Shafer, 14; Hugh O'Neill, 13; M. A. & J. H. Byrne, 12; S. Singer, 14; H. Sahm, 14; James Coyle, 14; Mrs. Lydia Moffitt, 14; John Nealon, 12; Samuel Guttentag, 13; Jones & Campman, 14; P. Moffitt, 13; James Coughlin, 14; Wm. Brunig, 14; Robert H. Tralles, 14; Caminskey & Strauss, 14; Michael Dugan, 14; John H. Wilson, 14; Thomas Voyle, 14; Peter Loftus, 14; Wm. Breese, 14; W. B. Stoddard, 14; James Gilhool, 14; P. Barrett, 14; Charles Hagan, 13; Lewis & Powderly, 14; J. F. Kinback, 14; Mrs. B. McTighe, 14; Anthony Nealon, 14; Mrs. McCabe, 14; Robert Maxwell, 14; John Lennidy, 14; Patrick Bridgett, 14; Anthony Tighe, 14; John Brock, 14; Michael McDonald, 14; Michael Loftus, 14; Fannie Nealon, 14; Michael McNulty, 14; Anthony Battle, 14; Thos. G. Burke, 14; Peter Dockerty, 14; Thomas Coogan, 14; John Duffy, 14; Mrs. P. Farrell, 14; Patrick Devine, 14; Wm. Lindsay & Co., 14; Patrick Hart, 14; Michael Larkin, 14; James Burke, 14; Thos.

Scott, 14; Truman Bradley, 14; C. T. Weston & Co., 12; Williams & Curtis, 13; Patrick Brown, 14; Bailey & Jones, 14; John McComb, 14; E. E. Hendrick, 13.

Restaurants:—John E. Gorman, 6; John V. Beck, 7; B. Stonebraker, 7; Ernest Rachob, 6; Hugh Boland, 6; Michael Rommelmeyer, 6; Mrs. Wm. Moffitt, 7; O'Connell & Brothers, 6; John Hallowell, 6; John Mohrs, 7; B. Campman, 6; E. P. Burke, 6; McGovern & Brennan, 6; John Gillen, 6; Tyler Robinson, 6; Patrick Finnegan, 6; George Grady, 7; John Merrick, 7; John H. Barrett, 7.

Brewer:—John Nealon, 8.

Court of Appeal will be held at the Commissioners' Office, in the City Hall, on Saturday, May 16th, 1874, at 10 o'clock A. M.

J. T. ROBERTS,
Mercantile Appraiser.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LETTER RATES OF POSTAGE.

WE don't recollect of any changes in the price of postage on letters until H. P. Ensign,

was postmaster in, 1844. Before that the prices ranged—not over 30 miles, 6 cents; and not over 80, 10 cents; and over 80, and not over 150 miles, 18¾ cents; over 150, and not over 400, 25 cents. Very soon after that it was put at 5 cents, if prepaid. And then to 3 cents, on the present basis. To accommodate the postal currency, 3 cent pieces were coined, some of which are still in existence. But in a year or two envelopes came in use, and sold without any mucilage on them, leaving the people to seal them as they had done their letters heretofore, with those little round wafers, which had been used from time immemorial, only occasionally with a stick of sealing wax, so that often in opening a letter it would be so torn that some words would often be lost.

It is only a few years since blotting paper came into use. Business men had their sand boxes, and sometimes in a hurry would dust on the sand, and do up the letter with the sand in it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TELEGRAPH LINES.

Ithaca, Tompkins county, is the home and residence of Ezra Cornell. Probably many of the readers of the *Advance* recollect that nearly a quarter of a century since a telegraph line was put up through the city of Carbondale by said Cornell, extending from Buffalo, New York, to New York City, and that when his agent came through there he was looked upon as somewhat on the *luna*, and the cold shoulder was turned upon him. It being at a period of life that we had as soon engage in putting up telegraph lines as anything else, provided that we were well paid for it, accordingly we negotiated to provide ten miles of the poles, also to assist in putting up the line from Finch's Gate to Waymart, also to solicit subscriptions enough to ensure an office in Carbondale, for which one hundred dollars was required. But when the subject was presented to the people they seemed to say:

"Think you that we're like mushrooms grown,
Or moss upon the smooth flint stone?"

What need we of a telegraph line (suppose the thing does operate) when we have a regular stage line that leaves here every day for New York, and one to Wilkesbarre every other day, and we can send letters to either place and get an answer the same week. Another engaged in the stage business objected on account of its interfering with the postal arrangements, and thereby losing his mail money. Another one, whose white hair told of his advanced age, superintendent of the company's machine shop, says, "When are you going to get your telegraph a going? I want to go to New York—but won't my pants get demoralized going over the poles?" But working along up the line the questions were still more amusing. One says, "Won't it kill off all the birds?" Another says, "Suppose I have a *letter* come, how shall I stop it?" A lad far more acquainted with running coal than transmitting messages, says, "Why, jump on the brake and slide all four wheels." Another says, "I wish the line came a little nearer my *windy*, and I'd slip a letter on and they'd never know it."

At Honesdale the people arose *en masse* that the thing should not go through their streets. The idea of poles being set up through their streets was perfectly ridiculous, and had

it not been that the late lamented Col. Seeley came home from New York, and told them that telegraph poles were up all through Broadway, the line would have had to gone by way of the "Little Church around the Corner;" but through his influence enough of the stock was taken to secure an office, and for one or two years the people went there to do their telegraphing. All that time all the court business had to be done at Wilkesbarre, so that after a year or two the people awoke from their Rip Van Winkle sleep and constructed a line to Wilkesbarre, and opened an office so as to work both lines.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPERS.

From 1748 to 1783, forty-nine weekly or semi-weekly newspapers were started in the colonies. The experiment of a daily paper was yet to be tried. While the city of New York was occupied by the British troops, the several papers of that city so arranged their days of publication that one paper was issued

every day of the week, Sundays excepted Of all the newspapers started in America, up to the end of this period, sixty-seven in number, only forty-three were in existence when the Independence of the United States was acknowledged by Great Britain; but from this time onward there was a steady increase in the number of newspapers through the country As the post-office facilities were extended from city to city, and village to village, the demand for newspapers became greater; and growing with the growth of popular intelligence, those of the cities especially became *news*papers in fact as well as in name. The value of news began to be felt in the community, which was no longer content with a dry summary of European intelligence, weeks and months old before it reached our shores, but demanded something akin to modern enterprise in making up the record of current events. Of course, there was nothing like the newspaper machinery of the present day, either in the mails or in the printing offices; no well-organized corps of editors, reporters and correspondents; none of that precise division of labor by which a great newspaper of to-day is able to print more matter in a single number than was given in a whole volume of a news-

paper a hundred years ago. But the journals of the day satisfied their patrons. There was even some opposition to newspaper improvements. When it was proposed, in 1796, to issue the *Salem Gazette* semi-weekly, Mr. John Pickering was greatly exercised in his mind by this symptom of modern degeneracy. "The paper never had been published but once a week," he said, "and that was often enough; it was nonsense to disturb people's minds by sending newspapers among them twice a week, to take their attention from the duties they had to perform." It is said that the earliest news express in this country was run for the benefit of this paper. The distance from Boston to Salem was only fifteen miles; but it was then regarded as a marvel of enterprise.

To Philadelphia belongs the historical honor of being the first city in the United States to possess a daily newspaper. It was called the *American Daily Advertiser*, and was started in 1784, by Benjamin Franklin Bache. One year afterward the *New York Daily Advertiser* was established in that city. To a New York journalist, John Lang, of the *New York Gazette*, established in 1788, belongs the credit of originating an important branch of modern newspaper intelligence. He was very fond of

boating, and would frequently go down the bay, accompanied by an old colored servant. On returning home on one occasion, he passed a ship just arrived. He hailed her, obtained her name, and where she was from, and these facts appeared in the next morning's *Gazette*. Those interested in her were surprised to see her arrival thus announced before they knew that she had made her appearance. Tradition gives this as the origin of the news-boat service, which has since become so necessary.

CHAPTER XXX.

CARRYING THE MAILS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

JOHN KNAPP, one of the early settlers of Lackawanna township, now seventy-six years of age, recently narrated to us some interesting incidents connected with his boyhood days, and the early settlements of Luzerne county. In 1819, when twenty-one years of age, he took the contract for carrying the United States mail from Wilkes-Barre to Milford, Pike county, once a week, on horse-back. The post offices supplied by this route were

Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Blakely, Greenfield, Dundaff, Mount Pleasant, Bethany, Lackawaxen, Milford, Paupack and Salem. He lived with his brother on the bank of the Lackawanna river (near the present L. and B. R. R. crossing); from there he went to Wilkes-Barre and back with the mail on Saturday. On Sunday morning he would start northward and stay over night two miles beyond Dundaff, Monday night at Lackawaxen, Tuesday night at Milford, Wednesday night near Paupack, reaching home on Thursday night. He was on the road every day of the week except Friday, this route comprising a distance of about one hundred miles circular. Mr. Knapp travelled for four consecutive years, never missing but one trip during the whole time, and even then he made about half of the distance, but was finally compelled to go back, by a fearful snow storm, which rendered it utterly impossible for him to proceed. Two horses were required to accomplish the work, one being used each alternate week. For this service he received the pitiful sum of one dollar per day. But by very close economy he managed to save money enough to pay for his farm, for which he recently realized about twenty thousand dollars. To accomplish this

herculean task, through the primitive forest, inhabited by howling wild beasts, with but a very poor apology for a road, but here and there a human habitation, required a larger amount of perseverance and untiring energy than is often exhibited by young men of the present day. Between Paupack and Salem he was compelled to pass through the great swamp, being oftentimes obliged to bend low on his horse's neck to avoid the branches of the trees that overhung this lonely bridle-path. From Salem his route lay over Cobb mountain to Providence. The Providence post office was on the bank of the river, and was kept by Benjamin Slocum. It was located between the old grist mill and the old still-house. Jacob Sist was postmaster at Wilkes-Barre. The change that has taken place throughout the valley, and along the entire route, travelled by Mr. Knapp fifty-one years ago, is marvellous indeed

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BIRTH AND HISTORY OF JOHN RŒBLING—HIS INVENTION AND MANUFACTURE OF WIRE ROPE —HIS SUCCESS IN BUILDING SUSPENSION BRIDGES —AND HIS AQUEDUCTS FOR THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY.

We will now give our readers something of the history of the projector of the East River Bridge, John A. Rœbling; also a more extended account of the bridge, now in process of building between New York city and Brooklyn.

John A. Rœbling was born on the 12th of June, 1806, in the city of Mulhousen, in Prussia. At the age of twenty-five he came to this country, and settled in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, Pa., where for several years he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. The State of Pennsylvania at that time projected several great railway enterprises, and in the service of the State he spent three years in surveying and locating the Pennsylvania Railroad across the Allegheny Mountains, from Harrisburg to Pittsburg. Having completed

these surveys, Mr. Rœbling commenced the manufacture of wire rope, producing the first of the kind that was ever manufactured in this country. The introduction of these ropes on the inclined planes of the old Portage Railroad, over which the boats of the Pennsylvania Canal were transported, was attended with much difficulty, and met with that degree of opposition which has always arisen, and in all probability always will arise, to retard the progress of a new invention or a novel idea. From his experience in the manufacture of wire rope, Mr. Rœbling formed his opinion relative to its adaptablity for bridging, and in 1844 commenced a work, the completion of which was destined to prove that his opinion was a tenable one, in spite of the scoffs and jeers of an incredulous public, and the attacks of other civil engineers, who deemed the project the outgrowth of a diseased mind. This first work was a suspension aqueduct over the Allegheny river at Pittsburg, to replace the old aqueduct, which had become useless from age. It was completed in May, 1845, and comprised seven spans, each of 160 feet; the cables were seven inches in diameter. The success of the work was such that during the succeeding year he was engaged to con-

struct the Monongahela Suspension Bridge, connecting Pittsburg with Sligo, as it was then called, now West Pittsburg—a great manufacturing suburb. The spans of this bridge were eight in number, each 108 feet in length, and supported by two 4½ inch cables.

In 1848 Mr. Rœbling commenced the construction of a series of suspension aqueducts on the line of the Delaware and Hudson canal, connecting the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania with the tidewater of the Hudson river. We well remember when his men passed through Carbondale with their apparatus for building these works. The Lackawaxen aqueduct has two spans 115 feet each, and two 7 inch cables; the Delaware aqueduct, four spans 134 feet each, and two 8 inch cables; The High Falls aqueduct, one span 145 feet, and two 8½ inch cables; and the Neversink aqueduct, one span 170 feet, and two 9½ inch cables. They were completed within two years, and are all permanent works, needing only a renewal of the wooden parts as they decay from the action of the water. Soon after the completion of this work, he removed his works and residence to Trenton, N. J.

In 1851 he commenced building the Sus-

pension Bridge across the Niagara, to connect the Central Railroad of New York, and the Great Western Railway of Canada, and in four years succeeded in constructing the first suspension bridge capable of bearing the immense weight of railroad locomotives and trains, besides a carriage road bridge suspended under it, on which vehicles and all descriptions of foot passengers travel, while locomotives and trains are passing over their heads. The span of this double bridge is 825 feet clear, and its supports are four 10 inch cables. While building the Niagara Bridge, Mr. Rœbling was also engaged on another of still greater magnitude, which was to have crossed the Kentucky river, on the line of the Cincinnati and Chattanooga Railroad, with a span of 1,224 feet, but before the structure had been completed the company suspended payment, and the work was discontinued. In the fall of 1856 he commenced the great Cincinnati Bridge, with a span of 1,030 feet, and after having to suspend operations for awhile, brought it to a successful completion in 1867. From 1858 to 1860 he was engaged on another suspension bridge at Pittsburg. But his last and greatest work was that on which he was engaged at the time of

his death—the East River Bridge. As he had prepared all his plans, and made most of the arrangements for the construction of the bridge, his death was not so great a misfortune to the cities of New York and Brooklyn, as it would have been had it occurred at an earlier date. His death was the indirect result of an accident which occurred at the Fulton Ferry slip, on the 28th of June, 1869. His foot was terribly crushed between the cross-beams of the dock and a float which was entering the slip. It was found necessary to amputate the toes, from which the lockjaw set in with its usual symptoms, accompanied with spasms, which resulted in his death. I understand his son is superintending the work. When in Western Michigan last summer, we were shown the house and lands which Mr. Rœbling had purchased, near the Grand river, intended for his future home.

Some suppose that the bridge when finished will do away with the Brooklyn Ferry, but not in the least. The bridge being over one hundred feet above the water, it will be the best part of half a mile from the shore to where the bridge strikes the ground on the New York side, but on the Brooklyn side, not near so far, as the ground rises more abrupt

than on the New York side. The bridge, when finished, will be nearly one mile long, and will take passengers from up near Broadway. As I understand it, the cars are to run by steam and an endless rope.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

The first railroad ever made in this country was only commenced fifty-three years since. It was a short road in Massachusetts, three miles long, to convey the stone for the Bunker Hill Monument, from the Quincy quarry, called the Quincy road. But there was no locomotives then. The first railroad in the State of New York was the Mohawk and Hudson, sixteen miles in length, now called the Schenectady Railroad. It was commenced in 1830, and finished in 183?, only eighteen years ago—1818. On the 1st of January, 1851, there were in operation in the State of New York 1400 miles of railroad, costing $56,200,000. There were nearly the same number of miles in Massachusetts; while in the

entire New England States the miles amounted to 2,644, costing $86,944,450. The total in operation in the United States in January was 8,797 miles, costing $287,455,078. Since then a sufficient number of miles have been completed to increase the grand total to 10,000 miles, and the amount invested, $330,000,000. In June, 1836, the writer of this took eight days to go from Utica to Schenectady, delayed three days by a break in the canal. He went the same distance last year in eight hours. What a change since 1851!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CARBONDALE, *April* 29, 1866.

EDITOR OF THE UNION NEWS,

DEAR SIR:—While spending a few days in your vicinity the past month, I could but notice the great improvement that had been made within the last thirty years. To see so many heavily laden cars constantly passing, not only with passengers but with animal and vegetable life, and all the necessary articles that make up the sum of human happiness. Thirty years

since, travelling was all done with stages, carriages with horse power, and on foot. Then, merchants sent their teams to Ithaca and to Utica for their goods, and I recollect when Wm. H. Keeler, Esq., sent his teams to Honesdale for goods, that being the terminus of the Delaware and Hudson canal, reaching from Rondout, on the Hudson river, to the latter place. This canal was constructed soon after the Erie canal, and the railroad from Honesdale to Carbondale was one of the first railroads that was constructed this side of the Atlantic, and the first locomotive that was ever tried to be put in use, was put in use on that road, as they had four miles that they called the four mile level; the remainder was a gravity road, and although the engine was very light, being mostly constructed of wood, most resembling heavy cart wheels, with heavy tire and flange, and a good part of the road being of trestle work, was entirely too weak to support the engine, and the cars were propelled by horse power, and the engine was thrown aside and knocked to pieces, and the boiler is now used here in a foundry and machine shop, and the remainder for old iron. In fact, the whole thing, railroad coal business, was then but an experiment, and the Delaware and Hudson

Company were then in so limited circumstances, that they borrowed of the State of New York so large an amount of their securities or bonds, that when put in market and sold for ready cash, that the depreciation on them amounted to forty thousand dollars, and as before stated, the whole thing was, at that day, only an experiment, and the use of anthracite coal hardly known, and over one hundred miles of canal, with one hundred and eight locks, and sixteen miles of railroad, over the Moosic Mountain, with eight inclined planes and stationary engines, and that through then an almost unbroken wilderness.

Yet with a determination and perseverance that could hardly think of impossibilities, the work was pushed forward until the great debt of New York was paid up, and the Delaware and Hudson Company stand second to no other in wealth and importance. The first time that we visited Carbondale, they were then sending six hundred tons per day over their railroad and canal, to the Hudson river, which was the full amount of the demand in market. The demand has been continually increasing, and the improvements and facilities keeping time with the demand, until four, five and six thousand tons have been sent daily over the road.

That the readers may more fully understand the operation, we will state that the coal has to be drawn up eight inclined plains to the top of the mountain, and then let down on the other side by the aid of fan wheels and friction levers, by which the machinery is regulated; and the loaded trains, consisting of six to eight cars, brings up the back freight coming this way.

To give the readers something of the amount of the coal business in Carbondale that is forwarded to Honesdale, I will give an extract from a Honesdale paper:

One of the Wonders of the World.—The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company have now piled at this place in the neighborhood of 350,000 tons of coal. This simple announcement may not excite the wonder of the general reader, but when we add that the pile referred to is, so far as there is any record, the largest body of coal ever collected in one heap on the face of the earth, his attention may be secured to a few curious calculations.

The cars in which the coal is brought from the mines to this place, when coupled together, average about fifteen feet in length, and carry about three and three-quarter tons. To remove the stock at this point at one load it

would therefore require a train of 93,333 cars, reaching 265 miles in length; and if unloaded at the rate of one car in every five minutes for ten hours each day, the train would be considerably upwards of two years in discharging its freight, allowing no rest for Sundays.

The vastness of the accumulations on our docks awaiting the opening of the season's navigation, will more clearly strike the ordinary consumer, if we base our calculations on the quantities in which it is generally delivered. A procession of 700,000 carts would be needed, reaching in one continuous line considerably more than 2000 miles—and requiring, provided they could be simultaneously loaded, and all start at the same time, travelling at the rate of four miles per hour, ten hours a day, upwards of fifty-three days to pass a given point.

Again, let us suppose the company generous enough to make some man a present of the pile on condition that he remove it with a wheelbarrow, carrying one cwt. at each load, and making a trip every fifteen minutes. A simple calculation shows that working the ordinary hours, he would be over 610 years in securing his treasure.

When we take into consideration the fact that this immense stock is not much more than

one-fourth of the amount which will find its way to Rondout through this place during the year, and that the Delaware and Hudson Railroad and Canal is only one among a large number of avenues by which the products of our mines reach a market, we shall begin to appreciate the untold wealth of our State and the magnitude of the interests involved in its development.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RAILROADING IN EARLY DAYS.

A WRITER in the Hartford *Courant* gives reminiscences of railroading in Connecticut forty years ago. When the Hartford & New Haven road was first opened it had very meagre facilities, the road bed was poor, had only strap rails, which were all the while curling up and running through the car floors, and the cars were small and the locomotives weak. In fact, it didn't take much to block a train in those days. Sometimes an inch of snow on the rails would do it. Henry C. White, one of the first conductors on the road, tells how he and the baggage master used to sit in front of the loco-

motive, one on each side, and brush off the snow from the rails with a broom as the train slowly crawled along. Each had a pail of sand and sprinkled some on the rails when necessary. The driving wheels (engines had only one pair then) used to slip round and round and torment them almost to death. On one occasion a train got "stuck" on the Yalesville grade by one inch of snow, and the wood and water gave out before the locomotive could overcome it. At last they got out the neighbors, yoked four pairs of oxen to the train, and drew it, passengers, baggage and all, into Meriden with flying colors.

In the early days of the road the stage drivers used to regard the cars with great contempt. Indeed, thirty years ago the passenger trains were three or four hours on the road to New Haven, and the stage coaches went in about the same time. Superintendent Davidson remembers riding with his father in a carriage drawn by two horses, in 1840, which had a race with a passenger train near Wallingford, where the turnpike and railroad are parallel for two or three miles, and during all that time the carriage kept even with the train. There were only two trains each way daily then, both carrying passengers and freight. The old cars were divided into three compartments, opened

on the sides, and had twenty-four seats. The locomotives had only twelve-inch cylinders, and no cabs to protect the engineer and fireman from the weather. The oldest locomotives were the Hartford, Quinnipiac, Charter Oak, and New Haven.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A SKETCH OF D. YARRINGTON AND HIS ANCESTORS.

In sketching the history of the people of Carbondale, we have endeavored to be very brief, as this is a fast age, and people can spare but little time on one subject. Perhaps there are but few families whose history is fraught with more thrilling interest than that of our respected townsman, Dilton Yarrington, of which we can only give a mere outline.

Abel Yarrington, grandfather of Dilton Yarrington, was a native of Connecticut, and moved to Wyoming in 1772. And his father Peter was only two years old—that the grandfather built the first public house; he also built a ferry boat, and kept the first tavern ever kept in Wilkesbarre, as well as the first ferry,

until the Wyoming massacre took place, six years after. In this time two more children were added to their household. The grandfather took part in most of the difficulties of the Pennamite War with the Yankees, and a great friend of Captain John Franklin. Dilton Yarrington was acquainted with the British officers, and was ordered to assist in putting Franklin on a horse, while his arms were pinioned behind him and his legs and feet tied under the horse's belly, and sent to Philadelphia prison. Minor in his history of Wyoming, has hit on but a very few of the incidents of the family in his early history of Wyoming, and other historians have hardly gone back to those scenes. The father of Dilton went from Wilkesbarre, in 1794, to suppress the rebellion, as a fifer; but it was a bloodless war. On the morning of the massacre, July 3d, 1778, a council was held by the prominent men of the valley, who voted to meet the Indians and Tories and give battle, and they agreed to. Abel Yarrington was ferryman; he should stay at the ferry so that in case of disaster, that he could take the women and children across to the east side of the river; as there was no other way of escape from the valley, only over the mountain to Easton. They were defeated,

and large numbers of old men, women and children, came running to the ferry to be taken over. And he used his utmost exertions to get over all he could, until after the battle. And the Indians came in sight in their canoes, when he threw a few articles into his flat, took in his family, and pushed down the river as fast as possible. The Indians got so near them that they fired several shots at them, the bullets skipping on the water beside them. There were numbers left on the shore, begging to be taken in, but had they attempted to have done more their lives would have been sacrificed. They had not gone far when they saw the smoke of their homes all in flames. They went as far as Northumberland, where after some months they returned to find naught but ruin and desolation, They then built a cheap habitation, in which they resided until an ice freshet in the river swept away their house, and all their effects, the family barely escaping with their lives. The grandfather remained there a poor man, until he died in 1824. In 1825 Peter Yarrington brother of Esq., then in his fifteenth year, went on a boat up the river to Painted Post, with a load of goods belonging to a Mr. Holenback. Mr. Holenback had a store there, and hired

Peter, his brother, and another young man, to go trading with the Indians for furs, sold out once and returned with the furs; and went out again when they were taken by the Indians, and their horses and goods appropriated to their own use. They were kept as prisoners for four years, before they could make their escape—most of the time between Seneca and Cayuga lakes. Their friends had given them up as dead. Esquire Yarrington was a scholar in the first Sunday school taught in Luzerne county, in 1818. And Judge Collins, of Wilkesbarre was his teacher, who is now over eighty, and practising law in Wilkesbarre. The next great draw back to the family was the cold summer of 1816, when not a bushel of ripe corn was raised in the valley; but it was the greatest year for shad ever known. In which Esquire Yarrington helped to take over two thousand shad in one day. Dilton Yarrington, Esq., has furnished us with a very interesting account of Dundaff. In 1825, he went from Wilkesbarre to Montrose, to see Tredwell hung; and soon hired out to Gould Phinney. When he walked thirty-seven miles from below Wilkesbarre to Dundaff, and commenced work for him March 1st, 1825. The hotel there was then kept by Archipus Parish, son of Mr.

Parish, of Wilkesbarre. The hotel owned by Gould Phinney, who owned a store, a grist-mill, saw-mill, blacksmith shop, farm and a stock-holder in a stage line, tin shop, waggon shop, &c., Joshua Fletcher, shoemaker; James Warner, hatter; Anthony Smith, hatter; James Coil, farmer; John Coil, hunter; George Coil, farmer; D. Brownell, farmer; Peter Graham, wholesale merchant and farmer; and Peter Camel, superintendent; C. B. Merrick, physician, died in April, 1825; Joseph Faulkner, physician, died in 1843; Benjamin Ayres, farmer; W. S. Wilbur, carpenter; Asa Dimock, *J. P.; C. H. Wells*, Geo. W. Healy, merchants; Ebenezer Brown, miller; B. P. Baily, tanner; Nathan Callender, farmer; Wm. Wells, carpenter; Robt. Arnot, farmer; John Few, carpenter; A. C. Phelps, physician; Ezra Stewart, shoemaker; James Rolls, father of twenty-two children, laborer; Lyman C. Hymes, carpenter; Stephen Sampson, carpenter; Samuel Davis, blacksmith; David Pease, blacksmith; A. C. Schafer and Hugh Fell, wagon-makers; Oliver Daniel, cooper. Sherman D. Phelps, came to Dundaff in 1830; in 1858 married Elizabeth Sweet, oldest daughter of Doctor T. Sweet, he then living in

Binghamton, and she died in 1861. Mr. Phelps is now a successful banker and mayor of Binghamton.

THE HISTORY OF NEWSPAPERDOM IN NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA.

In 1828, the first number of the Dundaff *Republican* was issued by Sloan Hamilton. In 1831, he sold it out to Earl Wheeler; in 1832, he sold it to Amzi Wilson, who changed the name to that of the *Northern Pennsylvanian.* The same year seeing the growing prosperity of Carbondale, removed it to that place, and continued the paper until 1837, when he sold it out to Wm. Bolton, who left for the Pacific cost in the time of the gold fever, and died on his way back.

Agnes Cameron settled in Dundaff in 1828, and carried on the cabinet making business for some time, but removed to Carbondale, where he carried on a successful trade as cabinet maker, undertaker, &c.; also raised a large and respectable family, but has for some years lived on his farm in Canaan, Wayne county. Perhaps there are but few families whose history would be more interesting than that of Dilton Yarrington, Esq., his ancestry having

come into the valley when it was an unbroken wilderness; having gone through with all the hardships and privations of frontier life, the Squire has manfully borne life's burdens, always led an active, industrious life, for thirty years at the anvil; always ready to furnish means in upholding the advancement of every good cause. For a score of years or more, he has been engaged in the lumbering business, so that there are but few buildings in the city but what he has furnished means to build or repair. He is now in his seventy-second year, yet active in carrying on his business with his youngest son John T., as partner, who with Wm. L., merchant, in Carbondale, are all the children they have left out of a family of eight children But we close this chapter with the recital of the sad event of his oldest son, Peter A., who went to California, at the age of twenty years, in 1850. He remained there four years; established a paper, printed one-half in English, and half in Spanish, he understanding the Spanish language. After which he enlisted in General Walker's army, to go to Nicaragua, and there continued his paper. But many know the history of that war and its tragic end. Suffice

it to say that he lost his life at the seige of Grenada, on the 12th of December, 1856.

OWEGO, *September* 1, 1874.

NOTE:—Since writing the above J. T. Yarrington has died, leaving a young wife at his father's house. Died in September, 1874.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE CHRONICLES OF CRYSTAL LAKE CLAM BAKE.

NOW, it came to pass in the year 1874, in the ninth month of the year, in the reign of Alfred, that a goodly spirit came over the people of Carbondale.

And they said one to another, Have we not much to be thankful for? Have we not Alfred for our chief ruler, a man of goodly stature, and, moreover, a man of pleasant speech and an upright mind, so that he hath gained the hearts of the people?

And they said one to another, Let us go up into the hill country, even unto the land of the Simpsons, where the crystal waters of the lake

are so beautifully blended with the rich fields and forests round about.

And as they said so did they.

Now there was Joseph, a son of Henry, whose surname was Van Bergen, a goodly man, who had been chosen their leader.

And in the last month of the summer solstice, with one heart and one mind, came they together.

And there assembled in great numbers of the sons and daughters of the Valley of Wyoming. Also the pilgrim afar off and the sojourner at home.

They came also even from the prairie lands of Illinois in the far West. Also, from the goodly lands around about the goodly city of Carbondale.

And strangers who honored them, and whom they honored, also came among them, not intermeddling with their joys, but greatly augmenting their happiness.

And there was gathered together a great number of people.

Old men and women, fair young maidens, and a great company were there.

They came not like the Queen of Sheba, bearing spices and gold in abundance, and precious stones, but instead of these, sound minds,

well instructed hearts of loyalty to the land of their fathers, imperishable friendship—all pearls of great price.

And they said to their brethren, Come now, let us enter in and freely take of our abundance.

For have they not spread a table for us? And the faces of their brethren shone as they entered in.

And they said, It was a true report we heard of thee; thy land doth excel, and thou hast greatly increased in riches, and the beauty of this summer resort.

And there were chariots and horsemen not a few.

And they said, Do we not here behold such as Solomon in all his wisdom never conceived of; nor by the cunning artificers of the East; nor by the many hard handed laborers of Egypt; nor by the art of ancient Greece.

And now do we hear the puffing of the ponderous engine over the many waters of the Crystal Lake.

And when they had assembled in large numbers near the shore, the voice of Thomas, whose surname is Voyle, was heard afar off.

And they gathered together, and they ate

and they drank, and made merry in their hearts.

And as they looked over the great congregation, there were large numbers from the pleasant valley of the coal country and the great city of Scranton. Monies, Nash, Lynde, Silkman, Campbell, Howells, Roberts, Everhart, and even Uncle John, the sage of Carbondale.

Also there came William and John from the house of Law, from the far off city of Pittston.

Also Smith and Bortree from the city set on the hill.

Simpson, Foote, Jones, Kearney and Jermyn from the city of Archbald.

And letters were received from Pughe and Dana, sorrowing because they could not be there to speak before the people.

And they sung songs, they danced, they run races, made maidens presents, because a joyful spirit had come over them.

And they resolved in their hearts to come up there even once every year, so that the bands of friendship may be strengthened, and also make merry in their hearts together—even at the ninth month every year.

And as the time of separation drew near, they

said, We will have Thomas to preside over our deliberations another year.

And as they took the parting hand they said, Let us see to it that we do all life's work well, henceforth and forever more.