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REYNOLDS HISTORICAL GENEALOGY COLLECTION





OTZINACHSON:

A HISTORY

OF THE

WEST BRANCH VALLEY

OF

THE SUSQUEHANNA:

ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT, PRIVATIONS ENDURED BY THE EARLY PIONEERS, INDIAN WARS, PREDATORY INCURSIONS, ABDUCTIONS AND MASSACRES,

TOGETHER WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FAIR PLAY SYSTEM;

AND THE

Trying Scenes of the Big Runaway;

COPIES OF CURIOUS OLD DOCUMENTS, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES O" THE LEADING SETTLEES, TOGETHER WITH ANECDOTES, STATISTICS, AN 'UCH VALUABLE MATTER ENTIRELY NEW.

REVISED EDITION.

BY J. F. MEGINNESS, (JOHN OF LANCASTER.)

VOLUME I.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.:
GAZETTE AND BULLETIN PRINTING HOUSE.
1889.



ested in land speculations when this section of the Province came into market. First we hear of him with the surveyors on the Juniata, as far up as Frankstown, early in 1768, and on the Indian path leading from that place to the Great Island. Having found his way into the beautiful valley of the West Branch, and noting the richness of the land and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, he quickly decided to locate here and engage extensively in land operations.

On the 1st of March, 1770, he married Lydia Hollingsworth,* an estimable and accomplished lady of Philadelphia, and soon afterwards brought his bride to the home he had established on the Susquehanna, at Muncy Farm, where they resided, with occasional interruptions during the Indian troubles,† almost to the close of the seventeenth century. Their home became a haven of rest for weary travelers up and down the valley, and there they dispensed an elegant and liberal hospitality. Mr. Wallis early became a leading man. On the 24th of January, 1776, he was appointed Captain of the Sixth Company of the Second Battalion of the Northumberland Associated Militia, James Potter, Colonel. He represented Northumberland County in the Legislature and filled many minor offices. When Lycoming County was formed, in 1795, Governor Mifflin appointed him one of the associate judges, and he sat upon the bench at the first court, which was held at Jaysburg. Mr. Wallis and wife had the following children:

1. Mary, born April 25, 1771, at Philadelphia. Married William Kent Lathey June 30, 1800. Dr. William Kent Lathey was born in Exeter, England, January 29, 1772, and died at Northumberland July 28, 1809. His grave can still be seen in the old cemetery in rear of the Lutheran church.

^{*} See Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. II., page 301, New Series.

[†] Mrs. Hannah Miller, a daughter of Samuel Wallis, who died at Muncy in 1858, used to relate the following incident which occurred during one of their flights down the river at night: A number of families were with them on a flat boat. They had placed boxes or chests along the sides, leaving a space in the centre where beds were made for the women and children. While a German woman was engaged in doing something about the boat she had laid her baby on top of one of the boxes. It rolled off and tumbled down among the other children and commenced crying loudly. The other mothers then had a hard time to prevent their babies from crying also and alarming the Indians who might be lurking on the shore. Hannah was small at the time but she remembered it distinctly, and often told it to show their trials at that day.



- 2. John, born March 20, 1775. Never married. Died September 14, 1810, at Northumberland.
- 3. Cassandra, born October 6, 1776, at Muncy Farm. Married Daniel Smith, an attorney, who resided at Milton.
- 4. Sarah, born August 19, 1778, at Elkton, Maryland. Married General Hugh Brady, who died at Detroit in 1851. At this time the Hollingsworth family was living at Elkton, and Mrs. Wallis was on a visit to her mother, when this daughter, who afterwards became the wife of one of the most distinguished soldiers of the Republic, was born.
- 5. Hannah, born February 21, 1781, at Philadelphia. Married William Miller in 1816, Rev. John Bryson, of Warrior Run church, performing the ceremony. Died February 28, 1859, at Muncy. They had three children who became of age, viz.: Cassandra S., who married J. Roan Barr, of Muncy; Samuel W., now residing at Waverly, N. Y., and Susan H., who married Joseph Stauffer, of Muncy, and died in 1865.
- 6. Samuel Hollingsworth, born January 18, 1784, at Philadelphia. He studied medicine and became a practicing physician. Married Elizabeth Cowden April 17, 1807. Dr. Wallis died at Dunnstown, Clinton County, April 19, 1832, and was buried in the Friends' burying-ground at Pennsville. He left a son and a daughter, viz.: Mary, who married Philip Shay; and Cowden Smith Wallis. Mrs. Shay left one son, W. Field Shay, Esq., now a well-known attorney of Watsontown, Northumberland County. Cowden S. Wallis died at Muncy, April 24, 1862. He left the following children: Sarah C., Mary M., Elizabeth, Roberta, Samuel H., (died December 15, 1887.) and Howard R., the well-known civil engineer. They all reside at Muncy. Dr. Samuel H. Wallis was the grandfather of these descendants, and Samuel Wallis, the pioneer, was their great-grandfather. He left but two sons, John and Samuel H.

Samuel Wallis died October 14, 1798, at Philadelphia, of yellow fever, which was prevalent at that time, aged 67 years and 8 months. The circumstances were these: He had been called to North Carolina on important land business, in which he was interested with Judge Wilson. On his return he stopped at an



obscure inn for the night. Being very weary he sought his room at once. On entering it he observed that it was in disorder. Bottles of medicine were scattered about, and the bed was not properly made up. He instructed his servant to inquire if he could not have some clean linen on the bed, when he was informed that they had nothing better to offer. Owing to his exhausted condition he retired to rest. In the morning he made some inquiry of the landlord why his room was in the condition he found it, when he admitted that a man had just died in that bed of yellow fever and they had not time to put it in order when he came. This information not only incensed but alarmed Mr. Wallis, and calling his servant, informed him that he feared he would have an attack of yellow fever, and that they would hurry on to Philadelphia. They departed, tradition informs us, without waiting for breakfast.

On reaching Philadelphia his worst anticipations were soon realized. He was stricken down with an attack of the dreaded scourge, and after much suffering finally died. His servant remained until after the burial of his master, when he started for the home of deceased on the West Branch, leading his riderless horse, and bearing the sad intelligence of what had occurred to the wife and children.

After leading such an active life and enduring so many trials and tribulations, his death under such circumstances, and without the knowledge of his family, was peculiarly sad, and the melancholy news cast a deep gloom over the household.

His wife, Lydia, survived him about fourteen years. She died September 4, 1812, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Smith, in Milton, aged 68 years and five months, and was buried in the old cemetery at that place. It will be noticed that there was only about one year's difference in their ages.

And thus closed the careers of two of the earliest settlers in the central part of the valley. They bore a conspicuous part in the trials, sufferings and fears which beset the pioneers of those times, and their names are inseparably linked with our early history.

At the time of Mr. Wallis' death he left a very large estate, which consisted almost entirely of lands, and it proved a very difficult one to settle. The following administrators were appointed: John Wallis, Daniel Smith, William Ellis and John



Adlum. They soon afterwards petitioned* the Orphans' Court of Lycoming County, sitting at the April term, 1799, setting forth the condition of the estate as follows: "That according to the debts and credits, which they had been able to learn, and from the value of the personal estate as appraised by persons legally appointed and returned into the office of the clerk of the court, it appeared that the estate of Samuel Wallis was indebted in the sum of £33,798 13s 31/2d, and that the debts due the estate amounted to about the sum of £99,904 14s; that the amount of the personal property returned by the appraisers was £2,932 18s 10d." They said furthermore: "The amount of the debts which the estate owed far exceeded the amount of the value of the personal property; that the debts owing the estate were, many of them, against persons supposed not to be able to pay them to their full amount; that none of the said debts could be recovered until suits were brought, and of course could not be collected for some time; that, on the other hand, the debts owing by the estate had many of them been put in suit during the life-time of Samuel Wallis and judgments obtained thereon and executions issued-particularly a judgment at the suit of Charles Bitters, on which about \$20,000 remained due; and one at the suit of Ruth Piret, executrix of Palatiah Webster, on which about \$18,000 remained due. each of these suits executions had been issued and levies made on the Mansion House and adjoining property, otherwise than by a sale or mortgage of part of the lands. They therefore prayed the court to make an order authorizing them to mortgage any lands for a sum not exceeding one-third of the value thereof, or sell the lands of deceased bought by him at sheriff's sale in August, 1798, in Luzerne County, for which lands a sheriff's deed had been executed to the administrators in trust for the heirs, in order to pay off the executions"

On the 2d of May, 1799, the court, which consisted of Honorable William Hepburn, James Davidson and Samuel Harris, granted the petition of the administrators, and further directed them to give four weeks' notice of the sale in the *Gazette* of Luzerne County, and in one of the gazettes in Philadelphia.

^{*}A copy of the petition, in the beautiful round hand of John Kidd, first prothonotary of Lycoming County, is still in existence, in the hands of H. R. Wallis, of Muncy, a great-grandson.



Mr. Wallis' business was much complicated. He had served as the agent for the Holland Land Company for a long time, and in order to raise money to carry on the business he had mortgaged his farm. His landed operations were vast, but his estate was heavily encumbered. When the Land Company commenced winding up its business it was abundantly able to pay all its debts. Judge James Wilson was an agent for the company also, and for some cause not clearly known at this day, Mr. Wallis allowed him to assume the debt owed him by the Land Company. And through an amicable settlement, as appears from the records, a mortgage was executed by James Wilson, of Philadelphia, to Samuel Wallis for 220,000 acres of land, being an undivided part of 300,000 acres in Lycoming County, which was one part of one million acres of land which are more particularly mentioned in certain articles of agreement dated December 25, 1792, between James Wilson and Herman LeRoy and William Bayard, of the city of New York, agents or trustees for Wilhelm Willinck, Nicholas Van Staphorst, Christian Van Elghon, Hendrick Vollenhoven and Rutger Jan Schimmelpennick, of the city of Amsterdam, known as the Holland Land Company.

This was subject to a mortgage given by the said James Wilson to John Adlum February 7, 1798, securing \$60,000. On February 8, 1773, the application of Joseph Schute for 300 acres of land was conveyed to Samuel Wallis, and on May 8, 1776, was by him conveyed to Michael Ross for five shillings and other valuable considerations. Also the application of Samuel Richards for 300 acres of land above the mouth of Toby's Creek, dated April 3, 1769, was conveyed to Samuel Wallis, and on May 18, 1796, was by him conveyed to Michael Ross for five shillings and other valuable considerations. The Toby's Creek here mentioned is supposed to be what is now known as Grafius Run, which passes through the central part of Williamsport.

A long time clapsed before Wallis could get a final settlement with Wilson. An elaborate statement of the account was recently found among his old papers now in the possession of Howard R. Wallis, of Muncy. All the items are given in detail, and the venerable document, now gray with age, fills six large folio pages. An examination of the statement shows that the first article of



agreement between James Wilson and Samuel Wallis was dated April 14, 1793, and the second April 1, 1795.

The account was audited by referees—Joseph Thomas, attorney for James Wilson, and T. Duncan, Jr., for Samuel Wallis, who signed the same July 6, 1797. The report provides an allowance of twenty days for filing exceptions. The account as stated showed a debt of £116,077 178 $2\frac{1}{2}$ d and a credit of £27,577 18, leaving a balance in favor of Mr. Wallis of £88,500 16s 21/2d. This shows how vast his business was for that period. affirmation on the back of the statement made before Isaac Howell, an alderman of Philadelphia, August 16, 1797, sets forth that on July 21, 1797, at Burlington, N. J., Samuel Wallis delivered a copy of the account to the "Hon. James Wilson," in the presence of William Johnson, who made the copy from the original, and up to that date he had not been served with any written objections thereto. The notations by the auditors appear on the margin, and they are written in a neat and delicate hand. The statement bears the following indorsement on the back: "On the 21st day of last July I received a copy of this account. James Wilson, 1st September, 1797." The signature of Mr. Wilson is clear and distinct. Mr. Wallis also wrote a fine business hand, indicating firmness of character.

Among other things the account recites the items of expense for securing titles, locations, surveys, court costs, traveling expenses, interest on money advanced, etc., for James Wilson and the Holland Land Company, between the Second Fork of Sinnemahoning and Boston; on locations west of the Allegheny River and Conewango Creek; on the Mahopeny and Bowman's Creek, in "Westmoreland County;" on Sugar Creek, Luzerne County; on Loyalsock Creek; in Huntingdon County, besides several transactions with John Adlum at Fort Franklin. His land operations, it will be perceived, were immense and covered a wide territory.

At the final meeting between Wallis and Wilson, tradition informs us, the latter said that he did not have money enough to wipe out all his indebtedness, but he could pay one-half in cash, or furnish him (Wallis) with wild lands for the whole debt. It does not appear that any papers were signed at that time, but they



separated, evidently expecting to meet again soon and close up their business. This last meeting is supposed to have been at Burlington, N, J.

And here comes the mysterious part of this affair. Soon afterwards Mr. Wilson crossed the Delaware into Pennsylvania, and after putting up at a farm house, retired, took a large draught of laudanum, and was found dead next morning! The mystery of the suicide has never been explained, but it was the beginning of trouble for Mr. Wallis, which culminated in the sacrifice of a magnificent landed estate after his death. The most charitable construction that can be placed on the suicide of Wilson is that he was bankrupt, and being goaded by Wallis, who was a resolute and positive man, to settle, he became discouraged, and seeing no way out of his trouble, suddenly resolved to end his life!

Creditors commenced pushing their claims for settlement, and finally a writ of Pluries Venditioni Exponas was issued by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, directed to Henry Vanderslice, sheriff of Northumberland County, and that officer seized "a part of that valuable body of land commonly called the Muncy Farm," and advertised it for sale, at Williamsport, on the 3d of May, 1802. The sale bill, a copy of which is still in existence. says that the tract contained about 3,000 acres, and extended for five miles along the river between Lovalsock and Muncy Creek. and also comprised an island in the river called Spring Island. The land was sold in tracts for the convenience of purchasers, and the conditions were "one-half part of the purchase money to be paid to the sheriff at the time and place of sale, otherwise the premises to be immediately re-sold, etc., and the remaining part of the purchase money to be paid to the sheriff on the return day of the writ, to wit, the first Monday of September next, at the Court House, in the city of Philadelphia." The sale bill was printed at Sunbury by Jacob E. Breyfogel, and it presents an antique appearance when compared with similar bills of to-day.

The Muncy Farm tracts were numbered from one to eight, and those in Bald Eagle Township from nine to fourteen. Number eight was the tract on which the Mansion House was situated, together with "barn, stables and outhouses," and contained about 700 acres.



The sale took place according to announcement, and among the Wallis papers of to-day is a bill of sale, which is copied herewith in full:

Charles Bitters for the use of Mahlon Hutchinson versus Samuel Wallis, Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Acct, of the sales of the real property of S. Wallis made by Henry Vanderslice at Williamsport on the 3d and 4th days of May, 1802, in pursuance of his advertisement, dated at Sunbury, 17th of April, 1802.

Sales made on the 3d of May, 1802, viz:

| No. | 9 | containing | 310 | acres. | Sold | to | Thos. | Grant, | Esq., | for | \$882.67 |
|-----|----|------------|-----|--------|------|----|-------|--------|-------|-----|----------|
| 66 | 10 | " | 321 | 6.6 | ** | " | 44 | " | " | 66 | 353.00 |
| " | ΙI | " | 310 | 44 | 66 | 46 | 46 | 44 | 44 | " | 631.00 |
| 44 | 12 | " | 338 | 44 | 44 | " | " | " | " | " | 100.00 |
| 66 | 13 | 46 | 313 | 156 p. | 66 | " | 46 | 66 | 44 | " | 50.00 |
| 44 | I | 44 | | acres. | 4.6 | " | 44 | 46 | 66 | " | 1,803.00 |
| " | 2 | 66 | 400 | 44 | 44 | " | 44 | ** | 44 | 66 | 1,661.00 |
| 44 | 3 | " | 400 | " | 66 | " | 44 | ** | 44 | " | 1,652.00 |
| 66 | 4 | 66 | 500 | 46 | " | 46 | 66 | 66 | " | | 2,012.00 |
| 66 | 5 | 44 | 500 | " | 46 | 64 | 46 | 66 | 46 | | 2,014.00 |
| ** | 6 | 66 | 500 | 46 | 44 | 46 | 4.4 | ** | " | | 1,702.00 |
| 66 | 7 | 66 | 500 | 66 | " | " | " | " | " | | 1,525.00 |

Sales made on 4th May:

Although the above is a true copy of the bill, it will be noticed that the first column adds up eight acres more than the total given, making 5,774. Thomas Grant, who was a resident of Sunbury at that time, and afterwards sheriff of Northumberland County, made the purchase for Henry Drinker, a prominent land speculator of that day. The proceeds of the sale fell far below the indebtedness of the estate.

From a letter written by J. Wallis and D. Smith, two of the administrators, to Henry Drinker, under date of March 10, 1803, it is learned that "the Muncy Farm contained in one connected body 7,561 acres, and the debt and interest due on the mortgage was £4,443 168 8d." The farm extended to Loyalsock. Spring Island contained about 500 acres. After deducting Grant's purchase at sheriff's sale, 2,300 acres remained unsold. The letter recites at great length the encumbered condition of the estate, and refers by name to the holders of various mortgages, liens, executions, etc., including claims of servants for pay. The letter con-



tinues: "The 2,300 acres, although much inferior to those purchased by Grant, are nevertheless valuable, and depressed as the price of land is, and speaking with our hands on our *hearts*, we solemnly declare that we believe the 3,060 acres purchased by Grant to be worth at a cash valuation \$20 per acre. This estimate is low, and we believe that indifferent persons, good judges of lands, would make the price higher. But further it is to be remarked that the amount of Grant's purchase is \$19,188.67!"

But judging from the tone of a letter written soon afterwards to Robert Coleman by Mr. Drinker, he was not entirely satisfied with his purchase and was anxious to sell. The letter is as follows:

PHILADA. 1mo, 9, 1805.

RESPECTED FRIEND:

It has been intimated to me by Daniel Smith, Esq., that the valuable estate formerly possessed by Samuel Wallis, called Muncy Farm, (the title for this property being now vested in me) had in some measure claimed thy attention and that a communication from me on the subject would be acceptable.

My nephew at the Bank of North America also informed me that thou regretted thy not recollecting my person at our late accidental meeting there, that thou then expressed a wish to confer with me, probably on this subject. Inclosed I send thee a map of the Muncy Farm, and also a description of the quality, &c., of the several lots or divisions, as delineated in said map. This account of the Muncy Farm I am assured is just and candid, and in no part over-rated, on which head, however, much need not be said. Presuming persons inclined to purchase will look for themselves. I may own I have been greatly disappointed in my expectations respecting this estate, having for many years entertained an opinion and heard it described as equal if not superior to any farm in this state, and under this impression believed it would invite numerous purchasers, and command a speedy sale; now especially. as it was agreed to offer it at rates much lower than lands, neither equal in quality, or so well situated had been selling for. It is true many applications have been made by persons who wished to be indulged with extended payments for a considerable part of the purchase money; but in my situation, under the pressure of heavy advances made by me to remove and relieve thy estate from every incumbrance, those distant payments could not be assented to. Now my friend, if thou art disposed to treat for this property, on thy signifying the same, I think the terms I shall tempt thee with will be such as can not fail of meeting thy acceptance. Several wealthy farmers have been in treaty with me for a large part of the premises, expecting to form a neighbourhood, some of them having viewed the estate last summer, and lately went a second time as far as Reading, but were discouraged from proceeding by the snow which had fallen, and difficulty of the roads—on this account to hear from thee speedily would be acceptable to thy assured

Friend

HENRY DRINKER.



The property was finally purchased by Mr. Coleman, of Cornwall, Lebanon County, in 1806, and presented to his daughter Elizabeth, wife of Charles Hall,* who then lived at Sunbury. Other purchases were made from time to time until the estate comprised about 6,000 acres, and it has since been known as "Hall's Farms." After her husband's death, in 1821, Mrs. Hall and her twelve children moved from Sunbury to Muncy Farm, and she built the eastern end of the present mansion. The architect employed by her was the same who had built the State Capitol at Harrisburg.

The wood-work was all dressed at Harrisburg and brought up the river on batteaus. In 1823 Mrs. Hall moved to Lancaster and left the place in charge of her son, Robert Coleman Hall, who married Sarah Ann Watts, daughter of Judge Watts, of Carlisle, Pa. In 1840 she returned to Muncy Farm, and remained there until her death in 1858. Her son James, at her wish, had left Greenwood Furnace, at Lewistown, which he owned, to take control of the Muncy property. At her death the property was divided among her children, the mansion farm going to her son James, who lived there until 1868, when he moved to Philadelphia and died there in 1882, leaving the property to his son, W. Coleman Hall. The farm now comprises about 500 acres and is in a high state of cultivation.

In the division of the property among the children of Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, the upper or western farm, known as Fairfield, fell to the share of Louisa, wife of F. W. Rawle, who soon after built the stone house now in the possession of his son, Hon. Henry Rawle, who was State Treasurer in 1875–6.

Mr. Rawle has recently added to and embellished the building

^{*}Charles Hall, when a young man, was employed as a book-keeper by Mr. Coleman, and he performed his duties so well that he soon became a favorite in the family, and finally secured the heart and hand, by marriage, of his daughter. He studied law and settled in Sunbury, where he became a leading member of the bar. He built and occupied the elegant brick residence fronting the river bank, now owned by Hon. John B. Packer. Mr. Hall died in Philadelphia, January 14, 1821, aged 53 years, 2 months and 12 days. His remains were afterwards removed to the cemetery on Muncy Farm, and a plain slab, with inscriptions, marks his resting place. His wife Elizabeth, born July 22, 1778, died August 5, 1858, aged 80 years and 13 days, lies by his side.



to such an extent as to make it a modern and showy edifice, and it is now one of the most attractive and charming places of resort in summer time.

Among the many old papers in the Wallis collection which have escaped the ravages of time, is one now yellow with age, bearing this indorsement: "Henry Drinker and wife to Robert Coleman." It is dated November 18, 1805, and gives the "courses and distances" of "the several tracts of land in Muncy Township," purchased in "consideration of £11,558 Is 4d." This is the only paper that has been found in the collection which mentions the price paid for the "farms."

Another paper, signed by John Wallis and Daniel Smith, "two of the administrators of S. Wallis, deceased," contains a proposal to Robert Coleman to "sell a quantity of land at a place called the Long Reach, on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, at four dollars per acre." The proposal states that Mr. Coleman "heard a description of the quality of the land when last at Lycoming." This sum they "deemed to be not more than one-third part of its real value," but they "would rather take it than run the risk of an approaching sacrifice." They informed him, furthermore, that they would "have the lands sold on the earliest judgment and bought in, and conveyed to him by the purchaser. There are at least 1,200 acres free from dispute as to title—perhaps something more. It must also be understood that these lands are subject to the purchase money due the Commonwealth. It may be necessary also to state that this sum must be paid in cash, and four thousand eight hundred dollars must be at Williamsport on the 3d of May next." Signed and dated April 27, 1802.

Some uncertainty existed for a long time as to where these lands were located on the "Long Reach." All doubt, however, was removed recently by the discovery of a beautifully executed draft among the Wallis papers, which shows that they were located on the south side of the river, and embraced what is known as the "Upper Bottom," lying opposite the present village of Linden. The line commenced a short distance above the present borough of DuBoistown, and continued up the river for 967 perches, taking in all the rich alluvial lands now embraced in the highly cultivated farms of the Messrs, Gibson and others. There



were five tracts surveyed for Samuel Wallis in the right of sundry persons, April 3, 1769, and a table is given on the draft as follows: Jacob Heltzheimer, conveyed to Samuel Wallis by deed dated 5th Oct., 1769, acres 313 Mary Litton, 66 66 " 6th Oct., 1769, " William Lofflin, 66 66 ." 12th Mar., 1770, " 310 Iacob Steel. 9th Aug., 1769, " 338 Ann Stamp, " 20th Aug., 1772. " 321

Lands belonging to Andrew Culbertson bounded the tracts of Ann Stamp and James Steel on the south, and William Hepburn on the west. These five tracts were sold on the 2d and 3d of May, 1802, in Williamsport, by Sheriff Vanderslice, and purchased by Thomas Grant.

It may seem strange that these rich lands were not held at more than four dollars an acre eighty-six years ago. To-day the best farms in the "Bottom" could not be purchased for \$150 and \$200 an acre. Mr. Coleman certainly missed a royal bargain, for there is nothing to show that he accepted the liberal proposal, and somebody else profited by the "sacrifice."

The discovery of two other beautifully executed drafts shows that Mr. Wallis also acquired all the lands on the north side of the river from Lycoming Creek to a point on the river above "Level Corner," where the Pine Creek Railroad cuts through the rocks on the estate of the late John King. These lands were also designated as lying on the "Long Reach."

The line of the survey of the first tract commenced at a point on Lycoming Creek, on the west side, and ran up near where Bridge No. 1 of the Northern Central Railroad crosses the stream, or as the survey designates it, "opposite the point of the first large hill." This took in the present residence of George W. Youngman, Esq. The line then turned and followed what appears to be the route of the present public road "to a marked locust on the side of the river a small distance below the mouth of *Quinashahaque* Run, thence down the river by the several courses to the place of beginning." The "survey was made on the 22d and 23d days of June, 1773, for Samuel Wallis, in pursuance of seven orders of survey dated the 3d of April, 1769," and contained 2,328 acres. The names of the seven persons to whom the applications were granted appear on the draft, but they are not familiar names of to-day.



The second survey commenced on the west at the locust tree where the first survey ended, and apparently followed the public road of to-day, "to a post on the bank of the river," and thence down the same to the place of beginning. The survey was made on the 24th and 25th days of June, 1773, "for Samuel Wallis, in pursuance of five orders of survey dated April 3, 1769," to that many different persons, and contained 1,547 acres. The only familiar names mentioned in the orders are Elizabeth Walton and Josiah Hews. A short distance above the western corner, on the river, the great tract containing over 5,000 acres, and extending to Pine Creek, commenced, which has already been described.

From the numerous surveys heretofore noted, although in a disconnected form, on account of the extreme difficulty experienced in gathering the information at this late day, it seems pretty clear that Mr. Wallis at one time controlled, or owned, nearly all the land from Muncy Creek to Pine Creek, embracing the splendid district on the south side of the river known as the "Upper, or Susquehanna Bottom," including the ground on which the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad station known as Nesbit is built. What a magnificent domain! And yet with all his vast possessions, on account of having suddenly died intestate, nothing was left worth speaking of for his descendants on the final settlement of his immense estate.

The mansion is still regarded as a landmark, and as time mellows its walls it grows more stately in its grandeur. The smaller portion of the building, on the right of the illustration, is the part erected by Samuel Wallis in 1769. Being solidly constructed of stone, it has successfully weathered the tempests of nearly 120 years. It is true that it has been overhauled and improved, but the walls, which are three feet thick, are still the same. The figures, "1769," are carved on one of the stones, so that there can be no doubt as to the date of its erection. The original woodwork, which was of Norway spruce, was dressed at some point below and brought up the river and placed in the building.

The two-story structure on the left, with its antique front and dormer windows, is the addition erected by Mrs. Hall in 1821. It was patterned after the style of manor buildings in vogue in England at that time. Its rooms are large, airy and grand, and









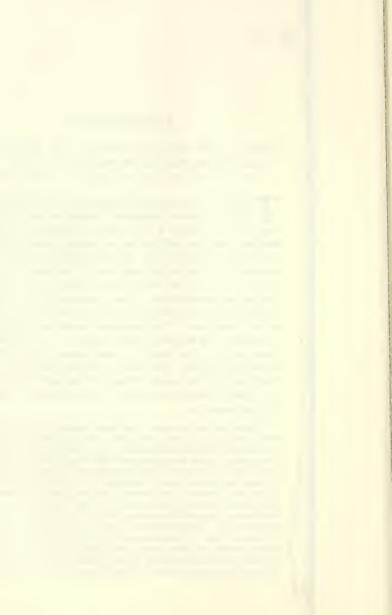


CHAPTER XVI.

OPENING OF THE YEAR 1770—STORY OF THE GREAT ISLAND—
MUNCY MANOR TROUBLES—NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY ERECTED
—FIRST COURT—PLAN OF THE ORIGINAL SURVEY OF SUNBURY.

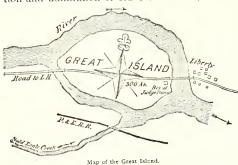
HE year 1770 opened with great activity in the West Branch Valley. Settlers commenced pouring in from New Jersey and the lower counties of the Province, attracted by reports of the fertility of the land and the ease of acquiring tracts through the land office at a nominal cost. James Armstrong settled, or rather squatted, on a tract at the upper end of the present borough of Jersey Shore—for that was disputed territory—and commenced making an improvement. Soon afterwards James, Alexander ascended Pine Creek and built a cabin on the tract new embraced in the Tomb estate. He disappeared when the Indian troubles commenced and was never heard of again. Two families penetrated as far as the mouth of Youngwoman's Creek and made some improvements. The name of one family was Reed. Simon Cool* settled at the mouth of Larry's Creek, and very likely took possession of the spot occupied by Larry Burt, the Indian trader, who had moved on.

^{*}Simon Cool was an ensign in the Eighth Company of Associators, Captain Henry Antes, January 24, 1776, and Captain of the Sixth Company. The fid Battalion, commanded by Colonel Plunkett, March 13, 1776. About two years after the massacre (1778) on the site of the upper part of Williamsport, Cool, William King, his cousin, and James McSweeney, pushed up the river from Northumbersand in a canoe to hunt for their winter's meat. They stopped at a cabin which whose at the mouth of Dry Run. The next day they passed up Dougherty's Run and trespected Bottle Run to Lycoming Creek. When near the creek they found themse is a pursued by three Indians. Cool and McSweeney ran for their lives, and King, who was on the hill-side, escaped. On reaching the creek, McSweeney got over safery the Cool, being a large man, fell in. On clambering up the bank he found that as would make no headway with his wet clothing, and he took to a tree for protection. Whis dog gave him some trouble, and while trying to keep it quiet he stooped forward, when an Indian shot him through the breast. He raised up and called to McSweeney to give



From the earliest times the Great Island* was a favorite place with the Indians, and they remained there until the encroachments of the whites compelled them to leave. It was a lovely spot and the soil was exceedingly rich. As late as 1768 Shawana Ben and Newhaleeka resided there. The former was chief of the remnant of the Shawanese and Newhaleeka of the Delawares. They remained there until about 1771, when they bid adieu to the lovely spot and turned their faces westward, never to return.

When the surveyors came to lay off the Allison tract, in 1768, they were accompanied by William Dunn,† a native of York County, who acted in the capacity of hunter to the party and served it with wild game for food. He carried a handsome rifle and other equipments to match, which greatly attracted the attention and admiration of old Newhalecka, the owner of the island.



And the more he viewed the gun and accourrements the more determined he became to possess them. Finally he offered to give Dunn his island for the rifle, trappings and a keg of

whisky which the surveyors had with them. Tradition informs us that Dunn made the exchange as proposed by the chief, as he

up, as he was mortally wounded, and sank down in death. McSweeney then surrendered and was taken prisoner. Cool was stripped of his clothing and his body left where it fell. The Indians took his gun and left an old musket in its place, and hastily departed with their prisoner. They carried him to Canada and keet him it captivity for some time. He finally got back to Northumberland, and meeting King, explained the mystery of Cool's death. Only a few years ago the rusty irons of the old musket were plowed up by a farmer. Cool was killed near what is now known as Bridge No. 2, on the Northern Central Railroad.

*Situated in the West Branch of the Susquehanna River, Clinton County, about

†William Dunn took an active part in the war of the Revolution, being one of the committee of safety for Northumberland County, of which the island was then a



was satisfied the bargain was a good one. The Indian was delighted and indulged freely in the use of the whisky, but after its exhilarating effects had passed off he began to realize what a foolish thing he had done and proposed to trade back. But Dunn held him fast to his bargain and took possession of the Great Island. Whether the story of its acquisition is true or not is unknown, but we do know that Dunn was the first settler and afterwards obtained a legal title from the State.

The records show that Dunn made application for the island, and that the survey was ordered. If the story of his trade with old Newhaleeka is true, that was not sufficient to give him a full title, but before his patent was granted he had to pay "thirty pounds per hundred acres" to the Proprietaries. The document as recorded in the Land Office is as follows:

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, ss.

THESE are therefore to authorize and require you to Survey or cause to be Sur-

part. At the time of the "Big Runaway" he was forced, like his neighbors, to leave his house and fly to a place of safety. He found his way to York, which place he had left a few years before, and soon enlisted in the army. He participated in several battles, among others those of Germantown and Trenton. After the latter the Government pressed all teams into the service that were available. Mr. Dunn was surprised one day to see his own horses and wagon brought into camp, and immediately asked permission to take charge of them, which was granted; so he had the satisfaction of driving his own team, if he was a soldier.—Maynard's Clinton County, pages 147–8.

Mr. Maynard says that nearly all the valuable and interesting records relating to the early history of the island were unfortunately destroyed by fire several years ago. Therefore it is difficult to give anything like an accurate and complete sketch of its settlement. It is known, however, that previous to its occupation by the whites, it was a rallying point and council ground for the Indians. History records a meeting of representatives of several different tribes on the island in October, 1755. This meeting was held, it seems, to consider the propositions that had just been made to some of the tribes by the French. In May, 1778, Colonel Hunter wrote to the President of the Executive Council of the Province, that he had "ordered some people that lives nigh the Great Island to preserve shad and barrel them up for the use of the militia that will be stationed there this summer."—Page 148.



veyed unto the said William Dunn at the place aforesaid, according to the Method of Townships appointed, the said Quantity of Acres, if not already surveyed or appropriated, and to make Return thereof into the Secretary's Office in order for Confirmation, for which this shall be your Warrant.

IN WITNESS whereof, the Honorable Charles Biddle, Esquire, Vice President of the Supreme Executive Council, hath hereunto set his Hand and caused the less Seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed the Thirteenth Day of October in the year 1785.

To JOHN LUKENS, Esq., Surveyor General.

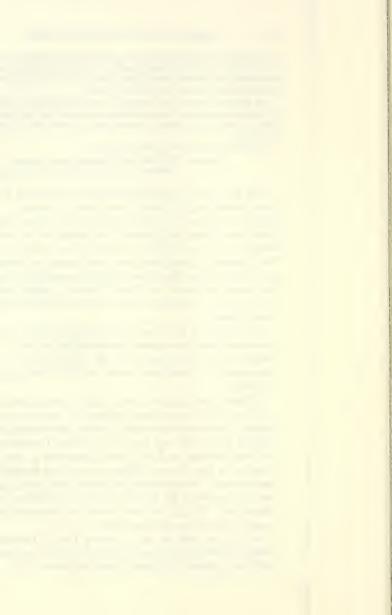
Endorsed: 1785, Oct. 13th, Northumberland, 300 acres. William Dunn, Returned &c., 28 Jan'y, 1796.

The first draft of the island, made in 1785, shows it to have been shaped very differently from what it is to-day. And the contents are given at 267½ acres, with the usual allowances, which were always very liberal. The change in the form of the island has been wrought by the action of the water on its shores. The illustration given above was made twelve or thirteen years ago, and since that time it has changed somewhat in form. The first survey was made by Thomas Tucker, a deputy, under date of October 15, 1785, and it was certified to by John Lukens, Surveyor General.

The records in the Court House, at Lock Haven, now show the famous island to be owned and divided as follows: Estate of William Dunn, 180 acres; R. W. McCormick, 65; Henry McCormick, 45; John Myers' estate, 20; R. H. Dorey, 15. Total, 325 acres.

William Dunn, the first owner of the island, passed it by will to his son, Washington Dunn, who was for many years a leading citizen. He in turn transmitted a portion of the estate to his son, William Dunn, who was born on the island December 1, 1811, and died suddenly at Lock Haven September 7, 1877. Judge Dunn was a man who was highly esteemed, and his death caused great sorrow. He represented his district twice in the Legislature, and was presented for Congress twice, but failed to secure the nomination. In 1871 he was elected an Associate Judge and served out his term with great credit.

In 1772, or early in 1773, Ludwig Derr, a German, settled where Lewisburg stands, and purchased a tract of 320 acres which had been granted to Richard Peters, August 11, 1772. Colonel



John Kelly, a distinguished hero of the Revolution, settled in Buffalo Valley, a year or two earlier than this, or about the time the officers' surveys were being made. About the same time Captain John Brady came with his family from Standing Stone, and located on an officer's tract on the east side of the river from Derr's trading post. This was sometime in 1772, and was the first appearance of this remarkable family in the valley. Captain Brady had preceded them and selected a location. At this time there was but one house where Sunbury was afterwards built, one at Fort Augusta, one on the Grant farm, one on Shamokin Island, one in Northumberland, and but four between that point and where Milton now stands, where there was one. Between Milton and Muncy hills there were about six families and only about eight or ten on the river above. Colonel Hunter, who had command of Fort Augusta, was one of the most prominent of the few who resided at that place at that time. Paul Baldy was one of the earliest settlers at Sunbury. His son, John Baldy, was born April 9, 1783, and died June 22, 1827.

It is learned from a curious old paper covered with drafts of surveys on Lycoming Creek, that "H. and J. Thompson" claimed the applications filed by John James and Richard Cantwell, dated April, 1769. The houses of the Thompsons are indicated on the draft, as well as Eeltown, near by. The tracts warranted by a number of other persons are noted, and the route of the Sheshequin war-path is indicated by a dotted line until it reached the point where it turned off to descend Towanda Creek, passing the "Gooseberry Meadows."

Returning to the Muncy Valley, attention is called to the fact that the oldest improvement known to have been made on Muncy Creek, above the mouth of Glade Run, was by Dennis Mullin, in 1760. An old paper, excellently preserved and beautifully written, shows that Mullin had taken up "300 acres adjoining James Alexander, and about two miles south-westward of land claimed by Charles Moore." There seems to have been some dispute about the tract, judging from the following affidavit:

"The fourteenth day of December, 1765, came before me, John Rannells, Esq., one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Cumberland, in the Province of Pennsylvania, Moses



Harlan, and qualified according to law that the improvement on the above located land consists of about four acres of cleared land, about half fenced, and further this deponent saith not." The affidavit is signed by Moses Harlan, and a note below his signature says: "Improved in the year 1760." James Tilghman, Secretary of the Land Office, then appends the following certificate to the above affidavit:

In testimony that the above is a true copy of the original location, and of the affidavit thereunder written, on which a warrant was granted the 1st of August, 1766, to Dennis Mullin, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of the Land Office of Pennsylvania this 12th day of March, 1772.

It appears from the deeds of Dennis Mullin, Robert Roberts, James Alexander, Charles Moore and Bowyer Brooks, who had tracts adjoining, that they conveyed them to Samuel Wallis "in consideration of five shillings lawful money of the Province." The surveys were made in August, September and October, 1766. Roberts conveyed 313 acres, Brooks 217, Moore 213 and Alexander 232.

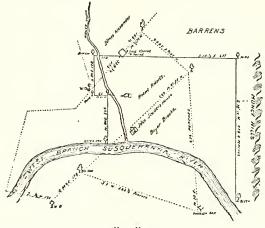
Wallis, it is supposed, had these parties take up the lands in their own names and then convey them to him for a nominal consideration

A great deal of trouble arose out of the surveys on Muncy Creek, and it is impossible at this day to arrive at all the facts. Jonathan Lodge leaves a paper saying that in the summer of 1760 he was employed as a deputy surveyor by William Scull, who sent him to Muncy Creek, above and adjoining the manor, and in the neighborhood, to make surveys for Robert Guy, John Mourer, Thomas Seaman, James Robb, William Foulk, Mr. Campbell and others, who were with him, in pursuance of orders from the Land Office, dated the 3d of April, 1769. After arriving on the ground he was met by Samuel Harris (June 16th), who informed him that there were older rights to these lands, and forbid him making surveys. Lodge paid no attention to him at first and proceeded to survey, when he soon found a tree marked as a corner, "which appeared to be old marks, on the bank of Wolf Run." He called the attention of those with him to the marks. In a short time he found other marks which showed clearly that surveyors had been there before him. He and his



party then proceeded to the camp of Mr. Harris and informed him what they had discovered. Harris told them that the marked tree was the corner of an old survey, and that he could show all the corners if the party would accompany him. Lodge does not say what he did afterwards, but it is inferred that he stopped work.

There are a number of drafts of Muncy Manor in existence, drawn for the purpose of showing how the lines of these disputed tracts overlapped the manor. They were used in the lawsuits that followed between Wallis and the Proprietaries. One given herewith is interesting, because it shows the location of John Scudder's house. He was an early settler, and this draft is called "Scudder's Complaint:"



Muncy Manor.

The following certificate is appended to the draft:

The above draft represents the Proprietaries Manor of Muncy, and several tracts of land claimed by Samuel Wallis as they interfere with the said Proprietary Manor. The plain lines, together with the river, includes the Manor of Muncy, and the dotted lines represent the lines of the lands claimed by Samuel Wallis.

The white oak corner of the Manor of Muncy, standing near Muncy Creek, stood one perch and a half from where the lines N 80 E & N 10 W would intersect. But in the line N to W and distant from the pine only 57 1/2 perches.

Certified by

Benja, Jacobs.



The dispute between Wallis and the Proprietaries regarding the surveys having waxed warm, the question was finally submitted to Joseph Galloway, Esq., of Philadelphia, for his legal opinion. After a careful examination that gentleman submitted the following, which is still in a good state of preservation:

"The Land Office in Philadelphia did at different times issue warrants and orders of survey to sundry persons for locating and taking up a quantity of vacant land in the County of Cumberland, and Province of Pennsylvania, to wit:

- "1. Warrant to Dennis Mullen for 300 acres, dated the 1st day of August, 1766, and situate adjoining James Alexander, and about two miles southward of land claimed by Charles Moore, in Cumberland County.
- "2. Order to James Alexander, same date, for 300 acres situate adjoining land of Dennis Mullen, and land of Robert Roberts on the west, and vacant land on the north and southward.
- "3. Order to Robert Roberts, same date, for 300 acres situate and adjoining land of James Alexander on the eastward, and westward by land of Bowyer Brooks, and northward by vacant land.
- "4. Order to Bowyer Brooks,* same day, for 300 acres, situate adjoining land of Robert Roberts on the east, and by vacant land southward, northward and westward.
- "5. Order to Robert Whitehead, dated March 17, 1767, for 200 acres situate and adjoining land surveyed for Bowyer Brooks, northerly, barrens west, and by a large piney hill south and east.
- "All of which warrants and orders of survey were purchased from the different granters by Samuel Wallis, as will appear by their deeds of conveyance regularly executed, etc. On the 26th day of October, 1767, and on the 28th day of May, 1768, regular surveys were made in pursuance of the Proprietary warrants and orders upon vacant, unappropriated land, and unpurchased of

^{*}Under date of December 14, 1765, Moses Harlan makes affidavit "before John Rannells, Esq., one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace," for Cumberland County, that in 1761 the improvements on Bowyer Brooks' tract consisted of "about four acres of cleared, half fenced" land. That the improvements on the tract of Robert Roberts, made the same year, consisted of "about three acres cleared, with a dwelling house," and that there were "about four acres cleared and a small dwelling house" on the James Alexander tract.—Wallis Papers.

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the Indians by the Proprietaries' regular commissioned Deputy Surveyor, or by some person employed by him as a deputy, which surveys were certified and returned into the Surveyor General's office by the said commissioned deputy; and it since appears that they contain within their butts and boundaries a considerable quantity of overplus land.

"On the 25th day of September, 1768, and on the 12th day of April, 1770, Samuel Wallis obtained the Proprietaries' patents for all the lands so surveyed and returned. Immediately after the grand Indian purchase was concluded in November, 1768, the Proprietaries' officers laid out a manor, now called the Muncy Manor,* which interfered with a part of the foregoing patents, and such part of these patents as the manor did not interfere with, the Proprietary's officers granted away upon common orders in what was called the Land Lottery on the 3d day of April following, to different people, who have since obtained surveys and returns, so as to cover the whole of the land so patented by Samuel Wallis. The Proprietary's officers now contest the legality of Samuel Wallis' title, and urge the following reasons, to wit:

- "I. That a title to land obtained before it was purchased of the Indians cannot be valid in law, because it is contrary to their common mode of granting.
- "2. That they (the superior officers) were deceived, or rather not made acquainted with the true situation of the land, but that the returns of survey were blind and vague, and did not sufficiently describe the place on which they were laid.
- "3. That the surveys contain a considerable quantity of overplus land.
- "As to any particular, fixed mode of granting away the Proprietaries' lands has been generally understood not to exist, but

^{*}In the warrant to Dennis Mullen, dated August 1, 1766, and signed by John Penn, these words occur: "Provided the land does not lie in or interfere with our Manor of Lowther." This shows that it was intended at one time to call it by another name than Muncy Manor. Possibly it was intended to name it after Sir John Lowther Johnstone, who was a son of Sir George Johnstone, the eldest brother of William Johnstone, who married into the Pulteney family and became known thereafter as Sir William Pulteney. By the death, July 14, 1808, of Henrietta Laura Pulteney, the descent of a large estate was cast in Sir John Lowther Johnstone, her cousin and heir at law. He died December 23, 1811.



that their order was as often altered as it suited their own purposes, and that the granting of lands unpurchased of the Indians is well known to have been frequently done by them. That if the Proprietary's superior officers were deceived, the deception was from their own inferior officers, and not from Samuel Wallis, who, in the obtaining of these lands, did in every respect pursue the common method of negotiating business through each of the respective offices. And as to overplus land, Samuel Wallis can prove that he did as soon as he was made acquainted with it, offer to the Proprietaries' Receiver General to pay him for any overplus which his surveys might contain.

"The question then is whether or not the Proprietaries, by their commissioners of property, have a right to grant lands that are unpurchased of the Indians, and when so granted by letters patent, are they valid in law? or whether they have a right to vacate Samuel Wallis' patents on what is now called the Muncy Manor, by reason of their containing overplus land, when it does not appear that he was privy to, or concerned in any deception or fraud intended against the Proprietaries in obtaining the lands?

"Upon the facts above stated I am of opinion, in answer to the first question, that under the Royal Grant, the Proprietaries have good right to grant patents for land not purchased of the Indians, and that there is no law depriving them of that right. Of course the above mentioned patents must be valid. And as to the second question, I apprehend the surveys containing a quantity of overplus land are not a sufficient reason for vacating the patent, there being no fraud in the purchase in obtaining such overplus, and more especially as he has offered to satisfy the Proprietaries for it.

"JOSEPH GALLOWAY.

" March 21, 1771."

The dispute between Wallis and the Proprietaries finally waxed so warm that an ejectment suit was brought against him, in which the lessees of the Proprietaries were made plaintiffs. At first an effort was made to settle the dispute by appointing a jury of viewers to meet at Fort Augusta in October, 1772, and proceed to examine the premises. George Nagel, sheriff of Berks County, had selected the jurymen, and some of them had started on the



journey, when word was received from the secretary of the Land Office, that owing to the illness of Mr. Wallis, it was concluded not to go on with the view. The sheriff then dispatched an express to overhaul the viewers who had started and turn them back. And he adds in one of his letters of that day that they were glad to get rid of the journey.

But it appears from the papers still in existence that the difficulty was not amicably settled, and suit was brought in the Supreme Court sitting at Reading on the 7th of April, 1773. A few of the subpœnas have been found, which show the date. Joseph Reed was attorney for Wallis and Edward Biddle for the Proprietaries.

One of the most curious papers in the Wallis collection contains a list of the names of jurymen evidently drawn for that court, with remarks opposite each name, for the guidance of his counsel in challenging. The paper appears to be in the handwriting of Mr. Wallis, and is clear, distinct and business-like. It is given herewith in full:

- 1. Christopher Shultz. A Dutchman, and when disputes run high was a Proprietary man. A farmer and man of good abilities. A leading man in the county α is thought will act from Judgment. By religion a Swinfielder.
- 2. John Old. A country Born Englishman; an Industrious & Honest man, & is supposed will act from Judgment, & not from Influence; a very good man and ought not to be struck. An Ironmaster & Land Holder. A Church Man.
- 3. Abraham Lincoln. A country Born Englishman. An Illiterate man, and apt to be Influenced by the pleadings of Lawyers; apt to be Intoxicated with Drink. A Quaker; is thought to be influenced by James Starr, or Samuel Hughs. A Farmer.
- 4. Samuel High. Dutchman; a weak, Rich, Miser. Is thought will be influenced by the pleading of Edw'd. Biddle, and ought to be struck. A Rich man, no great wit, but thoughtful and careful in Judging, & I believe free from Byas, and will act from Judgment.
- 5. James Starr. A Country Born, an Honest Juditious man, a man of Common abillitys, and is supposed will act from Judgment; a Quaker, a Brewer and Considerable Land Holder.
- 6. Henry Hollar. A Country Born Dutchman; a man of Common abillitys; is Thought will be Influanced by Edw'd Biddle, & ought to be Struck. A Lutharan by Profession. A Tavern Keeper.
- 7. Thomas Jones, Junr. A Country Born Welch man, an Active man, Midling understanding, acquainted with Business in the County, perhaps not free from Bias, yet seems a conscientious Man. A Baptist. A considerable Land holder, has a little Tract of Land yet to pay for to ye Prop's.
 - 8. Thomas Dundass. A Scotchman, a very sensible Juditious, Honest man, by



profession a Presbeterian, not a Biggot, & ought not by any means to be struck. He is a shop Keeper & will act from Judgment, and not a Land Holder in the Country.

- 9. A Country Born Englishman, of Common abillitys, but generally Esteemed an Honest man, & will act from Judgment; a Quaker. Ought not to be struck; a Considerable Farmer & Land Holder.
- 10. John Godfrey. A man, a very weak man & apt to be byased—a Farmer. By Religion a Churchman. Ought to be struck.
- 11. Benjamin Pearson. A Country Born Englishman, a man of Common abillitys—is supposed will act from Judgment. Will be Likely to be influenced by James Starr, if he desents from his Own Judgment. A House Carpenter & not a Land Holder in the County; a Quaker. Ought not to be struck.
- 12. Moses Roberts. A Country Born Englishman; generally esteemed a very sensible, Juditious, Honest man, & will act from Judgment. A Farmer and Land Holder. A Quaker Preacher, & ought not to be struck.
- 13. Valentine Eckers. A Country Born Dutchman; an Illiterate, weak man; will be like to be Influenced by Edw'd Biddle. A Blacksmith, a rich man & Land Holder. Ought to be struck.
- John Kerlin, A country Born Dutchman; a very weak man; a Superstitious man—will be like to be Influenced by Biddle. Ought to be struck. A Churchman.
- 15. Jacob Mechlen. A Country Born Dutchman; a weak man; great talker; a Land Holder, & has some connection with one holding a Commission of ye Peace. Strike.
- 16. Thomas Wright. A good Liver, Independent, no great Judyment, but will use what he has without byas. A Quaker, not to be struck.
- 17. Sebastian Levan. A Country Born Dutchman, perhaps under influence, tho' Rite, Strike,
- 18. John Harrisson. A Country Born Englishman; a man of Common abillitys; will be like to act from Judgment, and ought not to be Struck; by Profession a Quaker. A Farmer and Land Holder.
- 19. Owen Hughs. If of Maiden creek, wealthy; rather weak, but will act from Judgment; of Welsh desent. A Quaker. Don't strike.
- 20. Benjamin Spycker. A Dutchman. Rut; perhaps under Influence; his Brother a Justice α he a Tavern Keeper. Strike.
- 21. John Scarlott. A Country Born Englishman; a good kind of a man, a Land Holder & Farmer. 'A Quaker. Don't strike.
- 22. Jacob Shoemaker. A Dutchman, (Late Sheriff) a very weak man, and is supposed will be enfluanced by Edw'd Biddle. Ought to be struck.
 - 23. Nermer Starr. A very obscure Duchman. Strike.
- 24. Samuel Hughs. A Country Born Englishman; a man of Tolerable good abillitys; is supposed will act from Judgment. A Farmer & Landholder. A Quaker. Ought not to be struck.
 - 25. Jacob Echberger. Rich but partial & weak. Strike.
- 26. John Jones, of Carnarvoon. Welsh Desent. Tavern Keeper. Defendant. Strike.
- 27. Frederick Weiser. A Country Born Dutchman, sotish, under influence. Strike.



- 28. Peter Yocum. A Country Born Englishman. An Illiterate, weak man, Apt to be byased by Biddle. A Farmer & Land Holder. A Churchman. Strike.
- 29. Samuel Lee. A Country Born Englishman. A man of good abillity. Is supposed will have influence with the rest of the Jury, and will act from Judgment. A Farmer & Land Holder. A Quaker, & ought by no means to be struck.
- 30. Benjamin Parks. A Country Born Englishman; a man of weak abillitys; in low circumstance; apt to be influanced; a Carpenter & not a Land Holder. A Quaker. Take if no better to be had.
- 31. Michael Brucht. A Country Born Dutchman; a weak man & apt to be influenced by Edw'd Biddle. A Tavern Keeper & Land Holder. No Religion. Ought to be Struck.
 - 32. Jacob Lamescus. Very obscure.
 - 33. William Winter. A weak man, subject to Drink & obscure.
- 34. Richard Penrose. A Country Born Englishman. A man of Common abillitys, Will act from Judgment. A Farmer and Land Holder. A Constable. A Quaker, & ought by no means to be struck.
- 35. Joseph Grose. A Tavern keeper, a Justices son in Law. Little known.
- 36. Valontine Probst. Rich in Lands, &c. A good kind of a Man, tho' weak. Strike
- 37. Christian Lauer. A Dutchman, a Leading man among the Dutch; very rich—a man of Better abillitys than Dutchman have in Common—an unprejudiced man. Supposed will act from Judgment. A Considerable Land Holder and Farmer. Religion a Lutharan.
- 3S. Philip Kohl. A Country Born Dutchman; a man of weak abillitys; apt to be Influenced by other People. A Tavern Keeper. A Lutharan in Profession. Ought to be Struck.
- 39. William Tallman. A Country Born Englishman. A man of weak abillitys. A Rich man. A Farmer and Land Holder. Strike.
 - 40. George Berstler. Very obscure. Strike.
- 41. Samuel Jackson. A Country Born Englishman; a man of good abillitys—will act from Judgment. A Hatter in Reading & ought not to be struck.
- 42. Owen Hughs. If Owen Hughs in or near the County Line, a weak young Welshman. Strike.
 - 43. Henry Hohn. A Smith. Subject to strong Byas. Weak. Strike.
- 44. Jacob Snyder. A Rich independent Dutchman. Sober and thoughtful; rather Irresolute, but perhaps best not to strike.
- 45. George Hughs, A Country Born Englishman. A man of good abillitys, Will act from Judgment. A Tanner and Farmer. A Quaker & ought not to be struck.
- 46. Jonathan Davis. Of Welch Desent. A Blue Duver in Keading. Rather obscure. Don't strike.
- 47. George Germandt. A Rich Dutchman, sober, Irresolute, timorous: yet don't strike.
- 48. John Spohn. A Country Born Dutchman. A young man; a Brewer; a man of Tollarable good abillity; a Better man than many other Dutchmen.



Nothing has been found to show the proceedings of the suit, but it is evident that Wallis was the loser, for the Proprietaries afterwards issued an order to divide the manor into five tracts, which were sold to other parties.

There is little doubt that the first settler within what is now the territory of Clinton County was a curious individual named Cleary Campbell.* He squatted on the Charles Glass tract, which was the one immediately north of the officers' tract, in the name of Ensign McMinn, and surveyed by Charles Lukens for William Glass November 9, 1769, and on which the northern portion of Lock Haven is built. In a trial at Sunbury, in 1776, Lukens testifies that when he went up to make the surveys for the officers he found him living on this land with his family.

John Hamilton in his reminiscences says that there must have been something in the character of Campbell that was not generally seen by his neighbors. What should induce him to venture ahead of the first settlers in that remote region was a mystery, for he was regarded as the laziest man to be found. The houses of that day were cabins with one room, that served for parlor, kitchen and bed room. It was invariably the practice of Cleary Campbell, being too lazy to sit up, to throw himself down upon a bed. This habit must have drawn to it universal attention, as the following story will show, whether founded on fact or only as a specimen of the rough wit of backwoods civilization. As the story runs, he entered a neighbor's house one day, and as usual threw himself down, and on a cat that lay asleep on the bed. The cat began to make piteous cries, but there was no help for it. "Poor pussy, I pity you, but I cannot help you," was the only remark of Cleary. He was very frequently assessor of the township, and wrote a very plain, good hand, and the fact that in September, 1792, he took up the most elevated farm in Centre County, on the top of Muncy Mountain, within sight of Bellefonte, seems to indicate that he was not lazy after locations of a high order. He was dispossessed from his place at Lock Haven.

An Irishman named Quinn was the first settler at the mouth of the little stream now called Oueen's Run. What induced him to

^{*}According to the best information at hand Campbell was from the Juniata, and died in Howard Township, Centre County, in 1809, at an advanced age.



locate there is unknown. Possibly he was a hunter or trader like Larry Burt, and although he gave his name to the rivulet, it has been corrupted into Queen, because the pronunciation is easier and more high sounding.

William McElhattan* was the first white settler in what is now Wayne† Township, Clinton County, and the stream which passes by the camp-meeting grounds was named after him. He was an Irishman by birth and came to Lancaster in 1760. Hearing of the fine lands on the West Branch, he came with others to prospect, and located about a mile west of where the stream bearing his name falls into the river. He was only a "squatter," as he never obtained a warrant for his land. Richard McCafferty was the second settler, at a point about a mile east of McElhattan Run. He made some improvements on his land, but, dying about 1770, they fell into decay. The first grave for a white man was the one dug for him on his own land. This was the grave-yard started at that point, and it was used for that purpose until it contained about fifty-two graves. Next came Robert Love,‡ who settled near the mouth of the little stream known as Love's Run, a short distance east of Pine Station, on the Philadelphia and Eric Railroad. Love's Gap in the mountain at that place was named after him. He built a mill which did good service for a long time. Robert Love was a celebrated character in his day, and took an active part with the "Fair Play" men of that time. He also participated in the meeting at the mouth of Pine Creek on the 4th

^{*}William McElhattan was a first lieutenant in the Twelfth Regiment, commissioned October 16, 1776. He was wounded by ball and buckshot in the shoulder, and lost the use of his arm; he was transferred to the Sixth Pennsylvania, but, his wound troubling him, he was transferred to the invalid corps July 1, 1779. He was discharged December 3, 1784; removed to Kentucky, where he died April 26, 1807.

[†]Wayne is one of the original townships of Clinton, when that county was created in 1839. It was taken from Nippenose Township, Northumberland County, in 1795, when Lycoming County was organized, and was named after General Anthony Wayne.

[‡] Robert Love was of Scotch-Irish ancestry and came from Chester County. He first settled on the Juniata, and then came to the West Branch, moving part of his family of twelve children overland by the way of Bald Eagle's Nest, in 1773, and part by way of the river in canoes. He first settled on the level plain above Pine Creek, afterwards known as the "Cook Farm." At the time of the Big Runaway tradition informs, us that he sold his improvement for £100 and two barrels



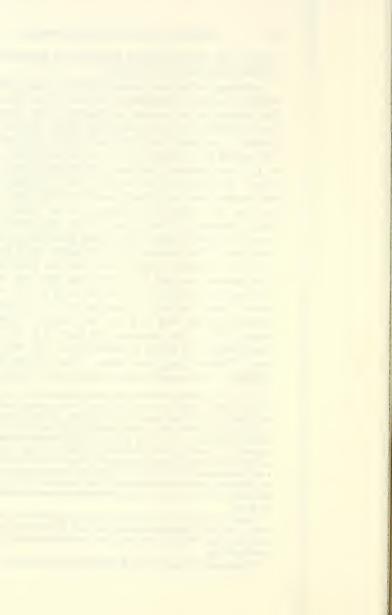
of July, 1776, when the famous Declaration of Independence resolutions were passed by the settlers.

According to the best authority the land along the river.* about a mile west of McElhattan, was taken up by three persons. The warrant for the western part, known as the "Monmouth" tract, containing 400 acres, was taken out in 1760 by William Noland. It embraced the McKague, Throne and Strayer farms. The warrant for the central part was taken out by Isaac Webster in 1770, and embraced the Stabley, Montgomery and Gallauher farms. The eastern tract, by warrant of John L. Webster, in 1769, and embraces the Steck, Quiggle and Winchester farms. On this tract was built Harris' fort in 1774-5. It was located on a high bluff a little west of Kurtz's Run, at which place there is a short curve in the river, giving a view of both banks, east and west, for over a mile. The remains of this fortification, which was simply a stockade enclosure, could be seen until the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad was built in 1856-8, when they were destroyed. The land east of Kurtz's Run was taken up by three warrants: that of Robert Love in 1769, containing the lands of Jamison, the Quiggles, and the land on which Pine Station is built; that of Samuel Wallis, 1770, embracing the lands of G. W. Sour and Jacob Stamm; and that of Elizabeth Jarvis, 1769, embracing the land of Thomas Quiggle and others. This tract was first called "Fairview," and was afterwards known as the "Hollingsworth"

Robert Love was a man of prominence in his day, and served as a Justice of the Peace. He died in his 95th year, having been blind for some time. His wife lived to the age of 94. Their daughter Jennet, who married a man named Anesley, lived to the age of 93.

of whisky. On his return, when peace was restored, he settled on the south side of the river, at what is known as Love's Gap Farm. Another account, and the correct one, is that he gave the improvement to his daughters, Ann and Jennet, who in turn quitclaimed it to James Dill, of York County, for £20 and two cows. The indenture is dated May 15, 1775, and the sale was acknowledged before John Kidd, Recorder for Lyconing County, November 30, 1803. Surveyor General Lukeus certifies that James Dill applied for 300 acres on the north side of the river, including Love's improvement, which he had conveyed to Ann and Jennet, his daughters, and whose right was afterwards vested in Dill. The latter agreed to pay £30 per hundred acres for the tract in 1785. In 1792 this same tract was sold to William Wilson for £200.

^{*}See Maynard's Historical View of Clinton County, pages 218, 219.



tract. The mountain tract of 156 acres west of Noland's was settled upon after the Revolution by Patrick McElhaney, who sold to Jacob Whiteman. The next spring, it is related, Whiteman went to Middletown, and meeting George Fry, represented his land as being good for farming and well adapted for grazing, and that he had a large number of cattle on it, which he would sell with the land for \$600, one-half to be paid down and the balance in the fall, at which time Fry was to go up and see the land. Fry bought without seeing it and paid \$300 down. He came in the fall according to promise, and while walking over the land and being apparently satisfied, asked Whiteman to see the cattle. Presently they came upon a herd of deer, when Whiteman said: "There are the cattle!" Fry was no little surprised, and turning to Whiteman rather fiercely, said: "Take your land and go to the d-l, and I'll go to Middletown!" Fry went home and never returned to see his "farm and pasture lands." Whiteman went west and was never heard from afterwards.

Among the permanent settlers who bought land and improved it were the Quiggles. They were from Hopewell Township, Cumberland County, and settled here about 1788. The Montgomery farm is another fine tract, and has been in the possession of that family for a long time. The Quiggle farm was owned by S. N. Quiggle until a few years ago, when it was bought by Charles S. Gallauher. The last payment on this farm by the Quiggles is acknowledged by the following queer receipt, now in the hands of S. N. Quiggle:

June the 27th 1807—Receivt by the Hand of George Quickle the Sum of Sixty Two Pounts for John Quickle to the Yuse of Adam and George Wilt, I Say Receivt by

HENRY SHEARMAN.

The rich lands lying west of Pine Creek, north of the river, and extending to Dunnsburg, were a tempting bait, and adventurers, in defiance of the orders of Governor Penn, squatted there as early as 1772 and commenced making improvements. John Hamilton,* whose ancestors were among the first settlers, says that a company consisting of John Reed, of Philadelphia, and

^{*} Maynard's History of Clinton County, pages 207, 208.

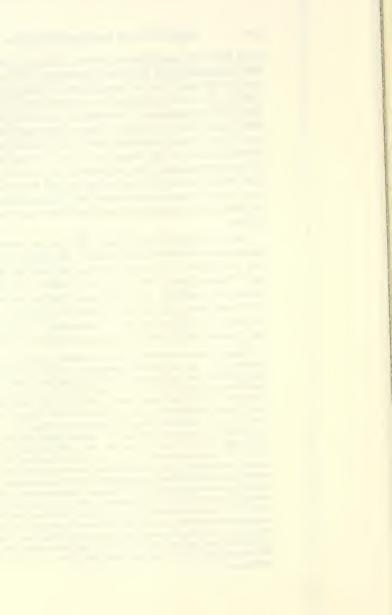


John Bull, Esq., and Thomas Proctor,* Esq., purchased a large tract containing 4,497 acres and allowances. The original deed was from William Penn to George Evans, of Wales, and was dated 1682.† This survey could not be recognized as of any value by the State after independence. The whole extent, for a distance of five miles, was settled upon under claims of three and four hundred acres before it was purchased from the Indians—previous to the Revolution and the Big Runaway in 1778. It was purchased at the treaty of peace in 1784, and most of the warrants were laid in 1785 under the claim of the first settlers, the State honoring and securing their claims on account of the noble stand made by them in defense of the country against Great Britain and her allies the Indians.

The first settlers who got back after the war settled on their improvements and took out warrants. But there is no evidence that Donaldson, who settled on what has gone by the name of the "Duncan Farm," ever returned. Neither did Kinkaid and Alexander Hamilton. The latter was killed by the Indians near Northumberland. His family returned, however, and took out a warrant for his improvement. An eagerness to get possession of land showed itself in strong colors; not only were the best bottom

^{*}Thomas Proctor was captain of the first Continental company of artillery raised in Philadelphia. He was afterward promoted to the position of General, and his brother Francis, who was lieutenant of the same company, became captain. The Proctors at one time had possession of several hundred acres of land on the flats just below the island, but for some reason or other they failed to hold it, probably for want of means with which to make their payments, and it finally passed into the hands of others.—Maynard's History of Clinton County, page 149.

[†] The deed is as follows: By virtue of a deed of lease, dated the 7th of the 5th month, 1682, from the Hon. William Penn, Esq., Proprietor and Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania, unto George Evans, of Pembrokeshire, in Wales, 10,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania was surveyed and laid out unto John Bull, Esq., Thomas Proctor, Esq., and John Reed, in right aforesaid, a certain tract or parcel of land lying and being on the north side of the West Branch of the Susquehanna River, and on the west side of Pine Creek, bounded on the south by the Susquehanna, and by Pine Creek on the east; by vacant lands and a ridge of mountains on the north, and lands surveyed to John Reed on the west, containing 4,497 acres, with allowance, &c., &c. Surveyed September the 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th and 9th, 1772, by James Dickinson. Beginning at a post standing on a point on the west side of Pine Creek, and on the north side of the West Branch, running from there up the Pine Creek. Then follow the courses, distances, &c.



lands secured, but surveys were made of the greater portion of the hill lands in 1785. Some hill land was taken up and surveyed in 1792 and 1794.

The first warrants along the river were laid in the names as follows, beginning at Chatham's Run, and down the river: John Chatham, on Chatham's Run. Next below Colonel William Cook, now Condon; then Jane Richard, now Huling and Betts; then McFadden, now McGuire and Brown; then John Jackson, now Ferguson and McKinney; then Hamilton's heirs, now Hamiltons and Shaw; next the Duncan farm, settled on before the war by Alexander Donaldson, now owned chiefly by Crawford and Smith. This was warranted by Benjamin Walker, deeded to Stephen Duncan. Next the Love improvement, afterwards owned by Cook; then the McMasters improvement on the point—the Gallauher farm. Then up the creek further, William Plunkett, now Simmons and Crist; next John Scott, now McKinney; then Barnabas Parsons, 346 acres and allowance. Phelps' Mills were on this tract; next above was Thomas Proctor. These tracts all seem to have been surveyed in 1785.

As the settlements extended up the river great inconvenience was experienced on account of the distance from the county seat, which was at Carlisle, and the people commenced clamoring for the creation of a new county. Cumberland covered an immense territory, and too much time and expense were involved in going to the county seat to transact business by the settlers on the West Branch. Finally the Proprietaries assented to the formation of a new county on the 27th of March, 1772, out of parts of Lancaster, Cumberland, Berks, Northampton and Bedford, to be called Northumberland. The name selected was in honor of the most northerly county of England. Its boundaries were as follows:

Beginning at the mouth of Mahantongo Creek, on the west side of the river Susquehanna, thence up the south side of said creek to the head of Robert Meteer's spring; thence west by north to the top of Tussey's Mountain; thence along the summit to the Little Juniata; thence up the east side of the main branch to the head thereof; thence north to the line of Berks County; thence north-west along the same line to the extremity of the Province; thence east along the north boundary to a point due north of the Great Swamp; thence south to the most southern part of the Swamp aforesaid; thence with a straight line to the head of Lehigh, or Mill Creek; thence down the said creek so far, that a line run west south-west will strike the forks



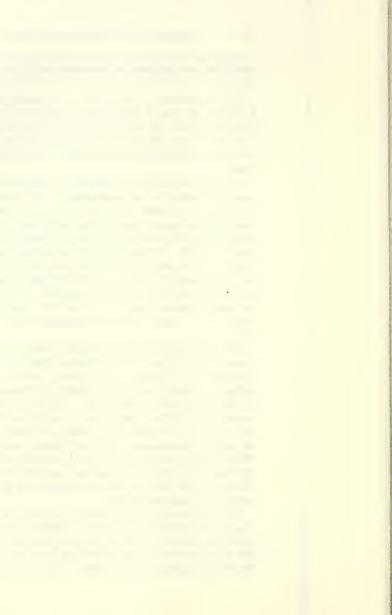
of Mahantongo Creek where Pine Creek falls into the same, at the place called Spread Eagle, on the east side of the Susquehanna; thence down the south side of said creek to the river aforesaid; thence across the river to the beginning.

This line embraced a vast territory. It extended as far west as Lake Eric, the head of Lehigh on the east, taking in what is now Pike County, with the State of New York on the north. Imagine a county of that size to-day. Nearly all the territory at that time was a dense forest, and the Indians held almost undisputed sway.

Fort Augusta was fixed as the place of election and the county was to be entitled to one representative. The Governor was to nominate a competent number of justices, any three of whom could hold the several courts on the fourth Tuesday of February, May, August and November, at Fort Augusta, until a court house should be built. William Maclay, John Lowdon, Samuel Hunter, Joseph J. Wallis and Robert Moodie were appointed trustees to purchase a piece of ground on which the court house was to be erected, subject to the Governor's approval. Thomas Lemmon was made collector of excise. Joshua Elder, James Potter, Jesse Lukens, and William Scull were appointed to run the boundary line.

The celebrated Dr. William Plunkett, Turbutt Francis, Samuel Hunter, James Potter, William Maclay, John Lowdon, Thomas Lemmon, Ellis Hughes and Benjamin Weiser confirmed as justices in Council, and William Maclay, prothonotary and elerk of the several courts, March 24th. The first county commissioners were William Gray, Thomas Hewitt and John Weitzel. On the 23d of November Casper Reed, of Penn's, was sworn in as county commissioner; Alexander Hunter, county treasurer: Walter Clark, Jonathan Lodge, Peter Hosterman, James Harrison, Nicholas Miller, Jacob Heverling and Samuel Weimier, assessors. Thus were the offices of the new county filled and everything arranged for local government.

The first court in Northumberland County was held at Fort Augusta on the 9th of April, 1772. Tradition says that it met in a small log building which stood on the bank of the river a few feet in front of the fort, but its site was long since washed away by the encroachment of the water. The tradition seems to be



well founded. The first court was a private sessions of the peace, and the record is herewith given:

RECORD OF THE FIRST COURT.

At a court of private sessions of the peace held at Fort Augusta for the County of Northumberland on the ninth day of April in the twelfth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, defender of the Faith, and in the year of our Lord God one thousand seven hundred and seventy-two, before William Plunkett, Esq., and his Associate Justices assigned, &c., within the said County of Northumberland, viz:

A Commission from his Honor the Governor, bearing date the 24th day of March anno domini one thousand seven hundred and seventy-two, appointing William Plunkett, Turbutt Francis, Samuel Hunter, James Potter, William Maclay, Caleb Graydon, Benjamin Allison, Robert Moodie, John Lowdon, Thomas Lemon, Ellis Hughes and Benjamin Weiser, Esqrs., Justices of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and jail delivery for the said County of Northumberland was published in Court.

On motion made, the said County of Northd., or as much of the Extent of the same as is now purchased from the Indians, is divided into the following townships, to be hereafter called and known by the names of Penn's twp.*—Augusta twp.—Turbutt twp.—Buffalo twp.—Bald Eagle twp.—Muncy twp.—and Wyoming twp., each described and bounded as follows:

DESCRIPTION OF BUFFALO TOWNSHIP.

Beginning at the mouth of Penn's creek at the head of the isle of Que, thence up the same to the forks, thence by a north line to the West Branch of Susquehanna, thence down the West Branch of Susquehanna to the forks, thence down Susquehanna to place of beginning.

DESCRIPTION OF BALD EAGLE TOWNSHIP.

Beginning at the forks of Penn's creek, thence by a north line to the West Branch of Susquehanna, thence up the same to where the County line crosses it, thence by the County line south to the head of little Juniata, thence down the same to the end of Tussey's mountain, thence along the top of the same easterly to the place of beginning.

DESCRIPTION OF TURBUTT TOWNSHIP.

Beginning on the east side of Susquehanna at Fort Augusta, thence up the easterly side of the N. E. Branch to the old line formerly run for a division between Berks and Northampton counties, thence by the same line North West to the top of Muncy hill, thence along the top of the same westerly to the West Branch of Susquehanna, and crossing the same to the west side and down the same to the junction of the Iranches, and crossing Susquehanna to the place of beginning—so as to include the forks and island.

DESCRIPTION OF MUNCY TOWNSHIP.

Beginning on the west side of the West Branch of Susquehanna, opposite the end

^{*}The descriptions of Penn's, Augusta and Wyoming townships are omitted, as not being pertinent to the history of the Valley of the West Branch.



of Muncy hill, thence up the West Branch to opposite the mouth of Lycoming,* thence crossing the branch, up Lycoming to the heads thereof, thence by a south-cast line to the Muncy hill, thence along the top of the same to the West Branch, and crossing to beginning.

The names of the constables appointed for these respective townships, on the same occasion, were as follows:

Turbutt Township, - - - WILLIAM McMein.

Buffalo Township, - - - Robert Kirg.
Bald Eagle Township, - - - Samuel Long.

Muncy Township, - - - Lames Robb.

This appears to have been all the business transacted at this court—which was of a preliminary character—at least nothing else appears upon the record.

The first Court of Common Pleas was held on the fourth Tuesday of May, 1772, before Justices William Plunkett, Samuel Hunter, Caleb Graydon, Thomas Lemmon and Robert Moodie. The commission of William Maclay, prothonotary, was read, and the following members of the Bar were sworn in: James Wilson, of York, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; Robert Magaw, of Carlisle, afterwards colonel of the Sixth Pennsylvania and defender of Fort Washington; Edward Burd, district attorney; Christian Hucks† and George North. After examination, James Potts, Charles Stedman and Andrew Robinson were also admitted.

The record of the court reads as follows:

At a Court of General Sessions of the Peace, held at fort Augusta for the County of Northd., the fourth Tuesday in August, in the twelfth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, Geo. the Third, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, defender of the faith, &c., Before William Plunkett, Esq., and his Associates, Justices assigned, &c., within the said County of Northd., viz:

Upon petition to the Court, Adam Haveling, Marcus Hulings, Jr., Martin Kostamuel Weiser, and John Alexander, are recommended to his Honor the Governor for his license to keep public houses where they respectively dwell in this County-they giving bond, &c., agreeable to the laws of this Province in such cases made, &c.

^{*}The reader will observe that Lycoming Creek was the line of the county on the north side of the river, and was supposed to be the Tiadaghton of the Indians.

[†] Afterwards the Tory, Captain Hucks, of Tarleton's Dragoons, killed in South Carolina in 1780–81.—Graydon's Memoirs, page 270.



The first grand jury in the county was empaneled at this court. The names of the jurors are given below:

George Nagel, Esq.* High Sheriff for the County aforesaid, returned his writ of venire to him directed, with the panel annexed, which being called over after proclamation, made the following persons appear, who were accordingly sworn on the grand inquest for our Sovereign Lord the King, for the body of the County:

JOHN BRADY, FOREMAN, GEO. OVERMYER, JOHN RHOWICK, LEONARD PETER, GERHARD FREELAND, JOHN JOST, WILLIAM GREY, LUDWIG DERR. GEORGE RAN,
AND. HEFFER,
HAWKINS BOONE,
GEORGE WOLF,
WILLIAM COOK,
JOHN KELLY,
JAMES POKE,
JOHN WALKER.

The first criminal case was tried at this court, King vs. John Williams, for larceny. Robert Fruit and John Williams were on the jury. He was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of £5, to receive twenty-one lashes on his bare back, and to be committed to the magazine of the fort until the sentence was complied with. The magazine was certainly a dark and dreary dungeon, if it was the same that is still in existence.

The number of civil suits brought at this court was thirty-four. The first was James vs. James Garley. Magaw for plaintiff, Wilson for defendant. Hawkins Boone and Thomas Sutherland had suits at this court; also Michael Regor vs. William Blythe. The latter suit was referred to Samuel Maclay, John Brady and George Wolfe to settle.

Owing to the increase of population and business, it was found necessary to provide better facilities for crossing and recrossing the river between Fort Augusta and Northumberland. Accordingly, on the 14th of April, 1772, Thomas and Richard Penn, by letters patent, granted to Robert King, his executors and assigns, the privilege of keeping a ferry† over the main branch of the river. November 30, 1773, King conveyed his right to Adam Heverling, and he to Christopher Getting, April 17, 1775; Getting

^{*}George Nagel was sheriff of Berks County when Northumberland was organized. He, however, served in Northumberland till William Cook was elected in October, 1772.

[†]An examination of the records to verify these facts was made by John B. Linn, and he so states them on the 44th page of his *Annals*.



to Abraham Dewitt, October 8, 1779; Eleanor Dewitt, alias Coldern, administratrix of Dewitt, to John Lyon, October 25, 1787, and on the 2d of November, 1787, John Lyon presented a petition to the Assembly for the privilege of keeping the ferry for a term of years, which was granted.

The county of Northumberland having been erected, and the machinery for its government put in operation by the appointment of officers and the opening of the courts, it at once became apparent to the Proprietaries that a town* should be laid out either at Fort Augusta or on the Northumberland side of the river, which should be known as the county seat. As soon as the proposition became known a strife arose between parties on both sides of the river to secure the prize, and according to the records the excitement ran high. It having finally been decided to take the necessary steps towards laying out the town, a meeting was held to consider what course to pursue, and the proceedings as recorded are as follows:

At a Meeting at the Governor's on Tuesday the sixteenth day of June, 1772.

Present—The Governor, The Secretary Mr. Tilghman, The Receiver General Mr. Physick, The Surveyor General Mr. Lukens.

Ordered, that the Surveyor General with all convenient speed repair to Fort Augusta on Sasquehanna, and with the assistance of Mr. William McClay lay out a Town for the County of Northumberland to be called by the name of Sunbury, at the most commodious place between the Fort and the Mouth of Shamokin Creek, into Three Hundred Lotts to be accomodated with Streets, Lanes and Alleys and a Commodious Square in the most convenient place for Publick Buildings. The two Main Streets to be eighty feet wide, the others sixty and the Lanes and Alleys twenty feet. The Lotts to be sixty feet wide in Front and Two hundred and thirty feet deep if the Ground and Situation will conveniently allow that Depth. And it is further ordered that a space of at least one hundred and twenty feet be left between

^{*}The first order for the survey of the manor of Pomíret, issued by the Proprietaries, was in these words: "These are to authorize and require you to survey & lay out for our Use and Right and as part of our tenths the quantity of Five Thousand Acres of Land at Shamokin on the River Sasquehannah to include the old Fort and the Lands about it and make Return thereof into our Secretary's Office for which this shall be your sufficient Warrant.

[&]quot;Witness John Penn Esqr Lieutenant Governor of the said Province who by virtue of certain powers from the said Proprietaries hath hereunto set his Hand & caused the Seal of the Land Office to be affixed at Philadelphia this twenty-ninth Day of October Ao, Di. One thousand seven hundred & sixty-eight.

[&]quot; JOHN PENN.



the Town line and the Bank of the River. Every other Lott adjoining the Square and fifty Commodious Lotts besides to be reserved for the Proprietaries. After laying out the Town the Surveyor General while he is there and Mr. McClay after the Surveyor leaves the place may receive applications and make Entries to be Returned & Recorded in the Secretaries Office from any person or Persons inclinable to settle & build in the Town, particularly Tradesmen and such as are of ability to improve. No person to be allowed to take up more than one Lott without the Governor's special Licence. And upon making Application the Party applying shall receive a Ticket in the Form following:

N. B.—The Rent of the Unreserved Lots adjoining the Square to be Ten Shillings Sterling.

A true Copy.

JAMES TILGHMAN, Sec'ty of the Land Office.

This document bears the following indorsement: "The Governor's orders for laying out the town of Sunbury. Executed the 26th, 27th, 29th and 30th of June, the 1st, 2d & 3d of July, 1772." Signed "John Lukens, S. G., William Maclay, D. S."

The preliminary steps having been taken, there was no delay in carrying out the decision of the officers. Mr. Tilghman, Secretary of the Land Office, wrote to William Maclay:

Mr. Lukens goes to lay out the town, agreeably to instructions. You are joined with him in the work. You are to treat with Mr. Lowdon, and if his title be good, and he will take a sum named in the instructions (£200), the town is to be laid out in the Forks (Northumberland); otherwise on the fort side. Wallis and Haines have said they had a right, and they must relinquish it. As Lowdon's application was in his wife's name, she must convey. As putting the town in the forks is a concession against the interest of the Proprietaries to accommodate the people, if the place cannot be clear of claims, the town must be on the other side.

It seems that the terms of the Proprietaries were not complied with, and the claimants in the forks, where the town of Northumberland was afterwards located, lost the county seat, for on the 16th of June, 1772, the Governor and his Council issued an order



to Surveyor General Lukens to repair to Fort Augusta, and, with the assistance of William Maclay, lay out a town for the county of Northumberland, to be called by the name of Sunbury,* at the most commodious place between the forks of the river and the mouth of Shamokin Creek. General Lukens carried out his instructions without delay, for we find among the records the following bill of expenses incurred while engaged in the work:

The Hon'ble Proprietaries of Pennsylvania.

| The Honble Proprietaries of Tennsylvania. | | | |
|--|--------|------|-----|
| To John Lukens, Survey'r G | Gen'l, | Dr. | |
| 1772. | | | |
| June 18. To Sundry Disbursements & Services in laying out the town | of St | ınbı | ıry |
| from June 18th to July 20th. | | | |
| To Cash paid Capt, Hunter, Wm. Wilson & Peter Withington for pro- | | | |
| visions & liquors for myself & Horse while laying out the town, | £ 37 | 14 | 9 |
| To Cash paid Sam'l McClay for 10 days at 7-6 p day, | 3 | 15 | О |
| To Ditto paid Charles Lukens, Judah Bakerr, Wm. Patterson & Jesse | | | |
| Lukens 8 days at 5s a day work, | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| To Ditto paid Alex'r Grant & James Gay † for 5 days at 5s p | | | |
| day each, | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| To Ditto paid Rob't Martin, James Gondy, Jacob Haverling & Adam | | | |
| Haverling 4 days each at 2-6, | 2 | ò | 0 |
| To Ditto paid Thomas Braunon, Wm. Murdock, Sam'l Pearson & | | | |
| James Aderson for 3d each at 2-6, | I | 10 | 0 |
| To Ditto pd. David † ter for Rivets for 20 feet Rods, | | I | 0 |
| To My Expenses going up & coming down, | 8 | 18 | 10 |
| To My Services 30 Days, | | 0 | 0 |
| To Cash paid Tobias Rudolph Horse Hire 30 days at 5s p day, - | | 10 | |
| | | | |
| <i>f</i> . | £ıoı | 19 | 7 |

Thus was the town of Sunbury founded, and the cost of making the survey slightly exceeded \$500. A copy of the original survey,‡ given herewith, shows the names of the original lot

^{*}Named after Sunbury, a village on the Thames, England; a parish formed by the union of shires in the County Middlesex, about fifteen miles from London proper. Supposed to have been the place at which the Icend, under Boadicea, were defeated by Suetonius Paulinus, in 61. A church was erected on the site of a more ancient edifice in 1752.

[†] Obliterated.

This draft or "plan" has a curious history. It is asserted that when it was first made by one of the surveyors employed by John Lukens, he traded it off, for some cause or other, to a party in Philadelphia, and it remained in obscurity for many years. Its existence was finally discovered by an officer of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, who succeeded in purchasing it, and it is now in the archives of that institution. On this account the Land Office has never been able to give a certified copy of the original—it can only certify to a copy.



BURY.

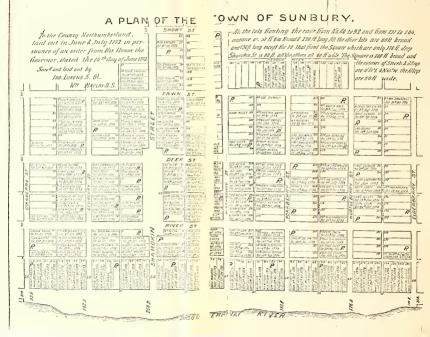
r from No.40 to 92 and from 277 to 284, laid of long All the other lots are both broad. suance of the Square which are only 170 ff, deep GOVETH 192 193 194 The courses of Streets & Alleys Surv SR 13" AGI 1715 are NISE AN 65°W. the Alleys are 20 ff wide. 2/3 22/ BICANN LAWRENCE Ret 24 to Oct 1776 222 MARTIN ABLY Sel LY Lais 1774 223 GEO ANN SIONE MICHAEL THOY ESO 318 Rel # Sept 1774 DAVID DUNCAN 315 P RH 90 1/24 1778 Re: 230 Apr 1776 2/7 321 INO. EVANS Ret 100 June 1774 2/3 226 WM RC98INS Pet 13# Aug 1774 227ZACHA9 RUBE: 45 277 140 60YD Pet 25 x p 1114 P. 310 Dec 17) 220 P 324 304 CHANT GUTGER 301 AN 290 Dec 1774 GEO BUYLES 245 ZET JM SHUEMAKER TH 20 M MOT IN 246 234 900 75 P. 5 248 255 JAC HARRIS JA 74 Rel 49 JUY 1776 248 256 GEO MEIFER 74 Rel 27th Feb 1776 PART SCOIL 34 237 THOS MAGRAY

Set 6 Man 1775 N J. RR) CRANBERI Set 6" Mar 1775 | Rel 18 Nev 1776 CHAS HUFTY 34 276

Red 19th Dec 1774

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holders and the names of the streets and alleys. The letter "P" stands for Proprietaries, and means that the lots so marked were reserved for those gentlemen. They always were on the lookout for the best locations for their share. And it will be observed that those who were in favor with the Government succeeded in getting the choicest lots. The streets of to-day bear different names from those given on the map. The fine avenue fronting on the river is now known as Broadway or Front Street; River Street is called Second; Deer Street is known as Third, and the Pennsylvania Railroad passes through it. Fawn Street is now called Fourth. The streets running north and south are now named as follows: Elderberry Street is called Spruce; Hurtleberry is named Walnut, and Poakberry is known as Penn—the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad runs through it;-Blackberry Street is named Chestnut, and Shamokin, the principal thoroughfare, is called Market. In the square, intersected by this street, the original court house was built, and stood there for many years. A handsome soldiers' monument now stands south of the railroad track, at the upper end of the public square, surmounted by a life-size statue of Colonel James Cameron, who fell at the first battle of Bull Run. Dewberry Street is now called Arch, and Cranberry is known as Race. It will be noticed as a curious fact that all the streets and alleys running north and south were named after a "berry" of some kind or other, which leads us to infer that the town site, in its pristine condition, yielded a great variety of berries, which caused the surveyors to adopt these names.

It is also a curious study to examine the names of the original holders of the town lots. Among them will be found many who were conspicuous in public affairs at that day, both in civil and military life. And it is interesting to note that the descendants of many of those people still reside in Sunbury, and are classed among the leading and most distinguished citizens; whilst on the other hand some of the most prominent names of that day are no longer known in the town. George Nagel, who was sheriff of Berks County when Northumberland was set off, and aided in the organization of the first court in Sunbury, had the last lot at the foot of the square, on the left of the "plan." How long he held it an examination of the record only will show.



The present building on lot 64, at the foot of Market Streetnow occupied by Hon. John B. Packer as an office-was erected by Charles Hall, Esq., who afterwards married Miss Coleman and became the owner of Hall's Farms in Lycoming County. The patent for the lot from "the Hon. Thomas Penn and John Penn, Esqs., true and absolute Proprietaries and Governors in Chief of the Province of Pennsylvania and counties of Newcastle, Kent and Sussex on Delaware, to James Tilghman, Esq., of the city of Philadelphia, was dated the 2d day of January, in the thirteenth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George III., by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, etc., in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three," and recites: "That the said James Tilghman, in the year 1772, applied for and requested the said Proprietaries to permit him to take up one lot of ground on the east side of the Broadway, in the town of Sunbury, the county of Northumberland, in the said Province, marked in the general plan of the said town No. 64, in order to build thereon one substantial dwelling house of twenty feet square at least, with a good brick or stone chimney and to improve the same within the space of three years then next ensuing, agreeably to the said plan and regulations fixed for building the said town, etc.; and that the said Proprietaries favoring his request did order and direct the said lot of ground to be surveyed and laid out for the said James Tilghman, and by their warrant, bearing date the 21st day of December last, under the seal of their land office, having required their Surveyor General to accept and receive the survey so made of the said lot into his office and to make return thereof into their Secretary's office, in order for confirmation to the said James Tilghman, etc., etc. The said Surveyor General hath, in pursuance of said warrant, accordingly made his return of the said lot, etc. The said Proprietaries, at the instance and request of the said James Tilghman, and for and in consideration of the conditions and services to be paid and performed upon the part of the said James Tilghman, they the said Proprietaries, for themselves and their heirs and successors, have given, granted, released and confirmed and by these presents do give, grant, release and confirm unto the said James Tilghman, his heirs, all that the said before described lot of ground, with all houses, etc., whatsoever to



the said lot of ground belonging, etc. To have and to hold the said lot of ground, with the appurtenances, etc., unto the said James Tilghman, his heirs and assigns forever. To be holden of them the said Proprietaries, their heirs and assigns, as of their Manor of Pomfret in the county of Northumberland aforesaid, in free and common socage by fealty only, in lieu of all other services."

James Tilghman and William Tilghman, executors of the last will and testament of James Tilghman, deceased, by their indenture, made the 20th day of May, 1795, conveyed this lot unto Charles Hall, Esq.*

There are other lots on the "plan" which have interesting historical associations connected with them, but space will not warrant a notice of all.

Sunbury should always be a patriotic town, because the return of its survey was made on the 4th of July, 1772, four years before the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed. Its natal anniversary, therefore, always comes on the day most sacred to Americans.

We learn from the old records that the first building—after the town was founded—was erected by John Lukens at the northwest corner of Market Square, although nothing but the letter "P" and a blank space appears on the map. The second house,

^{*}As the note on page 361 is not as definite as it should be, the following is here-with inserted: Charles Hall, whose family lived at Mt. Welcome, (the first brick house built in Cecil County, Maryland, in 1669,) studied law with his uncle, General Hartley, in York, Pa. One day, while in Lancaster on business, he saw two young ladies on the street. He remarked to his companion that if he could find out who one of them was he would marry her. Later in the day he presented a letter of introduction to Mr. Coleman and was invited to dinner. At dinner he was introduced to the young lady he had met on the street, she being Mr. Coleman's daughter, then only seventeen years of age. This led to other visits, and Mr. Hall having settled in Sunbury, and having some means and the prospect of a good practice—which afterwards became very large—he married Miss Coleman and brought her to the house now standing on lot 64, which he had built.

R. M. Coleman, the father of Mrs. Hall, who came from Castle Finn, Ireland, was employed by Mr. Old, then owner of Cornwall, as book-keeper, and married his only daughter, and thereby came into possession of all that property. Mr. Old had acquired the property in the same way by marrying the daughter of Baron Steigel, who lived at Manheim, and owned all the property now forming the great Cornwall estate.



and now the most historic in the town, was built by William Maclay on the lot fronting the river at the foot of Arch Street. An examination of the map will show that the lot was numbered 56, in the name of "Wm. Maclay, Esq., returned 1st February, 1773."

- Mr. Maclay had some trouble about the public buildings in Sunbury, particularly a jail in which to incarcerate law-breakers, if we may judge from the following spicy letter which he wrote to J. Tilghman, under date of April 2, 1773:

SIR: I inclose you a Letter from three of the Trustees for the publick Buildings of this County, respecting some measures which we have lately fallen on to rescue us from the scandal of living intirely without any Place of confinement or punishment for Villains; Captain Hunter had address enough to render abortive every attempt that was made last summer, for keeping a regular Jail, even after I had been at considerable expense in fitting up the Magazine, under which there is a small But compleat Dungeon, I am sorry to inform you That he has given our present Measures the most Obstinate Resistance in his power and impeded Us with every embarrassment in the Compass of his Invention, we know nothing of the Footing on which Captain Hunter has possession of these Buildings, and only beg that the County may be accommodated with this old Magazine, with the addition proposed to be made to it, and with the House in which I now live, to hold our courts in; I have repaired the House in which I now live, But expect to have an House ready to remove to in Sunbury, before our November Court. As the present repairs are done intirely by subscription, you will readily guess that Captain Hunter is not among the number of subscribers. As there are many pieces of old Iron, &c., which formerly belonged to the fort, not of any use at present, the Trustees propose using any of them which can be converted to any advantage, for Grates, &c., for our temporary Gaol, unless they receive contrary Directions from Philada. If Hell is justly considered as the rendivous of Rascals, we cannot entertain a doubt of Wioming being the Place. Burn'd Hands, cut Ears, &c., are considered as the certain certificates of superior merit; we have certain Accounts of their having had several meetings lately to chuse a Sovereign and settle the State, &c., for it seems they have not now any Dependance on the Government of Connecticut. The Time of the Descent on the West Branch. Fort Augusta, &c., is now fixed for May next; I have no Doubt but the Desperate Tempers of these People will hurry them into some tragical affair, which will at last rouse our Government, when it may be too late to repair the mischief done by them. At the same time I am told there are some among them, who would willingly become quiet subjects, and are afraid to own their sentiments. Patterson has the other day been offered 1200 o o, for the same number of acres, not far from your Land. J would not have you sell. Doctor Plunkett goes down in a few days; 'tis likely I may send another long letter by him.

And am with the greatest Esteem,

Sir

Your most Obedient humble Servant,



The house alluded to in the above letter, to which he expected to remove before the November court, was built on lot "56,"* and is still standing. Its walls are of limestone obtained from the quarries below town, and they are as solid as when first laid up 116 years ago. It is indeed a historic house, and with care will stand for centuries yet to come. For several years it has been



The Maclay House.

owned and occupied by Hon. S. P. Wolverton. Luxuriant maples surround it, and in summer time it is almost hidden by their foliage. In the accompanying illustration the trees have been left off for the purpose of showing the house and its walls as clearly as possible. Recently Mr. Wolverton has enlarged and modernized the windows, and built an addition to the

rear with the same kind of stone, which is much larger than the original building, and makes the whole present a splendid appearance. Care has been taken to preserve the old mansion in its primitive form as nearly as possible, so that it will always remain as a monument for its original builder. Like the Wallis mansion at Halls, erected some four years earlier, it will be pointed to, as long as it stands, as an object of veneration, and a living evidence of the handiwork of our forefathers. Mr. Wolverton prizes the ancient home of Mr. Maclay and his family highly, and will endeavor to preserve it as long as it remains in his possession with scrupulous care, because it was built and occupied by the first United States Senator from Pennsylvania, 116 years ago.

A brief of the title to this historic property, from the Penns

^{*}During the Revolution a small stockade was erected on the rear of this lot for the better protection of refugees, in case of an attack on the town by the savages.



down to the present time, is appropriate in this connection, and it is given herewith:

Deed, dated January 31, 1785, from John Penn, Jr., and John Penn, Sr., to William Maclay, for 49¼ acres of the Manor of Pomfret, in Augusta township, North'd Co., Pa.

Will of William Maclay, dated November 3, 1797, devised lot 56 in Sunbury, Pa., unto his daughter Jane Maclay.

(This will is not recorded in North'd County, but is recited in deeds below.)

(Jane Maclay was intermarried with John Lyon.)

Deed, dated March 9, 1809, John Lyon and Jane, his wife, to Joshua Elder for said lot No. 56.

Deed, dated May 6, 1809, Joshua Elder to John Lyon, for lot No. 56.

Deed, dated March 29, 1813, John Lyon to Daniel Lebo, for lot No. 56. Recorded in North'd Co., in Deed Book "S," page 145.

(This deed recites the above deeds.)

Deed, Poll, dated April 20, 1819, William Shannon, sheriff, to John Conrad, for lot No. 56; sold as the property of Daniel Lebo.

Deed, dated January 5, 1822, John Conrad and wife to William Shannon for lot No. 56, recorded in said county in Deed Book "U," page 530.

Deed, June 9, 1847, Thomas Pardoe, administrator of William Shannon, deceased, to Ira T. Clement, for lot No. 56, recorded in said county in Deed Book "FF," page 297.

(This deed contains the following preamble:)

Whereas, on the 7th day of April, 1846, John Bogar, intermarried with one of the daughters of said deceased, presented his petition to the Orphaus' Court of said county, praying the court to award an inquisition to make partition among the heirs of said deceased. In pursuance thereof, on the 20th of July, 1846, an inquest was held on the same which at August term, 1846, was confirmed by the said court.

And whereas, on the 11th day of November, 1846, it appearing to the court, that notice had been given to the heirs of said deceased, to appear and accept of said estate at the valuation, and as they did not appear, the said court did order and decree that the same should be sold by the said administrator.

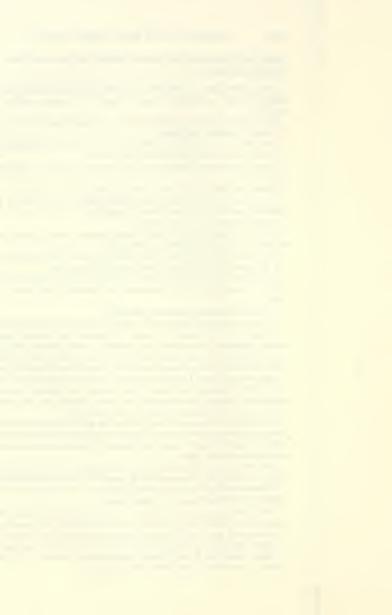
And whereas, in pursuance of said decree the said administrator advertised the said property for sale, but for want of bidders and the obstruction by ice in the river, the same remained unsold, and on the 13th day of January, 1847, the said order was continued by the said court.

And whereas, the said administrator, in pursuance of said order did on the 25th day of February, 1847, expose said lot of ground for sale and sold the same to Ira T. Clement, which said sale was confirmed by the said court on the 5th day of April, 1847, as by the proceedings of said court appear.

Deed, dated August 28, 1848, Ira T. Clement and wife to Solomon Smith and James Murphy, for lot No. 56, recorded in Deed Book No. "GG," page 56, &c.

Deed, dated May 1, 1856, Solomon Smith and wife, and James Murphy and wife to Henry Bartley, for lot No. 56, recorded in Deed Book "MM," page 599, &c.

Deed, dated April 8, 1865, Henry Bartley and wife to Simon P. Wolverton, for lot No. 56, recorded in Deed Book "VV," page 514, &c.



Mr. Maclay was finally gratified to learn that steps had been taken for the erection of a jail at an early date. On the 23d of July, 1774, the Colonial Legislature passed "an act for lending the sum of £800 to the county of Northumberland for building a court house and prison in said county," as may be seen by reference to Vol. X., Colonial Records, pages 197 and 198. In March, 1775, Samuel Hunter, William Maclay and Robert Moodie, commissioners, commenced to build the jail. Contracts were made with different parties to do the work. The vouchers show that James Chisnal had the contract to quarry the stone, John Lee to furnish the lime, John Harris, senior, of Paxtang (now Harrisburg), the iron, Frederick Weyman to supply the hinges, hooks, rivets, etc. Joseph McCarrell, Zachariah Robins and Conrad Platner hauled the stone, lime and scaffold poles, and Henry Crawford and Robert Lent laid up the stone-work. John Buyers and John Maclay did the carpenter work. The jail was finished in 1776. It was a stone and brick structure, one part being used for a court house and the other for a prison. The building cost about \$4,000. Although much modernized and enclosed by other buildings, the old structure could still be clearly recognized until recently, and was always pointed to as one of the relics of the town. On the green, in front of the combined prison and temple of justice, the whipping post was erected and there criminals received their quota of "lashes well laid on," in the days of the irascible Judge Plunkett.

The history of our public roads is inseparable from the history of the settlement of this valley by the white race. From time immemorial the unbroken wilderness had been penetrated by narrow, tortuous paths, so dim as to require the sagacity natural to the aborigine, or acquired by the early white hunters and scouts in order to follow them.

When the adventurous pioneer determined upon a permanent settlement, these paths, known as "Indian trails," were made more distinct by a system of "spotting" the trees along the way, and many cases are on record where belated people have patiently groped through the dark forest by feeling the blazes on the trees.

In the course of time, when it became desirable to transport merchandise through the woods, these paths were widened out



and acquired the name of "bridle paths," from the custom of leading the "pack horse" by the rein, as the people slowly toiled along on foot.

Still later on, when families and household goods of the early settlers were to come in, these paths were again widened out, so as to admit the passage of wheeled vehicles, and these from time to time have been changed in location to suit the convenience and comfort of the inhabitants.

It is impossible for the present generation to realize the original surroundings of the early roads. For miles there would be a succession of great chuck holes between the matted and gnarled roots of the great forest trees, over which the vehicles would thump and jerk, at times getting so mired that levers would have to be cut and used to pry the wheels out of the sloughs. After a time the trees were girdled along the road to admit the sunshine, so that they would dry up. In many cases they wound around the high ground far away from the direct course, in order to avoid the miles of impenetrable swamps that covered our valley plains.

As one stands to-day upon the corner of West Fourth and Walnut streets, of Williamsport, with that magnificent Catholic edifice before him, and those elegant mansions on every hand, with dry, paved streets at all seasons of the year, it is hard to believe that less than 80 years ago this same highway was corduroyed for a long distance to make it passable, and that a hundred feet west of Walnut Street stood a log bridge across a rapid stream, from which a citizen of Jaysburg fell and was drowned.*

The first public road in the West Branch Valley was authorized by the court of Northumberland County, and reported on at the October term, 1772. It was to be laid out 33 feet wide, but does not appear to have been opened for some time afterward, for we find that Lieutenant Colonel Henry Antes and others were ap-

^{*}His name was John Murphy, and he settled two and a half miles up Larry's Creek as early as 1788. He was a clock-maker, and it is said that some of his clocks are still in existence. His daughter Sarah, it is claimed, was the first white child born on Larry's Creek, about 1790. J. H. McMinn, in his Annals of Jayaburg's shows that he was one of the settlers there when that place aspired to be the county seat of Lycoming. According to tradition he was a little tipsy when he fell off the bridge and was drowned on what is now the driest and most magnificent street in Williamsport.



pointed, at the August session of 1775, "to view, and if they saw cause, to lay out a bridle road from the mouth of Bald Eagle Creek to the town of Sunbury."

This evidently led to the prompt erection of the public road, as provided for three years previously, as we find that wagons loaded with emigrants were caught in that memorable massacre that occurred where Williamsport now stands, on June 10, 1778.

One of the most curious documents that has survived the devastation of the "Big Runaway" and the years following, is the notes of the surveying party which laid out this public road. It is owned by Mr. Howard R. Wallis, of Muncy, and is briefly condensed as follows:

Courses of the new road from Fort Augusta to Laycauming.

Beginning as follows:

Course & Distance of a road viewed and laid out in Pursuance of an order of Court for the same. Begin'g at fort augusta thence n. 56 east to Sergt Grants 160 Perches, thence to a mark Hickery nigh the Bank on the north side of the East Branch, thence N 50 west 90 P to the first street of Northumberland along the man street of sd Town 200 Perches, thence north 56 west 200 perches, and so on by several courses and distances 726 perches "to John Alexanders." Thence by several courses and distances 546 perches "at a fording of Chisquaque." Thence 306 perches "to William Plunkets Esqrs." Thence 836 perches "to John Doughertys." Thence 512 perches "(Marcus Hulings)."

After this time no definite point is mentioned until "The Gap of Muncy Hill" is reached. Three hundred and eighteen perches beyond this point occurs the following clause that has been canceled:

Thence by Northward and Westward by a line of marked trees to Laycauming.

In place of the above the regular courses and distances follow:

"To the fording of Muncy Creek," "to Wolf run," "to Mr. Wallis's Run," "to the run above Wallises." "Across LoyalSock Creek thence N 74 W. to the upper end of Barbers field 100 P." and finally "to Lycauming."

Signed.

RICHARD MALLONE, AMARIAH SUTTON, ALEX'D STEPHENS, MARCUS HULINGS.

This pioneer highway was doubtless very rude, only room enough being brushed out for the wagons to edge through, as they wound back and forth among the forest trees, very few of which



were cut, so that it soon grew shut again and became undiscernible.

Philip Tome tells us that when he brought his family up to settle in 1791, he traveled by keel boat, there being no other mode of conveyance.

Soon after this time the new county of Lycoming was organized, and we hear of a public road from Sunbury to Newberry, and a few years later the horn of the stage coach driver heralded the dawn of rapid transit in this valley.

In 1772 John Harris made an improvement on the south side of the river opposite the Great Island. It probably included the site of the old Indian town that stood on the point where Beech Creek unites with the river. On the 20th of November, 1774, he conveyed his improvement to William Dunn. The tract contained about 300 acres. He was a son of Samuel Harris, a son of the founder of Harrisburg. His father (Samuel) was a settler in Northumberland County, and took an active part in affairs on the West Branch. He afterwards removed to near Cayuga Lake, where he died August 19, 1825. John Harris was commissioned a captain in the Twelfth Pennsylvania October 14, 1776.

At this time all settlements on the north side of the river and west of Lycoming Creek were made in violation of the laws of the Province, as the land had not yet been purchased from the Indians. Yet the land was so rich and fertile that many adventurers ran all risks and squatted there. The Indians regarded these settlers with suspicion, as they were trenching on their choice hunting grounds. They remonstrated, but their remonstrances did no good. Finally they complained to the Provincial Government so sharply that the Penns became alarmed, and at a meeting of the Council held at Philadelphia, September 18, 1773, reference was made to this matter as follows:

The Governor informed the board that he had received information that several families had lately seated themselves on lands on the north side of the West Branch of Susquehanna, beyond the boundaries of the last purchase made of the Indians at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and it being considered that the making settlements on the Indians' lands would create great uneasiness among them, and if not immediately removed and prevented for the future, might be attended with fatal consequences, it was the opinion of the board that a proclamation, commanding the magistrates and other peace officers to enforce and carry the laws for preventing persons settling on



any of the unpurchased lands in this Province into execution, against all persons who had already made any such settlements, or should hereafter transgress the same law; the secretary was accordingly directed to prepare a draught of a proclamation for that purpose.

In accordance with this decision the proclamation was immediately drawn by the secretary and approved by John Penn, September 20, 1773, when it was proclaimed throughout the Province. It is a formidable document, and recites that any person settling on these lands, making surveys, cutting or marking trees with the intention of appropriating the land, should be apprehended and tried in the Court of Quarter Sessions, and if convicted should pay a fine of £500 and suffer imprisonment for twelve months, "without bail or main prize," and give "surety for good behavior during the space of twelve months* from and after the expiration of the term of such imprisonment."

Notwithstanding the severe terms of the proclamation, no attention seems to have been paid to it, for settlers continued to arrive and settle on the forbidden territory. Neither does it appear that any arrests were made. The proclamation seems to have been generally disregarded.

In 1774 Thomas Ferguson settled a short distance west of Lycoming Creek, on what was afterwards known as the Grier Farm. Another family of Kings—William, Joseph and Reeder—settled near the mouth of the creek. They bere no relationship to the brothers of the same name who had settled at Pine Creek. Edmund Huff located a short distance above the mouth of the creek in the same year. William McMeen settled on the river in 1774, and Henry Dougherty came the following year. The little stream known to-day as Dougherty's Run was named after him. About the same time Andrew Armstrong settled at what was known as the "Big Spring," a short distance east of what is now known as the village of Linden.

John, James and Thomas Hughes, three brothers, settled, in 1774, near what is now known as Pine Run. A portion of the tract taken up by them was in the possession of descendants for over one hundred years. Bratton Caldwell, afterwards a noted "Fair Play" man, also settled on what was a portion of the

^{*} For proclamation in full see Colonial Records, Vol. X., page 95.



Hughes estate, in 1774. John Toner had preceded him in that neighborhood one year. The first wedding west of Lycoming Creek is said to have taken place in the winter of 1775. The parties married were Bratton Caldwell* and Miss Elcy Hughes. The wedding took place at a cabin occupied by a justice in Nippenose Bottom, on the south side of the river. The contracting parties and their friends crossed the river on the ice, and tradition informs us that they had quite a jollification after the nuptial knot was tied.

In 1773, Robert King, John and Adam, three brothers, came to the valley from Ireland, and settled on the fine land west of Pine Creek, where they remained about a year. They then became impressed with the idea that the land was not good, when they abandoned their improvement and located below Larry's Creek on the hills. They were greatly mistaken in the quality of the land, and lived long enough to realize it. Robert served as First Lieutenant in the Fourth Company of Associators, commanded by Captain Gillespie, his commission bearing date February 8, 1776. He and his-brothers fled during the Big Runaway. On their return they found their cabins burned. Robert died March 29, 1848, aged 94 years, 7 months and 29 days, and was buried in the old cemetery on West Fourth Street, Williamsport. John lived to be about 80, but Adam died at a much younger age. They were buried in the Williamsport Cemetery also.

^{*}They had eight children, three sons and five daughters. The sons were named James, David and John. James died at the family home on Pine Run. The other two went West. Of the daughters, Nancy, the eldest, remained single; Elizabeth married Adam King, and they moved West in 1835 and settled near Indianapolis. Margaret married William Pearson and they settled near Cincinnati. Mary married James Watson, and they took up their residence in Jersey Shore. Mr. Watson was one of the first store-keepers in that place, and at first he hauled his goods from Philadelphia by wagon. Bratton Caldwell, his wife and young daughter, Susan, died about 1810 or 1811, of what was said to be yellow fever, at their home on Pine Run.



CHAPTER XVII.

BISHOP ETTWEIN'S JOURNAL GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FLIGHT OF THE MORAVIANS UP THE WEST BRANCH ON THEIR WAY TO OHIO IN 1772—THEIR TRIALS AND SUFFERINGS.

T this point we note the passage of the last Moravians through the valley. They had made a settlement at Wyalusing, on the North Branch, and founded a town called Friedenshutten. After the treaty of Fort Stanwix, when the Indians sold the land to Penn,* the Moravians asked the Governor that the country surrounding their mission might be held in trust for them. This he declined to allow, but assured them that they should never be disturbed, and that his surveyors should not come within five miles of their town. But after this assurance had been given, it was only a few months till the surveyors were at work running lines and locating warrants upon the plantations attached to the mission. In addition to this, the controversy between Pennsylvania and the Connecticut people was beginning to assume a serious aspect, and the probabilities were that ere long the whole country would be involved in the conflict.

Not liking the appearance of things, the Moravians decided to break up their settlement and emigrate, and having received an invitation to remove to Ohio, they accepted. The Wyalusing mission at this time numbered 151 souls, of whom 52 were communicants; 72 were baptized non-communicants, and 20 were unbaptized. They had built a church and were living comfortably and happy when this trouble came upon them.

It having been decided to emigrate to Ohio, preparations were at once commenced for the exodus, and on the 11th of June, 1772, the congregation assembled for the last time in their church, when, with thanksgiving to God for His mercies, and prayers for

^{*} See Egle's History of Pennsylvania, page 413.



His protection and guidance, they went forth to bid a final adicu to their humble homes, their pleasant hunting grounds, and the graves of their kindred, and took up their march toward the setting sun.

The emigrants were divided into two companies, and each of these was subdivided into several parties. One of these companies marched overland by the Wyalusing path, up Sugar Run, and then through what is now Sullivan County, to the headwaters of Muncy Creek, down which they descended into Muncy Valley. This company was in charge of Bishop John Ettwein,* who, at their request, had been sent to superintend their removal, and had the care of the horses and cattle. The other party was in charge of Roth, and went down the North Branch in canoes to the junction of the West Branch, up which they ascended. The bell was taken down from its place on the church and carried by Anthony in his canoe in the van of the fleet, and was tolled until the squadron rounded the mountain a mile and a half below the church. The doors and windows of the church were nailed up, and the buildings left in charge of Job Chilloway, a friendly Indian. The journey was toilsome, and full of incidents and Bishop Ettwein kept a journal of daily events, which was lately found among the Moravian archives at Bethlehem, and translated and annotated by Mr. John W. Jordan, of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and published in the Moravian, a religious journal. It is exceedingly interesting, and such portions of it as relate to the journey up the West Branch are quoted herewith in full:

"During the 8th, 9th and 10th of June, 1772, all was bustle in Friedenshutten, with preparations for the impending journey, and the pestles of the corn-mortars were plied day and night. The texts of Scripture† allotted for these days: 'I will make the re-

†Since the year 1731, the Moravian Church has issued annually a collection of "Paily Texts," consisting of verses from the Bible for each day, with appropriate

collects taken from the hymn-book.

^{*}Born 1712, in the Schwarzwald, in Germany. In 1754 he emigrated to America, and served the church both in Pennsylvania and North Carolina. In 1764 he became a member of the Mission Board. In 1784 he was consecrated a Bishop, and stood at the head of the church in Pennsylvania until his death in 1802.—Life of Zeirberger, page 338.



jected unto a great people,'—'I will give them to drink of the water-courses in plain paths,'—'Awake, rise and awake, oh Zion,'—were words that brought us comfort, as we in faith applied them all to ourselves.

"Thursday, June 11.—Early we met for the last time in the town for divine worship. I remarked on the Scripture portion of the day, to wit: 'They have not possessed themselves of the land by the sword'—in effect, that all our temporal and spiritual welfare depended upon the presence within us of the Lord's Spirit, and of His being well pleased with His people. Then we knelt in prayer, and again thanked Him for the numerous blessings that had been vouchsafed to us in this spot, and for the evidences of His love and patience. Hereupon we commended ourselves to His keeping and guidance on the way, asking Him to provide all our wants, both by land and water.

"At the close of the service the canoes were laden; the bell was taken from its turret, the window-sashes from out of the church, and the dismantled windows nailed shut with boards.

"At 2 P. M. Brother and Sister Roth in their canoe set out, followed by the others, thirty in number. We had divided the voyageurs into six divisions, over each of which were set one or two leaders. Timothy, who carried the bell in his canoe, rang it for some time, as the squadron moved down the stream, never again to ring out its call to the house of prayer, over the waters of the lovely Susquehanna.

"After all had left the town I locked the doors of the chapel and the missionaries' dwelling—took leave of Job Chilloway and commended to him oversight of the houses and improvements—to which he consented, and at the same time made fair promises. He and his wife were the only two who appeared to regret our departure, as they shed tears. All the others manifested satisfaction. With Brother and Sister Roth there went 140 souls; with me by the overland route, 54. Others are to proceed also by land from Sheshequin, so that the entire migration numbers 211 souls.

"A short time before our departure the measles had been brought to Friedenshutten from Sheshequin, which place had been



infected by a white man. The epidemic soon appeared among the voyageurs, and a maiden of my company was taken down with them on the third day out. Our journey consumed five days, that of the voyageurs ten days, when we met at the mouth of Muncy Creek.*

"As we crossed the river our way led us straightway to the mountain, and after proceeding two miles we entered the great Swamp,† where the undergrowth was so dense that oftentimes it was impossible to see one another at the distance of six feet. The path, too, was frequently invisible, and yet along it sixty head of cattle and fifty horses and colts had to be driven. It needed careful watch to keep them together. We lost but one young cow from the entire herd. Every morning, however, it was necessary to send drivers back as far as ten miles to whip in such as would during the night seek to return.

"At our first night's encampment two of our brethren lost themselves while in search of straying cattle, and several hours elapsed before we could reach them by signal guns and shouts. It was daily a matter of astonishment to me, that any man should presume to traverse this swamp, and follow what he called a path. It is at least sixty miles in diameter, but not as rocky and hilly as the swamp between Bethlehem and Friedenshutten. However, on the highland for the distance of about eight miles, where the Loyalsock **, and Muncy Creek head, it is excessively rocky and almost impassable. There were indications of abundance of ores here. It might be called with propriety *Ore Mountains*. The timber is principally sugar-maple, tall lindens, ash, oak and whitepine. What told on me the most was that several days it rained incessantly as we penetrated the woods, so that I was wet from head to foot all day. The path led thirty-six times across Muncy

^{*}Called Ocechrocheny on Scull's map. Zinzendorf with his companions were the first Moravians to cross the creek, in September of 1742.

[†]The path crossed the river at the Fords at the present Sugar Run Ferry, over the mountains to Lewis' saw mill, on Sugar Run, thence to Well's saw mill, where the swamp begins, following the main branch of the creek up to near its source—to this day continuous swamps and marshes.

[‡] Heckewelder states, corrupted from Lawi-saquick, signifying the middle creck, i. e., a creek flowing between two others. Zunzendorf visited Ots-ton-wa-kin, the residence of Madam Montour, at the mouth of the creek, in October of 1742.



Creek. At intervals there were exceedingly rich bottom-lands, and the noblest timber I have seen in America, excepting the cypresses in South Carolina and Georgia.*

"Trinity Sunday, June 14.—We met for worship for the first time on the journey, as the incessant lowing and noise of the cattle drowned all attempts at discourse and singing.

"Mondar, June 15.—We passed from the Swamp into an extensive and beautiful region of plains,† where we encamped, and from which point we sent several brethren to meet the voyageurs. Here the hunters in two days shot fifteen deer, the meat of which was dried at the fires for use on the journey.‡

"Tuesday, June 17.—A man from the Jerseys, who on his return home will pass through Bethlehem, cailed at our camp. Through him I sent letters home.

"Wednesday, June 18.—We proceeded to the West Branch, to Scoonhoven's plantation, one mile above Wallis'.§ Here on the 20th the canoes overtook us.

"Brother Roth narrates as follows of his journey: 'We advanced the first day but eight miles, by reason of a heavy rain that fell, which necessitated us to put up huts, which in two hours' time were all complete, affording us shelter. The rest refreshed us, and our little Johnny (Roth) slept soundly. During the 12th, because of the high wind, the canoes rocked roughly on the water. Samuel's daughter was taken ill of the measles. In the evening we had our first meeting, worshiping standing in the woods. It was so cold during the night as to keep us from sleep. On the 13th the wind was still contrary, causing high waves in the river. At noon we passed Lechawachnek. As we passed the

^{*}Ettwein in 1762 itinerated among the German settlers in South Carolina, and in 1765 in Georgia among the Salzburgers and Swiss.

[†]Muncy Valley. This region was settled by Quakers from the counties near Philadelphia, as the names of the townships, Penn, Moreland, Shrewsbury, etc., indicate.

[!] In Wolf Township, Lycoming County.

Reading Howell's map of 1790 notes Wallis' mill on a run near the West Branch, about four miles above the mouth of Muncy Creek, in Muncy Township. This point is in an air line forty-one miles south-west by west from Friedenshutten, and over fifty miles by the route traveled.



Fort* we saw it lined with spectators, and a man playing on the violin. We encamped on the stony beach of the river, and were disturbed at night by some drunken fellows.

"'On Sunday, the 14th, after we had passed the falls† below Wyomik, I held preaching. We then paddled on, and on the 15th reached Nescopec‡ (the word signifies "a nasty deep hole"). Here the canoes were worked over the falls, in part by hand, in part by means of ropes, and not without much anxiety. Here the Susquehanna is not wider than the mill-dam at Bethlehem; a mile lower down, however, it grows much broader.

"' 16th.-The wind continued contrary.

"17th.—On account of Anna Elizabeth being ill we had to lay over.\$ Several brethren came from Bro. Ettwein's camp on Muncy Creek. A number of white settlers also called on us, several of whom attended our evening service. At its close a German, who had years ago frequented the brethren's meeting in Oley, called on me. I took occasion to address him in reference to his soul's welfare and he was visibly moved. Next morning he came with his family to bid us farewell.

"Sunday, June 21.—Bro. Roth preached on the words of Scripture: 'Hold fast that ye have' concerning continuing with Christ and Him crucified. In the evening service I discoursed on the text of the day: 'Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty;' treating of the true liberty enjoyed by believers, and the pseudo-liberty of unbelievers, who dread Christ's yoke and yet are in bondage to Satan. At noon I preached at Mr. Samuel Wallis' to from fifty to sixty hearers, all English, some of whom had come from twenty miles distance. I spoke of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Monday, June 22.—We had a market-day in camp. Mr. Wallis bought of us fifteen head of young cattle and some canoes.

^{*}Possibly the block-house built by Charles Stewart, Amos Ogden and John Jennings, in 1768.

[†] Nanticoke Falls.

[‡]Corrupted from Neskchoppeek, signifying black, deep and still water. (Hecke welder). About twenty miles below Wilkes Barre.

[₹] Probably above the Chillisquaque, in Northumberland County. Scull's map locates an Indian village of the same name at the mouth of the creek.



Other persons bought bowls, firkins, buckets, tubs, chains and divers iron-ware. A trader's agent had smuggled some rum into the purlicus of the camp. The transgression was soon discovered, and after threatening him to his great anxiety we handed the contraband merchandise to Mr. Wallis for safe-keeping, until the trader should return from the Great Island. Twenty cwt. of flour, which I had purchased with the money presented to our Indians by friends in Philadelphia, were here distributed.*

"June 23 and 24.—Broke up camp and moved on. Passed the Loyalsock at the spot where the Sainted Disciple visited thirty years ago,† and Lycoming Creek, which marks the boundary line of lands purchased from the Indians. † At both places we found white settlers. Our cattle were driven to grass into the woods, past the site of the old Indian town. One mile above Lycoming stood formerly the town of Quenischaschachki, where our Bro. Nathaniel Davis lived for six years, and where Grube and Mack visited. Nathaniel Davis related to Bro. Roth that at the time of the two missionaries' sojourn in the town, a couple of Shawanese, who were inimical to the whites, had demanded of him Grube's surrender, in order to murder him, denouncing him as a seducer; that he, Davis, had replied, 'the white man is seated in my house and there no harm shall befall him,' that he did not regard him as a seducer, that he had heard nothing evil from him, observing that Bro. Grube had been so kind to the children that this course had at once prepossessed him in his favor. Finally Davis stated that all the chief enemies of the Word of God and of the whites were now passed away.

^{*}Ettwein brought with him from Bethlehem to Friedenshutten a gift of £100, donated by benevolent friends in Philadelphia.

[†]Zinzendorf visited the spot in October of 1742.

[‡]The great treaty held at Fort Stanwix in November of 1768, between Sir Wm. Johnson, His Majesty's superintendent, and commissioners from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia and the Six Nations.

[§] The Delawares had a town of this name on the West Branch, on the site of Linden, Lycoming County, six miles from Jersey Shore. It was repeatedly visited by the Moravian missionaries prior to 1754. Scull's map notes it. The name is Preserved in Queneshahaque Creek, a northern tributary, which unites with the West Branch at Linden.

[|] In August of 1753. See Memorial of the Moravian Church, Vol. 1., page 330.



"We encamped above Larry's Creek.* Here Newhalceka's wife visited our Bro. Joseph. She stated that her husband was ill; otherwise both with their family would have emigrated with us to the West. The old chief told Bro. John that as soon as possible he would take the step, as he was in earnest to be converted.

"June 25.—We camped opposite Long Island.† Here rattlesnakes seemed to hold undisputed sway, and they were killed at all points. Not more than a half hour after our arrival a horse was brought in that had been bitten in the nose. His head swelled up frightfully, and as it rained the remedy failed to take the proper effect and the poor animal perished the next day, as we lay in camp at the lower end of Long Island and halted there on the 26th. Here I assembled all the men, told them that we had progressed but thirty miles during the past week, and that if we failed to make more rapid headway our company would come to serious want; that it would be prudent under these circumstances to leave the sick woman, her husband and their friends on the Island (for we expected her release was near at hand); that when Nath'l Davis and his party (which had also remained in the rear on account of sickness) would come up, they could join him, and that we would send men and fresh horses for them from Chinklacamoose. It was furthermore resolved that the strongest of our company should proceed in five canoes with the sisters' baggage as far as Chinklacamoose. The next day (27th), however, on arriving at Mr. Campbell's, at the upper end of the island, where we met Mr. Anderson, they dissuaded us from attempting to embark a canoe, stating the water to be too shallow for navigation. Hereupon the canoes and sundry utensils were sold, viz.: The 4 windows for our church, I box of glass, I keg of nails.

^{*}Larry's Creek empties into the West Branch from the north, in Piatt Township, Lycoming County, two miles east of Jersey Shore.

[†] Jersey Shore, or rather the island in the river at that place. After the peace of 1783, Jeremiah and Reuben Manning, two brothers from New Jersey, and others from their State, settled below the mouth of Pine Creek and called the settlement Jersey Shore. It was for some time called Waynesburg.

On the site of the county town of Clearfield there stood in olden times the village of Chinklacamoos, written Chinglecamouche on Scull's map. It was the central point of the great "Chinklacamoos path."

[¿]Query-near the mouth of the Bald Eagle Creek.



and another filled with iron we left here in trust, as it was impossible to transport them, and yet everyone was loath to part with what was his. It having rained incessantly for several days, our effects were wet through, and Roths had their clothes and bedding seriously damaged.

"Sunday, June 28.—Vesterday I promised, at their request, to preach to the white settlers. Accordingly a goodly audience assembled, English settlers from the Bald Eagle Creek,* and the south shore of the West Branch, to whom I proclaimed the counsels of God respecting their salvation. As no ordained minister of the Gospel was as yet settled in the neighborhood, I was requested to baptize, and accordingly I administered the sacraments to the new-born daughter of a Frenchman, Fourney by name, calling her Conigunda, and to the son of a Catholic, Antoine White, whom I named John.

"Joshua convoked the men and persuaded them, despite their yesterday's deliberation to the contrary, to carry along Elizabeth who was sick, and also to send lame Jonathan with a string of wampum ahead to Langundoutenink, Koskas Kink, and Gekelemekhpeekink.† As they consulted neither me nor Roth in this business, we took no farther notice of it. It proved, however, the beginning of divers perplexities.

"Monday, June 29.—My 52d birthday. We set out from the island by land.‡ I and a few of the brethren from this day on lead the caravan. Traveled 14 miles to Beech Creek on the path agreed upon. Beech Creek is a branch of the Bald Eagle. After encamping here the brethren returned with horses to fetch up the baggage. This they did daily, and thus were compelled to travel the road three times.

"Tuesday, June 30.—Bro. and Sr. Roth came up from the rear with the others, excepting Elizabeth and her friends, she being

^{*}Called by the Delawares Wapalanewach-shiee-hanne, i. e., the stream of the Bald Eagle's nest. It empties into the West Branch from the south-west in Clinton County.

[†]On the Tuscaroras, in Oxford Township, Tuscarora County, Ohio.

[‡] Probably here they crossed the West Branch and came to Beech Creek, which empties into the Bald Eagle Creek ten miles south-west by south from Lock Haven. On crossing Beech Creek they left Clinton and entered Centre County. Beech Creek is 19 miles from Jersey Shore.



too ill to allow of her being carried. Thereupon I moved on 9 miles to a salt-lick. As I was in search of Roth's horse (which we had bought on Great Island) to send it back to his camp, I trod upon a fifteen year old rattlesnake. Such was my fright that for days I took every footstep with dread, fancying every rustling leaf to be the movement of a venomous reptile. The 2 Indian brethren with me despatched the reptile. Nath'l Davis and company this day reached Campbell's.*

"Thursday, July 2.—Bro. Roth and the others again came to the front,

"Friday, July 3.—In company with Cornelius and William, I advanced early in the morning. Up to this time we had passed only through a beautiful and fertile region of country, but now our way lead across mountains.† On reaching a summit, when eight miles along, we saw the bold peaks between the West Branch and the Juniata, like dwarfs, and before us stood giants. We were compelled to encamp on a dry elevation, and to fetch water from the foot of the mountain. A poor little cripple, aged 10 or 11, our sainted Bro. Jonas' son, whom his mother had carried all the way in a basket from one station to another, was very weak to-day, and expressed the wish to be washed from sin in baptism. Bro. Roth administered the sacrament and named him Nathan

"Saturday, July 4.—Early to-day there came two Indians from Kaskasky, en route for Stockbridge. I invited them to breakfast. One of them spoke English fluently. In his childhood he had been taken prisoner by the whites, but since then had turned a complete Indian in his mode of life.

"We proceeded four miles into the mountains. Bro. Roth was from this point summoned to Great Island by an express. Thither Joshua had returned with twelve men to fetch up his sick friend;

^{*} He evidently has reference to Cleary Campbell, who settled on the Charles Glass tract, on the site of Lock Haven, in 1769. See page 380 of this work.

[†] Thus far, on leaving Lock Haven, they had pushed up the valley of the Bald Eagle, bounded by the Bald Eagle Ridge to the south and Allegheny proper on the north. Now they began the ascent of the latter, which is the back-bone of Howard. Snowshoe, Boggs and Houston townships, Centre County—a tract of broken and wild Alpine region of country.



and when he arrived there she was near her end, which she attained with release from all suffering on the evening of the 5th inst., just an hour prior to Roth's arrival. On the 6th he buried her. She was a daughter of Jo. Peepe's wife, baptized May 6, 1770, at Friedenshutten by Bro. Schmick, married there to Bro. Mark and bore him two children—one son and a daughter born twelve days ago, prematurely, on the West Branch. It lived but a few days. On the evening of the 6th Bro. Roth rejoined us in camp, where I yesterday held a discourse on the daily words, speaking on the delights of meditating on the Word of God. The appended verses of the hymn applied to our case, as we were weak both physically and spiritually. Oh, patience!

"Tuesday, July 7.—Moved on six miles to a spring, where there was excellent pasture. A heavy thunder storm with rain set in.

"Wednesday, July 8.—Advanced ten miles to the West Mashannek,* over precipitous and ugly mountains and through two dangerous rocky streams.† In fording the second I fell neckdeep into the water. Had it been at any other season of the year we could not have endured so much wading in streams.

"Thursday, July 9.—Advanced but two miles to a run in the swamp. We were almost broken down, and those who carried the baggage could with difficulty climb the mountains.

"Friday, July 10.—Lay in camp, as some of our horses had straved, and I had to send mine back twice to Roth at his camp.

"Saturday, July 11.—We found Nathan released from all suffering. He had departed unobserved. The daily word was: 'Remember how miserable and forsaken I was.' How applicable! His emaciated remains were interred along side of the path, and I cut his name into a tree that overshaded his lonely grave, and then we moved on eight miles to an old beaver-dam. My heart was often at Bethlehem, and I longed to be at the Lord's Supper in the chapel there.

^{*}The Big Moshanuon, the boundary between Centre and Clearfield counties and thirty miles west south-west from Lock Haven. Crossed it into Clearfield County and entered the swamp, say in Morris Township.

[†]The path led along the north side of Marsh Creek, over Indian Grave Hill, through Snowshoe and Moshannon to the West Branch of Moshannon. The two streams forded were an upper branch of Beech Creek and East Branch of Moshannon.



"Sunday, July 12.—Brother and Sister Roth came up, and so did others. In the evening we met for worship, and discoursed about prayer to and longing for Jesus. There was a collection of corn and beans taken up for the poor.

"Monday, July 13.—Proceeded six miles to a spring in a beautiful, widely expanded mountain-meadow. Scarcely had we encamped when a frightful storm swept over us. The angry clouds like mountains piled themselves up in the heavens, the lightning like snakes of fire leaped in forked flames over the sky, the thunder rolled like siege-artillery, and the rain came down with the sound of many waters or the roaring of a mighty cataract. It was a war of the elements. The tall oaks bowed before the storm, and where the timber failed to do obeisance it was snapped like glass in the grasp of the roaring wind. My companions to my surprise heeded none of this, but cut saplings, collected bark and built huts, which were completed as the storm passed over.

"Tuesday, July 14.-Reached Clearfield Creek,* where the buffalos formerly cleared large tracts of undergrowth so as to give them the appearance of cleared fields. Hence the Indians call the creek Clearfield. Here at night and next morning, to the great joy of the hungry, nine deer were shot. Whoever shoots a deer has for his private portion the skins and insides; the meat he must bring into camp and deliver to the distributors. John and Cornelius acted in this capacity in our division. It proved advantageous for us not to keep so closely together as we had at first designed; for if the number of families in a camp be large, one or two deer, when cut up, afford but a scanty meal to each individual. So it happened that scarce a day passed without there being a distribution of venison in the advance, the centre and the rear camp. (On the route there were 150 deer and but three bears shot.) In this way our Heavenly Father provided for us; and I often prayed for our hunters and returned thanks for their success. As there was a growing impatience observable among those who were called on to aid others with their horses, to press on, and not be detained, I here spent a sleepless and anxious night. But on

^{*}Two miles south-east from Clearfield.



"Thursday, July 16, after representing the state of our case to the malcontents, I felt reassured, and journeyed on with a few brethren two miles in a pelting rain to the site of Chinklacamoose, where we found but three huts and a few patches of Indian corn. The name signifies 'No one tarries here willingly.' It may perhaps be traced to the circumstance that some thirty years ago an Indian resided here as a hermit upon a rock, who was wont to appear to the Indian hunters in frightful shapes. Some of these too he killed, others he robbed of their skins; and this he did for many years. We moved on four miles, and were obliged to wade the West Branch three times, which is here like the Lehigh at Bethlehem, between the island and the mountain, rapid and full of ripples.

"Friday, July 17.—Advanced only four miles to a creek that comes down from the north-west.* Had a narrow and stony spot for our camp.

"Saturday, July 18.—Moved on without awaiting Roth and his division, who on account of the rain had remained in camp. Today Shebosch lost a colt from the bite of a rattlesnake. Here we left the West Branch three miles to north-west up the creek, crossing it five times. Here too the path went precipitously up the mountain, and four or five miles up and up—to the summit—to a spring, the head-waters of the Ohio.† Here I lifted up my heart in prayer, as I looked westward, that the Sun of Grace might rise over the heathen nations that dwell beyond the distant horizon.

"Sunday, July 19.—As yesterday but two families kept with me because of the rain, we had a quiet Sunday, but enough to do drying our effects. In the evening all joined me, but we could hold no service, as the ponkis were so excessively annoying that the cattle pressed toward and into our camp to escape their persecutors in the smoke of the fires. This vermin is a plague to

^{*}Anderson's Creek, seven miles south-west from Clearfield, in Pike Township, which they struck at a point near the present Curwinsville, thence into the creek three miles, thence north-westerly to the summit spring.

[†]Probably the sources of the North Branch of the Mahoning, which rises in Brady Township, Clearfield County, and empties into the Allegheny, in Allegheny County, ten miles above Kittanning.



man and beast, both by day and night. But in the swamp through which we are now passing their name is legion. Hence the Indians call the swamp Ponksutenink, i. e., the 'town of the ponkis.'* The word is equivalent to 'living dust and ashes,' the vermin being so small as not to be seen, and their bite being hot as sparks of fire or hot ashes. The brethren here related an Indian myth, to wit: That the aforecited Indian hermit and sorcerer, after having been for many years a terror to all Indians, had been killed by one who had burned his bones; but the ashes he blew into the swamp, and they became living things, and hence the ponkis."

The pious emigrants continued on their journey slowly, and finally reached the Moravian settlement in Ohio on the 5th of August, 1772. The good Bishop summed up the incidents of the trip in his journal as follows:

"None received injury to his person, although dangers were without number, especially along the West Branch, where there are rattlesnakes in abundance. I trod on one. Another bit an Indian's stocking while hunting, and so tenaciously that he could hardly rid himself of the reptile. Twice was one discovered in our camp, basking between the fires, after all had lain down to sleep. And yet no one was injured. Once the horse that was ahead of me trod upon the head of a large one, so that it rattled but once more. I know that upwards of fifty were killed. Many laid stretched across the path, and it is a matter of wonder to this moment that none of so large a herd of cattle should have been bitten. The fact that the horned cattle brought up the rear of the companies was in their favor. Among the rocks and the broken timbers we fell countless times. Sister Roth fell from her horse four times-once with her child into a bog, up to her middle, and once into the bushes backwards from her horse with her child, and once she hung on the stirrup. My horse once took a leap down an embankment, on the bank of a creek, throwing me over his head onto my back."

^{*}Kept down the valley of the Mahoning, into Jefferson County. Punxsutawney is a village in Young Township, Jefferson County. The swamp lies in Gaskell and Young townships.



CHAPTER XVIII.

TROUBLES WITH THE CONNECTICUT SETTLERS ON THE WEST BRANCH
—THEIR EXPULSION BY COLONEL PLUNKETT—NORTHUMBERLAND
FOUNDED—FREELAND AND THE VINCENT FAMILY.

T this late day it is difficult to give a full account of the troubles growing out of the Connecticut settlement at Wyoming, which involved a portion of the West Branch Valley before peace was restored. As early as 1769, says Colonel Franklin in his journal, the Susquehanna Company passed a vote to send on 540 settlers, 300 of whom were to have lands as a gratuity on the West Branch. The settlement was made on the beautiful rolling plain around where Muncy now stands, and was called the "Muncy Settlement." Two townships were surveyed there as early as 1771. One was named Charleston,* and the other Judea. The names of the actual settlers have been lost.

This settlement was not at first included in the limits of Westmoreland, by the Connecticut grant, which extended only fifteen miles beyond the North Branch—not reaching within twenty miles of Muncy. In May, 1775, an act was passed by the Connecticut Council to extend the limits of the town of Westmoreland as far westward as the line fixed upon with the Indians at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in 1768. This, then, included the settlements on the West Branch, as far up as Lycoming Creek.

A bad feeling was engendered between the Connecticut settlers at Wyoming and those of Pennsylvania. The latter looked upon them as invaders of a territory that did not belong to them. Serious difficulties arose between the two parties, which resulted in a resort to arms. The cause of these troubles may be briefly outlined as follows:

The English having discovered North America from latitude

^{*} See Miner's History of Wyoming, pages 166-7-8.



34° to 48° and made entry upon it, assumed a right to it, and divided that territory into two great provinces called South Virginia and North Virginia, or New England. King James I., by patent dated 10th of April, 1606, granted to Thomas Gates al.—called the "London Company"—leave to plant a colony anywhere between 34° and 41° north latitude. Under this charter, and those which grew out of it, Virginia and the Southern states were settled. The same year King James granted to Thomas Hanham at al. like leave to plant a colony anywhere between 38° and 45° north latitude. April 20, 1662, King Charles II., by letters patent, granted to John Winthrop at al., incorporating them as a body politic, by the name of "The Governor and Company of the English Colony of Connecticut in New England in America."

On the strength of this grant a corporation was formed in Connecticut, styled the "Susquehanna Company," which numbered about half of the inhabitants, who announced their desire to form a new colony west of the Delaware, on a tract of land lying on both sides of the East Branch of the Susquehanna, which they doubtless believed to be the rightful property of Connecticut.

On July 11, 1754, this company obtained a deed from "eighteen chiefs and heads of Five Nations," in consideration of £2,000, for lands described as follows: "Beginning from the one and fortieth degrees of north latitude at ten miles distance east of Susquehanna River, and from thence, with a northerly line, ten miles east of the river to the forty-second or beginning of the forty-third degree of north latitude, and to extend west two degrees of longitude, one hundred and twenty miles, and from thence south to the beginning of the forty-second degree, and from thence east to the aforementioned bounds, which is ten miles east of the Susquehanna River, together, &c., &c."

The southern line of this grant enters Pennsylvania near Stroudsburg, passing westward through Conyngham, in Luzerne County. Bloomsburg, Lewisburg and Clearfield, and so on north, running a little cast of Smethport to the boundary line between Pennsylvania and New York. This territory includes the principal part of the counties of Luzerne, Lackawanna, Wyoming, Bradford. Columbia, Montour, Clearfield, Elk and McKean, smaller portions



of Susquehanna, Northumberland, Union and Centre, and the whole of Sullivan, Lycoming, Tioga, Potter and Cameron, and has at present a population of half a million people.

The "Susquehanna Company" subsequently applied to the King for a charter of government for the new colony, which was never granted. The Pennsylvania claim to this territory was based upon the charter granted March 4, 1681, to William Penn' by Charles II., King of England, for the territory comprising the State of Pennsylvania, very much as it is to-day. As early as 1637 the colonies of Connecticut had sent out settlers upon the Delaware Bay under their claim as part of the Plymouth grant.

In 1755 surveyors were sent out under the Susquehanna Company to lay out their lands along the Lackawaxen and in the Wyoming Valley.

In 1768, after the Penns had completed their purchase of these lands from the Indians at Fort Stanwix, the Pennsylvania settlers began to go into the valley, and then began that "miserable contest known as the First Pennamite and Yankee War."

A bird's-eye view of Pennsylvania in 1783 will show: The Friends possessed of a prosperous and thrifty metropolis, and rich fields in Philadelphia and adjoining counties.

The Germans profitably and industrially settled along the base of the "Blue Hills" from the Delaware to the Susquehanna, holding the rich agricultural country as they hold it yet.

The Scotch-Irish in the Cumberland Valley, and pushing up the Juniata, and winding around the spurs of the Alleghenies into the then counties of Bedford and Westmoreland.

The Yankee seated in the valley of the North Branch of the Susquehanna. The rest of the State, except some of the valleys of the West Branch, was an unbroken wilderness. The total population did not exceed 330,000. Of the Yankee settlers there were probably about 6,000 scattered mainly in the seventeen townships in Luzerne. After the decree of Trenton the inhabitants set about meeting the adverse effects of the decision which resulted in the second Pennamite war.

This conflict at one time threatened to become of serious magnitude, embroiling both Connecticut and Pennsylvania, but through judicious legislation this end was averted, and the



compromise act of 1799 heralded the beginning of the end. It has been well said by the Hon. Henry M. Hoyt, that the controversy one hundred years ago raged with great fierceness, evoked strong partizanship, and was urged on both sides by the highest skill of statesmen and lawyers. In its origin it was a controversy over the political jurisdiction and right of soil in a tract of country containing more than five million acres of land, claimed by Pennsylvania and Connecticut, as embraced, respectively, in their chartered grants.

It involved the lives of hundreds, was the ruin of thousands, and cost the State millions. It wore out one entire generation. It was righteously settled in the end.

When the excitement among the residents of the West Branch was at its height, they went so far as to remonstrate against the Connecticut invasion by sending a petition to Governor Penn.* The petitioners prayed for legal redress. They charged that a large body of armed men had invaded this territory, and intimated that if they were not protected from the invaders by the Government they would resort to arms to defend themselves and their rights. This petition was signed by the magistrates, grand jurors and other principal inhabitants of Northumberland. It was laid before the Board of Council, then in session in Philadelphia, December 9, 1773, by Governor Penn. After receiving careful consideration, it was decided by the Board that it should be laid before the Assembly, accompanied by a message from the Governor. This was done on the 14th of December. The Governor in his message was very emphatic and denounced the Connecticut settlers in these words:

The insolent outrages of a set of men who have long bid defiance to the laws of the country, and have afforded protection to offenders of the most heinous kind, ought not, certainly, in a well regulated society, to be suffered to pass with impunity: but when these men embody themselves, sally forth with arms in their hands, and in a warlike manner attempt to dispossess the peaceable inhabitants of the county lately laid out and established by act of Assembly, within the known bounds of the Province, it is a procedure of so dangerous a tendency as not only to threaten the destruction of that infant county, but strikes at the peace of the whole Province.

^{*}Richard Penn was the acting Lieutenant Governor from October 16, 1771, until July 19, 1773. After August 30th, John Penn, who was confirmed Lieutenant Governor by the King, June 30th, was awarded the title of Governor by the Provincial Council.



He closed by recommending that the invaders be repelled by force. The result was a long correspondence* between Penn and the Governor of Connecticut regarding the difficulty. All propositions to settle proved unavailing, and the Assembly finally instructed the Governor to issue a proclamation† to the magistrates and officers of Northumberland County, to be vigilant in the discharge of their duty, and see that the intruders from Wyoming no longer impose upon the Pennsylvania settlers.

Zebulon Butler, who figured conspicuously in Wyoming affairs, issued a proclamation and distributed it through Northumberland County, announcing that he had been appointed a justice by the authorities of Connecticut. To counteract this document Governor Penn issued a proclamation strictly forbidding the people to pay any attention to this usurper, as he had no right to act in the Province.

The spirit of the contending parties ran high. The Connecticut people were determined to occupy the lands on the West Branch, and the Pennsylvania settlers were determined that they should not. The former insisted that the land belonged to them—the latter that they had no right to it, and they decided to expel them by force of arms if they did not peacefully leave. A crisis was approaching, as the authorities of Northumberland County had received instructions which could not be mistaken.

On the 22d of September, 1775, William Maclay informed J. Shippen, Jr., by letter that the injunction placed on the Connecticut people was no longer binding—that Samuel Wallis had informed him that Vincent, who settled near Milton, claimed to be a magistrate, and was preparing to bring three hundred colonists from Wyoming to the West Branch. And further, certain settlers here were willing to be enlisted in Zebulon Butler's regiment, and he could not understand why they were so determined to possess these lands.

The fears of the authorities at Sunbury of an invasion were soon realized. Dr. Plunkett, who was then serving as Judge of the courts, was apprised of the arrival of an armed force at Free-

^{*}It may be found at length in Vol. X., Colonial Records, commencing on page 118. †See Vol. X., Colonial Records, page 153.



land's mill,* on Warrior Run, consisting of three hundred men, and it was supposed to be a detachment from Butler's regiment. The report spread rapidly through the valley, and preparations were made to resist it with force, if necessary. A company of fifty men immediately left Fort Augusta to "meet and demand the reason of this intrusion and hostile appearance."

But the story of the arrival of this large force was never confirmed. It appears to have been an exaggeration. Miner, in his History of Wyoming, when alluding to the troubles on the West Branch, does not speak of it, but on the other hand says that the settlements here were comparatively small and unsupported. the month of September, 1775, Colonel Plunkett, under orders from the Government, detailed a strong force of Northumberland militia and marched to break up the settlements at Charleston and Iudea. How much resistance was offered is not stated, but it must have been small, as only one life was lost and several of the Connecticut people were wounded. After burning the buildings and collecting what property he could, Colonel Plunkett returned to Sunbury with a number of prisoners. The women and children were sent to their friends at Wyoming. William Judd and Joseph Sluman, who appear to have acted as leaders, were captured and sent to jail in Philadelphia.

Franklin's account of this affair, as entered in his journal, was undoubtedly exaggerated. He claimed that Plunkett's force was 500 strong, and that the Connecticut side did not have over eighty men. There is no doubt that there was some kind of a skirmish, and that several men were captured and carried to Fort Augusta, but that it rose to the dignity of a battle is highly improbable. But the expedition resulted in breaking up the Connecticut settlement, because it was not heard of again, and the Pennsylvania claimants remained in full possession of the territory.

On the 27th of October, 1775, the Assembly having had the matter under consideration, came to the conclusion that the settlers had performed their duty." in repelling the intruders and preventing the further extension of their settlements."

Much excitement prevailed, and such bitterness of feeling existed that a number of boats belonging to Wyoming, and trading

^{*}See Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. III., page 662.



down the river, were seized as they attempted to pass Fort Augusta, and their cargoes were confiscated. It was about this time that Colonel Plunkett organized an expedition against Wyoming and actually started with a strong force up the river. He arrived in the vicinity of Wyoming about the 20th of December, and on the 23d he met the enemy and was disastrously defeated.* Thus ended the Plunkett invasion. It was certainly ill-timed, rash and injudicious. After the battle Plunkett returned to Sunbury with his forces considerably crest-fallen, and we hear of him no more as a warrior.†

Northumberland, afterwards noted as the place of residence of many distinguished English exiles, and men who had taken a conspicuous part in the Revolution, was always a point of attraction on account of its beautiful location in the forks of the two branches of the Susquehanna. As has been stated, Robert Martin was the first settler where the town now stands. He built a house on the point as early as 1760 and opened an inn, which was a place of much resort. Martin became a man of some prominence. He was a member of the Provincial Conference in 1776, and a member of the State Convention to form the Constitution, and a member of the Legislature in 1778–9.

According to old deeds in the possession of the Priestley family, of Northumberland, the town was laid out upon four tracts of land, two of 300 acres each, and two of 500 acres each, in the forks of the north-east and west branches of the Susquehanna River, called "Sarah's Delight." The indorsements on these deeds are as follows:

Sarah's Delight. Patent July 7, 1770. The Proprietaries to Sarah Loudon, enrolled at Philadelphia. Deed, John Loudon and Sarah, his wife, to William Espy. Recorded at Sunbury in Book C, page 239.

1771, April 23d. Deed, William Espy to John Loudon. Recorded at Sunbury. 1772. Loudon and Patterson lay out the town called Northumberland.

1775, March 20th. Deed, John Loudon to Reuben Häines. Recorded at Sunbury, Book C, page 240.

Essex. 1772. Loudon and Patterson lay out the old town of Northumberland. 1775, January 7th. Patent to Esther Patterson, wife of William Patterson.

^{*} For a full account of the battle see Miner's History of Wyoming, page 171.

[†]The difficulties between the two states, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, after long, intricate and tedious litigation, were ultimately decided in favor of the latter in 1801.



1775, April 6th. Deed, William Patterson and Sarah, his wife, to Reuben Haines. Recorded at Sunbury, Book A, page 248.

Nottingham. 1772, September 14th. Patent to Richard Peters for 500 acres along the north-east branch.

Townside. 1772, September 16th. Patent to Richard Peters for 500 acres along the west branch.

1773, December 17th. Deed, Richard Peters to Reuben Haines, for the above mentioned tracts.

The title to these four tracts being thus in Reuben Haines, he enlarged the town plot and recorded a general plan of Loudon and Patterson's town, with his own additions, at Sunbury, in Book B, page 273, April 24, 1781, which was afterwards recorded by John Boyd, May 10, 1808, in Book C, pages 367-8.

Reuben Haines died and devised his estate by will to his four children—Caspar, Wistar, Reuben* and Catherine Haines. Reuben Haines, Jr., died and devised his estate to his two brothers and sister, who made partition. Caspar W. Haines and Catherine Haines conveyed, among other things in partition, the unsold lots in the town of Northumberland, by deed dated March 24, 1795, recorded at Sunbury in Book C, page 481, to Reuben Haines.

At first the new town made slow progress, as the inhabitants during the dark days of the Indian invasions and the Revolution were frequently obliged to take refuge at Fort Augusta, on the other side of the river, for safety. It was not until 1784 that it was re-occupied, and in 1796 it only numbered about one hundred houses, and in 1847 only about one hundred and sixty. In 1776 the question of independence was an absorbing one, and the feeling became so warm that it was decided to have a public discussion on the subject. A platform was erected on the common for the speakers. Colonels Cooke and Hunter took the side of liberty and independence, and Dr. Plunkett and Charles Cooke championed the side of loyalty to the crown. Considerable warmth was manifested on both sides, but tradition fails to inform us which side was declared the winner.

History informs us that the first fruit trees planted in the town were brought from Lancaster by William Hoffman about the year 1771, and one of these trees, called the "Centennial Pear Tree," was standing a few years ago and still bearing fruit. The first

^{*}Under a plain slab in the old burying-ground in rear of the Lutheran Church, Northumberland, lie the remains of Joseph Haines, one of the sons of Reuben. He was born August 15, 1764, and died May 14, 1795.



white child born in Northumberland, about the year 1772, was Elizabeth, daughter of William Hoffman.

The location of Northumberland is exceedingly charming, and it should have grown into a large and flourishing city years ago. The surrounding scenery is bold, grand and picturesque. The rocky promontory of Blue Hill casts its shadow over the town, and Montour's Ridge forms an exquisite background. On two sides are the rivers which there form a union and then proudly sweep on towards the sea. The town has always been distinguished for its wealth, culture and seclusiveness. At one time in our early history it came within one vote of being selected for the State Capital. This mishap ever afterwards seemed to blight its prospects, notwithstanding its eligible location and magnificent surroundings. But if it failed in this respect, it enjoys the proud distinction of being the home of the illustrious Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen gas. There he took refuge when he fled from England on account of religious persecution, and there he prosecuted his chemical studies until he was rewarded by making a discovery that places his name by the side of the greatest scientists who ever lived, and his fame will ever remain as refulgent as the stars that shine in the arched dome of heaven. The rude instruments used by him in making the experiments which resulted in the discovery of oxygen were placed in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington a few years ago for preservation. The centennial* of his great discovery was properly celebrated at Northumberland, and the meeting was attended by scientists from all parts of the country.

^{*}Joseph Priestley, D. D., was born at Fieldhead, Yorkshire, England, March 24, 1733. His father was a cloth dresser. At the age of nineteen he had acquired in the schools a good knowledge of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian and German, and he also learned to read Arabic, Chaldee and Syriac. With these attainments he entered on the study of theology, with a view to the Christian ministry, in 1752. He had been educated in Calvinism, but not being satisfied with that doctrine, he became a Socinian. He traveled extensively in Europe, and had excellent opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge. He became pastor of a church in Birningham. The doctrine he preached was not popular. At length, when several of his friends celebrated the French revolution, July 14, 1791, a mob assembled and set fire to the church in which he preached, together with several dwelling houses of the Dissenters, as his followers were called. His own house and library were burned, and he was forced to fly to London. He was chosen to succeed a minister at



Warrior Run, Northumberland County, although a small stream. has figured in history from the earliest times. It falls into the river at the lower part of the thrifty borough of Watsontown. The first white settlement made on this stream, where Fort Freeland was afterwards built, was in 1772. The immigrants were from New Jersey, and were named as follows: Jacob Freeland, John Vincent, Cornelius Vincent and Peter Vincent, with their families. In 1773 they were re-inforced by Timothy Williams and Samuel Gould. Both brought their families with them. Freeland settled on Warrior Run, some three or four miles from its mouth. and the Vincents settled one mile below the mouth on the river. This was the nucleus of the first settlement in this part of the valley, around which other settlements were made until there was quite a community. These pioneers built their cabins in the wilderness and commenced to make improvements. They were men and women of nerve, resolution and daring, and soon became used to the hardships they were called upon to endure in a new country.

Levi Vincent, the progenitor of this old family, was born in France during the reign of Charles II., in 1676. He emigrated to New Jersey, and died in Newark Township, in 1763, aged 87 years.

John Vincent, son of Levi, was born January 26, 1709, on the farm where his father died. He married Elizabeth Doremus December 1, 1733. She was born July 12, 1711, and died February 11, 1788, aged 76 years. Mr. Vincent died February 24,

Hockney, and was a lecturer in the Dissenting college at that place, but public aversion to him being strong, and his sons having emigrated to America, he followed them in April, 1794. He settled at Northumberland, where for three winters after his arrival he delivered lectures on the evidences of Christianity. He died in the full vigor of his mind February 6, 1804, in the 71st year of his age, and his remains lie in the beautiful cemetery at that place. A plain marble tablet at the head of his grave simply recites his name and age. There is an entire absence of any show about the grave, and a stranger unacquainted with his history would not suppose for a moment that one of the most distinguished philosophers of the world there lies buried. He was a voluminous writer, and left many books that treated on theology and science behind him. He was not only a chemist, but an eminent metaphysician. He commenced his chemical career in 1772, and in two years discovered oxygen gas, which has made his name immortal. His descendants continued to reside in Northumberland for many years. Very few of them now remain there.



1801, aged 92 years, having survived his wife about thirteen years.

Cornelius Vincent, son of John and Elizabeth, was born on the farm of his father April 15, 1737, and married Phœbe Ward November, 1756. She was born April 8, 1750. Their children were: Isaac, born June 20, 1757; Daniel, born January 17, 1760; Bethuel, born June 3, 1763; Sarah, born July 26, 1765; John, born February 4, 1772; Elizabeth, born June 4, 1774; Rebecca, born October 27, 1776; Mary, born February 10, 1779.

The descendants of this famous family are numerous and widely scattered. Bethuel was married four times. His third wife was Ann Rees. He died May 1, 1837, in the 75th year of his age.

Jacob Freeland, who appears to have been a man of enterprise, commenced to build a small grist mill on Warrior Run in 1773, having brought the necessary irons with him the previous year from New Jersey. The mill was completed, and proved a valuable acquisition to the settlement. The fort was built in 1775, when it became apparent to Freeland and his neighbors that better protection than ordinary cabins afforded was required, as the Indians were daily growing more bold and troublesome. It stood near a spring, on a rising piece of ground, about half a mile north-east of where Warrior Run Church now stands. The site is on the farm of Mr. Everitt, and is marked by a small mound of earth. The spring is there still and is shaded by two or three majestic oaks. The fort, which afterwards became so famous, was a stockade enclosure and ranked as one of the principal fortifications in the valley above Fort Augusta.

Among other settlers who pushed their way up the river was George Morrison, who settled on a tract a short distance west of Jersey Shore in 1774. Francis Clark located on a tract which now adjoins the Jersey Shore Cemetery the same year. Edward McMasters settled on the point on the west side of Pine Creek in 1774. Robert Plunkett also made some improvements there the same year on what are now known as the Crist and Simmons farms. In 1775 McMasters left the settlement to join the American army at Cambridge and never returned.

Michael Seely settled and made some improvements in 1775 on a tract lying about half a mile east of Jersey Shore, on the



river. During the same year Jacob Mattox squatted on the present site of Jersey Shore and made an improvement. What became of him is unknown.

According to Linn the first wedding occurred in Buffalo Valley December, 1772. Peter Swartz married Magdalena, widow of Michael Weyland. They then moved upon the place described as containing 300 acres at Sinking Spring, at Shikellimy's old town, a short distance below Milton, on the Union County side. On the 18th of December Mrs. Swartz took out letters of administration upon her former husband's estate. They were the first issued in Northumberland County. Her account was filed September 8, 1774, in which Peter Swartz adjoins. On the debtor side of the account is an item for a deer skin, accepted for a debt due the estate from Captain John Brady.

Ludwig Derr,* the founder of Lewisburg, appeared early in the valley. When Charles Lukens made the surveys along the river to the mouth of White Deer Creek, in 1769, he speaks of Derr being with him. Derr bought the tract on which Lewisburg

*Ludwig Derr died in Philadelphia November, 1785, where he had gone to sell lots. He left an only son, George Derr. On the 20th of December, 1788, he transferred the town plot, embracing 128 acres, to Peter Borger, excepting seventeen lost, and all lots that his father had sold by deed, or written agreement. January 2, 1789. Borger disposed of the same, with the same reserve, to Carl Ellinckhuysen, of Amsterdam, Holland. On the 8th of May, 1789, Ellinckhuysen, by letter of attorney, authorized Borger to sell lots for him; who, as attorney-in-fact, sold, mortgaged, and disposed of lots, for about eighteen months, when he was superseded by a letter of attorney to the Rev. J. Charles Hilburn, a Catholic priest, dated September 30, 1790. He also sold and mortgaged lots, so that in consequence of mistakes, or something else, many lots now have three or four distinct written titles.

About this time Carl Ellinckhuysen sent his son, Matthias Joseph Ellinckhuysen, to America, and put him under the surveillance of Hilburn, the priest. Being dissipated he ran his course rapidly, and died on the 17th of July, 1792, aged 38 year and 3 months. His widow, Clara Helena Ellinckhuysen, married John Thornburgh, who also soon died. They were both buried in the old grave-yard on Market Street, but their tombstones have entirely disappeared. The widow, who was short of stature and much pock-marked, was an expert skater. She afterwards married a Mr. Moore and removed to Erie, where she probably died. In 1793 the eccentric Flavel Roan, who was sheriff of Northumberland County from 1791 to 1794, wrote the famous deed for Mrs. Ellinckhuysen, conveying a lot in Lewisburg to himself, in consideration of sixteen pounds ten shillings. The deed, which begins with Adam and Eve, is the most remarkable piece of conveyancing on record, and is copied in some of the Form books as a curiosity. Recorded in deed book F, page 280, November, 1793, Sunbury.



stands, in the summer of 1772, from Rev. Richard Peters. The ground was first surveyed by William Maclay February 28, 1769. At the land drawing Derr had applied for a tract near New Columbia, but failed to get it. He then settled on the site of Lewisburg in 1770, and falling in love with the place, bought it from Peters. There is no record of any one having lived there before Derr. Soon after this he opened a trading post and built his famous grist and saw mill, which stood until a few years ago.

As early as 1767 William Patterson patented a tract of 700 acres of land, which now lies in the south-eastern part of Lewis Township, Northumberland County. On account of its handsome appearance he named it "Paradise," a title which it bears to this day. For rural beauty, fertility of soil, and charming surroundings, it is not excelled by any district of similar size in the United States, and the name was worthily bestowed. The country is gently rolling and under a high state of cultivation. Neat farm houses, with capacious barns, abound in all directions; and what adds more particularly to the beauty of the scene are the open groves of oak and other hard woods which dot the landscape. And as these groves are free from underbrush, they present the appearance of well-kept parks, and elicit the admiration of all who pass through the country. In 1771 Mr. Patterson exchanged his Paradise lands with John Montgomery, of Paxtang, for his farm in that settlement, and removed to White Deer Creek to reside with his daughter, Mrs. Hunter.

When Mr. Montgomery came to Paradise he located near a beautiful spring and built a small log house, where he resided with his family until they were driven away by the Indians in 1779. On their return, when peace was restored, they found all their buildings burned. But during the occupancy of the country by Captain Rice and his German soldiers, they built a two-story stone building over the spring, which they had used as a fortification. Mr. Montgomery took possession of the building, and after making some alterations and improvements, used it for a dwelling house. Thus was the Montgomery home founded in Paradise. The family prospered and increased in numbers and wealth until it became one of the best known and most respected in that lovely region, and this distinction it has maintained until the present day.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHARMING JOURNAL OF REV. FITHIAN, WRITTEN DURING HIS VISIT TO THE WEST BRANCH VALLEY IN 1775—WHOM HE MET, WHERE HE STOPPED AND WHAT HE SAW.

NE of the most interesting journeys made through the West Branch Valley, over a century ago, was that of Rev. Philip Vicars Fithian, in the summer of 1775. This observant and pious young minister was a graduate of the class of 1772, in the College of New Jersey, a class noted for its ability and for the subsequent prominence of its members—Aaron Burr, William Bradford, William Linn, D. D., and several others.

Mr. Fithian was licensed to preach by the First Presbytery of Philadelphia, November 6, 1774. On the 4th of April, 1775, he received an honorable dismission from the Presbytery, as there were no vacancies within its boundaries, and was recommended as a candidate in good standing. He left his home at Greenwich, N. J., May 9, 1775, on horseback, for a tour through Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, in company with Andrew Hunter, also his classmate, taking notes of people and places in journal form, addressed to Miss Elizabeth Beatty, sister of Major John, Dr. Reading and Erkuries Beatty, subsequently prominent officers in the Pennsylvania line. After his return, October 25th, he was married to Miss Beatty, and in the following June accepted the appointment of chaplain to Colonel Newcomb's battalion of New Jersey militia, and died in camp at Fort Washington, of dysentery, October 8, 1776. He kept a journal up to within a few weeks of his death, embracing the battle of Long Island. His last entry was made Sunday, September 22, 1776. journal is a remarkably interesting contribution to the history of the times in this valley. The simplicity of its style and the charming manner in which the writer relates his journey up the river, noting

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whom he met, how he was received and where he preached, makes it read like a romance. After his death it remained in manuscript for over one hundred years, and its existence was only known to his descendants. When Hon. John Blair Linn was Secretary of the Commonwealth he succeeded, through friends in New Jersey, in borrowing the original long enough to have a copy made, and then published it in Dr. W. H. Egle's *Historical Register* in 1883–4, with copious annotations, all of which are given herewith.

Mr. Fithian came through Franklin and Cumberland counties on his horseback journey, and arrived at the house of John Harris, on the Juniata, June 24, 1775. He speaks of his elegant home in these words: "In the parlor where I am sitting are three windows, each with twenty-four lights of large glass."

On the 25th he was at Cedar Springs, where he preached. He speaks of the scene in these beautiful words: "It is now sunset, and I am sitting under a dark tuft of willow and large sycamores, close on the bank of the beautiful Juniata. The river, near two hundred yards broad, is lined with willows, sycamores, walnuts, white oaks, and a fine bank—what are my thoughts? Fair genius of this water, O tell me, will not this, in some future time, be a vast, pleasant, and very populous country? Are not many large towns to be raised on these shady banks? I seem to wish to be transferred forward only one century. Great God, America will surprise* the world!"

"Monday, June 26, 1775.—I rose early with the purpose of setting off for Sunbury. I had an invitation to a wedding in the neighborhood, but my business will not permit me. After breakfast I rode to one Mr. Boyle's, a well-disposed, civil, and sensible man. He entertained me kindly and acquainted me largely with the disturbance with Mr. Kennedy. I dined with him and his wife. She looks very much in person and appears in manner like my much-honored and ever dear mamma. Thence I rode onward through a dark bleak path, they call it a 'bridle road,' to one Mr. Eckert's, a Dutchman, [German.] He used me with great civility

^{*}His prophetic vision was realized in the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1876. Could the enthusiastic young minister only have been there to see it!



and politeness. Distance rode to-day, 25 miles; course N. E. I met on the road a tinker, on the way to what is called the 'New Purchase.'* He has been to Cohansie.† Knew many there, at Pottsgrove, Deepel, and New England town. He told me that he had been acquainted in seven colonies, but never yet saw any place in which the inhabitants were so sober, uniform in their manners, and every act so religious as at New England town, and Mr. Ramsey was his favorite preacher. He spoke of religious matters with understanding, and I hope with some feeling.

"Tuesday, June 27.—Rode from the clever Dutchman's‡ to Sunbury over the Susquehanna, fifteen miles. I think the river is a half a mile over, and so shallow that I forded it; the bottom is hard rock. Sunbury is on the north-east bank. It is yet a small village but seems to be growing rapidly. Then I rode on half a mile to one Hunter's,§ within the walls of Fort Augusta. Then I rode onward to Northumberland about a mile, but on the way crossed the river twice.

"Here are a number of boatmen employed in going up and down the river to Middletown and back. With these and others from the country, this infant village seems busy and noisy as a Philadelphia ferry-house. I slept in a room with seven of them, and one for a bed-fellow. He was, however, clean and civil, and our bed good and neat. Some of them suspected me of being a clergyman and used we with profound respect. 'Your Reverence,' was the preface of almost every sentence. One of them, a genuine *Quo-lic*, coaxed me by persuasion and complaints out of a sixpence as charity.

"Wednesday, June 28.—A very wet, rainy morning. About twelve o'clock marched into this town, from the 'Great Island' or 'Indian land' fifty miles up the river, thirty young fellows, all ex-

^{*}Valleys of the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna, purchased in 1768.

[†] Cohansey, New Jersey.

[‡] Echart's tavern was a noted stopping place in Perry Township, now Snyder County, on the road to Richfield, Juniata County.

[¿]Colonel Samuel Hunter was the commander of Fort Augusta at that time.

^{||} The old fording crossed by the large island in the North Branch at Northumber-land. Island now owned by Hon, John B. Packer.



pert riflemen, with a drum and fife, under Captain Lowdon.* They passed on, however, soon to Sunbury, where they remained until Monday. Brave youth! go, through the kindness of the God of battles, may you prosper and save your country. I made some small acquaintance with Mr. Doheda, a smart agreeable Englishman, and one Mr. Chrystie, a dry, sensible, intelligent Scot.

"Thursday, June 29.—I rode up the West Branch, two miles, to Mr. Andrew Gibson's,† on the way crossing the river twice, over a fine, rich island shaded with lofty, smooth beech trees; on one of these I carved my name. After dinner I went down the river with two of the Mr. Gibsons in a small boat, for exercise and recreation. The river is perfectly transparent—so clear that you can see, in the deepest parts, the smallest fish. In the evening came the Philadelphia papers. All things look dark and unsettled. The Irish regiments have arrived. Government is strengthening its forces; the Americans are obstinate in their opposition. The Virginians have differed highly with their Governor, and he has thought it necessary to go on board, with his family, of one of his Majesty's ships. The Continental Congress is sitting in Philadelphia, and recommends Thursday, July 20th, as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer.

"Saturday, July 1.—I crossed the river and rode into town; my landlady received me kindly. From the room where I write this I have a long, full, and beautiful prospect of Sunbury down the river. Now, going either up or down, are many boats, canoes, &c., plying about. In short, this town in a few years, without doubt, will be grand and busy. I find these two infant villages, like other rivals, are jealous of each other's improvements, and Mr. Haines, who is proprietor of this place, is much annoyed.

"Sunday, July 2.—A rainy, damp morning; but little prospects of service. At eleven, some few came in; we have worship in Mr. McCartney's house. After we began, many came in from the town, and they gave me good attention. Between sermons sev-

^{*}This was Captain Lowdon's company on its way to Boston; see Line's Annals of Buffalo Valley for a roll of this company, enlisted along the West Branch.

[†]Andrew Gibson lived about a mile below Dr. Rooke's furnace, in now Union County.

[‡] Reuben Haines, brewer, of Philadelphia.



eral gentlemen kindly invited me to visit them; Mr. Cooke, the high sheriff;* Mr. Martin, a gentleman who came lately from Jersey, (Robert Martin); Mr. Barker,† a young gentleman, a lawyer from Ireland last fall. After one hour and a half intermission we had service again; many more were present than in the morning. Mr. Scull, the Surveyor General's [Deputy Surveyor, as John Lukens was then Surveyor General] agreeable mate, was present at both sermons; Mrs. Hunter, Capt. Hunter's lady, who lives on the other side of the water at Fort Augusta, and is burgess [lieutenant] for his county, and is with Mr. Scull now, down at Philadelphia, was also present at both sermons, with her two small, neat daughters, and a beautiful young lady-her niece.‡ I was invited by Mrs. Scull to coffee. Present: Mrs. Hunter and the young ladies, Mrs. McCartney and her sister, and Mr. Barker. While we were at coffee the post came into town: we have in the papers accounts of the battle of Bunker Hill, near Boston, where the Provincials were worsted; accounts of General Washington and his aid-de-camp, Mr. Mifflin, leaving Philadelphia for the North American camp. Mrs. Scull very kindly invited me to make her house my home while I shall stay in town. She has a pleasant and valuable garden, the best by far in the town; it has a neat and well-designed summer-house. She has a wellfinished parlor, with many pieces of good painting; four, in special, which struck me much; large heads from ancient marbles of Hypocrates, Tully, Socrates, and Galen.

"Monday, July 3.—No paper to be had in town and I have only five sheets. Mr. McCartney gave me £1. 5s. 9d. for the supply, for which he demanded a receipt, a custom here. Breakfasted with Mrs. Scull. I dined with Mr. Martin, in West-way street, on

^{*}Afterward Colonel William Cooke of the 12th Pennsylvania. See Dr. Egle's sketches of members of the convention of 1776 for notice of Colonel Cooke.—Penn's Mag., Vol. III., page 320.

[†] John Barker, Esq., joined the Revolutionary army in September, 1776. His further history cannot be traced.

[‡] Colonel Samuel Hunter's wife was a sister of Abram Scott. Their two daughters referred to were Mary, who married Samuel Scott, and Nancy, who married Alexander Hunter, her cousin. The niece was Mary Scott, who married General William Wilson, of Chillisquaque Mills, grandfather of Mrs. John B. Linn, of Bellefonte.



the river. After dinner, Mr. Haines, the proprietor of the town, took me to see a lot he is about to give to the Presbyterian Society. It is a fine high spot on the North-way street, and near the river; also near it is a fine spring of good water. A number of the town gentlemen proposed, if my appointments will allow, to preach in this town on the day of the Continental fast.

"Tuesday, July 4.—Mrs. Scull entertained me with many good, agreeable songs. She moved my head toward my charming Laura when she sang the following:

Constancy.

Oh! lovely Delia, virtuous, fair, Believe me now thy only dear, I'd not exchange my happy state For all the wealth of all the great, &c., &c.

"A rainy afternoon; I spent it with Mr. Barker in doors. I was introduced to one Mr. Freeman, a young gentleman who has been a trader at Fort Pitt. He beats the drum, and we had a good fifer, so we spent the evening in martial amusement.

"Wednesday, July 5.—A very wet morning. Last Sunday some Northumberland saint stole my surtout from my saddle. It was hid, for security, in a wood-pile in the neighborhood, where it was found the next morning, advertised, and this day returned. If this be the "New Purchase" manners, I had rather chosen to own some other kind of impudence. I agreed to-day to preach in this town on the day of the public fast, and began my sermon for that purpose. I had some proposals made me for staying in this town, but I cannot yet answer them. I dined with the kind and entertaining Mrs. Scull. She took me, with Mr. Barker, into Mr. Scull's library. It is charming to see books in the infancy of this remote land. I borrowed, for my amusement, the following from her: 'The Critical Review, No. 44.' Our evening spent nightly tete-a-tete in honor and friendship; in bed by three—much too late.

"Thursday, July 6.—I opened my eyes, by the continued mercy of our bountiful overseer, at half an hour after eight, when a most

^{*}The country along the West and North Branches, purchased from the Indians in 1768, went by the name of the "New Purchase" until after the next purchase of 1784.



serene, lovely morning, more so after so much dark and unharvestable weather. I was called in to see Mrs. Boyd, to visit and pray with a sick young man, Mr. Thompson. I found him lying very ill with an intermittent fever and a great uneasiness of mind. I conversed with him as well as my abilities would allow, and commended him to God in prayer and withdrew. Breakfasted with Mrs. Scull and Mr. Barker, and with great reluctance I took my leave of both. The young gentleman who has been preaching in the English church at Salem, N. J., is this Mr. Barker's brother. By ten I left town. The road lies along the river, and after leaving the town about a mile, such a fertile, level, goodly country I have perhaps never seen. Wheat and rye, thick and very tall. Oats I saw in many places, yet green, and full as high in general through the field as a six-railed fence. Polks and elders, higher than my head as I sat upon my horse, and the country is thickly inhabited and grows to be a little open. All this pine tract on the north side of the West Branch belongs, I am told, to Colonel Francis,* and is now leased for a term of years. After riding eight miles on the bank of the river I crossed over. The river is near a half mile broad, and since the rain it has risen so that I had near been floated. Stopped at Captain Wm. Gray's.

"Mr. Gray received me cordially. He owns here a most excellent farm on the south side and upon the West Branch. I walked out to a neighbor of his, Mr. Allen's.† Mr. Allen was reaping rye. The reapers were merry and civil. We returned through the rich woods. It is a dull calm. The woods are musical; they are harmonious. Bells tinkling from every quarter make a continued and cheering echo. Cows returning home. Sheep and horses grazing through the woods, and these all around in every part make a transporting vesper.

"Friday, July 7.-Early to-day, and with diligence, I pursued

^{*}Colonel Turbutt Francis owned the land on the river bank from Northumberland to above Milton. Captain William Gray married Agnes Rutherford, daughter of Thomas (of Paxtang), and became one of the first settlers in Buffalo Valley. Union County, in 1771. He owned and resided, until his death in 1815, on the farm owned by Major Paul Geddes; second farm above Lewisburg, along the river.

[†] Samuel Allen occurs upon the assessment list of Buffalo Township in 1775. He probably occupied Colonel Slifer's upper farm on the creek.



my preparations for the approaching fast. I wrote in Mr. Gray's barn; his house is hot and thronged. I shall finish one sermon to-day, and enter upon the other. I have been told that the memorable Mr. Whitefield studied the greater part of his sermons upon his knees. Noble man! I revere his abilities. Surely, he was raised above the level of common men. Had he been under the necessity of studying as many hours and with as close application as I, blood and body must have given way. Towards evening I took a pleasant turn upon the river. I wished to leave the boat and swim, but spectators forbid. I drew, with a fife I was playing, the ear of all the swains around. In particular a woman who was washing in the river, on the other side, gave remarkable attention. She seemed to listen with eagerness to the floating notes. Indeed, in so still an evening it is fine.

"Saturday, July 8.—Lovely weather for harvest. I apply myself close to study. On the fertile goodly lands of this majestic river, in a small smoky cabin, or under some shady tree, covered with loftiest timber, surrounded with the most luxuriant herbage, very, very charming. Towards evening, I visited a near neighbor who was reaping rye by far the largest I have ever seen. I will record what I am witness to this day: On a single acre, and so through the fields, eight and forty dozen large sheaves of rye.

"Sunday, July 9.—The people are building a big meeting-house, up the valley, four miles from the river [Buffalo X Roads.] There is here a numerous society, and it is a growing, promising place. We had a good number to-day. But I was put to my trumps. There is no house. I must preach among the trees. I mounted, therefore, upon a little bench before the people; but it is hard to speak in the air, entirely sub-Jove. The assembly was very attentive. I could not avoid smiling at the new appearance to see them peeping at me through the bushes. I am told there is at present, in Philadelphia, an independent number of men called 'The Silk Stocking Company.' I will also call this 'The Silk Gowned Congregation.' I saw here the greatest number and the greatest variety of silk gowns among the ladies that I have yet seen in my course. It is and shall be, therefore, 'The Silk Gowned Congregation.' An Irish gentleman on the other



side of the water, Mr. Plunkett,* kindly invited me to his house while I stay. Mr. Vandyke,† also, from Abington, near Philadelphia, and many others. But on account of the approaching fast, I chose to return to Mr. Gray's. Towards evening I took a solitary walk along the banks of the river. Much my heart teazes me about home. This is a happier place. It is silent and peaceful; these sylvan shades do improve contemplation. Every cot is filled with plenty, and simplicity with frugality and kindness. Here I am, so far as I can see, in the very spot allotted to me to labor according to the course of my education; let me, then, be wholly content.

"Monday, July 10.—I confine myself close to study. I sit, now, in a small joiner shop near the house and study, amid saws, and planes, and chisels. Before the door of this shop is a rich meadow: in this meadow a great quantity of walnut. The birds are very musical among these trees. Often I break off and, bearing chorus with them, sing some favorite air. I was visited by a young gentleman, Mr. Linn, † of Path Valley. We spent two hours in conversation. Appeared to be a modest, sensible, and religious youth. Towards evening there was a most violent thundergust I walked, just before sunset, up the bank of this water, to Mr. Robert Fruit's, § half a mile.

"He was reaping. The corn and grass upon his farm are most luxuriant. A poor, unfortunate Dutch [German] woman, this morning, while she was reaping in the harvest field, was bitten by a snake. She lies now in great distress, swelled up into her back and shoulders. They call it a 'copperhead.' I have taken pleas-

^{*} Dr. William Plunkett, who then resided on the other side of the river, a little above the mouth of Chillisquaque Creek, at his place called "Soldiers' Retreat."

[†] Henry Vandyke, who lived at the late John Rishel's, half a mile east of Buffalo X Roads. The spring went by the name of Vandyke's Spring. His descendants are numerous. Vandykes of Clinton and Centre; Kalamazoo, Michigan; Stephenson County, Illinois, etc.

[‡] John Linn, father of the late James F. Linn, Esq., came up to Buffalo Valley in 1775, and settled on part of the tract his father purchased of Colonel Francis, on Buffalo Creek, where he died in 1809.

Robert Fruit lived on the Heinly place. He sold this place about 1812, and moved to Columbia County, Pa. Robert Fruit's descendants are prominent and wealthy people in Mercer County, Pa.



ure in rambling among the trees and bushes, but I fear the pleasure's gone.

"Tuesday, July 11.—Early I returned to Mr. Gray's, to my study. He reaps to-day. It seems, now, to be the hurry of harvest. Mr. Clark,* a gentleman in the neighborhood, gave me for the supply twenty shillings. He also demanded a receipt. I pored over my sermon in the little shop so closely to-day that I grew quite stupid, as they say, 'so through other,' that I laid it by and went among the reapers. There is one thing here a little remarkable: These damp evenings the mosquitoes are thick and troublesome. But oh! the fleas. Some mornings, at some houses, I rise spotted and bepurpled, like a person in the measles. I had a long confabulation with Mr. Allen on church government. He is an experienced critic.

"Wednesday, July 12.—A violent thundergust last night. Soon after breakfast I left Mr. Gray's. Rode to Mr. Fruit's, and must breakfast again. Mr. Fruit very civilly gallanted me on my road. We forded the river, and rode up the bank on the north side. The country on both sides of this water very inviting and admirably fertile. Mr. Fruit left me, and I jogged along alone. A narrow bridle road, logs fallen across it, bushes spread over it, but I came at last to Captain Piper's,† at Warrior Run, twelve miles. The Captain was out reaping. Mrs. Piper received me very kindly. She is an amiable woman by character; she appears to be so by trial. At three after dinner the Captain came in. He stood at the door. 'I am,' said he, 'William Piper. Now, sir, in my turn, who are you?' 'My name

^{*} Probably Walter Clark who lived then, 1775, on Colonel Slifer's place. See Dr. Egle's "Members of the Convention of 1776," (Pennsylvania Magazine, 1879.)

[†]Captain William Piper of Second Battalion, Pennsylvania Regiment, commissioned July 20, 1763; served under Collemel Bouquet in the campaign of 1764, and received for his services three tracts of land—one of which contained 609 acres, "including the mouth of Delaware Run" in Northumberland County), was surveyed May 23, 1769. To this tract he removed from his residence near Shippensburg soon afterwards, and made his home where the village of Dewart now stands. He had but one child, Peggy, mentioned in the Journal; she married James Irwin, of Mercersburg, Pa. The tract is patented to James Irwin, May 31, 1794, and Roan in his Journal (Annals of Buffalo Valley) speaks frequently of James Irwin stopping at Clingan's on his way up to see his lands on Warrior Run.



is Fithian, sir.' 'What is it?' 'Fithian, sir.' 'Oh,' says he. 'Fiffen.' 'No, it is Fithian.' 'What, Pithin? Damn the name, let me have it in black and white. But who are you? Are you a regular orderly preacher? We are often imposed upon and curse the man who imposes on us next.' 'I come, sir, by the appointment of Donegal Presbytery from an order of Synod." 'Then God bless you, you are welcome to Warrior Run-You are welcome to my house. But can you reap?' He was full 'half seas over.' He spoke to his wife: 'Come, Sally, be kind and make a bowl of toddy.' Poor, unhappy, hard-conditioned, patient woman! Like us neglected and forsaken 'Sons of Levi,' you should fix on a state of happiness beyond this world. I was in the evening introduced to Captain Hayes,* a gentleman of civility and seriousness. He begged me to preach a week-day lecture before I leave the neighborhood. At Mr. Hayes' I saw a large gourd; it held nine gallons. I saw in the bottom near the bank of the river a sycamore or buttonwood tree, which measured, eighteen inches from the ground, fifteen feet in circumference.

"Thursday, July 13.—'There is not one in this society but my little wain,' said the Captain to me quite full of whiskey, 'not one

Concerning the first land owners in this part of the valley, $A.\ J.\ Guffey,$ the well-known surveyor of Watsontown says:

- Colonel Turbutt Francis' application, No. 6, was for 2,775 acres. His tract extended from about one mile below Milton to about one mile above the present borough, including the site upon which it stands.
 - 2. Ensign Stein, 246 acres, included the mouth of Muddy Run.
 - 3. Captain Samuel Hunter included the mouth of Warrior Run.
 - 4. Captain Housegger, 609 acres, included the site of Watsontown.
- 5. Lientenant Hunsicker, 334 acres, extended to near the mouth of Delaware Run.
 - 6. Captain William Piper, 609 acres, and Lieutenant Hays, came next in order.

^{*}Lieutenant James Hays, First Pennsylvania Battalion, commissioned November 29, 1763, (Pennsylvania Archives, Second Series, Vol. II., page 612.) His location, 334 acres, was surveyed immediately above Captian Piper's on the river. Subsequent to the Revolution he removed to his tract at the mouth of Beech Creek, in Clinton County, where the house he originally built and occupied by him is still standing on the north side of Bald Eagle Creek, opposite Beech Creek Station of the Lock Haven and Tyrone Railroad. From the windows of the cars can be seen the Hays Cemetery, originally a private burying-ground on the place. His tombstone bears the following inscription: "James Hays, born February 29, 1740, died February 14, 1817; his wife Sarah, born February 15, 1745, died May 5, 1823." They have many well-known descendants in Clinton County.



of them all but my little wain that can tell you what is effectual calling.' Indeed, his 'wain' is a lovely girl. She is an only child just now ten years old. She seems to be remarkably intelligent, reads very clear, attends well to the quantity of words, has a sweet, nervous quo-he accent. Indeed, I have not lately been so highly pleased as with this rosy-cheeked Miss Peggy Piper. Mrs. Piper keeps a clean house; well-fixed beds. Here I have not seen a bug or a flea.

"Friday, July 14.-Last evening after sunset I walked with Mrs. Piper to four neighbors' houses, all within a half a mile. She was looking for harvest hands, while her ill-conditioned husband was asleep perspiring off the fumes of whiskey. It is now seven o'clock. There are two reapers. Miss Piper is out carrying drink to the reapers. Her father is yet asleep. Tim is about the house as a kind of waiting man. There is also a close-set young Irish widow who, on her passage, lost her husband and two children at She came in Captain McCulloch's ship with six hundred passengers, of which one hundred and five died at sea, and many more on landing. Mrs. Piper is taken this morning after breakfast with a violent fever and palpitation of the heart, which continues very threatening. The young Irish widow is lame with a cold in her shoulder and has this morning scalded her hand most sorely. Dear Peggy went out early and is overheated, so that she is laid up with the headache. The Captain himself is ut semper full of whiskey. A house full of impotence. We are relieved. however, by a young woman of the neighborhood. Dr. Sprigg, a gentleman in the practice who is settling in this neighborhood, by accident came in, and made some application of some medicine to Mrs. Piper. Towards evening I took a ramble with Peggy to find and bring in the cows. She showed me their sugar tree bottom, out of which Mrs. Piper says she makes plenty of sugar for her family use. I am charmed with each calm evening. The people here are all cordial and inveterate enemies of the Yankees, who are settling about in this province on the land in dispute between Connecticut* and Pennsylvania. It is said they are in-

^{*}The forty-first parallel of latitude to which the Susquehanna Company at Hartford, Conn., claimed, runs seven or eight miles south of the neighborhood known as the "Paradise Country," from its proverbial beauty and fertility—where Mr. Fithian



tending to come down into this neighborhood and fix down upon the unsettled land, which exasperates the people generally.

"Saturday, July 15.—I had my horse belled to-day and put in a proper lawn. I would rather call it a park. He wears the bell, contrary to my expectation, with perfect resignation. To-day Mrs. Piper is better, and walks the house. There came ten reapers before breakfast; the Captain was in bed, supinus stertiens. It was something remarkable—after he awaked he would drink no more, and before evening was perfectly sober. I am told he is always sober and devout on Sabbath. There came on a great rain before ten, and reaping was done. I took a walk after the rain on the bank of the river. My wonder ceases that the Indians fought for this happy valley.

"Sunday, July 16.—Warrior Run.*—This meeting-house is on the bank of the river, eighteen miles from Northumberland. It is not yet covered; a large assembly gathered. I preached from a wagon, the only one present. The people sat upon a rising ground before me. It looked odd to see the people sitting among the bushes. All were attentive, and there were many present. I spoke the loudest and with more ease than I have ever done any day before. After service I rode down to Mr. Fruit's and spent the evening reading and examining Mr. Lusk's piece against the Seceders.

"Monday, July 17.—After breakfast and prayer I took my leave, crossed over the river and rode down to town. The day was bright and very hot. The inhabitants yet busy with their harvest.

"Northumberland.—In town by eleven, much fatigued. I spoke with Mr. Barker. He was busy, but soon came in, and we spent

was sojourning. As early as 1772, the company had advanced its pickets to the border "to hold possession." In deeds of that year a special covenant was commonly inserted "against the claim of the inhabitants of New England."

^{*} John L. Watson, Esq., whose father owned the site, says that the old church of Warrior Run stood at the lower end of Watsontown, where the old grave-yard is still partly visible within the limits of Mr. Ario Pardee's large lumber manufacturing works. It was probably burned by the Indians at the time of the Big Runaway-When peace was restored the congregation erected a new church some three miles up Warrior Run, thinking the location more secure and convenient, where the church of to-day stands.



an hour very pleasantly. I walked down to Mr. Martin's* to see the newspapers. Dr. Plunkett† and three other gentlemen were in the next room. Mr. Carmichael's; sermon, preached lately before the Carlisle company, was in contemplation. 'Damn the sermons, Smith's, and all,' said one of them. 'Gunpowder and lead shall form text and sermon both.' The Doctor, however, gave him a severe reproof. The Honorable Conference is yet sitting, and have published to the world reasons for our taking up By a letter lately from Princeton to a gentleman here, I am told that James Armstrong and John Witherspoons have gone to Boston with General Washington. I am told that Mr. Smith,| our tutor, was lately married to Miss Ann Witherspoon. Probably in this conflict I may be called to the field, and such a connection would make me less willing to answer so responsible a call. I will not therefore marry until our American glory be fixed on a permanent foundation, or is taken entirely from us. An alarming report; eight horse loads of powder went up the country this day, carried by a number of Indians. It is shrewdly guessed they have in view some infernal strategem.

"Tuesday, July 18.—I rose by seven, studying at my sermon for the fast. There is a rupture in the other town (Sunbury); they have two men in prison who were seized on suspicion of selling what they call the Yankee rights of land. They are ap-

^{*}Robert Martin kept the first tavern at Northumberland, having settled there prior to the purchase of 1768. Robert Martin was the grandfather of the late Lewis Martin, Esq., of Williamsport. Mrs. Grant was a daughter of Robert Martin.

[†] Dr. William Plunkett was the first presiding justice of Northumberland County.

[‡] Rev. John Carmichael, graduate of Princeton College, 1759, afterwards pastor of the Presbyterian Church at the "Forks of the Brandywine." He was an earnest, uncompromising friend of American liberty. (See Futhey and Cope's History of Chester County, page 493.) The sermon alluded to was preached to Captain William Hendricks' company which left Carlisle for Boston a week previous.

[§] James Armstrong and John Witherspoon graduated at Princeton in 1773, in the class succeeding that of Fithian, 1772. Armstrong died in 1816. Witherspoon in 1795.

^{||}Samuel Stanhope Smith, afterward President of Hampden and Sidney College, Virginia, died in 1819.

[¶] Mr. Fithian changed his mind. He married Miss Betsey Beatty, October 25, 1775, and died while serving as a chaplain in the army on New York Island, October 8, 1776.



prehensive of a mob who may rise to release them, and keep every night a strict guard. Mr. Scull,* who is captain for this town, goes with a party for a guard from hence to-night. I am invited to a party this afternoon. South of this town the bank of the river is a high stony precipice, three hundred and fifty feet at least, and almost perpendicular. There is a way, by going a small distance up the river, of ascending to the top, which is level and covered with shrubby pines. Here I am invited by a number of ladies to gather huckleberries. The call of women is invincible and I must gallant them over the river. Perhaps my Eliza is in the same exercise in the back-parts of Deerfield (Cumberland County, N. J.) We dined and walked down to Mr. Martin's on the Westway street.† Ladies: Mrs. Boyd, a matron, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. McCartney, Miss Carothers, Miss Martin, Miss Lusk, and a strange young woman, Miss Manning, and myself. fearful! It is so high and so steep. Look at you man in his small canoe; how diminutive he seems groveling down there, paddling a tottering boat! The water itself looks to be very remote, just as I have often seen the sky in a still, clear brook.

"Wednesday, July 19.—Mr. Barker called on me this morning to walk. We strolled up the North Branch of the river two miles. Good land but less cultivated. I cannot but much esteem this young gentleman. He is not forward in conversation, not by any means dull, makes many just and pleasant remarks on the state of America. Two wagons, with goods, cattle, women, tools, &c., went through the town to-day from East Jersey, on their way to Fishing Creek, up the river, where they are to settle. Rapid. most rapid, is the growth of this country.

^{*} William Scull, sheriff of Northumberland County, October, 1775.

[†]In a plot of the town which Mr. Fithian makes in his Journal, he represents a row of houses along the North Branch and a row along West Branch—none in the centre. By Westway street he meant the one running from the Point up the West Branch. Of the ladies belonging to the huckleberry party: Mrs. Sarah Boyd, the matron, was the mother of Lieutenant William Boyd, killed at Brandywine, September 11, 1777, of Lieutenant Thomas Boyd, killed by the Indians, September 12, 1779, in Sullivan's campaign, and of Captain John Boyd, so many years justice of the peace at Northumberland. Miss Carothers was a sister of Lieutenant John Carothers, Twelfth Pennsylvania, killed at Germantown, October 10, 1777.

[‡] Mr. Fithian was looking from the summit of Blue Hill. The view from this elevation is very fine.



FORT AUGUSTA.

"At the invitation of Mr. Scull and Mr. Barker I went, after dinner, over the river to Captain Hunter's." I was formally introduced by these gentlemen to him. He talks but little, yet with great authority. I felt little in his presence from a consciousness of inferiority. We drank with him one bowl of toddy and passed on to

SUNBURY.

"The town lies near a half mile below the fort, on the north side of the main branch. It may contain an hundred houses. All the buildings are of logs but Mr. Maclay's,† which is of stone and large and elegant. The ground is low and level, and on the back part moorish. Northumberland at the point has a good appearance from this town. The inhabitants were mustering armsblood and death, how these go in a file! As we were returning in our slim canoes, I could not help thinking with myself how the savage tribes, while they were in possession of these enchanting wilds, have floated over this very spot. My heart feels for the wandering natives. I make no doubt but multitudes of them. when they were forced away, left these long-possessed and delightsome banks with swimming eyes. Evening, between 9 and 10, came into Mr. McCartney's, Dr. Allison, Dr. Kearsley, Mr. Barker and Mr. Freeman. 'I am the very man, and no other,' said Dr. Allison,§ 'who was appointed to carry on the building of our meeting-house here, and I am for having it done with brick. Let us at once make a convenient place for worship, and an ornament to the town.

^{*}Captain Samuel Hunter, County Lieutenant of Northumberland County during the Revolution, and member of the Council of Censors, 1783, died on the site of Fort Angusta, which he owned, April 10, 1784, aged 52. He was a native of Donegal, Ireland, and was commissioned captain November 10, 1763, serving in the Bouquet campaign of 1764.

[†]Hon. William Maclay's house is still standing, owned by Senator Wolverton. See page 397 of this work.

[‡] Dr. Jonathan Kearsley emigrated from Dublin, Ireland, to Shippensburg; was afterwards Deputy Surveyor of Cumberland and Franklin. Died April 8, 1796.

[§] Dr. Francis Allison, Surgeon of Colonel Cooke's Twelfth Pennsylvania. Appointed October 14, 1776.



THE SOLEMN CONTINENTAL FAST.

"Thursday, July 20.—I rose by six; the town quiet; all seems dull and mournful; stores shut and all business laid aside. ten many were in town from the country. Half after eleven we began. I preached in Mr. Chatham's house, in the North-way street. It is a new house, just covered, without partitions. It was thronged. Many were in the chamber: many in the cellar: many were without the house. There were two Jews present-Mrs. Levy* and her nephew. I spoke in great fear and dread. I was never before so nice an audience; I never spoke on so solemn a day. In spite of all my fortitude and practice, when I began my lips quivered; my flesh shrank; my hair rose up; my knees trembled. I was wholly confused until I had almost closed my sermon. Perhaps this feeling was caused by entirely fasting, as I had taken nothing. I was to-day, by Mr. Barker, introduced to Mr. Chambers,† a young gentleman of Sunbury—a lawyer. He appears to be serious, civil, and sociable. I was also introduced to Mr. James Hunter, of Philadelphia. In the afternoon service felt much better, but was under the necessity of reading both sermons. Several in the neighborhood gave me warm invitations to call and see them, but I must now away up this long river, sixty miles higher, among quarrelsome Yankees, insidious Indians, and, at best, lonely wilds. Mrs. Boyd, an aged, motherly, religious, chatty neighbor, Mr. Barker's landlady, drank coffee with us; Miss Nellie Carothers, also, and several strangers. Evening, two villains-runaways and thieves-were bro't into town and committed to prison. One of them took my coat the other day. Justice, do thy office!

^{*}Wife of Aaron Levy, a great land speculator, who laid out the town of Aaronsburg, Centre County.

[†]Stephen Chambers, Esq., who went out in Colonel Cooke's Twelfth Pennsylvania regiment as First Lieutenant, and was promoted Captain. He was one of the Council of Censors, 1783, delegate to the Federal Convention, December 12, 1787, and was wounded in a duel with Dr. Jacob Rieger, Monday, May 11, 1789, and died on Saturday, 16, at Lancaster. The records show that Stephen Chambers was the first Worshipful Master of Lodge No. 22, A. Y. M., at Northumberland, December 27, 1779. On that day he produced and presented to the lodge, at his own proper cost and charges, the warrant for the lodge, and was then re-elected Master. His sister was the wife of Judge John Joseph Henry.



"Friday, July 21.—The weather these two days is extraordinary, so that I have slept under a sheet, blankets, coarse rug, and in my own clothes, and I am to-day wishing for a thicker coat than this sieve-like crape. I dined with Dr. Allison and Mr. Barker, at Mr. Scull's. Oh! we have had a most agreeable afternoon. It has been an entertainment worthy of royalty. If this pompous declaration is thought strange and a secret, too, I will explain its meaning. I have been in the company of gentlemen where there is no reserve. Books and literary improvement were the subjects. Every sentence was a sentiment. Mr. Chambers and Sheriff Cooke joined us. The gloomy, heavy thoughts of war were awhile suspended.

"Saturday, July 22.—I slept but little last night; a sick Irish girl in the next room, by her continual moaning, kept me awake. Indeed, the poor Irish maid was extremely ill. I am to take my leave of acquaintances and soon leave this town. It is probable I shall never see it again. I wish, however, it may thrive and prosper in all its interests. I left the town and took a long, narrow bridle road to Mr. James Morrow's [Murray's] at Chillisquaque. He lives on the creek, five miles from the mouth. I was more bewildered in finding this road—which for more than six miles, at least, was nothing more than a dull, brush-covered hog-road, with a log across it almost every rod—than I have been before. I received of Mr. Gibson for my Fast-day supply, 7s. 6d. He lives in a small log hamlet; is, himself, a man of business. He was in the last war, and is very garrulous, and, indeed, intelligent, on military subjects. On the bank of this creek I walked among the white walnuts, ash, buttonwood, birch, hazels, &c., rambling along. At last I stopped, stripped off my stockings, and waded up and down. One thing here I don't like. In almost all these rural cots I am under the necessity of sleeping in the same room with all the family. It seems indelicate, at least, for men to strip surrounded by different ages and sexes, and rise in the morning, in the blaze of day, with the eyes of at least one blushing Irish female searching out subjects for remark.

CHILLISQUAQUE.

"Sunday, July 23.—We have a still, dark, rainy morning. The people met at Mr. Morrow's [Murray.] His little house was filled.



Many came from a funeral, in all probably sixty. Three days ago, when one of the neighbors was carting in his rye, his young and only child, not yet four years old, drew into its mouth one of the beards. It stopped in his throat, fixed, and soon inflamed, and yesterday, in spite of all help, about noon he died.

"Monday, July 24.-One of the elders gave me for yesterday's supply 15s. 3d. Yesterday and this morning we breakfasted on tea. It is boiled in a common dinner pot of ten or fifteen gallons, and poured out in tin cups. We have with it boiled potatoes and huckleberry pie, all in love, peace, and great welcome. My horse, however, now feeds upon the fat of the earth. He is in a large field of fine grass, generally timothy, high as his head. He has not fared so well since we left Mr. Gray's on the Juniata. Mrs. Morrow wears three golden rings, two on her second finger of the left hand and one on the middle finger of the right. They are all plain. Her daughter Jenny, or as they call her, Jensy, wears only two. Jensy is a name most common here. Mr. Fruit, Mr. Allen of Buffalo, Mr. Hayes of Warrior Run, and the women here all have daughters whom they call Jensy. Salt here is a great price, the best selling at 10s., and 10s. 6d., and the lowest 8s. Half after nine I left Mr. Morrow's and rode to Mr. McCandlish's* on the river. Here I fed my horse with a sheaf of wheat. Thence to Freland's mill, thence over Muncy's hills and Muncy's beautiful creek to Mr. Crownover's t on the bank of the river. This gentleman came from Stonybrook, near Princeton in Jersey. and is intimately acquainted with many there. He has here a large and most excellent farm, is yet busy with his harvest, seems to be a moderate, pleasant person, and which I shall always after this voyage admire, he has a clever, neat woman for his wife. Opposite to this farm is a very high hill on the opposite side of the river under which the river runs without any level country.

"Tuesday, July 25.—I slept soundly and fine without being disturbed by either a bug or a flea. And the house is as poor and as much surrounded with woods and brush as other houses.

^{*}George McCandlish kept a tavern on the site of the town of Milton.

[†]On Loyalsock Creek, site of present town of Montoursville. Albert Crownover, or Covenhoven ordinarily written, father of Robert Covenhoven, lived at Loyalsock Creek.



where, through entire carelessness, I am surrounded by numberless numbers of these insects. A very foggy morning, I drenched myself with a most stinging bitter, and left Mr. Crownover's by eight, expenses 3s. 8d. I rode up the river, course west and to the southward of west, over several fine creeks and rich lands to Lacomin [Lycoming] creek, all the way a good wagon-beaten road. Here the Pennsylvania 'New Purchase' ends and the 'Indian land' begins. On I rode, however, on a worn path, over the enemy's country, with much reverence, and am now at one Ferguson's,* on the very bank of the river, and am now scribbling this while my horse, who is now my only agreeable companion, eats a sheaf of wheat. Since I left Muncy there is on the other side of the river, and to the very edge, a high ridge of hills, which makes that side uninhabitable. I rode on to Pine Creek, on both sides of which is a large, long clearing, said to be anciently Indian towns, clear, level, and unbroken, without even a stump or hillock, only high, thick grass. On this common I saw many cattle and droves of horses, all very fat, wantonly grazing. In passing over this creek I met an Indian trader with his retinue. Himself first on horseback, armed with a bright rifle and apparatus, then a horse with packs, last his men with luggage. Meeting these in the dark part of a lonely road startled me at first. On I rode over a part of the river onto the Great Island, and thence over the other branch to Esquire Fleming's.† He was out, but his daughter, Miss Betsey, was at home. She was milking. She is chatable, and I was soon entered upon useful business.

"Wednesday, July 26.—A most excellent spot of clear, level land, sixty-five miles computed, I call it seventy miles from Sunbury. It is a spot of land which once was an Indian town. There is more than a hundred acres that has been long cleared, so

^{*}Thomas Ferguson, one of the original Fair Play men.

[†] John Fleming, Esq., lived then on the site of the city of Lock Haven, his house standing close to the south abutment of the dam in the river. He owned what is known as the Dr. Francis Allison survey, containing 1,620 acres, on which the city is principally located. John Fleming died in 1777, and his daughter "Betsey" married John McCormick, and has numerous descendants. Mrs. Helen Mayer (wife of Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President Judge of the XXVth Judicial District, composed of Clinton, Cameron and Elk counties,) is a granddaughter of the Betsey of whom Mr. Fithian speaks so kindly.



long that every stump is washed all away. The natural situation of this estate of the 'Squire's is much similar to the spot on which Northumberland is building. On two accounts it is different. This is a most fertile soil, that is sandy and in parts piney. The rivers here make an acute angle, there they widen at once to a right one. It is something remarkable that they have not finished taking down their harvest, and many have their grass yet in the field. I saw to-day two Indians, young fellows about eighteen. They had neat, clean rifles, and are going downward with their skins. At any rate, I cannot bring myself to a pleasant feeling when I look upon, or even think of these heathenish savages. The 'Squire's house stands on the bank of the Susquehanna two miles above the mouth of the Bald Eagle Creek. He tells me it stands nearly in the centre of his land, and he owns all between these rivers this far up.

"Indeed, he will be able to settle all his sons and his fair daughter Betsey on the fat of the earth. He took me to-day a long and wearisome round down the Susquehanna and to the other side up the Bald Eagle many miles. I gathered in my hand a garland of wild flowers; when I got home I counted thirty different distinct kinds, and most of them beautiful and many fragrant. Mr. Fleming tells me this settlement is yet small, but few families, yet he thinks it growing fast, and will soon form a society. We dined near the point with a brother of the 'Squire's. He lives well and is busy reaping. He has two fair daughters, one of them reaping. I did nothing to-day but ramble and stroll about.

"Thursday, July 27.—A very rainy morning. I slept until seven. I kept house until after dinner and reviewed the 'Squire's library. After some perusal I fixed on the Farmer's memorable letters.* We have this morning a great and general fog. There is, along the whole course of this river, but chiefly between these branches, the main river, and the Bald Eagle Creek, every morning great fogs. These seldom go off until the sun has been up two hours. Another inconvenience is the want of cool water.

^{*&}quot;Letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer," published in the Pennsylvania Chronicle in 1767, written by John Dickinson, which had such a wonderful effect in forming and controlling the opinions of the people in opposition to the acts of the British ministry.



All the water they drink in summer is brought from springs on the other side of the river. The land between these rivers is flat, unbroken, mellow ground, almost without a stone; but along the south side of Bald Eagle Creek and on the north side of the main river is a high ridge of mountains, and they, as I am inclined to think, occasion the fogs. It is certain they contain the fountains of these fine springs. Esquire Fleming has 1,640 acres with the allowance, and all rich and all level. Timber for fencing is scarce; these level bottoms abound most in walnut, ash, and locust. The 'Squire tells me that I am the first 'orderly' preacher, or that has come by appointment, ever to this settlement. Mr. Page, a church clergyman, was here all last month. Mr. Hoge, of Virginia, was once here to view some land, but none ever by appointment of synod or presbytery. Miss Jennie Reed,* a rural lass, lives up the river about half a mile. I will venture to call her a nymph of the waters

"Saturday, July 29.- I drank coffee last evening at Mr. Reed's. They appear to be a sociable, kind, neat family. Indeed I have not seen domestic affairs adjusted, making allowance for the earthfloored hamlet, anywhere in the Purchase more to my mind. They treated me with a clean dish of fine huckleberries, and with a dish of well-made clean coffee. Before dark I was summoned home to see Mr. Gillespie, who is arrived from Northumberland. Dined with Mr. Waggoner, of Philadelphia; he is going up higher with a surveyor. I had a long walk and entertaining chat with He seems to be a young gentleman of ease and pleasantry. Five o'clock afternoon, with Miss Betsey Fleming, Miss Jennie Reed, and Mr. Gillespie, I crossed over the river in a canoe, and went up a very high, steep mountain to gather huckleberries. On the top of this hill we found them in the greatest of plenty; low bushes bending to the ground with their own weight. On our return we had rare diversion. The water is in all parts shallow. Gillespie, the helmsman, he overturned the canoe. I discovered my little water nymph was more fearful in the water and less dexterous in it than I was. Miss Fleming stood, the beautiful current gliding gently by, and squalled and begged like a dis-

^{*}Daughter of William Reed, whose house was known as Reed's Fort during the Indian troubles. Jenny lived to an extreme old age and died unmarried.



tressed female. The water was waist-high, our canoe filled with water. I stood almost spent with laughter, though in a worse case than they. Many were standing on the shore. We lost all our fruit, and with the empty cups the girls drenched and bespattered Gillespie till the poor Irishman, impotent of help, was entirely wetted, and we then waded dripping to the shore.

BALD EAGLE CONGREGATION.

"Sunday, July 30.—I rose early and walked, with a Bible and my sermon, down the bank of the river. The morning is cool and very clear. At eleven I began service. We crossed over to the Indian land,* and held worship on the bank of the river opposite the Great Island about a mile and a half below 'Squire Fleming's. There were present about one hundred and forty. I stood at the root of a great tree, the people sitting in the bushes and green grass around me. They gave good attention. I had the eyes of all upon me. I spoke with some force and pretty loud. I recommended to them earnestly the religious observance of God's Sabbath in this remote place, where they seldom have the Gospel preached; that they should attend with carefulness and reverence upon it.

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"Monday, July 31.—A fine, clear, cool morning. I have company to the end of this day's ride. Mr. Gillespie is going up Bald Eagle Creek as far as the Nest. Farewell, Susquehanna. Farewell, these level farms. Farewell, good, sensible 'Squire Fleming. Farewell, Betsey and Jennie. Now I am bending towards home, having arrived at the full end of my appointment. The 'Squire paid me for my supply £1. At seven we took our leave. We rode through a wild wilderness up Bald Eagle Creek twenty miles without the sight of a single house. We saw many Indian camps—small crotched sticks covered with thick bark. Some of these were lately left. On the bank of a brook, which ran into the creek, we came to a fire. Some Indians or others had encamped there last night. Near the fire over the very road hung half a deer; the two hind quarters of which were yet warm. Mr. Gillespie alighted and wrapped them with some green bushes

^{*}That part of Clinton County north of the river was not purchased from the Indians until October 23, 1784.



in his surtout. I was fearful that it belonged to some Indians, who were lying in ambush to shoot us when we disturbed their property. We rode with our venison a little further. Whoop! Whoop! cry two Indians. I was very much terrified. They were lying in tents; we must ride up to them. Brother! and brother! passed between them and Mr. Gillespie. They were very kind. We left them and rode through the brush to

BALD EAGLE'S NEST.*

"Mr. Andrew Boggs lives here, twenty-five miles from Esq. Fleming's. We dined on fish-suckers and chubs-and on venison. It is a level, rich, pleasant spot, the broad creek running by the door. Many of the trees on this road are cut by the Indians in strange figures—diamonds, death-heads, crowned heads, initial letters, whole names, dates of years, and blazes. Soon after we had dined two Indian boys bolted in (they never knock or speak at the door) with seven large fish-one would weigh two pounds. In return Mrs. Boggs gave them bread and a piece of our venison. Down they sat in the ashes before the fire, stirred up the coals, and laid on their flesh. When it was roasted they eat in great mouthfuls and devoured it with the greatest rapacity. When they were gone Gillespie threw himself on a blanket and is now asleep. I sat me down upon a three-legged stool to writing. This house looks and smells like a shambles—raw flesh and blood, fish and deer in every part-mangled, wasting flesh on every shelf. Hounds licking up the blood from the floor; an open-hearted landlady, naked Indians and children. Ten hundred thousand flies. Oh, I fear there are as many fleas. Seize me soon, kind sleep, lock me in thy sweet embrace. Oh, so soon as I lay me down let me rest in thy bosom and lose my senses! Stop! oh, stop! sleep to-night is gone. Four Indians came droving in, each with a large knife and tomahawk. Bless me, too, they are strapping fellows. I am sick of my station. All standing dumb before us, Gillespie chatters to them. I am glad to keep bent at my writing.

^{*}Site of Milesburg, Centre County. Andrew Boggs, the first settler within the bounds of Centre County, with his wife, Margery Boggs, nee Harris, came to the Nest in 1769. Parents of Robert Boggs, one of the first associate judges of the county—1800. Andrew Boggs died in 1776, and his wife in 1809.



For all this settlement I would not live here—for two such settlements—not for five hundred a year.

"Tuesday, August 1.-At prayers this morning we had these Indians. They sat motionless during the exercise. One irreverent hunter, too, a white man, lay all the time of prayers on a deer skin on the floor. We had a room full of one and another, all were quiet. Mr. Boggs tells me he knows of no families westward of these and but one higher up the creek.* Some of the Indians here have the outside rim of their ears slitted and it hangs dangling strangely. Some have rings and others drops of silver in their noses and ears; ruffled shirts, but many of these very greasy. On the trees near their camps are painted with red and black colors many wild and ferocious animals in their most furious gestures. It is only eight miles distance to the foot of the Allegheny, but it rises gradually and long. In this neighborhood (if I may be allowed to call it so) is a large quantity of spruce pine; the bark is black and fine; it is a straight, tall tree; the leaves are thinner, longer and of a deeper green than other pine. It makes an excellent ingredient in table beer. After ten I took my leave. crossed a gap of Muncy Ridge† and rode eighteen miles through wild barren woods without any trace of an habitation or road other than the blind, unfrequented path which I tracked at times with much difficulty. Two or three forsaken Indian camps I saw on the creek's bank, and a little before sunset I arrived at Captain James Potter's t at the head of Penn's Valley. This ride I found very uncomfortable, my horse laine, with but one shoe, a stony road. I lost my way in the gap of the mountains, but was easily righted. More than ten miles of the way I must go, and my poor horse without water. I let him feed, however, in the woods where there is plenty of good, wild grass. I fed myself, too, on huckleberries. In these woods are very beautiful flowers and in a

^{*}This was Thomas Parsons, who lived on the creek seven miles above the "Nest." near where the line between Huston and Union townships crosses the creek.

[†]Gap in Muncy Mountain, between Milesburg and Bellefonte.

[‡]Mr. Fithian's route was across Nittany Valley and over Nittany Mountain by what is now known as McPride's Gap, where he lost his way, then down Penn's Valley to Captain (afterwards General) James Potter's, who lived then near the present "Old Fort" tavern, in Potter Township, Centre County. By the present direct road the distance would be about twelve miles.



great quantity, especially large orange-colored lily, spotted with black spots. I saw here the first aloe; it grows on a small bush like the hazel, ripens in the winter, and is now like a heart cherry. In these woods are great plenty of wild cherries, growing on low spray bushes, which are just now ripening.

"Wednesday, August 2.—How pleasant is rest to the wearied body! How balmy is peace to an agitated mind! In the gracious bosom of both of these I retired when I laid myself down in bed last night. An elegant supper; a neat home—all expressions of welcome. Not a flea; not a chinch, as I know of, within eighteen miles, so that this morning, by God's mercy, I rise in part recruited from the ruins of many days' distress. Captain Potter* took me walking over his farm. He owns here many thousand acres of fine land. Some, indeed, I saw in most fertile walnut bottom. One great inconvenience, however, attends this place—the want of water. Some few springs there are of good water and in plenty, but there ought to be many never-failing brooks. Oats and flax here are not yet ripe, and it is now the greatest hurry in getting in the wheat and rve. Afternoon I rode down the valley five miles to a smith; † he would not charge me anything for shoeing my horse. The people seem to be kind and extremely civil. Indians are here, too. It was evening before the Captain and I returned. We must pass by their camp. Ten sturdy and ablelimbed fellows were sitting and lying around a large fire, helloing, and in frantic screams, not less fearful than inebriated demons, howling until we were out of hearing.

"Thursday, August 3.—I miss here the shady, pleasant banks of the Susquehanna. It is forty-two miles to Northumberland and Sunbury; eight miles to the nearest place where Penn's Creek is navigable with canoes; almost surrounded with hills and mountains; on a few, and some of these few, temporary springs. The low bottoms now have scarce water sufficient to moisten a hog,

^{*}General James Potter, at his death, November 27, 1789, owned 6,000 acres of land in the heart of Penn's Valley. The road from Spring Mills to Boalsburg ran seven miles, without an intervening owner, through one portion of his possessions, all good farms still.

[†] Daniel Long, a blacksmith, then lived near Penn Hall, on the place now owned by S. J. Herring, Esq., where many cinders mark the site of Long's shop.



which in winter are continually flooded. Captain Potter has tasted, in times past, some streams of the Pierian Spring. He has here a number of books—Justice Blackstone's celebrated Commentaries, Pope's writings, Hervey's Meditations, many theological tracts, &c. Over these I am rambling to-day with a very bad headache and oppression in my breast, the effects of a deep-rooted cold which I have taken some nights past when I was fighting with the fleas.

"Friday, August 4.—I am less pleased with the valley and my stay is more irksome, though I am as well and better treated, indeed, (more genteelly and from better ability) than in most of the places where I have been. Perhaps the weather makes me dull; it is now, and has been for some time past, cloudy; aguish or melancholy, or the want of company; not a house is there within three miles.

"Saturday, August 5.—Yet cloudy and dull. It is muster day; the Captain goes off early. I am not pleased with the Captain's plan of farming; he has too extensive a scope of business—four men-servants; two boys; more than two hundred acres of ground now cleared; much more cutting down; two plows going in a tough rye stubble, one pair of oxen in one, two horses in the other, both too weak. A large field of oats is ripe, some flax too ripe, and not yet pulled. But it is difficult to be nice in so rough a country."

From the hospitable residence of Captain Potter Mr. Fithian passed over the mountains into Kishacoquillas Valley, greatly admiring the beautiful scenery by the way. He stopped at the house of William Brown, who had settled on the site of Reedsville as early as 1760. His visit was a very pleasant one. He preached several times to the people, and enjoyed himself very much. From here he continued his journey and in due time reached his New Jersey home, much improved and edified by his tour through the new country.



CHAPTER XX.

FINAL DISPOSAL OF MUNCY MANOR TO SETTLERS—WHO THY WERE

—THE FAIR PLAY SYSTEM AND HOW IT OPERATED—DECLARATHON OF INDEPENDENCE AT PINE CREEK IN 1776.

THE ejectment suits brought against Samuel Wallis by the Proprietaries to dispossess him of the lands lying within the limits of Muncy Manor, which he claimed under certain surveys, and which have been referred to heretofore, were evidently won by the Penns, because we are informed that on the 15th of May, 1776, they gave orders to have the Manor divided into farms or lots and sold. The original draft, a copy of which is printed on page 326 of this work, shows the lines as they were first run, and the draft on page 373 shows how the Wallis lines overlapped. Owing to the lawsuits of that day a number of drafts were made, which are still in existence, but the two referred to above will give the reader a correct idea of the situation.

The survey was made in accordance with the orders of the Proprietaries, and a copy of the report of the surveyors is given herewith, showing the size of the tracts and who had occupied and improved them. The report is as follows:

No. 1.—Containing three hundred acres and 139 perches and an allowance of six per cent., &c. Settled on and improved by Mordecai McKinney.

No. 2.—Containing two hundred and ninety-nine acres and a half and allowance, &c. Settled on and improved by Peter Smith and Paulus Sheep.

No. 3.—Containing three hundred acres and seventy-six perches and allowance as aforesaid. Settled on and improved by John Brady.

No. 4.—Containing three hundred acres and 61 perches and allowance, &c. Settled on and improved by Caleb Knapp.

No. 5.—Containing three hundred and one acres and 105 perches and allowance, &c. Settled on and improved by John Scudder, who is displeased with the manner in which it is laid out, alleging there is not timber sufficient on it for fencing, &c., and desires his lot may be laid out agreeably to the red lines, (which contains two hundred and fifty-four acres and 74 perches and allowance, &c.,) which would greatly lessen the value of the lot Brady possesses. The S 30 E line runs through of

Hope



Brady's improvement, and takes near all the rail timber from Brady's lot, that is on the south side of the Glade Run, so that upon the whole we judge it most convenient, and to the general advantage of the plantations that the black line should remain as the boundary between Brady and Scudder. We have therefore laid down Scudder's complaint that it may be judged of by his honor the Governor.

It is by no means convenient that any of the plantations should cross the creek, as the banks on the north side are high, and the creek in time of freshets flows so very considerable that it is thereby rendered impassable for several days. It is settled on and improved by Jerome Vanest and John Young, as described in the draft, &c.,—in Young's improvement thirty acres, and in Vanest's sixty-seven acres.

Signed,

Jo. J. Wallis, Ino. Henderson. こののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本ののでは、日本のでは、

To John Lukens, Esqr., Surveyor General.

Mordecai McKinney came from Middlesex County, New Jersey, in the spring of 1775. He served as a member of the Committee of Safety for six months from August 13, 1776. In 1778, or the subsequent year, he was appointed a justice of the peace for Northumberland County. At the time of the Big Runaway Mordecai McKinney and family fled to Harrisburg, where he remained the balance of his life. What disposition he made of his improvement on the Manor is unknown.

· He had three sons: First, John, who became a major in the Continental army, and is said to have been living at Alexandria, Va., in 1803; Mordecai, Jr., became a merchant and lived at Middletown, Columbia and Newport. He was the father of Judge McKinney, of Harrisburg, author of McKinney's digest of the laws of Pennsylvania. His son, John C., was engaged upon the first geological survey of Pennsylvania, and afterwards served as geologist for the Iron Dale Company at Bloomsburg. He finally removed to Indianapolis.

Jacob, the third son of Mordecai, removed to the state of New York previous to 1810, and settled near Ovid.

Mordecai McKinney had brothers and quite an extensive relationship among the early settlers in the West Branch Valley. One of Rev. Asa Dunham's wives was a niece. John Buckalow*

^{*}The facts relating to Mordecai McKinney and his son-in-law, John Buckalow, were furnished the compiler by Captain John M. Buckalow, of Fishing Creek. Columbia County, Pa., who is a descendant of the pioneer. Captain Buckalow has many of his old papers and leases in his possession, which he treasures highly as mementoes of his ancestor.



married a daughter of Mr. McKinney October 21, 1773, and removed with him to the vicinity of Muncy. He served as a member of the Committee of Safety six months from February 8, 1776.

John Buckalow leased a grist and saw mill from John Hinds, of Muncy Township, for four years, and carried on the business until compelled to stop by the savages. He was one of the party that assisted in carrying in Captain John Brady when he was killed by the Indians.

Soon after this he removed with his father-in-law, McKinney, to Harrisburg and from thence to Maryland, where, on September 11, 1779, he leased a grist mill of Jacob Giles on Rock Creek, Harford County, for two years. He ground grain for the Continental army per order of Congress, at a stipulated price per bushel, for which he never received payment, having at his death, in 1833, an account of several hundred pounds unsettled. About 1784 or 1785 he returned and settled on Chillisquaque Creek, a mile or two below the present village of Washingtonville. In 1796 he settled on Little Fishing Creek, below Eyer's Grove, where he built a grist mill, which he run until age rendered him unable to continue the business, when he sold his property and removed to Fishing Creek Township. He died there in 1833, aged nearly 91 years. He left two sons, from whom are descended all of the name residing in that region.

Catharine, another daughter of Mordecai McKinney, married Cornelius Low and moved to New York as early as 1810. She afterwards, with a daughter, settled at St. Louis.

Nancy married Nicholas Elder and lived at Middletown a long time. Her husband was a merchant.

Number three, which is also within the present borough of Muncy, is the tract on which Captain John Brady erected his stockade, afterwards known as "Brady's Fort," although it was not classed among the regular fortifications in the valley. His family were occupying it at the time he was shot by the Indians within half a mile of the fort. To-day (1889) Mrs. Dr. William Hayes owns the ground—a well cultivated field—on which Fort Brady* stood,

^{*}The enclosure was protected by stockades, but its size is unknown. That there were at least two houses within the enclosure there seems to be no doubt. This is verified by the deposition of James Patton in the Robert Robb case.—Linn's Annals, page 128.



but there is nothing to indicate that the patriot and his family once dwelt there.

John Scudder, whose name and house appear on the draft, was born in New Jersey January 29, 1738, and grew to manhood in that state. He was among the first settlers who found their way to Muncy Manor, and was to a certain extent identified with the troubles that followed during the wars. Under date of January 24, 1776, he was appointed first lieutenant in the Sixth Company of the Second Battalion of Northumberland County Associators, commanded by Samuel Wallis; on the 13th of March following he was transferred to the Second Company of the same battalion with the same rank, and commanded by Captain Wallis, who appears to have been transferred also.

John Scudder died February 12, 1786. His wife Susan, also a native of New Jersey, was born June 2, 1746, and died November 19, 1830, having lived to a ripe age. They had three children. William, the first, was born April 4, 1766, in New Jersey, and died April 19, 1825, at Muncy. Mary, whose name has passed into history as the first white female child born north of Muncy Hills, on the Manor, came into the world May 21, 1771, and died at the place of her birth April 14, 1850. Hannah, the second daughter and third child, was born February 1, 1776. She married a man named Bell, but the date of her death is unknown. Mary married Benjamin Shoemaker. They had nine children, viz.: John, Henry, Susannah, Sarah, William, Hannah, Benjamin, Mercy and Mary. Susannah married a Mr. Langdon, Hannah Mr. Steadman, Mercy a Mr. Flack. Mary was accidentally shot when a small child. Little is known of the others.

Peter Smith had a sorrowful experience later on, which will be adverted to at the proper time, but nothing has been learned of his birthplace or age. Nothing is known of Paulus Sheep and Caleb Knapp.

Much has been written about what is called the Fair Play system, which existed in that portion of the valley lying north of the river and west of Lycoming Creck to the Great Island. It had its origin in the fact that the district alluded to was not included in the purchase from the Indians at Fort Stanwix in 1768, and



was, therefore, outside the limits of the Proprietary Government. The Indians, through deception, made the whites believe that Lycoming Creek was the boundary noted in the treaty as Tiadaghton (Pine Creek), when, in reality, it was not. They afterwards admitted that what is known as Pine Creek was the true boundary line.

The lands embraced in this disputed territory were very inviting, and many adventurers ran the risk of losing their scalps by staking out tracts and "squatting" on them. It will also be remembered that the Proprietary Government issued a proclamation, upon complaint of the Indians, forbidding any one to locate on these lands, under pain of arrest and severe punishment. But the hardy pioneers totally ignored the proclamation, and it nowhere appears that any effort was made to enforce it.

These settlers, being classed as outlaws, were compelled to enter into some kind of an organization for their government and protection. This condition of affairs resulted in what was known as the Fair Play system. Tradition informs us that they adopted a regular code of laws for their government, but as it was not preserved, we are left in ignorance of its provisions. The courts of the Fair Play men were often held at a place near what is now known as Chatham's Mill, in Clinton County. But it is doubtful if they had any regular place of meeting, or stated time for the transaction of business. The time of meeting was brought about by the exigencies that might arise. The court could be convened at any place within the territory over which it exercised jurisdiction, and on short notice, to try any case that might be on hand.

It is related that when a squatter refused to abide by the decisions of the court, he was immediately placed in a canoe and rowed to the mouth of Lycoming Creek, the boundary line of

civilization, and there sent adrift down the river.

One of the leading Fair Play men of that time was Bratton Caldwell, allusion to whom was made on page 404. On the breaking out of Indian hostilities he took his wife and fled to Lancaster County, where they remained until peace was restored, when they returned. On the 2d of May, 1785, he took out a pre-emption warrant, and had 315 acres of land surveyed on the tract where he first settled.



The Fair Play courts were composed of three commissioners, as they were termed, and after hearing a case and making a decision, there was no appeal. Bratton Caldwell* was one of the commissioners, and according to tradition he rendered good satisfaction.

In the examination of a batch of papers that once belonged to Hon. Charles Huston, at Bellefonte, John Blair Linn discovered a few facts relating to the Fair Play methods, which he published in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History*, Vol. VII., page 420. Some of the provisions of the code crop out in the depositions taken in several cases before the court. In the case of Greer versus Tharpe, William King, who came to live in the disputed territory in 1775, says that there was a law among the Fair Play men by which any man who absented himself for the space of six weeks lost his right to his improvement. Bratton Caldwell, in his testimony, says:

"In May, 1774, I was in company with William Greer and James Greer, and helped to build a cabin on William Greer's place (this was one mile north of the river and one-half mile west of Lycoming Creek). Greer went into the army in 1776, and was a wagon-master till the fall of 1778. He wrote to me to sell his cattle. I sold his cattle. In July, 1778, the Runaway, John Martin, had come on the land in his absence. The Fair Play men put Greer in possession. If a man went into the army, the Fair Play men protected his property. Greer was not among the Sherman's valley boys [the witness no doubt refers to the early settlers of what is now Perry County, who were forcibly removed in May, 1750]. Greer came back in 1784."

The summary process of ejectment employed by the Fair Play men is clearly described by William King in a deposition taken March 15, 1801, in Huff vs. Latcha, in the Circuit Court of Lycoming County:

"In 1775 I came on the land in question. I was informed that Joseph Haines claimed the land. He asked thirty pounds for it, which I would not give. He said he was going to New Jersey, and would leave it in the care of his nephew, Isaiah Sutton. Some

^{*}For a sketch of Caldwell see Meginness' Biographical Annals, page 85.



time after I heard that Sutton was offering it for sale. I had heard much disputing about the Indian land, and thought I would go up to Sutton's neighbors, and inquire if he had any right. I first went to Edmund Huff,* then to Thomas Kemplen,† Samuel Dougherty,‡ William McMeans, and Thomas Ferguson, and asked if they would accept me as a neighbor, and whether Isaiah Sutton had any right to the land in question. They told me Joseph Haines had once a right to it but had forfeited his right by the Fair Play law, and advised me to purchase. Huff showed me the consentable line between Haines and him. Huff's land lay above Haines', on the river. I purchased of Sutton, and was to give him nine pounds for the land.

"I did not come to live on the land for some weeks. One night, at a husking of corn, one Thomas Bond told me I was a fine fellow to be at a husking while a man was taking possession of my plantation. I quit the husking, and Bond and I came over to the place, and went into a cave, the only tenement then on the land, except where Sutton lived, and found some trifling articles in the cave, which we threw out. I went to the men who advised me to go on the land, all except Huff and Kemplen: they advised me to go on, turn him off and beat him if I was able. The next morning I got some of my friends and raised a cabin of some logs which I understood Haines and hauled. When we got it up to the square, we heard a noise of people coming. The first person I saw was Edmund Huff foremost with a keg of whiskey, William Paul was next with an axe, and many more. They got on the cabin, raised the Indian yell, and dispossessed me and put William Paul in possession. I and my party went off. Samuel Dougherty followed me and told me to come back and come on terms with Paul, who had money and would not take it from me for nothing. I would not go back, but waited for Dougherty, who went for

^{*} Huff lived within the present limits of Newberry and was credited at one time with having a fort, which stood near the site of Dodge & Co.'s planing mill. His place became a receptacle for stolen goods, which so enraged the neighbors that they removed the women and children and burned the "fort" to the ground.

[†]Captain Thomas Kemplen and his son were killed by the Indians at the mouth of Muncy Creek, in March, 1781.

[‡]Captain Samuel Dougherty fell in the attempt to relieve Fort Freeland, July 28, 1779.



Paul. The whole party came and brought the keg along. After some conversation, William Paul agreed to give me thirteen pounds for my right. He pulled out the money, gave it to Huff to keep until I would assign my right. I afterwards signed the conveyance and got my money.

"William Paul went on the land and finished his cabin. Soon after a party bought Robert Arthur and built a cabin near Paul's. in which Arthur lived. Paul applied to the Fair Play men, who decided in favor of Paul. Arthur would not go off. Paul made a complaint to the company at a muster at Quinashahague* that Arthur still lived on the land and would not go off, although the Fair Play men had decided against him. I was one of the officers at that time and we agreed to come and run him off. The most of the company came down as far as Edmund Huff's, who kept Stills. We got a keg of whiskey and proceeded to Arthur's cabin. He was at home with his rifle in his hand and his wife had a bayonet on a stick, and they threatened death to the first person who would enter the house. The door was shut, and Thomas Kemplen, our captain, made a run at the door, burst it open and instantly seized Arthur by the neck. We pulled down the cabin, threw it into the river, lashed two canoes together and put Arthur and his family and his goods into them and sent them down the river. William Paul then lived undisturbed upon the land until the Indians drove us all away. William Paul was then (1778) from home on a militia tour"

Amariah Sutton testified, July 5, 1800, that he came to the plantation on which he then resided in 1770. [He lived on the east bank of Lycoming Creek, on the border only of Indian land.] That Joseph Haines, who was his relative, came from New Jersey a few years after, and began to improve on the tract of land at the mouth of Lycoming Creek, on the Indian land side, making his home at his, Sutton's, house; that in the course of three years he returned to New Jersey and never came back. "We were all driven off by the Indians in May, 1778."

^{*}Now Linden, in Woodward Township, a few miles west of Williamsport. Quenischaschaki was the name given by the Delawares to the long reach in the river above Williamsport. Hence they called the West Branch Quenischachgek-hanne, which word has been corrupted into Susquehanna.



John Sutton says: "I came to Lycoming Creek in 1772, went to the Indian land in 1773, and have lived there ever since, except during the Runaway. There was a law of the Fair Play men, that if any man left his improvement six weeks without leaving some person to continue his improvement, he lost the right to push his improvement. After the war I was one of the first to come back. I believe that William Tharpe and myself were the two first men who came to the Indian lands. I never understood that William Greer's claim extended as far as where Tharpe now lives [March 13, 1797, date of deposition]; the improvement made by William Greer was near the house in which Greer now lives. A man named Perkins lived on the land in dispute between William Greer and William Tharpe. In the winter of 1775-6, Thomas Kemplen bought out Perkins, and Kemplen sold to James Armstrong, commonly called 'Curly Armstrong.' I saw William King living in the cabin in which Tharpe now lives. I sold my place which adjoined William Tharpe's to John Clark. I came back after the war with the first that came in eighty-three. William Dougherty lived on Tharpe's land, after him Richard Sutton. Sutton lived in the cabin in '84 or '85. I am sure he lived there before Mr. Edmiston came up to survey."

Samuel Edmiston was the deputy surveyor of district No. 17, embracing the Indian land. He made the survey of the William Greer tract, 302 acres, 148 perches, December 4, 1788, on warrant of May 6, 1785. The return of survey calls for John Sutton's land on the east, widow Kemplen and John Clarke's land on the south.

After the purchase of these lands from the Indians it was discovered that trouble was likely to arise with the original squatters. In view of this the Legislature passed the following act, which may be found in Smith's* Laws, Vol. II., page 195:

And whereas divers persons, who have heretofore occupied and cultivated small tracts of lands, without the bounds of the purchase made as aforesaid in the year 1768, and within the purchase made or now to be made, have, by their resolute stand and sufferings during the late war, merited, that those settlers should have the pre-

^{*}Charles Smith was born March 4, 1765, and received his early education under the care of his father at Philadelphia. He graduated at Washington College, Maryland, May 14, 1783; studied law with his elder brother, William Moore Smith, at Easton, Pa., and was admitted to the Bar in Philadelphia, June, 1786. He located



emption of their respective plantations, it is enacted, that all and every person, or persons, and their legal representatives, who has, or have heretofore settled, on the north side of the West Branch of Susquehanna, between Lycomic or Lycoming Creek on the east, and Tyadaghton, or Pine Creek, on the west, as well as other lands within the said residuary purchase from the Indians, of the territory within this State, (excepting always the lands hereinbefore excepted), shall be allowed a right of pre-emption to their respective possessions, at the price aforesaid.

No person was to be entitled to the benefit of this pre-emption act unless he had made an actual settlement before 1780, and no claim was to be admitted for more than 300 acres of land, &c., and the consideration thereof tendered to the Receiver General of the Land Office, on or before the 1st of November, 1785.

Several cases of litigation took place between some of these settlers that were decided under the pre-emption clause. The first was John Hughes against Henry Dougherty, tried in 1791. The plaintiff claimed under a warrant of May 2, 1785, for the premises and a survey made thereon the 10th of January, 1786. On the 20th of June, 1786, the defendant entered a *caveat* against the claims of the plaintiff, and on the 5th of October following took out a warrant for the land in dispute, on which he was then settled. Both claimed the pre-emption of 1784. The facts given in evidence are as follows:

In 1773, one James Hughes, a brother of the plaintiff, settled on the land in question, and made some small improvements. In the next year he enlarged his improvement, and cut logs to build a house. In the winter following he went to his father's, in Donegal, in Lancaster County, and died there. His elder brother, Thomas, was at that time settled on the Indian land, and one of the Fair Play men, who assembled together and made a resolution, (which they agreed to enforce as the law of the place is that "if any person was absent from his settlement for six weeks, he should forfeit his right."

at Sunbury and entered on the practice of his profession there, and was elected a delegate to the convention which formed the Constitution of 1790. On the 27th of March, 1819, he was appointed President Judge of the district composed of the counties of Cumberland, Franklin and Adams. He was subsequently President Judge of the courts of Lancaster. From there he went to Baltimore, and from that city to Philadelphia, where he died April 18, 1836, and is buried in the yard of the Church of the Epiphany. He married, March 3, 1791, Mary, daughter of the Hon-Jasper Veates, Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. They had eight children. Mrs. Smith died August 27, 1836. Judge Smith published an edition of the Laws of the State, and a treatise on the Land Laws.—Pennsylvania Magazine of History, Vol. IV., page 320.



In the spring of 1775 Dougherty came to the settlement, and was advised by the Fair Play men to settle on the premises which Hughes had left. This he did, and built a cabin. The plaintiff soon after came, claiming it in right of his brother, and, aided by Thomas Hughes, took possession of the cabin. But Dougherty collecting his friends, a fight ensued, in which Hughes was beaten off, and he remained in possession. He continued to improve; built a house and stable, and cleared about ten acres. In 1778 he was driven off by the enemy, and went into the army. At the close of the war both parties returned and claimed the land. After hearing the argument, the jury decided in favor of Dougherty.*

The next case was between John Toner and Morgan Sweeny. Toner went upon the Indian land in 1773 and made a settlement; but he exchanged it for another, on which he continued, with a view to make a settlement for his family, till the war broke out, and there was a call for soldiers. He was inclined to enlist, but was afraid of losing his land, and his friends attempted to dissuade him. However, they promised to preserve his settlement for him and he enlisted.

In 1775 Sweeny went up and made a contract with him in which he leased the land, and Toner took possession of the premises. The terms of the lease were that he should make certain improvements on the place for the benefit of Toner. This lease was deposited in the hands of a third person, but Mrs. Sweeny, by a little shrewd practice, got hold of it, and she and her husband determined to destroy it and make the place their own. They continued there till driven off by the Indians. During all this time Toner was absent from the settlement, but in the service of his country. The suit was decided in favor of Toner.

^{*}In after years Dougherty sold 100 acres off his tract to Patrick Lusk, and the big spring, where Hughes located in July, 1773, went with it. Just 100 years afterwards (1873) Nelson E. Wade, a wild, dissolute fellow, murdered John McBride and his wife at the same place for the purpose of robbery, as they were misers and had hoarded a large amount of money. Wade secured considerable money and made away with it. But he did not get all, as several thousand dollars was afterwards found hidden in different parts of the old tumble down house in which they lived. Mrs. McBride was a daughter of Lusk, and inherited a share of the farm. The murder was one of the most atrocious on record, and caused a great excitement at the time. Wade was apprehended, tried, convicted and executed at Williamsport, November 6, 1873.



A great many accounts of amusing cases settled by Fair Play men have been preserved. Joseph Antes, son of Colonel Henry Antes; used to relate the following: A squatter named Francis Clark, who settled a short distance above the present borough of Jersey Shore, got possession of a dog that belonged to an Indian. On learning who had his dog, the Indian complained to the Fair Play men that Clark had stolen the dog. They forthwith ordered his arrest and trial for the theft. He was convicted and sentenced to receive a certain number of lashes, and it was decided by lot who should flog him by placing a grain of corn for each man present, together with one red grain, in a bag and draw them therefrom. The man drawing the red grain was to administer the punishment. It was drawn by Philip Antes, and preparations were at once made to carry the sentence into execution. On seeing that the punishment was about to be inflicted, the Indian, who seems to have been a very magnanimous savage, became sympathetic and made a proposition that if he would abandon the land where he had settled the punishment should be remitted. A few minutes were allowed him for consideration. when he acted upon the suggestion and left. He settled in Nippenose Valley in 1795. He transferred his claim to Andrew Boggs, who afterwards disposed of it to Samuel Campbell, and he conveyed it to James Forster.

An anecdote is handed down which serves to illustrate Fair Play principles. Once upon a time, when Chief Justice McKean was holding court in this district, he inquired, partly from curiosity and partly in reference to the case before him, of a shrewd old Irishman named Peter Rodey, if he could tell him what the provisions of the Fair Play code were. Peter's memory did not exactly serve him as to details, and he could only convey an idear of them by comparison, so, scratching his head, he answered:

"All I can say is, that since your Honor's coorts have come among us, Fair Play has entirely ceased, and law has taken its place."

This sharp rejoinder created a good deal of merriment in court, and the judge was satisfied to ask no more questions reflecting upon the legal tribunal over which Peter had in turn presided.

Another incident of the Fair Play method of administering



justice has been preserved. A minister and school teacher named Kincaid was brought before the tribunal on the charge of abusing his family. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to be ridden on a rail for his offense. A little of the same kind of punishment administered to similar offenders in these modern times might not be out of place any more than it was in the days of squatter sovereignty on the West Branch.

In the summer of 1776 the leading Fair Play men and settlers along the river above and below Pine Creek, received intelligence from Philadelphia that Congress had it in contemplation to declare the Colonies independent of Great Britain. This was good news to these people, who were considered out of the jurisdiction of all civil law, and they at once set about making preparations to indorse the movement by an emphatic expression of their sentiments. Accordingly, on the 4th of July, 1776, they met in convention, in considerable numbers, on the level plain west of Pine Creek. The object of the meeting was stated by one of their leading men, when the proposition was warmly discussed and a number of patriotic speeches made. The subject of Independence was proposed, and when their patriotism warmed up, it was finally decided to indorse the proposition under discussion in Congress by a formal declaration of independence. A series of resolutions were drawn up and passed, absolving themselves from all allegiance to Great Britain, and henceforth declaring themselves free and independent!

The most singular thing about this meeting was that it took place about the same time that the Declaration was signed in Philadelphia! It was indeed a remarkable coincidence, that the Continental Congress and the *squatter sovereigns* on the Indian lands of the West Branch should declare for freedom and independence about the same time. More than two hundred miles intervened between them, and neither party had any knowledge of what the other was doing. The coincident stands without a parallel in the history of the world.

The following names of settlers participating in this extraordinary meeting have been preserved: Thomas, Francis and John Clark, Alexander Donaldson, William Campbell, Alexander Hamilton, John Jackson, Adam Carson, Henry McCracken, Adam



Dewitt, Robert Love and Hugh Nichols. There were many others present from below the creek, no doubt, but their names have been lost. This is deeply regretted, as a full record of the names of those in attendance on this patriotic convention, together with the proceedings and resolutions, would make a chapter of deep and thrilling interest.

The years 1775 and 1776 were eventful in several respects. The breaking out of the American Revolution and the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia and on the Pine Creek plains, as well as the Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, resulted in changing the political government of the State.

In 1775 Catharine Smith, widow of Peter Smith, commenced building a saw and grist mill near the mouth of White Deer Creek. They were primitive affairs, but served an excellent purpose for the infant settlements. Mrs. Smith was undoubtedly a woman of unusual enterprise, or she would never have undertaken the management of such improvements. After their construction a mill for boring gun barrels was added in 1776, and the White Deer Mills became a place of considerable note. Many gun barrels were prepared here for the Continental army, and no doubt did good service in the Revolution. It is sad to reflect, however, that after what this patriotic woman did to help along the cause of freedom, she lost all her property and died in poverty.*

On the 20th of May, 1775, James Potter was returned as an additional member of Assembly. Samuel Hunter and William Plunkett presided in turn over the courts at Sunbury. In July

^{*}In a petition to the Legislature in 1785 Catharine Smith set forth: "That she was left a widow with ten children, with no estate to support this family, except a location of 300 acres of land, including the mouth of White Deer Creek, whereon is a good mill seat; and a grist and saw mill being much wanted in this new country, at that time, she was often solicited to erect said mills. At length, in 1774, she borrowed money, and in June, 1775, completed the mills, which were of great advantage to the country, and the following summer built a boring mill, where a great number of gun barrels were bored, and a hemp mill. The Indian war soon after coming on-one of her sons, her greatest help, went into the army and never returned,—the said mills soon became a frontier, and in July, 1779, the Indians burned the whole works. She returned to the ruins in 1783, and was again solicited to rebuild the saw and grist mills, which she did with much difficulty; and now ejectment suits were brought against her by Claypool and Morris, and she being reduced to such low circumstances as renders her unable to support actions at law, and therefore prays for relief." The



Samuel Maclay, Robert Robb, John Weitzel and Henry Antes were appointed justices of the peace. Alexander Hunter was appointed collector of excise in the place of Thomas Lemmon. On the 12th of October William Scull was commissioned the second sheriff of the county; Casper Reed and William Gray were commissioners. June 25, 1775, John Hancock commissioned John Lowdon* to be captain of a company of riflemen. The company was formed, rendezvoused at Sunbury, and then proceeded to Boston. James Parr, first lieutenant, rose to the rank of major, served brilliantly in command of riflemen under Morgan at Saratoga, and under Sullivan in 1779. William Wilson, second lieutenant, was promoted captain March 2, 1777, and continued in the army to the close of the war in 1783. He died at Chillisquaque Mills in 1813, while serving as an associate judge of Northumberland County. David Hammond rose to the rank of lieutenant. He died April 22, 1801, from the effects of a wound, and is buried in the Chillisguaque grave-yard. He was the father of General R. H. Hammond, of Milton, who died on shipboard while serving as a paymaster during the Mexican war, June 2, 1847, and is buried in the Milton Cemetery.

According to a request of the Continental Congress for each of the states to adopt a constitution, the convention for Pennsylvania met on the 15th of July in Philadelphia, and continued, by adjournments, until the 28th of September, when the first constitution was adopted and signed. Northumberland County was rep-

facts set forth were certified to by William Blythe, Charles Gillespie, Col. John Kelly, James Potter and many other residents of the county. The Legislature could grant no relief under the circumstances and the petition was dismissed, and she lost all, for in 1801 Seth Iredell took possession of the premises as tenant of Claypool and Morris. Her case was a hard one. She is said to have walked to Philadelphia and back thirteen times while her lawsuits were going on. She finally died and was buried near by. Her house, which was built of stone, is still standing. Her bones were disturbed many years ago by digging for a foundation. They were identified by a party who knew her by her peculiar projecting teeth. Many years ago an old man came from Ohio and viewed the place. He said he was a son of Catharine Smith, and if justice had been done her they would still own the place.—Linn's Annals, page 240.

^{*}For full information regarding the proceedings at this time, together with the roll of Captain Lowdon's company, see *Linn's Annals of Buffalo Valley*, pages 76 to 84.



resented by William Cooke, James Potter, Robert Martin, Mathew Brown, Walter Clark, John Kelly, James Crawford and John Weitzel. They were chosen at the residence of George McCandlish, who lived in a log house back of the present borough of Milton, on what was afterwards known as the Hepburn farm.

The Constitutional Convention decided that the law-making power should be vested in a House of Representatives, the members of which were to be chosen by ballot on the second Tuesday of October. Other important provisions relating to State officers and members of Congress were adopted. The execution of the laws devolved upon the President and Supreme Executive Council, which consisted of twelve persons. Every member of Council was a justice of the peace for the whole State. The practice of holding the October elections was only discontinued a few years ago.

The convention, by an ordinance dated September 3d, created a new Council of Safety, of which Samuel Hunter and John Weitzel were the members for Northumberland County. The following justices were also appointed: Samuel Hunter, James Potter, William Maclay, Robert Moodie, John Lowdon, Benjamin Weiser. Henry Antes and John Simpson.

On the 28th of November, 1776, the Assembly met in Philadelphia and elected Thomas Wharton, Jr., President and George Bryan Vice-President of the Council and State, and John Jacobs Speaker of the House. With the election of Mr. Wharton* the reign of the Penns ended in Pennsylvania, and Proprietary and royal authority ceased forever.

^{*}Thomas Wharton, Jr., was born in Philadelphia in 1753, and was descended from an old English family. Mr. Wharton was twice married. He died suddenly at Lancaster, May, 22, 1778, and was buried with military honors within the walls of Trinity Church in that city.



CHAPTER XXI.

BEGINNING OF EXCITING TIMES—BRADY UPSETS DERR'S BARREL
OF WHISKEY—WHERE THE FORTS WERE LOCATED—MASSACRE
ON THE SITE OF WILLIAMSPORT—TERRIBLE SCENES OF BLOOD.

THE year 1776 was noted for the large number of emigrants who reached the valley in search of lands and homes. The majority of them came from New Jersey. Everything betokened peace and prosperity. And as the emigrants expected they would be called on to endure hardships in a new country, they came prepared to clear the ground, sow their fields and reap their crops. The fertility of the land was the principal attraction. These emigrants brought their familes to the valley, and where the Indian wigwams* once stood, and the pappooses sported under the wide-spreading branches of the oak and the elm, the white children now played and made the forest resound with the melody of their voices. The sound of the axe of the sturdy settler was heard on every hand, and the crash of the falling monarchs of the forest, that had withstood the storms of ages, caused the wild beasts to start from their lairs and plunge deeper into the depths of the wilderness. The aborigine viewed the onward march of civilization with alarm; he plainly saw the mysterious tracings of the hand of Destiny, and he turned aside and

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^{*}Wigwam, cabin. The spelling adopted by MM. De Gaspe (Les A. C., 166, 199, 250, 263), Frechette (Pele-Mele, 126, 120), Lemay (Les Veng., 6, 11; Pic. Le Maud., 138, 220; Le P. de Ste Anne, 103). Whether the word, in all its forms, has reached French Canadian from English or not is uncertain. At any rate, the word is of Algonquin origin. Baraga (Otchipwe) gives for "house" wikiwam; Wilson, wegewaum, and Lacombe (Cree) has for "cabane" mikiwap. Cuoq (Alg.) gives mikiwam (house of wood), wikiwam (house of bark). In Gallatin's Synopsis we find, Micmac SigSam; Mohican, weekwawim; Delaware, wipoam; Penobscot, wigwam; New England (wood), wigwam; Powhattan, wigwam. It is probably from the New England, or from the Virginia form, that the word came into English.—American Notes and Queries, Vol. II., page 124.



wept over the thought that he must soon bid farewell to the cherished land of his nativity and take his departure towards the setting sun. His lot was a hard one, but in it he saw the decree of fate.

The rush of emigrants continued and the valley filled up rapidly. All was excitement and hope, and the future bore a roseate hue. Contrasting the present with the hard lot in store for many of these enthusiastic emigrants, how appropriate are the beautiful lines of Gray:

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

But the settlers were not to remain long in this happy frame of mind. The war of the Revolution had commenced and the clangor of arms resounded in the East. Soldiers were wanted to fight the battles of liberty and freedom. The whole country was in a state of confusion, which extended to this region and materially affected the settlements. As the colonies were weak, and had a powerful foe to contend with, almost superhuman efforts were made to repel the invaders. It was also feared that they would tamper with the Indians and once more incite them to deeds of violence and bloodshed. This was a fearful anticipation, but hope, the anchor of the soul, still clung to the idea that the dark cloud which was suspended over the frontiers would be rolled back. But the hope was in vain.

At this time the Seneca and Monsey tribes were in considerable force, and Pine and Lycoming Creeks were navigable a long distance north for canoes. Fort Augusta at that time was garrisoned by about fifty men, under Colonel Hunter. They were called "a fearless few."

Captain John Brady suggested to his friends at Fort Augusta the propriety of making a treaty with the Seneca and Monsey tribes, knowing them to be at variance with the Delawares. By doing so it was thought that their friendship and assistance might be secured against the Delawares, should they commence any



inroads upon the settlements. His proposition was approved and petitions were sent to the Council praying that commissioners might be appointed, and Fort Augusta designated as the place of holding the conference. The request was granted and commissioners were appointed. Notice was given to the two tribes by Brady and two others selected for the purpose. They met the chiefs and laid before them the proposition. They appeared to be delighted and listened to the proposal with pleasure. After smoking the pipe of peace, and promising to attend at Fort Augusta on the appointed day, they led them out of their camp, shook hands with them cordially and parted in seeming friendship. Brady feared to trust the friendship so warmly expressed, and took a different route in returning home, to guard against being waylaid and surprised.

On the day appointed for holding the treaty the Indians appeared with their squaws and pappooses. The warriors numbered about one hundred, and were dressed in their war costume. Care had been taken to make the fort look as warlike as possible, and every man was at his post.

In former treaties the Indians had received large presents, and were expecting them here; but finding the fort too poor to give anything of value, (and an Indian never trusts), all efforts to form a treaty with them proved abortive. They left the fort, however, apparently in good humor and well satisfied with their treatment, and taking to their canoes proceeded homeward.* The remainder of the day was chiefly spent by the officers and people of the fort in devising means of protection against anticipated attacks of the Indians. Late in the day Brady thought of Derr's trading house, and fearing danger at that point, mounted a small mare he had at the fort, and crossing the North Branch, rode with all possible speed. On his arrival he saw the canoes of the Indians on the bank of the river near Derr's. When near enough to observe, he saw the squaws exerting themselves to the utmost, at their paddles, to work the canoes over to his side of the river; and when

^{*}Soon after this conference the Indians at the Great Island—which appears to have been their headquarters—commenced making preparations to leave the valley. They cut down their corn and destroyed everything that might be of value to the whites, when they fled to the north and prepared to return and murder the settlers.



inroads upon the settlements. His proposition was approved and petitions were sent to the Council praying that commissioners might be appointed, and Fort Augusta designated as the place of holding the conference. The request was granted and commissioners were appointed. Notice was given to the two tribes by Brady and two others selected for the purpose. They met the chiefs and laid before them the proposition. They appeared to be delighted and listened to the proposal with pleasure. After smoking the pipe of peace, and promising to attend at Fort Augusta on the appointed day, they led them out of their camp, shook hands with them cordially and parted in seeming friendship. Brady feared to trust the friendship so warmly expressed, and took a different route in returning home, to guard against being waylaid and surprised.

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they landed they made for thickets of sumach, which grew in abundance on his* land to the height of a man's head, and were very thick upon the ground. He was not slow in conjecturing the cause. He rode on to where the squaws were landing, and saw that they were conveying rifles, tomahawks and knives into the sumach thickets and hiding them. He immediately jumped into a canoe and crossed to Derr's trading house, where he found the Indians very drunk. He saw a barrel of rum standing on end before Derr's door with the head out. He instantly upset it and spilled the rum, saying to Derr: "My God, Frederick, what have you done?" Derr replied: "Dey dells me you gif um no dreet town on de fort, so dinks as I gif um one here, als he go home in bease!"

One of the Indians who saw the rum spilled, but was unable to prevent it, told Brady he would one day punish him for it. Being well acquainted with the Indian character, he knew death was the penalty of his offense, and was constantly on his guard. Next day the Indians started off.

As the Revolution had become general, the most active preparations were made to devise means of defense. Companies of volunteers were raised, and every laudable effort used to induce the patriots of that period to march to the defense of their country. A Committee of Safety for Northumberland County was appointed. Regular meetings were held and a record kept of their proceedings.

From the records it is learned that on the 8th of February, 1776, the following gentlemen, being previously nominated by the respective townships to serve on the committee for the space of six months, met at the house of Richard Malone, at the mouth of Chillisquaque Creek: For Augusta Township, John Weitzel Alexander Hunter, Thomond Ball; Mahoning Township, William Cooke, Benjamin Alison, Thomas Hewet; Turbutt Township, Captain John Hambright, William McKnight, William Shaw Muncy Township, Robert Robb, William Watson, John Buckalow; Bald Eagle Township, William Dunn, Thomas Hughes Alexander Hamilton; Buffalo Township, Walter Clark, William

^{*}When Brady removed his family from Standing Stone he located on a tract c' land on the east side of the river, opposite the present borough of Lewisburg.



Irwin, Joseph Green; White Deer Township, Walter Clarke, Matthew Brown, Marcus Hulings.

Captain John Hambright was elected chairman and Thomond Ball clerk. The field officers of the battalion of the lower division of the county were, Samuel Hunter, Colonel; William Cooke, Lieutenant Colonel; Casper Weitzel, First Major; John Lee, Second Major. Those of the upper battalion appear to have been William Plunkett, Colonel; James Murray, Lieutenant Colonel; John Brady, First Major; Cookson Long, Second Major.

Each captain was ordered to return at least forty privates. Each battalion consisted of six companies. The captains of the lower battalion were Nicolas Miller, Charles Gillespie, Hugh White, William Scull, James McMahon, William Clarke, and afterwards Captain John Simpson; and of the upper, or Colonel Plunkett's battalion, Henry Antes, Samuel Wallis, John Robb, William Murray, William McElhatten, Simon Cool, David Berry.

On the 13th of March, 1776, in their dispatch to the Committee of Safety at Philadelphia, they made certain complaints of grievances suffered in their infant settlement, on account of so many recruiting officers sent among them. On the 27th of the same month they sent another petition, in which they remonstrated in stronger terms against being required to furnish so many recruits. The poverty of the people was referred to, many of whom "came bare and naked, and were plundered by a bandette called Yankees." They desired an apportunity to raise crops for the support of their families. They recommended that two or more companies be raised and put under pay for the use of the Province, to be sent wherever their services were needed for the protection of the frontier. The petition was signed by John Hambright, as chairman. It is believed that the Central Committee acceded to the request, as companies were afterwards stationed here.

The committee was changed at the end of six months, and only a part of the former members seem to have been re-elected. The committee often met at the house of Laughlan McCartney, a member for Mahoning Township.

On the 10th of September, 1776, the committee learned that Levy & Ballion had a quantity of salt in their possession, which they refused to sell for cash,—as it seems they had been ordered



so to do by a former resolution of the committee,—whereupon they ordered William Sayers to take possession of the salt and sell it at the rate of fifteen shillings per bushel, and not allow over half a bushel to any one family, and return the money to the committee.

The committee also attended to receiving their share of arms and ammunition from the Central Committee at Philadelphia, and distributed them very carefully among those who were performing military duty.

About this time the committee had some trouble with Robert Robb, a former member, who was charged with being disloyal to the cause of the Colonies, because of certain derogatory remarks he was charged with having made. One of the charges was that he had called Dr. Franklin "a rogue," and said "that he had led the Government into two or three difficulties already." Colonel James Murray was appointed to arrest and confine him. The Colonel, it seems, had full confidence in Robb's patriotism, as he allowed him the freedom of his (Robb's) own house when he put him under arrest, "under promise of good behavior in the future."

A good deal of bad feeling seems to have grown out of this matter, and Robb became much incensed. While at Fort Brady, on Muncy Manor, Robb was approached by Peter Smith, while he was "drinking a half-pint" with a friend, and as he made some remark not very complimentary to Robb, he knocked him down and beat him so badly that he was laid up for some time. The affair was investigated by the committee, and a number of depositions of eye-witnesses taken. The committee then ordered Colonel Murray to take him to Philadelphia, but as he resigned to escape the unpleasant duty, other parties were appointed to remove him. Robb was taken as far as Lancaster, where, after the matter was explained to the authorities, he was honorably acquitted of the charges and returned home. The affair caused considerable excitement at the time, and the records are burdened with the accounts of the difficulty.

From the records of the same committee it appears that a great scarcity of grain prevailed in 1777. In February of the same year they ordered "that no stiller in Bald Eagle Township shall buy any more grain, or still any more than he has by him during



the season." Andrew Culbertson, who had a distillery at his place near the present site of the borough of DuBoistown, Lycoming County, was one of the parties ordered to cease distilling grain.

It appears that the committee were somewhat inclined to morality, too, and exercised their authority to stop "a certain Henry Sterret from profaning the Sabbath in an unchristian and scandalous manner, by causing his servants to maul rails, &c., on that day, and beating and abusing them if they offered to disobey his unlawful demands." Sterret resided on Long Island, opposite Jersey Shore.

The war of the Revolution was now fairly under way and volunteers were in demand from all sections. Young Sam. Brady, destined to become so famous in the annals of border warfare, joined Captain Lowdon's company and marched to Boston. He soon rose to the rank of a lieutenant, and was in all the principal engagements until after the battle of Monmouth. He was then promoted to a captaincy and ordered to the West, under General Broadhead, to perform duty on the frontier. During the same year Captain John Brady, father of Samuel, was appointed a captain in the Twelfth Regiment. He took part in the battle of Brandywine and was wounded. His son James, a mere lad, was with him and greatly distinguished himself. Owing to his wound, and the necessity for his presence on the West Branch, Captain Brady soon returned home.

In 1778 Colonel William Cooke received orders to join General Washington with his regiment, which contained three companies raised in Northumberland County. His regiment was so decimated by arduous service that it had to be disbanded. Colonel Cooke, on account of poor health, asked leave to resign. It was granted, but he was appointed Commissary General for the army of the North and stationed at Northumberland. He held the office to the close of the war, and rendered efficient service.*

^{*}Colonel William Cooke was a native of Donegal Township, Lancaster County. He came to Northumberland at an early day, and being a man who took an active part in affairs, was elected the first sheriff of Northumberland County in October, 1772, and served until 1775, when he was succeeded by William Scull, the noted surveyor. Was made a member of the Committee of Safety for Northumberland County, February 8, 1776; of the Provincial Conference of June 18, 1776; and of



As the struggle for liberty increased, and the infant colonies were straining every nerve, a new danger of a very alarming character began to exhibit itself on the northern and western frontiers. The British had tampered with the Indians, and induced them to take up the hatchet against the whites. A stipulated price was offered for scalps, as an inducement for them to kill and destroy. The West Branch Valley was an exposed and defenseless frontier, at the mercy of the infuriated savages. Great consternation prevailed among the inhabitants, and the Government was petitioned for assistance, but it was almost impossible to respond to these appeals on account of the necessity for men at the front to repel the invaders.

The danger became so great, however, that it was found necessary to construct stockade forts at different points along the West Branch, where small bodies of armed men, mostly volunteers, were stationed to protect the settlements. On a report of Indians being discovered in the neighborhood, the settlers abandoned their homes and fled to these stockades for refuge and protection. Above Fort Augusta, which was military headquarters, these forts were located as follows:

Fort Rice was built on the head-waters of Chillisquaque Creek, about thirteen miles from Sunbury. It was a station of considerable note, and many thrilling and bloody events occurred in its vicinity.

Fort Schwartz* was erected about one mile above Milton. The

the Constitutional Convention of July 15, 1776. On the last day of the session of the latter body he was chosen and recommended a colonel of the battalion to be raised in the counties of Northampton and Northumberland. This became the Twelfth Regiment of the Pennsylvania Line, and being composed of rifiemen, was employed upon picket duty, and covered the front of General Washington's army during the year 1777, while detachments were sent from it to General Gates, materially assisting in the capture of Burgoyne. It was so badly cut up at Brandywine and Germantown that it was disbanded, and Colonel Cooke mustered out of service. In 1781 and 1782 he was chosen to the General Assembly. October 3, 1786, he was appointed one of the justices, and January 16, 1796, an associate judge for Northumberland County. Colonel Cooke died in April, 1804.

*A log structure named in honor of Major Christian Godfried Schwartz, of Colonel Weltner's German regiment, a detachment of which under Schwartz garrisoned it at the time Fort Freeland was captured. It stood at the old ferry about a mile above Milton. Small detachments of Weltner's regiment also garrisoned forts Menninger and Rice.



first mention of it occurs in a letter from Colonel Hunter to President Reed. It was built by Peter Schwartz on his farm.

Boone's Fort was crected at the mouth of Muddy Run, two miles above Milton, by Captain Hawkins Boone, a cousin or distant relative of the famous Daniel Boone.

Fort Menninger was located on the west bank of the river, opposite the mouth of Warrior Run. Little is known regarding this place, save that Captain Kemplen was stationed there in November, 1779, after Fort Freeland had been destroyed, with fourteen men.

Next in order came Freeland's Fort, on Warrior Run, about four miles from its mouth. It was built by Jacob Freeland, and bore an important part in the thrilling days of 1779.

Brady's Fort, on Muncy Manor, was a stockade enclosure built for the protection of his family and neighbors. No troops were stationed there at any time.

Fort Muncy was built a few hundred yards north-east of the residence of Samuel Wallis, on Muncy Farms, after which it was named. It was about three miles west of the borough of Muncy and ten miles east of Williamsport. It was erected, at the solicitation of Samuel Wallis and his neighbors, by Colonel Thomas Hartley in 1778. Wallis had built a house here in 1769. Colonel Hartley says that all the women and children had fled, and as Indians were daily seen in the neighborhood, the settlers clamored for protection. General De Hass was with Colonel Hartley, and they made a careful examination of the country to select a location. They found none of the houses properly situated to admit of a stockade fort of any strength. It was designed to be the most important stronghold next to Augusta, and was situated midway between that place and the farthest settlements up the river.' It was situated on a rising piece of ground, at the foot of which was a fine spring of water. A large elm tree now hangs over the spring. A covered way from the fort led to this natural fountain as a protection to those who went there for water. When the extension of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad was built to Williamsport, the elevation on which the fort stood was cut through. The excavation is quite deep, and passengers cannot fail to notice it on account of the view of the Hall residence on



the right being suddenly shut off as the train dashes into the cut. Colonel Hartley informs us that the bastions of the fort were built of fascines and clay, and the curtains were protected by stockades, in which quarters for the garrison were placed.

After leaving Wallis' the next fort was found on a high bluff at the mouth of Nippenose Creek. It was built by Colonel Antes in 1776, and was known as Antes Fort.* It became an important rallying point for the settlers. Colonel Antes built a small grist mill at the mouth of the creek, which was largely patronized by the people. Small bodies of militia were stationed here at times and rendered good service. Colonel Antes† had command of the force.

On a high point in the bend of the river, a short distance above the village of Pine, Clinton County, another enclosure was built and called after Samuel Horn. Traces of it could be seen until the Philadelphia and Eric Railroad was constructed, when all vestiges of it were destroyed.

The last fortified post was built on the site of Lock Haven by an adventurous pioneer named William Reed,‡ and called after

^{*}It is related that while the fort was being built coarse flour was manufactured by grinding wheat in a large coffee mill, and the bran was removed by a hair sieve. One person was kept running the mill all the time. This primitive mill was kept until the great flood of 1865, when it was lost.

[†]Colonel John Henry Antes was born October 8, 1736, near Pottstown, Montgomery County. When quite a young man he came to the West Branch and settled at the mouth of Antes Creek, Nippenose Township, Lycoming County. In July, 1775, he was appointed a justice of the peace, and on the 24th of January, 1776, captain of a company in the Second Battalion, under Colonel Potter. He commanded a company under Colonel Plunkett when he made his famous raid against the Connecticut settlers at Muncy. April, 1776, he was commissioned captain in the Second Battalion of Associators, and licutenant colonel May, 1777. In 1782 he was elected sheriff of Northumberland County. Soon after locating where he did, and erecting the fort, which was named after him, he built a grist mill, which supplied a great want. Colonel Antes was married twice and had thirteen children. He died May 13, 1820, aged 83 years, 9 months and 5 days, and was buried in the cemetery near his fort. A much fuller sketch of him is given in Meginness' Biographical Annals.

[†]The fort, which was built of hewn logs, and surrounded by a stockade, stood very near the present site of the Montour House, Lock Haven. William Reed was born in Donegal, Ireland, in 1730, and died in 1808, on a tract of land which he bought on the opposite side of the river from Lock Haven. Among his daughters was one named Jane, who had a great contempt for Indians. She lived to a good old age.



him. As it was on the extreme western limits of the settlement, it was recognized as a point of some note, and held out until about the beginning of the Big Runaway.

These were the fortifications of the West Branch Valley. Several of them scarcely merited the name, and all at first were destitute of cannon, but they served the purpose at that time. The settlers were obliged to abandon their rude cabins, their little fields of grain, and seek refuge within these enclosures from the scalping knife of the savage. The women and children remained in the forts whilst the men, in armed companies, would venture to their fields and houses and cut their crops. Those who refused to seek the forts generally paid for their rashness with their lives.

The danger grew more alarming from day to day. One fine Sunday morning in June, 1777, Zephaniah Miller, Abel Cady, James Armstrong and Isaac Bouser left Antes Fort with two women and crossed the river into the disputed territory, for the purpose of milking a number of cows that were pasturing on that side. When they landed all the cows were found, but the one that wore the bell was heard some distance back in the bushes. It did not occur to the party that Indians might be lurking in the bushes. They were there, however, and had managed to keep this cow back for the purpose of luring the party on. Cady, Armstrong and Miller started to secure the cow. As soon as they entered the bushes they were fired on by the concealed foe, and two of them fell severely wounded. Miller and Cady were scalped immediately, but Armstrong, who was also injured in the back of the head, succeeded in getting away.

As soon as the firing commenced the women ran with Bouser and secreted themselves in a rye field. The garrison in the fort were alarmed and rushed forth immediately, regardless of the orders of Colonel Antes, who feared it might be a decoy to draw them away from the fort, when it would be assailed from the other side. They paid no attention to his orders, however, and seizing the canoes, crossed the river immediately to the relief of their comrades. They found Miller and Cady where they fell. Cady was not dead. They carried him to the river bank, where his wife met him. On seeing her he reached out his hand and immediately



expired. He had recently returned from the army and was one of the original settlers on the river. Armstrong was taken over to the fort, where he lingered in great agony until Monday night, when he expired.

A party immediately pursued the Indians, and coming up with them at a place called the "Race Ground," they stood and fired, then broke and fled, pursued by the whites. They ran across what is now the upper part of the town of Jersey Shore, and escaped into the swamp. The whites fired upon them several times, and probably did some execution, as marks of blood were visible where they had apparently dragged away their killed or wounded.

In the winter of the same year three men left Horn's Fort and proceeded across the river to the Monseytown flats, above Lockport. They were fired upon by a lurking party of Indians and one man was killed near Sugar Run. The other two fled and were pursued across the ice. One of them, named Dewitt, in the hurry of the flight ran into an air hole. He caught hold of the edge of the ice, however, and managed to keep his head above water. The Indians were afraid to venture too near. They commenced firing at his head, but watching the flash of the gun, he dodged under water like a duck, and cluded the ball. Several shots were fired at him, when, thinking he was dead, they left. Dewitt, in an exhausted state, succeeded in crawling from the water on the ice and escaped to the fort.

The other man having crossed to the south side of the river was pursued by a single Indian, who gained on him rapidly. He had a gun which was supposed to be worthless, but as the Indian neared him he turned and pointed it at him, thinking to intimidate him, but didn't pull the trigger. This he repeated several times when the savage, thinking it was unloaded, would point his tomahawk at him in derision and exclaim, "Pooh, pooh." The pursuit continued, and the Indian came up close, feeling certain of his victim. As a last resort he instinctively raised his gun and pulled the trigger, when, to his astonishment, it went off and shot the Indian dead. He escaped to the fort in safety.

A party turned out and pursued the Indians as far as Young's woman's Creek. They noticed that they had carried and dragged



the body of the dead Indian all the way with them, from the marks in the snow.

The next attack made by the Indians in the autumn of 1777 was near Loyalsock Creek, on the families of Brown and Benjamin.* Daniel Brown settled at a very early period at this place. He had two daughters married to two brothers named Benjamin. On the alarm of the approaching Indians being given, the Benjamins, with their wives and children, took refuge at the house of Mr. Brown, and made preparations to defend themselves. The enemy came and assaulted the house. A brisk resistance was maintained for some time, during which an Indian was killed by a shot from Benjamin's rifle. Finding they could not dislodge them they set the house on fire. The flames spread rapidly and a horrid death stared the inmates in the face. What was to be done? Remain inside and be burned, or come forth to be dispatched by the tomahawks of the savages? Either alternative was a fearful one

The Benjamins at length determined to come forth and trust themselves to the mercy of the Indians. Brown refused, and remaining in the burning building with his wife and daughter, was consumed with them, preferring to meet death in this way rather than fall into the hands of the enemy and be tortured in a horrible manner.

When the Benjamins, with their families, came forth, one of them was carrying his youngest child in his arms. The savages received them at the door. A big Indian brandished his tomahawk, and with a fiendish yell buried the glittering steel in his brain. As he fell forward his wife, with a shriek, caught the little child in her arms. His scalp was immediately torn from his head and exultingly shook in her face. The remainder of the survivors

^{*}The Eenjamin family lived north-east of Williamsport. Three brothers and a small sister were carried into captivity. Their names were William, Nathan and Ezekiel. The name of the sister is not now remembered. The boys returned in a few years, but the sister remained. She grew up among the Indians and married a chief, and had several children. Years after peace was made William went after her and brought her to Williamsport, where she remained some time, but in a very unhappy state of mind. She was very wild and shunned all society. It was difficult to get a view of her face. On account of her unhappiness she was permitted to return to her Indian comrades.



were carried into captivity. This bloody massacre occurred on what was long known as the Buckley farm, on Lovalsock.

The report of these murders spread terror throughout the settlements along the river. Many of the families fled to the different forts for protection, leaving their houses, fields and cattle to the mercy of the savages.

About the close of the year the Indians killed a man named Saltzman on the Sinnemahoning. At the same time another named Daniel Jones, who owned what the settlers called "the little mill," on a stream this side of Farrandsville, was murdered also, with another man. His wife escaped to the fort. These settlers had been warned to leave, but refused to do so, claiming there was no danger. Their lives paid for their incredulity.

At this time Colonel Cookson Long gathered a company of about twenty men and went up to Youngwoman's Creek to look for Indians. They suddenly espied a number of warriors on the opposite side marching along in single file, painted and dressed in war costume. The whites being undiscovered, concealed themselves. The men were very anxious to select each his man and fire upon them, but the Colonel refused. There were not more than twenty or thirty Indians and the whites could undoubtedly have done good execution. The Colonel remained in his concealed position until they had passed, when he returned to the fort and reported that a large body of savages were approaching.

Notwithstanding the utmost vigilance, a man was tomahawked* on the 23d of December, 1777, near the mouth of Pine Creek; and about the 1st of January, 1778, another was killed two miles above the Great Island. Their names are not now remembered.

Petitions having been sent to the Council praying for some plan

^{*}Tomahawk, an Indian hatchet. "L'indien jeta de cote son tomahawk" (S. C., 1861, p. 282). See also Marmette (F. de Bienville, pp. 26, 174, 241), De Gaspe (Les A. C., p. 132). The spelling of the word seems to indicate that it has been borrowed from English. Lacombe (p. 711) takes it from the Cree "Otamahukassommez-le, ou, otamahwaw, il est assomme." The origin is better sought in the old Eastern and coast Algonquin dialects. The Micmac form was tomehagan; Abenaki, temahigan; Mohican, tumnahecan; Delaware, tamahican; Pamptice, tommahick: Powhattan, tomahack; Virginia (Strachey), tamohake and tamahuka-ti is probably from the Virginia region that the word crept into English, whence it passed into French Canada.—American Notes and Oueries, Vol. II., page 99.



to be devised for the defense of the inhabitants of the valley, instructions were forwarded to Colonel Hunter ordering out the fifth class of the militia of the county. On the 14th of January, 1778, Colonel Hunter writes to President Wharton and informs him what orders he had given. Colonel Antes also came down to Fort Augusta to consult as to what was best to be done, as parties of Indians were constantly prowling around. Three companies of Colonel Long's battalion were ordered to hold themselves in readiness at a moment's warning, subject to the order of Colonel Antes.

The party of Indians that murdered the man about the 1st of January, above the Great Island, were eleven in number. They were pursued by Antes' command, and as a light snow had fallen, were tracked easily. The whites came up with them and succeeded in killing two. The rest fled and could not be overtaken, although they followed them for a long distance.

Arms were very scarce. Colonel Hunter informed President Wharton on the 28th of March, 1778, that he had endeavored to purchase "some good guns" but could get none. Two rifles and sixty ordinary muskets were all the public arms in the county at that time. It is supposed, however, that nearly all the settlers had private arms of their own. All the guns worth repairing were being put in order, and, remarks Colonel Hunter, "I have promised the gunsmiths their pay for so doing."

It appears that the fifth class of militia, as they were called, were only to serve two months. As soon as their term expired the sixth class were ordered to relieve them. The people complained that if no troops were stationed above Muncy they would be obliged to abandon their settlements and go down the river.

On the 5th of May Colonel Hunter writes that he could get no provisions to buy for them. All that could be obtained was some beef and pork that had been purchased by Colonel Hugh White for the Continental stores. Of flour there was a small quantity.

About this time Colonel John Kelly's battalion was ordered to Penn's Valley to perform duty for two months, where Jacob Stanford, his wife and daughter were inhumanly killed and scalped, and his son, a lad of ten years, carried into captivity.

A party of Indians having penetrated into Buffalo Valley and



secured a large amount of plunder, were hotly pursued by Lieutenant Moses Van Campen with a party of men. They came so close upon them that they were obliged to abandon their ill-gotten booty at a large spring back of Jersey Shore. It is stated that several valuable articles, such as silver tankards, &c., were recovered at this place by the pursuing party.

In May the sixth and seventh classes of Colonel Long's battalion were ordered to be consolidated by Colonel Hunter and scout along the frontier until the sixth and seventh classes of Colonel Murray's and Hosterman's battalions should arrive at the Great Island, to cover the frontier there.

Colonel Hunter writes to Mr. Wharton, President of Council, under date of May 14, 1778, as follows, concerning these detachments:

These last Classes would have marched before this time only for want of Provisions, as for meat there is very little to be had in this County, and that very dear; Bacon sells at 4s 6d \tilde{t}^0 pound, and flower at three pounds ten shillings \tilde{t}^0 Hundred wt. I have ordered some People that lives night he Great Island to preserve Shad and Barrel them up for the use of the Militia that will be stationed there this summer.

Colonel William Cooke will undertake to provide Provisions for the Militia of this County, in case he was supplied with Cash at this present time, as he would go to some other County to purchase some meat, for I am certain it will be Very much wanted, in case the Savages Commence a war with the frontiers, all must turn out to prevent if possible, such a Crual Enemy from makeing inroads into our part of the Country. We are scarce of Guns, not more than one half of the Militia is provided with Arms, and a number of them Very Ordinary; Our Powder is Exceeding Bad, and not fit for Rifles in any shape. And as for Flints we can get none to Buy; all this I think proper to acquaint the Council with, &c.

On the 16th of May, near the mouth of Bald Eagle Creek, three men who were at work putting in a small field of corn were attacked by a party of Indians, killed and scalped. Two days following, near Pine Creek, a man, woman and child were taken prisoners, probably by the same party, and carried off.

On the 20th of the same month two men and seven women and children were taken from one house, near Lycoming Creek. They were all carried away as prisoners.

About the same time three families, consisting of sixteen in number, were killed and carried away from Loyalsock. A party that went up from Wallis' only found two dead bodies, from which they supposed the remainder were taken prisoners. Their houses



were all reduced to ashes. It is very much regretted that the names of all those mentioned above who were killed or carried into captivity were not preserved.

About this time Andrew Armstrong, who settled at the "big spring," below where Linden now stands, was visited by a party of Indians. They came very suddenly. On the alarm being given Mrs. Armstrong, who was enciente, slipped under the bed. The Indians entered the house, and seizing Armstrong, his little son and a woman named Nancy Bunday, made preparations to carry them away. Armstrong told his wife to lay still, which she did, and escaped. They were in a great hurry on account of a small body of men being stationed a short distance below, and did not take time to fire the building. They turned up the creek with their prisoners. Mrs. Armstrong crawled from her hiding place. and looking out of the window beheld her husband and little son disappear in the forest with them. Years rolled away and no tidings were had from Andrew Armstrong. No doubt they had cruelly murdered him. The little son was also given up for lost, and the mother had ceased to mourn and became resigned to her hard lot.

Many years after peace had been restored and the settlers had returned to their homes, an aged Indian with a young man by his side, bearing unmistakable signs of having white blood in his veins, knocked at the cottage door of the widow Armstrong one pleasant autumn afternoon. He alleged that this was her son who had been carried off years ago, when a mere child. But he was grown to manhood and partook so much of the character and disposition of an Indian, that she could not recognize him as her long lost son. The scenes of that sorrowful day were brought fresh to her mind, and her heart yearned for the little flaxen-haired boy. Could this noble youth, of athletic form and piercing eye, be he? Could he be so changed? Thus she reasoned. She could not feel positive that he was her son-neither was she certain that he was not. If she was to own him, and he was not hers, she never could extend to him the affections of a mother; and if she turned him away and he was her son, oh! what remorse of conscience would she feel. A terrible conflict was going on in her mind. She never could bring herself, however, to believe that he was in reality her boy. Doubt still lingered in her mind. He remained



about the settlement for some time, but had all the manners and habits of an Indian and never seemed to readily embrace the usages of civilized life. He finally left the neighborhood, on finding that she would not recognize him as her son, and returned to his tawny comrades of the forest. He never came again.

About this time four men_Robert Fleming, Robert Donaldson, James McMichael and John Hamilton, started down the river from Horn's to Antes Fort in canoes, to arrange for crafts to transport their families and effects down the river. Having engaged a flat, they started on their return, and had passed through the Pine Creek ripples, when they pushed over to the south side of the river to rest and wait for their comrades who were following with the flat. As they were about to land they were suddenly fired on by a small party of Indians concealed on the shore. Donaldson jumped out of his canoe, fired, and cried to the others: "Come on, boys." Hamilton saw the Indians rise from behind a small bluff, and at the same time noticed the blood spurting from Donaldson's back as he was trying to reload his gun. Hamilton immediately gave his canoe a shove from the shore, jumped in, fell flat on the bottom, and then by a sudden whirl of his body landed in the water, and holding his canoe with one hand between himself and the Indians, he paddled across the river with the other hand. Several bullets flew around him but he escaped unharmed. When he landed his woolen clothes were so heavy from being saturated with water that his progress was greatly impeded. He therefore stripped himself of everything but his shirt and started on a run up the river. His route was by a path which led through the Gallauher and Cook farms, which were then grown up with bushes. He ran for life, and at the flutter of a bird or other noise he would clear the brush at every bound. In this way he ran for nearly three miles, until he came opposite Horn's fort, which was on the south side of the river, when he was discovered and taken across.

The men in the flat pushed over, landed, and crossed Pine Creek a short distance above the mouth, and hurried up the river to the main party at Horn's. James Jackson, who was with the party on the flat, found a horse pasturing on the Pine Creek clearing, which he caught, mounted and rode to the settlement above.



After the excitement of this tragic affair had subsided a party started down the river and secured the dead bodies of Donaldson, McMichael and Fleming, which they carried to Antes Fort and buried them in the little cemetery which had been started on the hill, near the fort, and which is used for burial purposes to this day. John Hamilton,* who paddled his canoe across the river and then made the great race for his life, was only about sixteen years of age. His escape and flight were regarded as little less than marvelous.

The same day this bloody affair occurred a party of men were driving a lot of cattle down the river from above the Great Island. Crossing the plains near where Liberty now stands, they were fired upon by a party of Indians. The whites immediately returned the fire, when an Indian was observed to fall, and was carried off. A man named Samuel Fleming was shot through the shoulder. The Indians fled very precipitately and abandoned a big lot of plunder, consisting largely of blankets, which fell into the hands of the whites.

As early as 1773 settlers had made improvements at the mouth of Lycoming Creek, on the west side, and also on the opposite side of the river, near where DuBoistown now stands. The New Jersey emigrants came in 1777, when it is probable that Amariah Sutton† built a cabin on the east side of the creek. The next settlements below were the improvements of John Thomson and the Benjamin families, near Miller's Run, at the foot of the hills. Then came the settlement at Loyalsock, by Samuel Harris, where a rude block-house is said to have existed on the west side of the creek. Between these points and Antes Fort there was no protection for the settlers. Some brave spirits, among whom were William King, Robert Covenhoven and James Armstrong, were

^{*}This young man was the oldest brother of Robert Hamilton, the latter of whom became the father of John Hamilton, who was born October 14, 1800, and resides on his farm a short distance above the mouth of Pine Creek. The path he followed in his rapid flight led through what is now the farm of his nephew. Mr. Hamilton, although nearly 89, is an unusually active and vigorous man, and has always been distinguished for his intelligence.

[†]Sutton was an Englishman by birth and came here with the New Jersey colonists in 1770. He was born January 14, 1730, and died October 17, 1817, and was buried in the old Lycoming grave-yard on his farm. He had four wives and many children.



engaged in building a stockade enclosure at Lycoming, formed of logs, eight or ten feet in length, planted in the ground side by side. with the tops leaning outward, so as not to be easily scaled. covered, perhaps, half an acre and was located near what is now known as Fourth and Stevens streets, Williamsport. The evacuation of the valley occurred before the completion of this structure. and nothing but tradition remains to tell us of the last feeble effort put forth to save the first citizens of Williamsport from destruction, William King had served as lieutenant in the war with the Connecticut settlers on the North Branch, and also as ensign in the company of his cousin, Captain Cool, in March, 1776. His home at that time was in Northumberland, where he had a wife, Rachel Tharp King, and two children, Sarah and Ruth. He had been up the river before the war-indeed it is claimed that he settled on the site of Jaysburg in 1774, which is quite likely, but he had left his family behind with instructions for them to remain until he came after them.

The rumors of a descent by the Tories and Indians on the North Branch had aroused a fear for the safety of Northumberland, and some of the settlers thought their families would be safer in the new stockade than below; so they went down, loaded up their goods and started back for the new refuge. They requested Mrs. King to accompany them, but she did not wish to disobey her husband's orders and refused. Finally they overcame her scruples by showing her that he would have to travel all the way down in a canoe for her and the children, and take them up the river alone. which would expose them to much more danger than would befail a party traveling together. The long, tedious, rough ride up the river passed drearily until towards the evening of the second or third day, when the man in charge of the team said: "Here is the last stream we will cross before reaching the fort, and we will stop and water." The horses had no sooner halted than unerring rifles cracked and the utmost confusion at once ensued. The following graphic account of the terrible massacre that followed is given in a letter by Colonel Hosterman* to Colone. Winter, from Fort Muncy, under date of June 10, 1778:

On this day Colonel Hosterman, Captain Reynolds and thir-

^{*}See Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. VI., page 589.

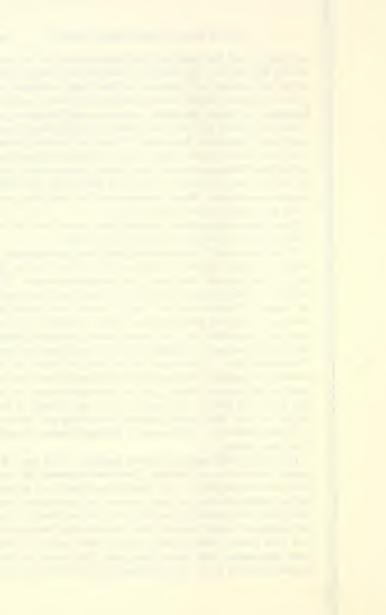


teen men set out for Antes mill with ammunition for that place and the Big Island. The same day, remarks the Colonel, Peter Smith, his wife and six children; William King's wife and two children; Michael Smith, Michael Campbell and David Chambers, belonging to Captain Reynolds' company,—and Snodgrass and Hammond,—being six men, two women and eight children, were going with a wagon to Lycoming. When they reached Loyalsock, John Harris (son of Samuel Harris) met them and said that he had heard firing up the creek and desired them to return, as to go forward was dangerous. But Peter Smith said that firing would not stop them. Harris then proceeded to Fort Muncy, and Smith and party continued up the river.

Upon Harris' information a party of fifteen started from the fort in the direction of where the firing had been heard.

When Smith, with his wagon and party, had got within half a mile of Lycoming Creek, the Indians fired on them, and at the first fire Snodgrass fell dead, being shot through the temple. The Indians first fired two guns, when they gave a yell and ran towards the wagon. The men with the wagon, who did not see the Indians until they fired and approached them, immediately took to trees and returned the fire. A little boy and a girl made off about this time and escaped. The Indians closed in on the party and tried to surround them. This caused all the men to flee as fast as possible but Campbell, who was last seen fighting at close quarters with his rifle, and an Indian's gun was afterwards found on the spot broken to pieces. Before they were out of sight of the wagon they saw the Indians attacking the women and children with their tomahawks. The number of Indians Chambers thought to be about twenty.

This bloody affair began just before sundown. The boy who escaped pushed on to Lycoming Creek and informed the men there what had happened. They started immediately, but mistaking the intelligence the boy gave, went to the river to the place where they lived, thinking it was the canoe that was attacked. In the meantime Captain Hepburn, with the party that had started from Fort Muncy, came up and found the dead bodies of Snodgrass and another man, but it being dark they could not distinguish who they were. They continued on to Lycoming, where



they met the other party, and waited until the next day, as it was too late to do anything that night.

On the morning of June 11th they returned and found the bodies of the following persons: Peter Smith's wife, shot through and stabbed, scalped and a knife left by her side; William King's wife, tomahawked and scalped. She was sitting up, and leaned on her husband when he came to her, but expired almost immediately. She was conscious when they came, but could not speak. A little girl was killed and scalped—also a little boy. Snodgrass was found shot through the head, tomahawked and scalped. Campbell was shot in the back, tomahawked, stabbed, scalped and a knife left sticking in his body. They had taken his rifle, but nothing was removed from the wagon but a few trifling articles.

This bloody affair took place * at the point where West Fourth Street, Williamsport, crosses the stream which flows down Cemetery Street. It was a natural thicket of wild plum trees, which yielded fruit of remarkable size and flavor for nearly a century after the massacre. This is testified to by those born and raised near the place, and who are now living beyond the age of eighty years. The road was merely a widening out of the old Indian trail, and was cut through this thicket; the boughs, with the leaves dried upon them, being thrown into the bushes, formed a safe place for the concealment of lurking savages.

When the searching party were about to leave the spot, the boy insisted that Mrs. King must be somewhere in the thicket, as he had heard her scream and say she would not go along with them, when they tried to drag her away, and that he saw her fighting vigorously for her life with a "piggin."† They made another detour through the bushes and found her about 9 o'clock in the morning, near the stream where she had dragged herself, and

[•] In the first edition of this work, published in 1856, it was stated that the massacre took place on or near the site of Hall's foundry and machine shops. Subsequent research and careful inquiry by J. H. McMinn has established the fact that it occurred in the plum tree thicket, as given above. Mr. McMinn also worked out the history of King, and the rescue of his daughters, Sarah and Ruth, which forms a very pathetic part of this startling narrative.

[†] Corrupted from pipkin, a small vessel made of staves, with one longer than the rest, which served for a handle. In olden times it was a woman's weapon.



rested with her hand under her head, with her brains oozing through her fingers; soon after which she died, as related in the official narrative.

It is scarcely possible for one at this day to realize or understand the horrors presented by this scene. In the midst of a dense wilderness, almost alone, and bereft of his entire family by an enemy more cruel than the wild beasts of the forest, stood William King, the picture of despair. Sorrowfully indeed did he prepare to join the fleeing settlers to seek a place of safety beyond the dangers from such a merciless and cruel enemy. He returned to Northumberland, and as if to more quickly drown his deep sorrow, he married Martha Reeder on the 25th of May, 1779.

About two years after the massacre William King, Simon Cool, his cousin, and James Sweeny,* pushed up the river in a canoe to hunt for their winter's meat. They went to an old cabin that stood by a spring near the mouth of Dry Run, (Fessler's Mill). A light snow had fallen and they discovered Indian tracks, but boded no danger, and started on a detour up Dougherty's Run and down Bottle Run toward Lycoming Creek, one man taking each side of the ravine, while the third walked down the bottom. After going some distance King heard Sweeny call Simon Cool three times, and soon after he heard the report of a gun. He proceeded warily, but lost track of his companions and went back to the cabin, where he remained all night. As they did not return he became alarmed, and taking his canoe returned home alone. The recital of his story was received with discredit, and it was insinuated that some foul play was involved in this affair. It was intimated that he had shot one of them accidentally and killed the other to cover up his guilt; and so uncharitably was the gossip spread that he felt very miserable indeed on account of the suspicion that rested upon him. This unpleasant state of affairs continued for about seven years, during which time he had settled on Vincent's Island, Milton. One day when he was standing in a

^{*}Lieutenant Sweeny had charge of the rear guard of thirty men under Colonel Hartley in his famous expedition against Tioga Point, and was noticed in his report as "a valuable officer." We find that he bought of Jacob Latcha lot No. 63 on Market Street, Jaysburg, January 12, 1796. He afterwards moved west, where he died. He was first called McSwiney, then McSweeny, and finally plain Sweeny.



tavern at Northumberland, Sweeny suddenly appeared before him. He clasped him in his arms in an ecstasy of joy, for now the great cloud of suspicion which rested upon him could be cleared away. But still further joy awaited him, as will be seen by the story of Sweeny's wanderings after their separation.

He stated that on Bottle Run, after they had parted, three Indians came up behind Simon Cool, whom he saw from the hillside, and called in warning tones to him, whereupon Cool ran for his life, as well as Sweeny. But in crossing the stream, which was high, while Sweenv sprang clear across, Cool, being a heavy man, fell short and dropped into the water. After gaining the bank he found that he could not run with his wet clothing, and they all took to trees for a desperate fight. Cool had a dog with him noted for hunting Indians, which he now scented, and worried Cool, from whom he tried hard to escape; finally he bit him upon the hand, which caused him to lean forward, when one of the Indians shot him through the breast. He raised up and said: "Sweeny, give up; I am a dead man," and sank down in death. Sweeny turned his gun "up end down" and bared his breast for them to fire, but they came up and seizing one article after another of his equipments, said in broken English, "my gun, my coat, &c.," until they had him almost stripped naked. They picked up Cool's rifle and threw down an old musket in its place, stripped his body and let it lie on the ground with the old gun. A few years ago the rusty irons of an old musket were plowed up by a farmer.

Sweeny was then hurried along by his captors, who started up Lycoming Creek. And as day by day his buckskin breeches would get wet, and then hard when they became dry, he would cut them off piece by piece, until his bare feet and legs were so exposed that they would stop occasionally to rub them to warm him up, when they would start again. The march continued in this way until they finally reached Canada, when he was selected to run the gauntlet. Being a very active man he passed between the two lines of savages armed with clubs or other weapons comparatively unharmed, when, as was the custom, an old squaw caught him around the neck and exclaimed: "My son! my son!" and adopted him in the place of a real son she had lost in the wars.



During his captivity he made repeated efforts to escape, but his new mother kept such a close watch over him that he found it impossible to get away. Then he persuaded some of the French to try and buy his freedom; she would partly agree, take the money and look at it, at the same time soliloquizing: "My son no home; my son no cow; my son no dog; me no sell my son," when she would throw the money at them and go away laughing.

After the lapse of two years they got her drunk and then bought him for \$30. When she became sober and realized what she had done she cried bitterly, and endeavored to recover him, but he went away and worked at the carpenter trade to raise money to redeem his ransom. After this he made his way down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, where he shipped for New York, and then walked to his home at Northumberland.

During his imprisonment he would accompany the old Indian squaw to the towns to sell trinkets and pelts, and while there he heard of a young girl who was a prisoner, and whom he discovered to be Sarah King, and that she knew the whereabouts of her sister, about 200 miles down the river. When King learned that his little daughters were still alive he was overjoyed, and determined on making an effort to recover them. Peace had been declared and he could travel with safety, so he started on foot with a knapsack on his terrible journey to hunt up his long lost children. An Indian named "Jake" Orby lived near Milton Island and knew all the paths. King persuaded him to accompany him · as a guide to Niagara. His course was by the old Indian path up Lycoming Creek and across the state of New York. On the march they fell in with another Indian who kept them company for a day and a night. The animated conversation between the two Indians so worried King that he could not sleep that night, and at one time he almost determined to kill them and go on alone. About noon the next day the stranger left them and went to a village. After the parting his guide said to him: "Bill, that Injin kill your wife!" King replied: "Why didn't you tell me that before?" His guide replied: "You kill 'em," which was true

They journeyed on to the Niagara River, which King crossed alone to the fort, where he sought his long lost children. Sarah



King and other prisoners were held there waiting to be claimed. When her father came to the gate, accompanied by two soldiers, she saw and recognized him, and told the others he was her father, but they laughed at her. And when he was told to pick his daughter out he could not do it. Her name was then called, when she stepped forward to him.

Sarah during her captivity had managed to keep track of her little sister, and she gave her father all the information she could respecting her whereabouts. He then left her at the fort and paddled down the great river in a canoe, promising to return for her. In course of time he arrived at the new home of little Ruth. On making his business known at the dwelling of the people with whom she lived, the woman denied all knowledge of a captive child, but the neighbors re-assured him, and when he returned with asserted knowledge and authority of law, she was frightened into admitting that she had a captive child, but denied that it was his; and as she had bought it she would not give it up. Even in the presence of an officer of the law she refused to relinquish possession of the child until he could prove beyond all question that it was his own daughter. It was finally agreed if he could identify her by some natural mark he could take her away. The anxious father was only too glad for an opportunity to refer to a strange natural phenomenon in the form of pierces in the lobe of The woman confidently produced little "Rosanna," each ear. when her ears were found to have the tiny holes which a mother's hand had never made. The woman raised her hands in anguish . and exclaimed: "My God! how often have I washed and dressed that child and never saw those marks before!"

The child was then taken away and they returned to Fort Niagara, where Sarah and another Pennsylvania girl, (about fourteen years of age), who had been taken prisoner, and who wanted to get home again, joined them on their long and toilsome journey back to the Susquehanna.

Before they had gone very far the little store of provisions gave out, and they became so nearly famished that one day when they found a skunk that had been killed by the Indians, they dressed and ate it, which supported them until they came to an Indian village, where they obtained enough jerked venison to last them



until they reached the North Branch, where they procured a canoe and paddled down the river to Northumberland, and then up the West Branch to Milton Island.

The children were, respectively, two and four years of age when the massacre occurred on that dreadful evening of the 10th of June, 1778. When torn from their mother, who was stricken down by the tomahawk, they were quickly wrapped together, placed on the back of a horse and hurried away through the woods over what is now Cemetery Street, until they reached the Sheshequin path leading through Blooming Grove until it joined the main trail up Lycoming Creek. At one time little Ruth began to cry, when a young Indian seized her by the legs to dash her brains out against a tree, but an old squaw claimed her for her child, and thus by one of their customs her life was saved.

On reaching Canada she sold her to the wife of an English officer under whom Mr. King had served when he came to America, and before the soldiers fraternized with the Colonists, and were sent home. At that time Mr. King's term of enlistment had not expired, and as he wanted to remain, he exercised his privilege of sending a substitute home. This officer had treated him badly on account of it, and when he found that his child was in his custody his Scotch blood boiled and he became desperate. But his wife was a well-bred and reasonable woman, and the affair was finally settled amicably.

In after years Ruth, then grown to womanhood, went back to her mother's people in New Jersey, where she married a retired mariner and they moved to Genessee, N. Y., where they settled, became well to do, and died there.

Sarah accompanied her father when he returned to Jaysburg in 1789, and resided with him until he died in 1802; she then went with her half-brother, Joseph King, when he lived on the Sutton farm in 1832. At this time she would frequently take her nephew, Charles King, and others, down to the Methodist church that then stood at Fourth and Cemetery streets, where they would gather the wild plums that grew so abundantly, and she would point out the spot and relate the bloody incidents of that dreadful day.

She afterwards removed to the home of John Kelly King, in



Tioga County, where she died September 19, 1850, at the age of 76 years.

She often spoke of one of the prisoners as being a very stout woman, who could not stand the hardships of the march, and when she gave out the Indians, to terrify the others and warn them of the fate that awaited them in case they attempted to escape, formed a ring of the other prisoners they had taken, and placing her in the centre massacred her in the most barbarous manner.

William King was a silk weaver by trade in Edinboro, Scotland, where he was born December 29, 1745. His father died possessed of a considerable estate in the shape of a valuable mill property, but Robert, the eldest son, inherited all. When William found that he would get nothing he went to England and enlisted in the British army, then recruiting for America. His regiment was sent to New Jersey to guard the Colonists. On the breaking out of the Revolution it was feared that the soldiers would fraternize with the people, on account of having been with them for nine years, and they were recalled and new recruits sent out to take their places. When Mr. King bought a substitute to serve for his unexpired term, so that he could remain, it took all his savings. He then went to work on a farm and afterwards married his employer's daughter, Elizabeth Tharp, and moved out to Northumberland County.

He served in various capacities in the defense of the frontier, and on May 21, 1777, was commissioned second lieutenant of a company of foot in the Fourth Battalion of militia of Northumberland County. Before the war he went up the river to where Jaysburg now stands and built a cabin, intending to settle there, but the Fair Play men drove him away, when he returned to Vincent Island (Milton Island). He returned to Lycoming Creek with his family, as before stated. In March, 1787, they landed at the mouth of Dry Run, and took temporary possession of an old and unoccupied cabin at the spot where he had landed seven years before. The air was balmy and clear, but the next morning they found the snow two feet deep. The neighbors had been apprised of their coming and hurried to them with hay for their stock and provisions for the family.

Soon afterward he removed to the site of his original cabin,



where he lived the remainder of his life. After he became paralyzed from falling into the icy waters of Mosquito Run, when returning from the Northumberland post-office by way of the Culbertson path, he would sit in his chair and sing old Scotch songs while he knit seines for the settlers far up and down the river, until the summons came to follow those already gone to join the innumerable caravan, and he was laid to rest in the old Lycoming grave-yard, in Newberry. He died October 2, 1802.*

In September, nearly three months after the bloody massacre just described, William Winters† came up from Berks County with several men to cut hay in a meadow near the mouth of Lycoming Creek, for the purpose of feeding the cattle he proposed to bring up late in the fall. A short distance north of the canal aqueduct over Lycoming Creek of to-day can be seen the old channel of the stream, now a mere back water swale. Upon the high bank we find the somewhat noted Dix Street and a cluster of frame houses. This spot marks the site of "Locust Bottom," of the days of Amariah Sutton, and the native village of aboriginal times. Upon the advent of the whites the flats north of the village were covered with luxuriant grass, and it was here that the party came to cut the grass for their cattle. The settlers had

^{*}His family consisted of the following members: Sarah, daughter of Elizabeth Tharp, his first wife, who was slain in the massacre, born August 22, 1774, died September 19, 1850; Ruth, born May 23, 1776, date of death unknown. Martha Reeder, his second wife, was born February 24, 1763, died May 16, 1817. Her children were: Mary, born February 6, 1781, died June 13, 1782; William, Jr., born August 29, 1783; Joseph, born September 3, 1786, on Milton Island, died July 16, 1870, in Mosquito Valley; Martha, born January 13, 1792; George Washington, born July 14, 1794; John, born June 15, 1797. Their descendants reside in and about Williamsport.

[†]Winters was a brother-in-law of Amariah Sutton, who took up the last manor survey, comprising 599 acres, on the east side of Lycoming Creek. Sutton being unable to hold the entire tract, Winters obtained the eastern half, which was afterwards known as the "Grier farm." His cabin stood on or near the present site of the residence of S. T. Foresman. The manor was surveyed as Ormes Kirke. Winters was a native of New Jersey. He died June 29, 1794, aged 66 years, three months and two days. One of the early terms of court was held at his place. Tradition says that some of the officers of the court got drunk, and Judge Hepburn slapped an impertinent witness. Winters had two wives and nineteen children, the same number that his neighbor, Judge Hepburn, had. Winters was buried in the old cemetery near his residence.



previously removed their families to Northumberland and other points below, on account of the Indian encroachments. While William Winters, who led the party, was preparing dinner at the cabin he had previously built near the corner of the present Third and Rose streets, Williamsport, William King and others stood their guns against a tree and started in to cut the grass. They had got but two and a half swaths cut when the Indians, who had stealthily crept around between them and their arms, opened fire upon the party, killing three or four at the first round. King quickly ran to the river and swam to the opposite shore, dodging under the water whenever the Indians fired. One man dropped in the grass and laid concealed until dark, when he made his way to the river, raised one of the sunken canoes and quietly paddled to Northumberland, where he reported that all had been killed but himself. While he was relating his sorrowful tale, and the families of the unfortunates were bewailing their loss, King suddenly stepped among them in an almost nude condition, having torn his clothing from his body in his rapid flight over the mountains and through the bushes.

Winters, and those who were with him, on hearing the firing concealed themselves until the Indians had departed, when they went to where their comrades had been killed, gathered their bodies together and covered them with the freshly mown hay, and then hurried down the river.

In the following spring they returned to bury them, and they were surprised to find that the hay had preserved their bodies from decomposition. They were then removed to the barren, sandy ridge, where the public road emerged from the great plum thicket along the little stream that now crosses Fourth Street, Williamsport, at Cemetery Street intersection, where they were laid near the slain of the dreadful massacre that had occurred at that point but a few months previously.

Thus was this spot again hallowed as the place of human sepulture, which in after years prompted Amariah Sutton, the owner of the land, to set it aside in the name of the "Methodist Church Society" as a public burying-ground.

It is a singular fact that an Indian burying-ground had existed near this point from time immemorial, and in the course of time.



when public improvements were made, the graves were opened and skeletons disclosed in a crumbling condition. The remains of the departed red men had been placed in a sitting posture with the knees pressed close against the breast. A small fragment of some domestic utensil was found in one of the graves.

Thus was the old Lycoming grave-yard founded, where, for nearly three-quarters of a century afterwards, many of the old deceased settlers were laid from time to time, and it is still filled with graves. Recently a new Methodist church was built in the corner of the old grave-yard next the street, and in digging the foundation many of the graves of the early dead were disturbed, when the remains were carefully collected and removed to Wildwood.

Andrew Fleming settled on Pine Creek, in the vicinity of where Matthew McKinney's house stands. On Christmas day, 1778, he took down his rifle and observed to his wife that he would go and kill a deer. He started up the ravine, and had not been gone long before the report of a gun was heard. The day wore away and he did not return. His wife became alarmed at his protracted absence and feared that evil might have befallen him. Proceeding up the ravine to look for him she suddenly perceived three savages skulking in the bushes, and her worst suspicions were at once aroused. Returning hastily she gave the alarm, and a number of neighbors collected and proceeded to search for her husband. They had gone but a short distance when they came to his dead body. Three balls had passed through him, one having entered his eye. The scalp was removed.

Among the New Jersey settlers near the mouth of Loyalsock Creek was Albert Covenhoven. He had three sons, James, Thomas, Robert, and a daughter, Isabella. Robert became distinguished as a guide, spy and Indian killer, and his biography will be given in its proper place. Shortly after coming to the valley Albert Covenhoven lost all his effects by a sudden freshet in the creek, and the family were reduced to great distress. On the breaking out of the Revolution Robert joined the Continental army, but late in 1777 he returned home on account of the expiration of his enlistment and at once took an active part in aiding to protect the frontier.



The danger soon became so great that a panic seized the inhabitants and nearly all of them about Muncy fled to Brady's Fort. Those above, and up to Lycoming Creek, took refuge at Wallis'. All above Lycoming and Pine creeks were at Antes' and Horn's forts. The inhabitants of Penn's Valley gathered to Potter's Fort. Those below the Muncy Hills, to Chillisquaque, were assembled at Freeland's and Boone's forts and Sunbury. Those in White Deer and Buffalo valleys fled to the river and forted themselves at various points. This took place in the summer of 1778.* Colonel Hunter, in a letter to John Hambright, says that it was very distressing to see the poor settlers flying and leaving their homes. The immigrants from New Jersey, who had come up that spring and winter, set off again as rapidly as they could travel to their old homes.

Colonel Hepburn, afterwards Judge Hepburn, was stationed for awhile at Muncy Fort and commanded it. Colonel Hosterman, Captain Reynolds, Captain Berry and others, were sent up soon after to assist in protecting the frontier.

On the intelligence of the barbarities already described reaching Colonel Hunter, at Fort Augusta, he became greatly alarmed for the safety of those who remained above Fort Muncy, and sent word to Colonel Hepburn to order them to abandon the country and retire below. He did this, he claimed, because there was not a sufficiency of troops to guard the whole frontier, and Congress had taken no action to furnish him with men and supplies. Colonel Hepburn had some trouble to get a messenger to carry the order up to Colonel Antes, so panic-stricken were the people on account of the ravages of the Indians. At length Robert Covenhoven and a young millwright in the employ of Andrew Culbertson volunteered their services and started on the dangerous mission. They crossed the river, ascended Bald Eagle Mountain, and kept along the summit till they came to the gap opposite Antes Fort. They then cautiously descended at the head of Nippenose Bottom and proceeded to the fort. It was in the evening, and as they neared the fort the report of a rifle rang upon their ears. A girl had gone outside to milk a cow, and an

^{*} See page 570 of Pennsylvania Archives for 1777-8.



Indian lying in ambush fired upon her. The ball, fortunately, passed through her clothes and she escaped unharmed. orders were passed on up to Horn's Fort, and preparations made for the flight. Great excitement prevailed among the people. Canoes were collected, rafts hastily constructed, and every available craft that would float was pressed into service, and their wives, children and goods* placed on board to be floated down the river to a place of safety. The men, armed with their trusty rifles, marched on the shores of the river to guard the fleet. It was indeed a sudden as well as an exciting flight. The inhabitants were fleeing from their primitive homes to escape the merciless foe, and leaving their cattle and ripening crops behind. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the passage to Northumberland and Sunbury, as the Indians feared to attack the armed force that marched on the shore. It is related that whenever one of the canoes or flats grounded the women would jump out and aid in pushing them into deep water again. All the settlements from Reed's Fort to Northumberland were abandoned, and the savages had full possession of the country once more.

As soon as possible small bands of armed men cautiously ventured up the river to secure cattle, horses and other effects that had been left behind. They found small bands of Indians engaged in the work of pillage and destruction, and at night the sky was reddened by the lurid glare caused by burning cabins,† barns and outhouses.

^{*}In many instances household utensils and articles of value that could not be removed, on account of the scanty means of transportation, were hurriedly buried by the owners. When they returned a few years afterwards they were generally found in fair condition.

[†]The cabins of the settlers were rude but substantial buildings. They were generally constructed of hewn logs, and were on an average 24 x 20 feet. Sometimes a wall of stone, a foot or more in height, was raised as a foundation; but in the majority of cases four large stones served as corners, on which the building was raised. The house was covered with clapboards. Such a roof required no rafters or nails. It was called a "poor man's make-shift," and its use was justified by the poverty of the times. The ground logs were cut "saddle-shaped" at the ends; then the cross logs were notched to fit the saddle. When the building was raised as many rounds as it was intended, the ribs were raised, on which a course of clapboard (made by splitting them like staves) was laid, their butts resting on a butting pole. A press pole was laid on the clapboards over the ribs to hold them in place, and the



The first party that reached Robert King's improvement at Level Corner found the remains of his house and barn yet smoking. Passing on to Antes Fort they found the mill, which had contained a quantity of wheat, and the adjacent buildings, reduced to ashes. As the smouldering embers were not yet extinct, the odor of burning grain tainted the atmosphere. The fort stood grim and alone, the enemy having failed to destroy it. The party hastily collected what stock they could and drove them down the river to a place of safety. The upper part of the valley presented a sad and sickening scene of desolation—burned houses and barns, amid ripening fields of golden grain, presented a contrast calculated to sicken the heart.

Thus was this grand and beautiful valley evacuated in the closing days of June, 1778, and the whoop of the Indians again awoke the echoes of the forest. This flight was called by the people of that period the *Big Runaway*, on account of its precipitancy and the excitement and fear that pervaded every heart.

Soon after the runaway the attention of the Indians was attracted to the memorable descent upon Wyoming, which took place the 3d of July, 1778, and they hastened from the valley to be present at the massacre.

Many of the fugitives halted at Sunbury, but the larger number, completely panic-stricken, continued their flight to Paxtang and Donegal before they halted. The whole country was in a state of wild alarm, which was intensified by the news of the butchery at Wyoming.

Something must be done to secure relief. Petitions were at once drawn up and numerously signed, praying the State Government to send troops to the West Branch Valley to protect the settlers whilst they returned to harvest their crops. The grain was ripe, but it could not be gathered without protection.

On the 12th of July Colonel Hunter, commander of Fort

pole was kept in place by stay-blocks or a weight at the end. The logs were run with on the building on skids, held in place by wooden forks. The most experienced average were placed on the building as "corner men" to notch the logs as they were shoved up to them on the skids. In this way a building was raised and covered in a day without a mason or a pound of nails. The doors and windows were afterwards cut out to suit the fancy of the owner.



Augusta, forwarded the following strong and pathetic appeal to the Executive Council for succor, and as it gives a true insight of affairs at that time, it is given herewith in full:

To His Excellency The President and The Honble The Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The Calamities so long dreaded, and of which ye have been more than once informed must fall upon this County if not assisted by Continental Troop or the Militia of the neighboring Counties, now appear with all the Horrors attendant on an Indian war; at this date the Towns of Sunbury and Northumberland on the Frontiers where a few Virtuous Inhabitants and fugitives seem determined to stand, Tho' doubtful whether To-morrow's sun will rise on them, freemen, Captives or in eternity. Yet relying on that being who never forsakes the virtuous, and the timely assistance of the Government, which they have with Zeal and vigor endeavoured to support, they say they will remain so long as they can without incurring the censure of suicide. The Carnage at Wioming, the devastations and murders upon the West branch of Susquehanna, On Bald Eagle Creek, and in short throughout the whole County to within a few miles of these Towns (the recital of which must be shocking) I suppose must have before now have reached your ears, if not you may figure yourselves men, women, and children, Butchered and scalped, many of them after being promised quarters, and some scalped alive, of which we have miserable Instances amongst us, People in crowds driven from their farms and habitations, many of whom have not money to purchase one day's provisions for their families, which must and has already obliged many of them to Plunder and lay waste the farms as they pass along. These Calamities must if not speedily remedied by a reinforcement of men from below inevitably ruin the frontier, and incumber the interior Counties with such numbers of indigent fugitives unable to support themselves as will like locusts devour all before them. If we are assisted to stand and save our crops, we will have enough for ourselves and to spare, you need be under no apprehension of any troops you send here suffering for want of provisions if they come in time, before the few who yet remain are obliged to give way, with men it will be necessary to send arms and ammunition as we are ill provided with them. Gentlemen, ye must all know that this County cannot be strong in men after the number it has furnished to serve the united states. Their applications to us for men were always complyed with to the utmost of our abilities and with the greatest alacrity; should our supplications now be rejected I think the survivors of us, (if any) may safely say that Virtue is not rewarded, I have only to add that A few Hundreds of men well armed and immediately sent to our relief would prevent much bloodshed, confusion and devastation through many Counties of this State, as the appearance of being supported would call back many of our fugitives to save their Harvest for their subsistence, rather than suffer the inconveniences which reason tells me they do down the Country and their with their families return must ease the people below of a heavy and unprofitable Burthen. These opinions I submit to your serious Consideration.

Signed,



The appeal was not unheeded. Colonel Broadhead, who had been ordered to the assistance of the settlement at Wyoming, finding on his arrival at Sunbury that he was too late to give any succor in that direction, at once hurried up the river to Fort Muncy and took possession of the deserted country. The presence of an armed force encouraged many of the settlers to return and gather their harvests. The Colonel was very active in scouring the country and in stationing men at various points to protect the harvesters. He dispatched a captain and twenty-five men to take post at Potter's Fort, in Penn's Valley, to protect the reapers in that settlement. This left him 125 men at Fort Muncy, and he kept scouting parties out all the time on the lookout for Indians.*

Samuel Wallis, whose house stood within a few hundred yards of the fort, returned with Colonel Broadhead to look after his crops on the Muncy farm. He wrote to Colonel Matlack on the 24th of July, and complained bitterly of the conduct of Colonel Hunter in causing the panic and flight from the valley. He stated that Hunter, on hearing of the massacre at Wyoming, became so much alarmed that he ordered all the troops off the West Branch. This order resulted in the Big Runaway, as all the inhabitants became panic-stricken immediately, abandoned their homes and fled. Wallis says that when he reached Sunbury with his family he found that Hunter had removed his family and effects from Fort Augusta to a point further down the river, and was ready to fly himself on the slightest alarm. And had it not been for the arrival of Colonel Broadhead, Wallis was of the opinion that not ten families would have remained in the county. He was exceedingly anxious to have a few regular troops sent up the river, as he reposed but little confidence in the militia. Concerning them he wrote as follows:

Such confusion has already happened by trusting to the Militia here, that I can & do declare for myself, that I will not stay a single moment longer than I can help after being assured that we are to be protected by them only. We were amused some time ago by a resolve of Congress for raising 100 six months men in this County, & Col. Hunter was pleased to assure the Counsil that the men would be readyly raised, when he at the same time knew, & was pleased to declare, in private conversation.

^{*}On the evening of July 23d an Indian was discovered by one of the sentine!s approaching the fort in a skulking manner. He fired on him at the distance of 150 yards, when he quickly disappeared in the bushes.



that it was Impossible to raise 100 men amongst People so much confused and alarmed. This kind of Conduct from Col. Hunter, as well as a number of our other leading men, has brought us to the pass you now find us, & unless some speedy Interposition in our behalf, I do again with great Confidence assure you that we shall be no Longer a People in this County, & when the matter will end God only knows.

Such was the plain, outspoken language of Samuel Wallis regarding the situation at that time. From the tenor of his letter it is inferred that he did not have an exalted opinion of either the judgment or bravery of Colonel Hunter, whom he held responsible in a great measure for the terrible state of affairs then prevailing.

General Potter returned to Penn's Valley on the 25th of July, having been absent on military duty, and immediately communicated to the authorities the information that the farmers had pretty generally returned to cut their harvests. The loss to the county by the Big Runaway he estimated at £40,000. The panic, in its horrors and disastrous consequences, is without a parallel in the history of any new country.

The urgent appeals of the people to Congress were not made entirely in vain, for that body at once ordered Colonel Hartley to the West Branch Valley with his regiment. He arrived in the early part of August, and immediately took steps towards strengthening Fort Muncy and putting it in condition to make a stout resistance in case of attack. A body of militia, amounting to 300 men, was ordered out in the county to assist in guarding those who were anxious to gather their crops, now suffering for the sickle. This had the effect of encouraging the people, and they commenced returning to their desolated homes in large numbers.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE NEW JERSEY SETTLERS ON LOYALSOCK—ATROCIOUS MURDER
OF A FRIENDLY INDIAN—DEATH OF JOHN THOMSON—HISTORY
OF HIS DESCENDANTS—THE WYCKOFF AND OTHER FAMILIES.

BOUT the beginning of the Revolutionary war several families from Central New Jersey settled in the neighborhood of the Loyalsock. Among these were the Thomsons, Wyckoffs, Covenhovens, Van Camps, Van Nests, &c. All of these, save the first mentioned, were of Hollandish descent.

John Thomson was a Scotchman. His father is said to have borne the Biblical name of Uzal.* When the son came to America he brought with him his little Bible, printed at Edinburgh in 1735. He married in New Jersey and duly recorded in his Bible the dates of birth of himself and his wife, and, afterwards, that of their child.

Their home in New Jersey was at the Drie Hook (Three Corners), so called from a peculiarity of the roads in that vicinity.† The farm extended up the eastern slope of the highest peak of the Cushetunk Mountain, which, however, is less than a thousand feet high. The house stood near the road, upon a rivulet which issues from the mountain to form the "Hollands Brook," so called because, from the living spring which is its source to the spot where it falls into the South Branch near the "Head of the Raritan," its banks were occupied by Hollanders.

More than a century had elapsed since the surrender of the New Netherlands to the British; but the inhabitants still maintained with characteristic steadfastness the customs and usages of their fathers. The language of the law-courts was English, but

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^{*}Genesis x. 27; I Chronicles i. 21; Ezekiel xxvii. 19, (in the Hebrew).

[†]This peculiarity has been removed by the extension of one of the roads during the present century, but the ancient name still remains to excite wonder and invite inquiry.



that of social intercourse of the home, and of the church, was still "Low-Dutch," *

The Scotchman must have been ill at ease among a people whose language he understood not, and probably the only reading matter he had in his own tongue was his Bible.

At this time the fertility of "the Shemokem country" was attracting attention. The name designated the region for more than a hundred miles around the site of the ancient Indian town of that name. Considerable numbers of the Scotch-Irish were already in that vicinity, and their fellow-countrymen in the Dutch settlements of New Jersey would not be loth to join them there.†

The family is now represented in that part of New Jersey only by descendants who bear other names. William McKinney, who formerly owned the Forge on Lycoming Creek, and his sons, Dr. McKinney, who died at Jersey Shore, and Judge McKinney, of the United States Court in Florida, were members of this family. So were the late Judge McKinney, of Dauphin County; Mordecai McKinney, of Harrisburg, etc.

^{*}Not Platt-Deutsch, nor "Pennsylvania Dutch," nor any form of German. The "Low-Dutch" (Hollanders) must be carefully distinguished from the High-Dutch (Germans), from whom their languages and customs are entirely distinct. The "Low-Dutch" settled New York and New Jersey in the seventeenth century. The High-Dutch came to Pennsylvania in the eighteenth. Descendants of the Dutch settlers in New Jersey are proud of their origin, and still preserve, as sacred relics of a venerated ancestry, books which they are unable to read; heavy folio Dutch Bibles with immense bronze clasps; Dutch testaments with the psalms of David set to music; Dutch discourses on the catechism; the Dutch "Domine" Brakel's sermons, etc.

[†] Mordecai McKinney had already settled on and improved three hundred acres of Muncy Manor before the survey ordered May 15, 1776. He had married Agnes Bodine, a relative of John Thomson's wife. They all came from the borders of the counties of Hunterdon and Somerset in New Jersey, where McKinney had been a man of prominence. As early as 1754 he owned five hundred acres, extending from the Lamington River to the North Branch of the Raritan, adjoining the possessions of Lord Neil Campbell. In 1774 he was living in Lebanon Township, Hunterdon County, where he held offices of trust. His children were baptized in the Dutch "Church of the North Branch," which stood near the junction of that stream with the South Branch to form the Raritan. The dates of baptism are as follows: John, October 9, 1753; Mareytje, December 27, 1755; Catrina, February 12, 1758; John, March 2, 1760, (he married Elizabeth Wyckoff); Mordecai, April 15, 1764; Augenietje, May 18, 1766; Willem, July 11, 1768; Antje, August 12, 1770.



Many of the Dutch, also, were quite ready to get further away from the encroachments of English manners and customs.

John Thomson* located about a mile west of the Loyalsock on the Sheshequin Path, up Miller's Run, less than a mile north of the place where that path was crossed by the "Path up the river." He built his house on the edge of the upland whose water-shed produced the terrible swamp lying between it and the river. The situation was not unlike that he had left, though-the hills north of him were only a little more than one-fourth of the height of the rocky barrier which had shut in his north-western horizon in New Jersey.

It was an excellent situation. The river and the creek furnished shad and salmon as well as fish of inferior fame. The forests abounded with deer and bear, and various kinds of smaller game. But the chief reason for the selection of this precise spot was, doubtless, the few acres of clearing on which the red men of the forest had raised their scanty supplies of Indian corn. thrifty Scot at once set about enlarging the clearing, by felling the huge pines for timber to build his house and barn. After these were finished he grubbed up the immense stumps and dragged them outside his fields. He plowed his ground, and sowed and reaped the harvest that bountiful nature provided. His cattle and horses grazed on the lowlands, and the rich upland yielded an abundant reward to industry. But this pleasing scene of pastoral simplicity came to a bloody end. The inhabitants of the valley were, for the most part, warm adherents of the Continental Congress, but there were among them also a few Lovalists ready and willing to serve as guides and aids to the enemy. The Indian title to the lands in this region had been extinguished by the treaty of 1768, but there was a misunderstanding respecting the boundary; and, even if there had not been, it is doubtful whether the mixed multitude of Indians on the Susquehanna would have been satisfied, though they all owned allegiance to the Six Nations, with whom the treaty had been negotiated.†

^{*}Henry Lawrence, recently deceased, owned the land on which the Thomson house stood.

[†]This powerful confederacy consisted at the first of only the Mohawks, the Onondagas and the Senecas. To these were added, (before the settlement of the



Of these confederate tribes the Senecas were the most numerous and the most warlike. The territory guarded by them extended from lakes Ontario and Eric to the western head-waters of the Susquehanna and the Allegheny, or Ohio, as it was still named.* The Delawares, as they were called by the whites, were the remnants of the Lenni-Lenapes who had been finally driven from the Delaware to the Susquehanna in 1742.†

The Monseys were a tribe of the Delawares who had been on the West Branch since 1724. The Delaware chiefs decided to remain neutral in the contest between the Colonies and the crown; but the Monseys resolved to separate from the main body of their people and join the Mingoes, "a gang of thieves and murderers." This resolution, however, they kept secret until they had sent emissaries to the four or five hundred "Christian Indians," mostly Delawares, in their settlements, under the care of the Moravians. The emissaries found a band of apostates ready to relinquish

country by the whites), Cayugas and Oneidas, making "Five Nations." After the Tuscaroras were admitted in 1712 they were known as "The Six Nations." Toward the end of the century the Nanticokes also were admitted, making the seventh nation. The members of the confederacy, as a whole, were called by the French "Iroquois;" by the Southern Indians, "Massowamacs," and by themselves, "Mingoes," or sometimes "Hodenosaunee," (people of the Long House).

^{*}So late as fifty years ago in Central New Jersey the region immediately west of "the Shemokem country" was known as "The Ohio."

[†]The Lenni-Lenape confederacy had consisted of five tribes: I. The Monseys, who dwelt on the upper streams of the Delaware, north of the Lehigh. 2. The Chihohocki, who dwelt south of the Lehigh on the Delaware, (the Indian name of which was Chihohocki). 3. The Wanami, who inhabited the valley of the Raritan in New Jersey. 4. The Manhattans, whose domain included Manhattan Island, Staten Island, Long Island and the adjacent parts of Connecticut and New York. 5. The Mohicans or River Indians, between the lower Hudson and the upper Delaware. After a disastrous war with the Five Nations of the Mingo Confederacy, the Lenni-Lenapes sued for peace, which was granted them on condition that they should acknowledge themselves subservient to the Mingoes, and never again attempt to make war, but confine themselves to hunting and raising corn for the subsistence of their families. This their conquerors called "making women of them;" and this was their condition at the settlement of Pennsylvania in 1682. See Charles Thomson's Observations in Fiferson's Notes on Virginia, pages 269-286.

[‡] Brown's History of Missions, Vol. I., page 448. This "gang" was probably the war colony of sixty which John Dodge, the Indian trader, reported the next year as dwelling upon one of the branches of the Scioto. See Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, page 140.



Christianity and re-instate the ancient paganism. Through alliance with these a plot was formed to capture the missionaries, or kill them, since it was believed to be through their influence that the Delaware chiefs were so firm in maintaining peace. The plot failed; but the apostasy of a part of the Christian Indians and their alliance with the Monseys and Mingoes produced its effect. The missionaries withdrew to a safe distance. Capt. John Brady's suggestion to make a treaty with the Senecas and Monseys, while they were yet at variance with the Delawares, had not been carried into effect, and at length the Delawares also, "seduced by the arts of the English," took up arms against the Colonists.

Indeed the Indians generally, with here and there a shining exception, were not loth to undertake an offensive warfare after their own barbaric fashion against those whom they regarded as intruders upon their soil.*

They began to be offensive in 1777, and, during the latter part of that year and the beginning of the next, murders became more and more frequent. In April and May, 1778, larger parties of Indians and Tories hung upon the borders of the settlements, and life and property became more and more insecure.† Most of the able-bodied men of the valley had gone to fight their country's battles on the plains of New Jersey, and their wives and children were unprotected. By and by the danger became so great, and such a panic seized the inhabitants, that nearly all of them betook themselves to the "forts," erected for this purpose at various points along the river. Those about Muncy fled to Brady's Fort. Those above that, up to Lycoming Creek, took refuge at Wallis,' (called also Fort Muncy). All above Lycoming and Pine creeks found safety at Antes' and Horn's forts. The inhabitants of Penn's Valley gathered to Potter's Fort. Those below the Muncy hills. to Chillisquaque, assembled at Freeland's and Boone's forts and

^{*}Twenty years before the Susquehanna Indians had told Rev. John Brainerd that "God made two worlds, one for the white men, the other for the Indians; that the white people had no business to come into the Indian country: * * * * * and, though the white people made some pretense of instructing them, yet they had no design of doing them good, but merely to put money into their own pockets." See Gillies' Historical Collection, Vol. II., page 448; and compare William Taylor's remarks on page 237.

[†] See Stone's Life of Brandt, Vol. I., page 331.



at Sunbury. Those in White Deer and Buffalo valleys fled to the river, and built such forts as they could at various places.

Others left the country entirely and sought more secure places of abode. On the last day of May Colonel Hunter wrote to John Hambright of "people flying and leaving their all, especially the Jersey people, who came up here last winter and spring. Not one stays," he says, "but sets off to Jersey again.* Those who had been longer on the ground were not so ready to abandon their improvements. But the danger constantly increased. Early in May, according to instructions from Colonel Guy Johnson, the British officers at Fort Niagara had determined to strike a blow at these settlements.† Accordingly, in June, Colonel John Butler descended the Susquehanna with his own Tory Rangers, a detachment of Sir John Johnson's Royal Greens, and a large body of Indians, chiefly Senecas. At the outset they numbered three hundred white men and five hundred Indians, but by the time they reached their destination the number had been augmented by accessions of Loyalists and Indians to nearly or quite four hundred white men and seven hundred Indians, ‡

The Indians were led by the celebrated Seneca chief, Giengwatoh (who-goes-in-the-smoke). At Knawaholee, called also Newtown, (now Elmira, N. Y.), two hundred Indians were detached from the main body, and this detachment, under the chief, Gueingeracton, "swept the West Branch as with the besom of destruction." §

The inhabitants were not taken by surprise. Job Chilloway had forewarned them of the coming invasion. And now another friendly Indian appeared on the scene, whose name is unfortunately forgotten, though that of his murderer, more malignant than

^{*}See Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. VI., page 570.

[†]Colonel Guy Johnson's report of September 20, 1778, in Bancroft's History of the United States.

[‡] See Pennsylvania Historical Collections, page 438.

The West Branch detachment killed forty-seven persons and captured twentyone. See Egle's History of Pennsylvania, pages 900, 1164; and Stone's History of
Wyoming, page 193. The main body waited on the south side of Bowman's Creek
until the return of the West Branch detachment, after which the entire division
marched about twenty miles, and, crossing a wilderness and passing through a gap in
the mountain, entered the valley of Wyoming near its northern boundary. The
Wyoming massacre occurred July 3, 1778. See Marshall's Life of Washington,
Vol. I., page 280.



Erostratus, is remembered. Hastening "down Sinnemahoning" he suddenly appeared on the bank of the river where Lockport now stands, and made signs to the garrison at Reed's Fort to come with a canoe and take him over. They feared, however, that he might be a decoy, and refused to venture. Still he insisted, and, to show his good intentions, waded out into the river as far as he could. One of the women (Mrs. Reed herself, as is believed), seeing that none of the men would go, jumped into a canoe, crossed over alone, and brought him to the fort. He had traveled a long distance to give warning of the approach of the force under Gucingeracton. He gave definite information also, especially of a band of twelve Indians near at hand. After delivering his message he was committed to the guard-house for safe keeping, where he lay down to rest, and, being much exhausted by the fatigue of his friendly journey, was soon fast asleep.

A number of men about the fort were amusing themselves by target shooting. Among them was one belonging to a lower garrison, who was slightly intoxicated. His name, DeWitt, indicates that he was of Low-Dutch extraction. As he was loading his gun he observed that he would "make that bullet kill an Indian." Little attention, however, was paid to the remark until he took deliberate aim at the sleeping Indian and shot him dead! The garrison were so exasperated at this ungrateful and inhuman act that they threatened to lynch him on the spot. Sobered and alarmed, he fled from the fort and was never heard of more. It is probable that he fell, as he richly deserved, by the tomahawk of the enemy.

The message of the friendly Indian was sent on down the river. John Thomson was at work on his farm. In a few weeks the grain in the fields would be ripe, and there was promise of an abundant harvest. Moreover, his last year's harvest was still in the barn unthreshed, (though why this should be, when provisions were so scarce that flour sold at three pounds ten shillings per hundred weight, does not appear). Taking his wife and child, with such clothing as they could hastily collect, his fire-arms and his Bible, he made his way, apparently on horseback, to Wallis Fort, seven miles away. Here he found several of his friends and neighbors who had preceded him to this place of refuge. It was



in command of Colonel Hepburn, afterward Judge Hepburn, and Colonel Hosterman, Captain Berry, Captain Reynolds and others who had recently been sent up from Fort Augusta, were there to assist in protecting the frontier.

The weather was rainy, and the scouts sent out could discover no signs of the enemy. The canny Scot began to regret that he had so precipitately abandoned his possessions. He determined to make an effort to bring off his cattle. An opportunity occurred when Captain Berry was sent out with a small company to look after some horses that had been stolen by Indians, and were said to be some distance up the Loyalsock. Two men, who had found refuge at the fort, were willing to assist in the endeavor. One was Peter Shufelt, (whose name indicates that he, too, had come from one of the Low-Dutch settlements nearer the Atlantic coast). The other was William Wyckoff, a lad of sixteen.

These three men were mounted, probably, on Thomson's horses. They separated from the rest at the crossing of the Loyalsock, and went on to "Thomson's." Here they found everything apparently as it had been left, and, tying their horses near the door, went into the house. It was now long past noon, and they were hungry. Accordingly they at once set about preparing their dinner. But suddenly the horses snorted with alarm, and rushing to the door, they saw Indians approaching from the barn, where they had been lying in ambush. The men seized their rifles and ran for the woods; but the Indians rushed upon them with terrific yells, firing as they came, and Peter Shufelt fell mortally wounded. Thomson immediately stopped and returned the fire. But this endeavor to save his friend resulted in the loss of his own life. Some of the Indians had reserved their fire for just this opportunity, and now delivered it with fatal effect. A bullet from this second volley passed through his powder-horn, which burned at his side as he lay a-dying.

William Wyckoff succeeded in reaching the woods, but was severely wounded, and finally captured at the end of a skirmish, which had lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour. The bodies of the dead men were at once thrown out of sight, apparently in hope that others following might fall into the same ambuscade. But this hope was not realized, for a rescue party larger than the



Indians were willing to engage was close at hand; and they did not have time even to burn the house. They fired the barn, however, and then made off with their captive through the woods.

After Captain Berry had started in the morning, Colonel Hosterman, with Captain Reynolds and a party of thirteen men, set out from Fort Muncy for Antes' Mill with ammunition for the forts at that place and the Big Island. They crossed the Loyalsock between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, and as they reached the western shore, heard firing and yells, which they judged to be about three-fourths of a mile up the creek. They hurried up to the place where they thought the firing was, but found nothing. Surmising then that the firing might have been at Thomson's, they pushed on thither as rapidly as they could, across the northern end of the swamp, near the foot of the sandhills. The rains had made the swamp "very ugly," and it took them nearly a quarter of an hour to cross it. Thus they arrived too late to be of service. They found the barn with its store of grain on fire, and heard in the distance the triumphant shouts of the foe. Two of these shouts they recognized as "Death-Halloos," and one they correctly took to be a "Prisoner-Halloo." From the shouts thus given they supposed the Indians were about fourteen in number. This was a very good guess, for the friendly Indian, shot by DeWitt, had given information "of those twelve Indians who did the murder."* And there was also a Tory with the party. Captain Reynold's company saw his shoe tracks, along with the moccasin tracks of the Indians, in the soft ground near the house.†

Under prudent military direction they surrounded the house, and proceeded to search first it and then the adjacent field. Near the house they found Thomson's powder horn, with the bullethole through it, but did not find the men or their bodies. Satisfied that they could be of no service there, they marched on to Lyconing, Colonel Hosterman, at least, returning the same evening to Muncy Farm, where he began to write his report of the events of the day.

The next morning, when the people there and at the fort learned

^{*}Colonel J. Potter to Mr. Stewarl, in Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. VI., page 603

[†] See also the family record of John Thomson's death.



that the companies which went out the day before had not returned, they grew uneasy and sent off a search party of between twenty and thirty men under Captain Shaffer. These men, when they came to Thomson's, made a thorough search of the house and premises. At length they found the bodies of the two men lying but a little distance apart outside a field, among some pine grubs. Thomson was shot through the left side, and his jacket was scorched by the burning of the powder, so that they thought he had been shot at very short range. Shufelt was shot through the left shoulder.*

Doubtless the bodies of the dead were buried, but there is no record of the fact, and no monument to tell where they lie.

Juda Thomson

Juda Bodine, the wife of John Thomson, was descended from Jean Bodin, one of the Huguenot settlers of Staten Island, New York.†

^{*}This statement, taken from Colonel Hosterman's report, (Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. VI. page 559), seems to imply that Shufelt was not scalped. But this is very unlikely, for there was a bounty on scalps. And Colonel Hartley's expedition, in September, discovered the huts where the scalps secured on this raid were dried and prepared for market, so as to secure the largest bounty offered. "This was graded in amount beginning with the robust and able-bodied man, and so down to the child of two years. They were all assorted, and labeled, and baled, as the Indians pack their peltry, and in this way delivered over to the officers of the crown entrusted with his branch of the British service." (H. B. Wright's History of Plymouth, Pa., page 170). Compare page 158. The Pennsylvania tradition of the death of Thomson and Shufelt was given in the first edition of this work, (pages 209-215). It is here supplemented by the New Jersey tradition, and by information derived from the other sources indicated. This sketch of the Thomson family has been furnished by John Bodine Thompson, a native of Readington, N. J., now residing at Berkeley, California.

[†] He was born in France, at the village of Medis, near the southern shore of Saintonge, along the Gironde, and was naturalized in London, October 14, 1681, along with his second wife, Esther Bridon. He died on Staten Island as early as 1695, leaving a daughter, Marianne, and a son, Jean. Jean Bodine's will, dated January 7, 1707, mentions his brothers, Eleazor and Francis, and his sisters, Esther and Mary. (Baird's Huguenot Emigration, Vol. II., pages 38, 39). The original spelling was Bodin or Boudin. In America it soon began to be spelled Bodien and



His descendants crossed over to the Mainland at Perth Amboy, and made their way gradually by the "Road up Raritan" from the mouth of that river to its sources.*

Bodein, and finally Bodine. Jean Bodin was one of the ablest political thinkers of France during the sixteenth century. See *Encyclofedia Brittanica*, Ninth Edition, article, Bodin, John, and *Bayle's Dictionary*, article, Bodinus, Joannes.

Cornelius Bodine served in the Revolutionary war, and was in the battle of Monmouth. (He said that Washington did swear in his anger at Lee's retreat). After the birth of his third child in 1785, having lost much of his property by the depreciation of the Continental currency, he went to the borough of Muncy, Pa., where his other children were born. In 1802 he removed thence to Ovid, in Seneca County, N. Y., having built a house there in 1801. He died there June 12, 1820, and his wife November 13, 1824.

Their children were eight:

- Abraham, baptized September 19, 1779, at Readington, N. J.; died December 23, 1862, near Hughesville, Pa., where his descendants still live.
- 2. Peter, baptized March 25, 1781, at Readington, N. J.; died in 1843, at Ovil. N. Y., where his descendants still live.
- John, baptized January 1, 1785, at Readington, N. J.; died in 1846, at Wayne Hotel, Steuben County, N. Y., leaving numerous descendants.
- 4. Cornelius, born in 1787, in Pennsylvania; died December 23, 1865, at Icolandville, Schuyler County, N. Y., leaving many descendants.
- 5. Gilbert, born in 1790, in Pennsylvania; died January 20, 1854, near Ovid, N. V. Most of his descendants live in Iowa.
- 6. Isaac, born in 1794, in Pennsylvania; died February 24, 1840, at Ovid, N. V. leaving one child, who has descendants in Illinois and Wisconsin.
 - 7. Charles, died in infancy January 26, 1796, in Pennsylvania.
- 8. George, born January 8, 1798, in Pennsylvania; died May 15, 1868, at Ovid. N. Y., on the homestead, where his eight children were born, in which vicinity most of his descendants still live.

Cornelius Bodine's oldest son, Abraham, did not remove with his father and



Among them was Abraham Bodine, who married Adriantje Janse.*

Their daughter Judik became the wife of John Thomson. When she was but thirteen years of age her older sister married, and she was left alone to aid in the care of the other children. At eighteen she stood before the church as one of the *Geturgen* (witnesses) at the baptism of her brother Peter's daughter, Elizabeth. † After that she continued doing the work of the household, and alleviating the burdens of her parents. Not until she was no longer needed for this purpose in the home of her youth did she find rest in the house of her husband.

His appreciation of her may be inferred from the fact that he was unwilling to use alike her Dutch name of Judick, the current abbreviation of it to Jude, and the English form of Judith. He called her "Juda." So he wrote her name in his family record, and so she continued to write it after his decease. In this form it continues among her descendants to this day. But his care for her came to an untimely end on that dreadful 10th of June, 1778. Henceforth she was alone in the world, with a young child to care for, and destitute. No wonder if she were at first almost in despair. No wonder that she turned down the leaf of her Bible at the

family to "The Lake Country" of New York, but remained on the West Branch of the Susquehanna. He married, first, Mercy Paxon, by whom he had five children, and secondly, Barbara Cruze, by whom he had but one child. His six children were John, Elizabeth, Charles, Margaret, George and Russell.

*She was a member of one of the Hollandish families to which the Huguenots in New Jersey had become so thoroughly assimilated. They had nine children, eight of whom were baptized in the "Church of the North Branch," and the ninth in the Church of Raritan, (now Somerville, N. J.)

The record is as follows: Catrina, April 14, 1725; Peter, December 12, 1726; John, December 6, 1730; Abraham, April 15, 1733; Judik, April 20, 1735; Isaac, July 10, 1737; Onke, November 18, 1739; Arriantje, November 18, 1741; Maria, June 10, 1744.

Catrina married Llodewyck Hardenbrook. Peter married, first, Mareytje; second, Judick, daughter of Abraham Bodine and Mary Low, and widow of Samuel Willemse. John married Femmetje Voorhees. His descendants are living at Plainfield, N. J., and between Seneca and Cayuga lakes, N. Y.

†This "Betsey Bodine" was born September 18, 1753. December 23, 1779, she became the second wife of Tfolkert Douw, by whom she had seven children. She died November 18, 1825. "Betsy Douw" and her younger sister, "Judy Bodine," were visitors all life long at the residence of their cousin, John Thompson.



passage: "Even to-day is my complaint bitter; my stroke is heavier than my groning."* It remains still turned down at this

place.

Colonel Hosterman's report of the occurrences on the West Branch, finished June 11th, must have reached Fort Augusta the next day. Colonel Hunter immediately issued orders that all the settlers should take refuge at Fort Augusta, his force of fifty men being entirely insufficient to protect any of the points along the West Branch. Robert Covenhoven carried the message to Antes Fort with directions to pass the word on to those further up the river. He himself returned at once to Wallis' Fort and took his family safely to Sunbury.† It is probable that Juda Bodine and her boy went down the river at the same time under his escort, since he was one of her neighbors and a near relative of her friends, the Wyckoffs. How long she remained at Sunbury is not known. But she availed herself of an early opportunity to set her face again toward the home of her youth. Undoubtedly she traveled by the old road, "the first road over the Blue Mountain," which struck the Susquehanna at the Isle of Que.

Her child was too small to make the journey on foot and too large to be carried in arms. The horses had been lost the day of her husband's death. But mother-wit is quick wit, and mother-love a love which overcomes all obstacles. She succeeded in securing a little wagon suitable for the purpose, and in it she placed her child, with the Bible, which had been her husband's, and such slight articles of apparel as she had been able to bring with her. This cart she pulled, through storm and sunshine, the whole two hundred and fifty miles, over the mountains and across the streams, through "The Beech Woods," to Easton, and then over the Jersey hills to her former home.

Her return was like that of Naomi from the Land of Moab. She "went out full" and the Lord brought her "home again empty." The one treasure she still possessed, the only relic rescued from the destruction of her home by the heathen, was her husband's Bible. The family record in this precious book was now increased, (apparently by the hand of some friendly school-

^{*} lob xxiii, 2. The spelling is as above.

[†] Pennsylvania Historical Collections, page 451.



master), as follows: "The 9th day of June, A. D. 1778, John Thomson departed this life; was killed and scalped by ye Tory & Indians at Shamokeu."*

The devastations of war had been felt on the Raritan as well as the Susquehanna. Washington's army had crossed the Delaware at Coryell's Ferry (now Lambertville, N. J.), and had met the enemy on that memorable hot Sunday (June 28, 1778,) at Monmouth. Several of her friends and relatives were in the army, and (even if she had been willing to receive it) none of them were in a condition to render her more than a very limited assistance.†

It is true that her child was but six years of age, and that she was forty-three and without means of support, save such as she should find in her own resources of body and of mind. But she

His wife was at home alone with her children, but she was equal to the emergency. When a neighbor rushed in to announce the approach of a band of Tories, she mounted one of the valuable stallions in the stable and galloped away with him to a ravine in the woods, where she hid him securely. The other horse, of equal value, was turned loose in the road, and the raiders were unable to catch him, though they asserted they would do so if they had "to go to hell for him." After their departure, he was caught on the mountain and returned to his stable. Having done what she could to save the horses, Mrs. Schamp stationed herself at the entrance to the cellar, with a hay-fork in her hands, to defend her meat-barrels. Threats of all kinds and attempts to pass or seize her were in vain. They were not willing to kill her for what they could more easily get from some other cellar; and so she saved her food for her children. Probably she would not have been so successful if her assailants had known the fact that her husband was in the secret service of the patriot army, in

^{*}So the word is spelled according to the custom of the day. Fifty years later, in New Jersey, the pronunciation was uniformly "Shemokem." The date here given, doubtless from memory, is erroneous. Colonel Hosterman's report, dated at "Monsey Farm, June 10, 1775," says that the death of John Thomson occurred "this day."

[†]During the early part of the Revolutionary war New Jersey was devastated by roving parties of Tories, as well as by Hessians and British, under orders from General Howe, directing that "all salted and meal provisions, which may be judged to exceed the quantity necessary for the subsistence of an ordinary family, shall be considered a magazine of the enemy, and seized for the King, and given to the troops as a saving for the public!" Under such an order the pickling tubs and garners of every Jersey farmer became lawful prize,—the captor being judge of the quantity necessary for the subsistence of the family. (See Gordon's History of New Jersey, page 232, note). Among the families thus raided was that of David Schamp, the last in this region of the Colonial land-holders who kept packs of hounds for foxhunting, and raised horses with which to compete in the Long Island races.



had inherited the virtues of generations of struggle with adversities, civil and religious. And her life for nearly half a century had been such as to develop her inborn strength of character, and fit her for the future upon which she was now entering. She was named after the Jewish widow whose wisdom and courage had given a future to her people, and the better courage of this Christian widow now rose in like manner to the height of the occasion. She had only her son to live for; but she would live for him in such a way as to make him worthy of his ancestry. And she did.

Accustomed to toil, she became housekeeper for the well-known Jacobus Vanderveer, at his plantation on Hollands Brook, a mile west of Readington church.* Here she made a home for herself and her boy, and sent him to school while she could, the school-house being only three-fourths of a mile away, on the road to the mill and the church. As soon as he was old enough she took care

which he served during the war, with the rank of captain, though he was commonly designated by his rank in the militia as "Colonel." He was personally known to Washington, at whose request he raised the company of scouts which he commanded. On one occasion, at least, the General spent a night at his house. The wing in which he slept is still standing at "The Brookye," (now Pleasant Run, N. J.) The enclosure is of shingles, fastened with wrought nails. While they were at dinner a neighboring child (of the Van Vliet family) slipped into the room to get a glimpse of the great General. Expecting to see a sort of demi-god, she was very much disappointed, and exclaimed aloud in her "Jersey Dutch" vernacular: "Hy ziet meer zo's een andere kerel." Washington heard her exclamation, and perceiving that it had reference to him, insisted upon knowing its meaning. It was explained to him by the rather mild translation: "He looks just like any other man;" to which he replied: "Ves, my child, and a frail one at that."

The next morning, walking up and down the portico while waiting for his horse, a smaller child noticed the end of his sword-case dragging on the porch and ventured to lift it in her hand. Receiving a kindly smile for her well-meant endeavor, she held fast the sheath, and walked up and down behind the General, "playing horse" with him.

Colonel Schamp was the nearest neighbor of John Thompson in New Jersey, and the families were connected also by marriage. These anecdotes of Washington have always been well known in the family, and were communicated to the present writer by John Thompson's wife, Elizabeth Morehead, (who received the information directly from Mrs. Schamp), and by Colonel Schamp's grandson, David D. Schampstill living on the property.

^{*}The farm is now (1889) owned by T. V. M. Cox, Esq.



to have him become familiar with the routine of work on the farm. After that she bound him apprentice to a tailor, that he might become the better able to support himself by his own industry.

When she was no longer needed in this household, she went to service with Dr. Jacob Jennings, then just beginning the practice of medicine in this vicinity. When he refused to pay her her just dues, although the amount in dispute was small, she thought of her boy, and sued him (May 18, 1785,) before Esquire Peter Bruner, recovering the sum of fifteen shillings and sixpence, with costs of suit.*

At a later date she was in the employ of Peter Whorley, who kept the big stone tavern at what is now the village of Raritan, N. J.

Still later she became an inmate of the family of Esquire Jacob De Groot, at Bound Brook, N. J.; and here she ended her self-denying life, and was buried June 17, 1796. The only legacy she left her son, beside the innate ethical courage which had manifested itself in her life, was the Bible which had comforted his parents in the times that tried men's souls.

It was customary in those days for a woman who could write to record her name in her Bible, with the added statement that "God gave her grace," etc. This pious formula of covert selflaudation she turned into a prayer, and wrote:

> Juda Thomson, her book; God give her grace therein to look; Not only to look but to understand!

From this writing on the rough surface of the third page of cover, inside her little Bible, has been made the fac-simile which introduces this sketch of her life.

^{*}See Esquire Bruner's Docket, now in possession of her grandson, Joseph Thompson, of Readington, N. J. Dr. Jacob Jennings was a graduate of Princeton College. His first wife, Maria Kennedy, daughter of the Rev. William Kennedy, of Başking Ridge, N. J., is buried at Readington. After her decease Dr. Jennings removed to Hardy County, Virginia, where he conducted religious services so acceptably that the people of that region urgently requested that he might be ordained to the Gospel ministry, and he was so ordained by the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church in 1780.



John Thompson, the only child of John Thomson and Juda Bodine, was born at the Drie Hook, on the farm now (1889) belonging to the estate of Philip Ditts Lare, not far from White House Depot on the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The removal to the West Branch of the Susquehanna took place too early to make any definite impression upon the mind of the young child. He remembered well, however, his childhood's home in the wilderness. In later years he was wont to tell how, playing one day behind the barn, he found a rare and curious flower, unknown to his father or his neighbors, which proved to be the first specimen of red clover ever seen in "the Shemokem country."

He remembered also how, early on the return journey, the party gathered lettuce from a deserted garden at a place where they camped, and ate so much of it that they were sick. At first they thought the lettuce had been poisoned for them by the Indians. One of the men kept complaining of the "load on his stomach" until his companions grew weary. The joker of the company had disencumbered himself of his vest while at work, and now called to the boy to bring from the pocket of the vest a fish-hook and line. Some one inquired what he wished to do with fishing tackle then and there, and he answered: "Fish the salad off this man's stomach!"

John Thompson's "cyphering book" is still in existence. It was begun before he was eleven years old and finished apparently before he was twelve. It shows that his mathematical studies extended through "the single rule of three" and "practice." In it the teacher wrote the boy's name, and always as his parents wrote it, "Thomson." But the boy evidently had a mind of his own, and he wrote it always "Thompson," a custom to which his descendants (however much they regret the change) now universally adhere.

He was an active lad, and in after years would sometimes speak of his exploits as a farmer's boy in the breaking of colts. He learned his trade with Peter Mazzini, the little Italian tailor. At twenty years of age he became a tailor himself at "The Brookye," five miles away, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was



a bit of a beau, as became a young man of his profession. His silver sleeve buttons and knee-buckles are still in existence. The buttons bear his initials, "I. T."*

His correct deportment and industrious habits commended him to all who knew him, and five months after he attained his majority he married (December 1, 1793,) Hannah Van Syckle:†

Their oldest child was born September 23, 1794, and the next spring (March 25, 1795,) he bought, for three hundred and twenty pounds, "specie money," the farm on which his ten other children were born. It lay mostly on the south side of Campbell's Brook, and contained one hundred and six acres. At that time, he was wont to say, he had, besides his wife and child, only his "goose and five dollars."

Yet he had also both character and reputation. His reputation enabled him to borrow the money to pay for the farm, and his

^{*}The letters "I" and "J" had in those days the same form. John Thompson's son, William, always wrote his name "William I. Thompson," not "William J.," which would have been according to the custom still prevailing in that region. This custom of distinguishing relatives whose names are otherwise alike, by using the initial of the father's name as a middle letter, is probably derived from the old Dutch usage of taking the Christian name of the father with the addition of the syllable son as a surname. Thus, John, the son of Peter, would be named "John Peterson;" and if this John should have a son Peter, he would be known as "Peter Johnson," etc. This ancient usage was, of course, very confusing: but the modification of it, above stated, meets a want of the day, as will be seen on reference to the list of John Thompson's descendants on page 533. He himself was known as "John Thompson, senior," and his son as "John Thompson, junior." But this man's son John was known as "John J." So "John A." and "Peter A." are at once recognized as sons of Andrew; John P. as a son of Peter, &c.

This usage, however, does not always indicate the paternity with definiteness, for "Aaron J." is a son, not of John, but of Joseph. John P. Thompson's son, Joseph, secures greater accuracy of distinction by writing his name "Joseph John," thus reverting more nearly to the original usage, according to which it would be "Joseph Johnson!" It is fast becoming necessary to adopt generally some such usage, by which the first name indicates the *individual*; the second, the *family*, and the third, the clan.

[†] She was born February 29, 1772, and was the daughter of Andries Van Syckle, a member of the family so numerous and so pious in the vicinity that "The Church of the North Branch," after its removal to Hollands Brook in 1738, was known as "The Van Syckle Meeting House." For other relatives see *The Van Syckle Genealogy*, page 175.



character enabled him to earn the money and pay the debt. Most of the amount was realized in small sums from the diligent cultivation of the soil, though he also coined the clay of his poorest field into money, by turning it first into brick. During these years of struggle he worked at his trade in winter enough to pay for the help he hired in summer, and afterward abandoned his trade altogether, save that to the end of his life he always made his own clothes. His industry and economy were well seconded by his wife, who gave him also the wifely sympathy which The six hundred dollars which she inherited sweetens labor enabled them to double the size of their house, in order to provide accommodations for their rapidly increasing family. faithful wife and mother died May 18, 1806, leaving to him the care of seven children, all under twelve years of age. A year later he married Elizabeth Morehead.*

She bore him four children, and cared for all as if they had been her own. The thousand dollars she inherited from her father's estate enabled them to enlarge their farm-land and to settle his two cldest sons, when they married, upon the northern end of his plantation, on Campbell's Brook. The nine hundred dollars she inherited, at a later period, from her maiden sister, Sarah, with what else could be saved by the economy of the whole household, afforded them the gratification of educating her second son, William, for the ministry of the Gospel. Her devotion to her husband and his children was equaled only by the devotedness of her piety. Her children and her children's children rise up and call her blessed.†

When her eldest son, Joseph, married, an addition was made to the house at the eastern end, and into this the parents moved, leaving the rooms west of the hall for Joseph and his family.‡

Not long after John Thompson bought a farm a mile further up

^{*}She was the sister of John Morehead, who had married Sarah Van Syckle, the sister of John Thompson's first wife.

[†]She was born July 25, 1775, and died January 16, 1861.

[‡] The quaint life in this "long, low, red house" is described in Snell's History of Hunterdon and Somerset Counties, N. J., page 493.



Campbell's Brook, upon which he resided as long as he lived, and left by will to his widow. After his death the old homestead was bought by his son, Aaron, who never left the paternal roof, and, after his mother's death, purchased also the farm, which had been hers.

For more than thirty years John Thompson was justice of the peace and judge of the Hunterdon County Court. During the last part of this time he had the satisfaction of recognizing his son, Joseph, as one of the judges co-ordinate with him on the bench.*

He was accustomed to hold court, usually twice a week, in his own ample hall. Ministers of every name had the free use of this hall also for public worship; and teachers as well as preachers found always a welcome at his hospitable board. He died March 9, 1847, in the bosom of his family.

A list of his descendants, so far as known, will be found on the immediately succeeding pages. They number nearly three hundred and fifty, and are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to the Gulf of Mexico.

Children's children are the crown of the old men, And the glory of children are their fathers.†

After the death of the last member of the family who had lived on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, the historic Bible became the property of his youngest son, Aaron. By him it was in after years given to that one of the descendants of the original owner who bears the names of all three of the residents on the West Branch. Every leaf of this precious book is water-stained, probably by the exposures of the memorable journey from the Susquehanna to the Raritan. The old calf of the binding is worn into holes by long use, and only small pieces of the antique clasps remain, imbedded in one side of the thick cover. The leaf which contains the family record is becoming brittle, and begins to

^{*}Joseph Thompson, after being for fifteen years judge of the Hunterdon County Court, was for another fifteen years judge of the Somerset County Court, his last appointment being made on the nomination by Governor George B. McClellan (of the opposite political party), at the request of every lawyer in the county.

[†] Proverbs xvii. 6.



crumble at the edges. It is admirably represented, however, by the following fac-simile:



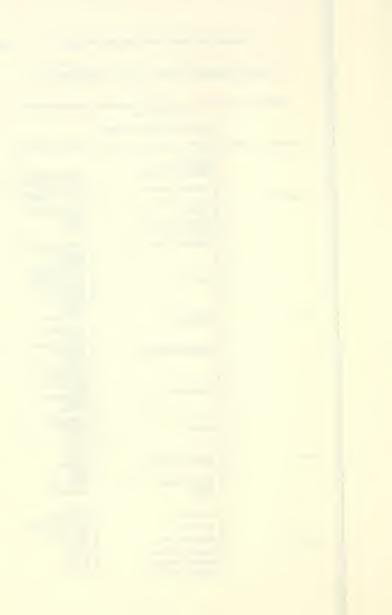
DESCENDANTS OF JOHN THOMPSON.

Thompsons in Roman; others in *Italies*; surnames (of married women) in Small Capitals.

"Kind is but kinned, writ small,"

Andrew, born Sept. 23, 1794; married June 24, 1816; died Oct. 25, 1849.

| | Stephen. Susan Elizabeth. | | |
|----------------|---------------------------------------|-----|--|
| | Eleanor Ann Post, | | - Amy Herbert, (Frederick Nevius, |
| | Andrew Thompson, | | ⟨ Anna Nevius. |
| Hannah Connet, | Peter Elmer. | | (Earle Thompson. |
| | William, | | (Clara Hannah.) William. |
| | John Lane, Sarah Louisa Hyler, | | - John L. - Nellie. |
| | Charles Ellis. | | - Neme. |
| | Susanna Dalley, - | | - Sarah Ann Gordon, Georgiana, John A. Walter Ople, |
| | Andrew, | | Sarah Catharine, Mary Elizabeth, Henry Vroou. Peter Schamp, David. Caroline. |
| | ******* | | Aliee. |
| John A., | William Ent, John Ent. | | - Anna Maria. |
| | Henrietta Kurchen, | | Mary Ellen, Susan, Jenuie Lavira, Henrietta, Sarah, |
| | Daniel Ent, | | Currie. Andrew Connet. — Sarah Ann. Jiannah Maria. Lida. Mary Emma. Laura. Florence. |
| | Andrew J., | | Frank Earle. Richard H. Mary. Grace. C Rena M. |
| Jacob, | John Hardenburgh, | | Mabel F. Bessie. Jacob H. Hardy. Edna. |
| | William Henry, - Samuel, Jacob. | : : | - Estella Jane. - Manning. |
| | John Henry, | | Alva. Peter Cole. |
| `> | Andrew P., | | George Musgrove, - Wilhelmina Stout, |
| Peter A., | Ellen Maria Dow, - | | { Mary Ellen. Marshall. |
| · cici n., | Henrietta Alvord. | | Mina. Laura. |
| | Caroline Miller Fogg, | | + Robert. |
| | - Edward Anderson. | • | (Hervey. |



| 334 | 111310111 | OF THE WEST BRANCH VALLEY. |
|---|------------|--|
| William, - Eleanor Ann. Andrew A., - Susannah Lane, | | William Henry. Jacob Quick, - |
| II. Juda Saxio | ox, born J | uly 17, 1796; married July 22, 1820; died Jan. 26, 184 |
| Sarah Ann Lindsi | LEY, - | Hannah Elizabeth Campbell, { |
| III. John, bor | n Jan. 3, | 1798; married May 5, 1821; died April 20, 1846. |
| John J., | | Christopher Brewer Stout, - Stella May Lowry. Prederick Frelinghuysen, - David Kline. Anne. Jenny. Marletta. Margaret. Katy. Stella May Lowry. Myrtle. |
| Elizabeth J. Robe | RTS, | Sarah Elizabeth Simons, Clara Ellen. |
| | | Sarah Elizabeth Snow, - Sarah Elizabeth Snow, - Mary Ellen, Andrew Afred, Anna Gertrude, Joseph Mebrille, Elmer Ivring, William Ray, John, - Mary Etlen, Anna Gertrude, Mundan Anna Mary Ellen, Anna Ellen, An |
| Andrew J., - | } | A daughter unnamed. L Arsoft Andrew. Charles Edward. John Albert. William Merriam. George P. L'arnie Elizabeth. |
| | | Catharine Maria Merriam, - { Huttie Ellen. Ada Irene. Ada Irene. Adaline. Emma. |
| Peter J., | | Peter B. |
| Gilbert Emans, | { | Elida Trimmer, Elida Trimmer, Elida Levi Thompson, Anna Lavinia, Elia, Emma, John, Margaret May, Elia Ray, Sarah Rebecca Trimmer, Elida Ray, Murgaret Ellen, Ektrard, |
| | | Emma Augusta Trimmer, { Aurie Thompson. Ervin. |
| Aaron Saxon. | | (20.000 |



1V. Peter, born May 23, 1802; Married Feb. 11, 1830; died Jan. 15, 1845.

| David, | - | $ \begin{cases} \text{Helen Ross.} \\ \text{Jessle Davetta Streng,} \end{cases} \begin{cases} Jennetta. \\ John Edward. \\ Jessle \end{cases} $ |
|---|---|--|
| John P., | | Josephine Louisa. William. Joseph John, Grace. Peter. Chrysostom. Henry. |
| Lemuel, | - | Lennel. Minerva. Jessle. Mary. Earle. Joseph. Aaron. |
| Mary Hannah Case, William. George. Augustus. | - | (Merietta, Etizebeth Augusta, Jounna, Jossie Davetta, Peter Lemuel, |

V. Hannah La Tourette, born August 1, 1802; married August 19, 1820; died March 27, 1838.

| Hannah Maria Carkhuff | (Mary Catharine,* | | | |
|-----------------------|---|---|---|--|
| Tanta Maria Caranter | Jacob Quick, | - | { Jacob Russel, Mary Hannah, Mabel, | |
| | Peter. John, | - | - Alma Jane. | |
| Andrew Thompson, - | Joseph Stevenson, | - | A babe unnamed. Clarence, Irene, Roseoe, Andrew T, William B, | |
| | George Dalley, Ida HALL, Elizabeth Kee, | - | | |
| • | Andrew, Mary Letitia, Caroline, | | | |
| Peter | Lucy Wyckoff, | | Minnie Alice, Stella Ethel, Lester, | |
| | Franklin. Lemuel, Frederick, Flora May, Arthur, | | (Florence Goldie, | |
| John, | (Ezekiel, Ira, - Ely, Franzenia, Manni, Mary, | | - Gertrude, | |
| Surah Van Doren, - | John, Susan Maria, Hannah Elizabeth Crate, Margaret Ann Woodruff, Henry Avgustus. | | § Bertha, (Anna May, - Alexander, | |

^{*}Chlidren by Daniel Ent Thompson, grandson of Andrew. See in I. above.



VI. Sarah Hudnut, born June 6, 1804; married, 1825; died May 4, 1856.

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Josiah Austin.
                                John.
Elizabeth EVERETT,
                                Saruh.
                                William.
                                Jacob.
                                Ida HOAGLAND.
                                                                      Katie.
                                                                      Ella.
                                Jacob Cole,
                                                                      Hannah.
John Thompson, -
                                                                      John T.
                               Joseph Boss.
Anna Wakefield, -
Charles.
                                                                      Marion F.
Abraham P.
                              ( Stephen De Hart,
                                                                      Mary.
Margaret Stout QUIMBY.
                              John D. Vroom.
Elizabeth Holcomb.
                                Sarah Elizabeth.
                                John Thompson.
A babe unnamed.
                                William.
Peter Thompson, -
                                Frederick.
                                Pearl.
                                Grace.
                                Lovel.
VII. Mary, born May 18, 1806; died February, 1807.
```

VIII. Joseph, born Sept. 30, 1808; married Jan. 6, 1830.

William Reeve. John Bodine. Henry Dallas. Henry Post. Maurice Joseph. James Westrall. Abraham, John Henry. Wayne Hubert. William. Anna de Foreest. Kate Kennedy. Elias Wortman. Aaron J., Josephine Anderson Kershaw, - Raymond Davidson. Martha Eliza Hoffman. Luther.

IX. William, born March 8, 1812; married April 2, 1846; died March 19, 1867.

- Emma Josephine.

Kate Hopper,
Elizabeth Higgins,
John Ward.

- { Helen Richards.
Harry Vassar.

Emma Bousquet, -

X. Aaron, born Sept. 16, 1814; married Feb. 26, 1846.

Charitee S. Hegeman, - { Aaron Thompson. — Hernam. Hernam. } { Aaron Thompson. — Hernam. } { Maria Schamp, - } { Aaron Thompson. } { Sophie Maria. } { Sophie Maria. } { Charitee D. } { Ina. } { I



XI. Elizabeth Kee, born Sept. 2, 1817; married Dec. 15, 1845; died Dec. 14, 1881.

Margaret Jane Conkling,

Howard Mourbray. Russel Montfort. Edward Payson. Elizabeth Kee. William Richards.

Eliza Mary Richards.

THE WYCKOFF FAMILY.

One of the Dutch families from New Jersey was that of Peter Wyckoff.*

His home was on Mill Creek, just above the place where it empties into the Loyalsock, about a mile north-easterly from "Thomson's." These families had been equally near neighbors in New Jersey, and they probably came to this region together. Peter Wyckoff was a juryman in Northumberland County in 1777.

This family was well represented in Captain Berry's company of men that set out from Fort Muncy to look for the stolen horses, June 10, 1778. (Mention has already been made of William Wyckoff, the son of Peter.) It is not certain that Peter Wyckoff himself was in the company, though it is very probable, for he was captured the same day. His brother, William, and his sons, Cornelius and Joseph, were in it. So were their cousins, James and Thomas Covenhoven, and perhaps others of their relatives. Besides these there was a friendly Indian, known as "Captain Sharpshins," a negro, and others to the number of twelve.† For some reason (probably because of information received at the fort after their departure) a messenger was sent out after them to advise an immediate return. This messenger was

^{*}The original spelling of this name was "Wyk-hof." The last syllable appears also in the name "Hofiman" (Hof-man). "Hof" means court, and "Hofiman" is thus equivalent to the English Courtier. "Wyk" denotes a place of refuge, and also a ward of a city. The primary signification was probably home or dwelling-place. In form, the word is almost identical with the Creek, oik-os, a house, and has, undoubtedly, the same origin. Thus "Bruynswyck" (Brunswick) meant originally Brown's house. "Wyk-hof-man," shortened to "Wyk-hof" (Wyckoff), must have designated primarily the Household Courtier in distinction from those at a further remove from the chief court of the realm. In like manner "Kerk-hof-man," shortened to "Kerk-hof," and anglicized to "Cark-huff," designated at first one buised in church courts, &c.

[†] See Pennsylvania Historical Collections, page 455.



Robert Covenhoven.* But Captain Berry refused to acknowledge Colonel Hepburn's authority, and persisted in going forward This being the case, and so many of his relatives being in the expedition, Robert Covenhoven determined to go along as guide. The party proceeded cautiously through the Narrows, and so on up the creek, searching in vain for the horses, until they thought they had gone far enough. They then determined to retrace their steps, and accordingly set out again down the creek. Covenhoven believed that there were Indians in the vicinity, and advised a return by a safer, though more difficult, route through the woods, and over the mountain, in order to avoid the danger of an ambuscade. But Captain Berry thought there was no danger, and paid little attention to his warning. He insisted until Berry impatiently said he was needlessly alarmed, and accused him of cowardice. This irritated him, and he insisted no more. He went privately, however, to his brothers and communicated to them his fears that they would be attacked, and that if so they would probably all be killed. He urged them to keep a sharp outlook, and if the flash of a gun was seen, to spring immediately to the protection of some friendly tree.

They traveled on without molestation until they again reached the Narrows, a mile above the present bridge across the Loyalsock, where they were suddenly fired upon by a band of savages in ambush. Most of the party, including the reckless Captain Berry, were shot down. Robert Covenhoven, however, and a few others escaped and returned to the fort to report the fate of the expedi-

^{*}The original form of this name was Kouwenheven. A branch of the family in New Brunswick, N. J., still write their names Cowenhoven. Colloquially, the "Jersey Dutch" were in the habit of changing final "n" to "r," and pronouncing the wor! Kou-wen-ho ver, with the accent on the first syllable. From this the transition was easy to Cownover, which in Pennsylvania became Crownover, and in New Jersey Conover, the form now used almost universally in that state. All the branches this family are descended from Wolfert Gerrisse Van Kouwenhoven, who immigrated to the New Netherlands in 1630. His son, Gerrit, was known as Gerrit Wolferten, and his son, William, as William Gerritsen. (Compare note, page 529.) They all lived on Long Island, in the state of New York. William Gerritsen had six sons: William, Peter, Cornelius, Albert, Jacob and John. These all removed to Monmouth County, N. J., except William, whose sons, however, followed their uncles thither: and thence Robert Covenhoven's father came to the West Branch, bringing with him at least his three sons above mentioned, and his daughter, Isabella.



tion. Night was now approaching, but Colonel Hepburn at once set out with a party to rescue any other fugitives who might still be in the neighborhood of the Loyalsock.

Thomas Covenhoven, Peter Wyckoff, his son, Cornelius, and the negro were made prisoners. The negro was afterward burned alive in the presence of the other prisoners, who did not know whether or not they would meet the same fate. But they suffered only the privations and distresses incident to the condition of captives among savages. The greatest suffering was from the lack of *salt*. When their captors stopped to purchase supplies of an Indian trader in the wilderness, the white men eagerly gathered up a few grains of salt, with the dirt, upon which it had been spilled near the sack. Observing this, the proprietor kindly gave them each a small quantity folded in a paper, which they carried in their vest pockets and husbanded very carefully.

Peter Wyckoff was fifty-four years of age when captured, and his head was "white as a pigeon." The Indians, however, dyed his hair black and dressed him like one of themselves, so that he should not be easily recognized by any chance traveler.* Both he and his son, Cornelius, remained in captivity about two years.

Joseph Wyckoff, son of Peter, was also captured by the Indians about the same time. He was a farmer, and was taken while rolling logs in a saw mill.

He was carried off to Canada, near Montreal. Being skilled in the use of the whip-saw, he made use of his knowledge while a captive to earn a little money.

About the time of Joseph's capture Pontiac, with some Indians and Tories, descended upon a little settlement called Boone's Station, in Kentucky, and completely destroyed the place, capturing several persons, among whom was a family named Ford (or Fore). All were taken to Canada. In this family was a young woman named Keziah Ford (or Fore). While in captivity, Joseph Wyckoff fell in love with Keziah, and they were married by Father De Lisle, of Montreal. Their marriage certificate is still in existence.

^{*}This story was magnified by repetition into the statement (*Pennsylvania Historical Collections*, page 455,) that he was bald when captured, and on his return had a fine head of hair!



Joseph Wyckoff took the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania July 30, 1777, in Northumberland County, and was appointed Lieutenant of the Third Company of the Third Battalion of Militia, in the county of Northumberland, April 24, 1785. His commission was issued by the "Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania." It is signed by James Irvine, Vice-President, and John Armstrong, Secretary. In it he is described as "Joseph Wickoff, Gentleman." It is believed that he was a soldier also at the time of his capture.

In the Name and by the Authority of the Freemen of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,

The SUPREME EXECUTIVE COUNCIL of the faid Commonwealth,

To Josephp Wichoff Gentleman_

WE repoint effected Truly and Confidence in your Particular, Velour, Conduct and Fidelity, DO, by their Presents, constitute and appoint you to be constituted of the first lands

Battalion of Milliu, in the County of flot the things and an extraction of Milliu, in the County of flot the and advanced on are therefore carefully and diligently to dishare the Duty Obstances. And We do firstly charge and performing and Manner of Things thereunes belonging. And We do firstly charge and performing and Soldiers under your Command, to be obtained to your Orders stephanter and And you are to observe and follow such Orders and Directions as you thall from Time to Time receive from the Supreme Executive Council of this Commonwealth, or from you superior Officers, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, and in pursuance of the Adas of Assembly of this State, This Committee to continue in Force until your Term by the Laws of this State, thall of Courte expire.

GIVEN in Council, under the Flord of the Profilent, and the lefter Seal of the State of Philadelphia, this state of the first profile of Copy of the Year of our Lord one tringing from hundred and signify from

ATTEST.

Mog. John am, many 5.

James Irours, 4.0.



Peter Wyckoff's wife, Rebecca Emaus, made her way back to New Jersey (in the same company with the widow of John Thomson) after the capture of her husband and children. She was received into the Dutch Church, at Readington, in 1782. After their release from captivity, Peter Wyckoff and his son, William, returned to New Jersey, and remained there until the cruel war was over. Then they came again to the West Branch and erected a house on the old ground, and the mother and younger children were brought thither again.

William Wyckoff, the brother of Peter Wyckoff, went with him from New Jersey to the West Branch. He was the "old man Wyckoff" who had a rude tannery on the Loyalsock, and made leather for the settlement before the war broke out. One day early in June, 1778, he was at work in his tannery, and his nephews, the Covenhoven brothers, were mowing in the adjacent meadow. A dog suddenly commenced barking, and exhibited great symptoms of alarm. He would run toward the woods, sniff the air, and return. The Covenhovens were confident that Indians were near, and, seizing their rifles, called to the old man to accompany them to some place of greater security. At first he refused, alleging that there was no danger, but at last yielded to their persuasions and went with them. They had not proceeded far when one of them hissed to the dog, which at once bounded into the bushes and seized by the leg an Indian who was hiding there. He jumped up and shot the faithful animal. The whites, who were in all six in number, immediately jumped to trees. The Indians, who had been lying in ambush, did the same, and the firing began. Wyckoff, who was very much humpbacked, got behind a tree that was too small to hide all of his person. Fortunately for him another small tree stood between him and the Indians, and, as they fired at him, their bullets struck this tree, and made the bark fly around Robert Covenhoven, who was near, He velled at the old man to stand up straight or he would be hit. As he was loading his rifle his ramrod was shot in two, but luckily he had a "wiper," with which he rammed down the bullet. Just at this moment he observed an Indian stealthily creeping round to get a fair shot at old Wyckoff. Watching him closely, till he attempted to crawl over a log, he fired and shot him through



the body. He sprang into the air, gave a tremendous yell, and fell. His comrades rushed up and bore him off, when the whites made away as rapidly as possible. He appeared to be the chief, or commander of the party, and if he had not been shot the whites might have been worsted in the encounter.

Cornelius Wyckoff, the son of Peter, left no children behind him.

John Wyckoff, Peter's second son, always remained in New Jersey. He married Altje Lane, and they kept the "Potterstown Tavern." News traveled slowly in those days, and he believed that one at least of his brothers had been killed by the Indians. This must have been either Joseph or Cornelius. Whichever it was, he was a sort of practical joker, and when he returned to his brother's house, in the dusk of the evening, in his Indian garb, determined to try an experiment upon him. In broken English, after the manner of the Indians, he asked permission to stay all night. The request was refused by the tavern-keeper rather roughly, because of indignation against the whole race of Indians who had, as he supposed, "killed his brother." When the pretended Indian urged and insisted, the landlord became angry, and seizing a club, would have beaten him had he not made himself known.

William Wyckoff, Peter Wyckoff's son, who was captured when John Thomson and Peter Shufeit were killed, (June 10, 1778.) suffered exceedingly during the wilderness journey from the pain of his wound and the exposure to which he was subject, but his youthful vigor triumphed, and eventually he recovered.

On arrival in the Seneca country he was adopted into one of their families, according to the Indian custom, in place of one who had been slain in the war, so that his life among his captors became quite tolerable, and in the autumn of the same year he was exchanged, and returned home.

After the war he married, June 17, 1786, Robert Covenhoven's sister, Isabella, who was then nineteen years of age.* He was nearly twenty-five. They settled near Canandaigua, N. Y., on land whose value he had learned probably during his six months.

^{*}She was born September 11, 1767.



membership of the Seneca family. There he died April 2, 1847, and there his descendants still live.

Some of the Wyckoff family removed from the West Branch to Harper's Ferry, and thence to Kentucky. Others went more directly west, and the name is now common all over the United States. The table on the following page will be of interest:*

^{*}It has been furnished by William F. Wyckoff, Esq., of Woodhaven, N. Y., from whom has been derived also most of the information here given respecting the members of the Wyckoff family.



THE WYCKOFF ANCESTRY.

Claes Cornellssen, born about 1595, came from the Netherlands to New Amsterdam in 1630.

Pieter Chesen, a very prominent man on Long Island, married Gretla Van Ness.

| Annatje | Mayken | ue | Geertje | Claes | Corm | Cornelins | Hendrick | Gerrit | | Martin | Peter | John |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Peter | | Jaeob | Nic | Nicholas• | Sal | Sarah | - Corr | Cornellus | | | | |
| Nicholas | Per | Peter | John | Jacobus | sna | Cornellus | | Martin | Antjo | | Sarah | Jannetje |
| Peter | | Samuel | | Nicholas | | William | | John | | Nellie | | |
| Hannah b, Mar. 27, | Nicholas b. Sept. 20, 1745. | John b. July, | Elizabeth b. Oct. 27, 1749. | Peter b, Jan. 22, | Maria b. April 15, | Joseph b. Jan. 5, 1760. | Wittiam b. Dec. 27, 1761. | Cornelius b, Oct. 11, 1763. | Mary b. Oct. 4. | Jane b. Sept. 18, | Margaret b. Nov. 14, | Albert b. Nov. 14, 1772. |

Norg.-The names in italies are of those known to have been residents on the West Branch. Peter Wyckoff, the head of the family there, was born March 19, 1724, and died January 7, 1807. His first wife, Marfa, was born November 29, 1719, and died February 7, 1758. His second wife, Jame, died January 16, 1775. His third wife, Rebecca, died September 17, 1807.



CHAPTER XXIII.

DEATH OF YOUNG JAMES BRADY—THE SCALPING OF MRS. DUR-HAM—COLONEL HARTLEY'S FAMOUS EXPEDITION UP LYCOMING CREEK—CAPTAIN JOHN BRADY SHOT—HIS GRAVE AT HALLS.

A FTER the exciting events described in the two preceding chapters, nothing unusual occurred until the 8th of August, 1778, when a party of Indians fell upon a number of reapers and cruelly murdered young James Brady. The circumstances of this tragic affair are as follows:

A corporal and four men belonging to Colonel Hartley's regiment, stationed at Fort Muncy, together with three militiamen, were ordered to proceed to Loyalsock and protect fourteen reapers and cradlers who were assisting Peter Smith,* the unfortunate man who lost his wife and four children in the massacre at the plum tree thicket on the 10th of June. His farm was on Bull Run, nearly three miles east of the present city of Williamsport, and on the north side of the river. It was the custom in those days of peril, when no commissioned officer was present, for the company to select a leader who was called "Captain," and to obey him accordingly. Young Brady, on account of his shrewdness, dash and bravery, was selected to take command of the party.

They arrived at the farm on Friday, and stationing a few sentinels proceeded to work. That night four of the party left and returned to Fort Muncy. Nothing unusual occurred during the

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^{*}Peter Smith, who was probably from Hunterdon County, New Jersey, had a farm on the river just above the mouth of Loyalsock Creek. Like other settlers he was loth to leave his home and crops, though he had a wife and six children to care for. It appears that he yielded to their entreaties, and on the fatal roth of June put them in a wagon and started for the stockade at Lycoming. The wagon is said to have been drawn by four horses. Several men joined it here, it is supposed, on account of being afraid to go down the river to Fort Muncy, some seven miles away. Lycoming was several miles nearer. The firing up the creek was very likely done by the Indians, who afterwards ambuscaded the wagon party.



night, and the next day they commenced work early. The morning was quite foggy, and they had not worked more than an hour before they were suddenly surprised by a band of Indians, who stealthily approached under cover of the fog. The sentinels discharged their rifles and ran toward the reapers. A panic seemed to seize the party and they all fled, with the exception of young Brady, who ran for his rifle, pursued by three Indians. When he was within a few feet of it he was fired at, but falling over a sheaf of grain the shot missed him. He immediately arose, and as he was in the act of grasping his rifle, he was wounded by a shot in the arm from an Indian. He succeeded in getting hold of his gun and shot the first Indian dead. Then he caught up another gun and brought down a second savage, when the party closed around him. Being stout, active and brave, he fought them vigorously for a few minutes. Finally he was struck in the head with a tomahawk and almost immediately afterwards received a thrust from a spear, which so stunned him that he fell. He had no sooner fallen than he was pounced upon and his scalp ruthlessly torn from his head. It was considered a great trophy by the Indians, as he had very long and remarkably red hair. A little Indian was then called and made to strike a tomahawk into his head in four places. The Indians then hurriedly fled.

After recovering consciousness he succeeded, by walking and creeping, in reaching the cabin of an old man named Jerome Vanness,* near the bank of the river, who had been employed to cook for them. On hearing the firing he had concealed himself, but on seeing Brady approaching him in a terribly wounded condition, he immediately went to his assistance. James begged the old man to fly for his own safety, as the Indians would probably soon return and kill him also. He refused to leave him, but proceeded to dress his frightful wounds as best he could. Brady

^{*}This Jerome Vanness was, doubtless, the same man who had settled on and improved sixty-seven acres of Muncy Manor before it was surveyed in 1776. He must have been 70 years of age at that time, for he was baptized in the old Dutch Church of the North Branch of the Raritan, in New Jersey, August 6, 1706. His father's name was also Jerome, and his mother's Neeltye, or Nelly. His grandfather, Peter Van Nest, was an extensive land-holder on the North Branch of the Raritan; and kin father, Peter Van Nest, had come from Holland and given his name to the stream yet called "Peter's Brook," near Somerville, New Jersey.



then requested to be assisted down to the river, where he drank large quantities of water. He then begged Vanness to bring him his gun, which he did, when he laid down and appeared to sleep.

As soon as the news of the attack * reached the fort, Captain Andrew Walker mustered a party and hurriedly proceeded to Smith's farm. On approaching the spot where gallant Brady lay weltering in his blood, he heard the noise made by the reiief party, and, supposing them to be Indians, immediately jumped to his feet, cocked his rifle and prepared to defend himself. Finding the party to be composed of friends, he requested to be taken to his mother at Sunbury. He was tenderly cared for, placed in a canoe, and a party started with him as rapidly as possible down the river. On the way he constantly thirsted for water and finally became delirious. When they arrived at Sunbury it was nearly midnight, but his mother having a presentiment that something had occurred, met the party at the bank of the landing and assisted to convey her wounded son to the house. He presented a frightful spectacle, and the grief of the mother is said to have been pitiable to behold. The spot where they landed is pointed out to this day in Sunbury.

The young Captain only lived five days, which would make his death as occurring on the 13th of August, 1778. On the day he died his reason returned and he described with great minuteness the bloody scene through which he had passed. Early writers used to state that he declared that the Chief Bald Eagle had scalped him, and that his brother Samuel afterwards averaged his death by shooting Bald Eagle through the heart on the Allegheny. But this afterwards proved to be a mistake, as Bald Eagle had been killed nearly five years before, his body placed in a canoe and sent adrift down the Ohio. The unfortunate young hero was buried near Fort Augusta, and all trace of his grave was lost more than a century ago. He was deeply mourned, for he was a great favorite with all who knew him.

After much careful investigation the exact spot where the tragedy occurred has been located. It was on or about the site

^{*}Colonel Hartley's report of this bloody affair to the Board of War, in which he gives full particulars, may be found on pages 688-9 of Vol. VI., *Pennsylvania Archives*.



now occupied by the saw mill of Mr. Ezra Canfield, a short distance above the mouth of Loyalsock Creek, and near where Bull Run, a tortuous little stream, falls into the river.

James Brady was the second son of Captain John and Mary Brady, and a younger brother of Captain Sam. Brady, the famous scout and Indian killer. He was born in 1758, while his parents yet resided at Shippensburg, Cumberland County, and was in his 21st year at the time of his death. He came with his parents to their stockade home at Muncy in 1769, and was a participant in many of the stormy scenes of that period on the West Branch, and during his short life he had a rough experience.

General Hugh Brady, the youngest of the six sons, said that the boys "all lived to be men in every sense of the term, and at the period when the qualities of men were put to the most severe and enduring tests." Referring to his brother James he says: "James Brady was a remarkable man. Nature had done much for him. His person was fine. He lacked but a quarter of an inch of six feet, and his mind was as well finished as his person. I have ever placed him by the side of Jonathan, son of Saul, for beauty of person and nobleness of soul, and like him he fell by the hands of the Philistines." The names of these six boys were Samuel, James, John, William P., Hugh and Robert, and there was but half an inch difference in their heights-all being about six feet. Hugh, who paid this splendid tribute to his murdered brother, was born at Standing Stone (now Huntingdon) July 27, 1768. He became a distinguished military officer, rose to the rank of a Major General, and died at Detroit, April 15, 1851. He had a twin sister named Jane, who lived and died at Sunbury.

Many ancedotes of the illustrious Brady family have been handed down, and one relating to James is worth noticing in this connection. John Buckalow, the son-in-law of Mordecai McKinney, was one of the early settlers at Muncy. They were all neighbors and friends of the Brady family.

At that time the men wore long hair, plaited, and cued behind the head. James had a remarkably fine head of fiery red hair. "The young captain of the Susquehanna," with several others, was at the house of Mr. Buckalow one afternoon. Mrs. Buckalow



"done up" Brady's hair. He was lively and full of humor at the time. While at work Mrs. Buckalow remarked:

"Ah! Jim, I fear the Indians will get this red scalp of yours yet."

"If they do," he replied, "it will make them a bright light of a dark night!"

In less than a week the noble youth fell beneath the cruel tomahawk and the savages had his scalp!*

On the 20th of August Colonel Hunter writes that in accordance with the resolution of Congress and the instructions of the Council, he had succeeded in raising a company of volunteers to serve six months, and had appointed the officers. The company was now doing duty, and numbered about sixty men. The expense of raising the company was considerable. Each man who had furnished himself with a good rifle and accourtements was to have eighty dollars. This was the promise on which the company was raised, and the Colonel was anxious that it should be fulfilled. The militia who had served their turn complained loudly about not receiving their pay promptly. Many of them were very poor, on account of having lost their property by the inroads of the savages—particularly those living in the vicinity of Lovalsock.

At this time the records show that 100 men belonging to Colonel Hartley's regiment, 220 militia from Lancaster County, 170 from Berks County, 100 from Northumberland County, and between 60 and 70 of Captain James Murray's company of six months' men, was the entire number of men enrolled in the valley. This made a force of about 700 men, which was deemed sufficient to cope with the enemy. They were stationed at various points by order of Colonel Hartley, and directed to be vigilant.

On the 1st of September Colonel Hartley informed the Executive Council that he considered it highly important to have a small body of horsemen ordered to the valley, and he also wrote

^{*}The number of Indians engaged by England during the war was, according to Campbell, 12,690 warriors. Of this number 1,580 belonged to the Six Nations, 500 Delawares, 300 Shawanese, 150 Monseys, and 60 Mohicans. Of scalps, the Senecas alone, 400 warriors, took 1,052 in three years, 299 being women, and 29 infants. They were sent to the governor of Canada, to be sent as a present to the King of England!



to the Board of War making a similar request. In the same letter he stated that Captain Walker had succeeded in making the necessary repairs to Fort Muncy, and that he had obtained a four pounder cannon from Fort Augusta, which had been mounted out the walls. A better feeling of security prevailed among the people, and some of the farmers had been induced to put in their fall crops.

Indians, however, still lurked about the settlements, and so intent were they on securing scalps on account of the reward offered for them by the British, that they frequently ran great risks. On the last day of August three German militiamen left the fort without orders or arms to dig potatoes; and although they were in sight of the garrison, they were immediately attacked by a small band of savages lying in ambush. The Indians discharged all their guns at once and pounced upon them. One militiaman was killed and scalped, and another was seized by a stout Indian; but after a hard struggle and the arrival of assistance from the fort, his assailant fled and he was saved.

About the same time a man named Gortner was killed near the fort, and Captain Martel was wounded. It was exceedingly dangerous to venture outside of the fort for even a short distance.

When the Fort Freeland settlers returned after the Big Runaway, Jacob Freeland, with the assistance of his neighbors, enclosed half an acre with stout stockades, inside of which the settlers collected at night for safety.

Sometime in the autumn of this year (1778) Mrs. McKnight and Mrs. Margaret Durham, with infants in their arms, started on horseback from Fort Freeland to go to Northumberland. Mrs. Durham's husband and several other men accompanied them on foot. They met with no interruption until they reached a point a short distance below the mouth of Warrior Run, when they were unexpectedly fired upon by a party of Indians lying in concealment. On the discharge of the guns Mrs. McKnight's horse quickly wheeled and galloped back. She came very near losing her child, but caught it by the foot as it was falling and held it firmly dangling by her side until the frightened horse brought her safely back to the fort.

Mrs. Durham was not so fortunate. Her infant was shot dead



in her arms and she fell from her horse. An Indian sprang upon her, tore the scalp from her head and left her for dead lying in the road.

Two young men, sons of Mrs. McKnight, ran when the guns were discharged and tried to secrete themselves under the river bank. They were discovered by the enemy, seized and carried into captivity. James Durham, husband of Margaret Durham, was also taken prisoner at the same time and carried to Canada. He was absent until 1783, when he regained his liberty and returned home.

The Indians, according to their habit, quickly fled with their prisoners and scalps. Soon after the firing Alexander Guffy* and a companion named Williams came upon the ground. On approaching Mrs. Durham, whom they supposed dead, they were greatly surprised to see her rise up and piteously call for water. With the loss of her scalp she presented a horrible appearance. Guffy at once ran to the river and brought enough water in his hat to quench her burning thirst. They bound up her head as best they could, and as she had received no other injuries, started with her for Sunbury. They reached that place in safety, when Dr. Plunkett dressed her head. It was a long time before her wound healed, but she finally recovered and lived to a ripe age.†

^{*}The Guffy family is one of the oldest in Northumberland County. Three brothers came from Scotland about 1754 and stopped near Philadelphia. Alexander, one of the three, then about 19, came to the West Branch in 1772, located a warrant covering the present site of the borough of McEwensville, and soon afterwards married Miss Margaret Scott. They had three sons-John, Andrew and Alexander, and one daughter, Elizabeth. She married Captain Anthony Armstrong. Andrew married Eleanor Armstrong, a sister of Captain Anthony Armstrong. This made their children double cousins, because brother and sister had married brother and sister. Andrew Guffy and wife had three sons and four daughters. The sons are A. J. Guffy, now living in Watsontown; James, a resident of Kansas, and Richard A., deceased. The daughters were named Margaret, Eleanor Scott, Clarissa C., and Harriet. All are deceased but Margaret, who is the wife of J. P. Armstrong, of Prince George County, Maryland. Andrew Jackson Guffy, of Watsontown, studied law with ex-Governor James Pollock, and was admitted to the bar at Easton in 1849. He has devoted much of his time to surveying and is good authority on land questions in that part of the county.

[†] Mrs. Durham's maiden name was Wilson, and she was married to James Durham



As the Indians continued to be very troublesome, it soon became apparent to the military authorities that some offensive operations must be undertaken to punish the savage foe, or the inhabitants would be in imminent danger all the time. With this object in view Colonel Hartley, in September, 1778, planned an expedition to Tioga Point, on the head-waters of the North Branch, to destroy some of their villages and break up their places of rendezvous. His expedition was one of the most memorable on record, and proved successful. His line of march was by the great Sheshequin path up Lycoming Creek and thence down Towanda Creek to the North Branch. The path at that time evidently crossed Lycoming Creek as often as the Northern Central Railroad does to-day. The best account of the march is found in his report to Congress, and it is given herewith just as he wrote it:

ADDRESS OF COLONEL HARTLEY TO CONGRESS, 1778.

"With a Frontier from Wioming to Allegany, we were sensible the few regular Troops we had could not defend the necessary posts. We thought (if it were practicable,) it would be best to draw the Principal part of our Force together, as the Inhabitants would be in no great danger during our absence. I made a stroke at some of the nearest Indian towns, especially as we learnt a handsome detachment had been sent into the Enemy's Country by the way of Cherry Valley. We were in hopes we should drive the Savages to a greater distance.

"With Volunteers and others we reckoned on 400 Rank & File for the expedition, besides 17 Horse, which I mounted from my own Regt., under the command of Mr. Carbery.

"Our Rendezvous was Fort Muncy, on the West Branch, in-

February 8, 1774. Her first child, named John, was born Sunday, February 5, 1775and was only a little over three and a half years old when shot in her arms. The
second, named James, after his father, was born November 15, 1784. Some of his
descendants now reside in Watsontown, and J. E. Durham, of Allentown, is a
grandson. Mrs. Durham was the mother of seven children, three sons and four
daughters. All but one were born after she was scalped. She died September 41829, in the 74th year of her age. James Durham, her husband, died January 241813, in his 67th year. Both are buried in Warrior Run grave-yard.



tending to penitrate, by the Sheshecunnunk Path,* to Tioga, at the Junction of the Cayuga, with the main North-East Branch of Susquehannah, from thence to act as circumstances might require.

"The Troops met at Muncy the 18 Septr., when we came to count and array our Force for the Expedition, they amounted only to about 200 Rank & File. We thought the number small, but as we presumed the Enemy had no notice of our Designs, we hoped at least to make a good Diversion if no more, whilst the Inhabitants were saving their grain on the Frontier.

"On the morning of the 21st, at four o'clock, we marched from Muncy, with the Force I have mentioned, we carried two Boxes of spare ammunition and Twelve days Provisions.

"In our Rout we met with great Rains & prodigious Swamps,† Mountains, Defiles & Rocks impeded our march, we had to open and clear the way as we passed.

"We waded or swam the River Lycoming upwards of 20 Times. I will not trouble your honourable Body with a tedious Detail, but I cannot help observing that, I immagine, the Difficulties in Crossing the Alps, or passing up Kennipeck, could not have been greater than those our men experienced for the Time. I have the pleasure to say they surmounted them with great Resolution and Fortitude.

"In lonely woods and groves we found the Haunts and Lurking Places of the savage Murderers who had desolated our Frontier. We saw the Huts where they had dressed and dried the scalps of the helpless women & Children who had fell in their hands.

^{*}The Sheshequin path struck up Bonser's Run below Williamsport, passed through the Blooming Grove settlement and intersected the main path up Lycoming Creek a short distance below Cogan Station, on the Northern Central Railroad.

According to Zeisberger Sheshequin is derived from Tschetschequannink, and means "the place of a rattle." Other authorities give the same definition. Heckewelder gives it Shechschequon. Sheshequin Flats is no doubt a corruption of the first Indian name given above, and is said to mean the place where a tributary or vanquished race of people lived. From 1768 to 1772 it was the site of a Moravian Mission.

[†]The swamp was located west of the limestone ridge below Williamsport, and took in the level scope of country as far west as Miller's Run. It was partially drained by the small rivulet known as Bull Run. A portion of the swamp is there to this day. Originally the territory covered by it embraced more than a square mile, and it extended back to the foot-hills. In those days it was a veritable quagmire.



"On the morning of the 26th our Advance Party of 19 met with an equal Number of Indians on the Path, approaching each other, our People had the first Fire, a very important Indian Chief was killed and scalped, the rest fled.

"A few Miles further we discovered where upwards of 70 Warriors had lay the night before, on their March towards our Frontiers, the Panick communicated, they fled with their Brethren.

"No Time was lost, we advanced towards Sheshecunnunck, in the Neighborhood of which place we took 15 Prisoners from them, we learnt that a Man had deserted from Capt. Spalding's Company at Wioming, after the Troops had marched from thence, & had given the enemy Notice of our intended Expedition against them.

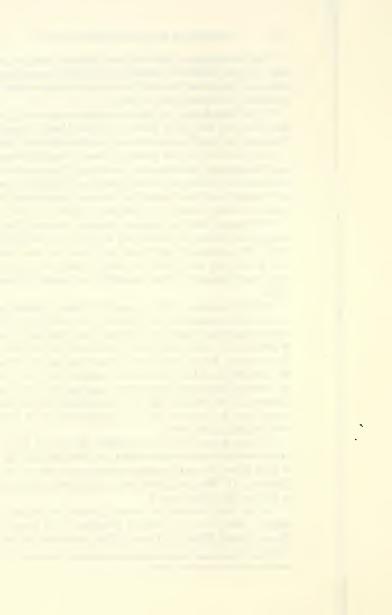
"We moved with the greatest Dispatch towards Tioga, advancing our Horse, and some Foot in Front, who did their duty very well; a number of the Enemy fled before us with Precipitation, it was near dark when we came to that town, our Troopswere much fatigued; it was impossible to proceed further that Night.

"We took another Prisoner, upon the whole Information, we were clear the savages had intelligence of us some days—That the Indians had been towards the German Flats—had taken 8 scalps & brought of 70 oxen intended for the garrison of Fort Stanwix—That on their Return they were to have attacked Wioming and the settlements on the West Branch again—That Colo. Morgan or no other Person had attempted to penetrate into the Enemy's Country, as we had been given to understand, and that the Collected force at Chemung would be upwards of 500, & that they were building a fort there.

"We also were told that young Butler had been at Tioga a few Hours before we came—that he had 300 Men with him, the most of them Tories, dressed in green—that they were returned towards Chemung, 12 Miles off, & that they determined to give us Battle in some of the Defiles near it.

"It was soon resolved we should proceed no further, but if possible, make our way good to Wioming. We burnt Tioga. Queen Hester's Palace* or Town, & all the settlements on this side:

^{*}Robert Covenhoven, who accompanied the expedition, claimed to be the first man to apply the torch to the "palace."



several Canoes were taken and some Plunder, Part of which was destroyed.

"Mr. Carbery with the Horse only, was close on Butler, he was in Possession of the Town of Shawnee, 3 Miles up the Cayuga Branch, but as we did not advance, he returned.

"The Consternation of the Enemy was great, we pushed our good Fortune as far as we dare, nay, it is probable the good countenance we put on saved us from destruction, as we were advanced so far into the Enemy's Country & no return but what we could make with the sword. We came to Sheshecunnunk that night.

"Had we had 500 Regular Troops, and 150 Light Troops, with one or two Pieces of artillery, we probably might have destroyed Chemung, which is now the recepticle of all villainous Indians & Tories from the different Tribes and States. From this they make their Excursions against the Frontiers of N. York and Pennsylvania, Jersey & Wioming, & commit those horrid Murders and Devastations we have heard of. Niagra and Chemung are the assilums of those Tories who cannot get to New York.

"On the Morning of the 28th, we crossed the River and Marched towards Wyalusing, where we arrived that night at eleven o'Clock; our men much worn down—our Whiskey and Flour was gone.

"On the Morning of the 29th we were obliged to stay 'till eleven o'Clock to kill and cooke Beef. This necessary stop gave the Enemy Leasure to approach.

"Seventy of our Men, from real or pretended Lameness, went into the Canoes, others rode on the empty Pack Horses, we had not more than 120 Rank & File to fall in the Line of March.

"Lt. Sweeny, a valuable officer, had the Rear Guard, consisting of 30 Men, besides five active Runners under Mr. Camplen. The advanced guard was to consist of an officer & 15. There were a few Flankers, but from the Difficulty of the ground & Fatigue, they were seldom of use.

"The rest of our Little army was formed into three Divisions, those of my Regmt composed the first, Capt Spalding's the 2d, Capt Murrow's the 3d. The Light Horse was equally divided



between front and rear. The Pack Horses and the Cattle we had collected, were to follow the advance guard.

"In this order we moved from Wyalusing at twelve o'clock, a slight attack was made on our Front from a Hill, half an Hour afterwards a warmer one was made on the same quarter, after ordering the 2d and 3d Divisions to out Flank the Enemy, we soon drove them, but this, as I expected, was only amusement, we lost as Little time as possible with them.

"At two o'clock a very heavy attack was made on our Rear, which obliged the most of the Rear guard to give way, whilst several Indians appeared on our Left Flank. By the weight of the Firing we were soon convinced we had to oppose a Large Body.

"Capt Stoddard commanded in Front, I was in the Centre; I observed some high ground which overlooked the Enemy, orders were immediately given for the first & 3d Division to take Possession of it, whilst Capt Spalding was dispatched to support the Rear Guard. We gained the Heights almost unnoticed by the Barbarians, Capt Stoddert sent a small Party towards the Enemy's Rear; at this critical moment Capts Boone & Brady,* & Lt King, with a few Brave Fellows, landed from the Canoes, joined Mr. Sweeny, and renewed the action there. The War Whoop was given by our People below and communicated round, we advanced on the Enemy on all sides, with great shouting & Noise, the Indians after a brave resistance of some minutes, conceived themselves nearly surrounded, fled with the utmost Haste, by the only passes that remained, & left ten dead on the ground.

"Our Troops wished to do their duty, but they were much overcome with Fatigue, otherwise (as the Indians immagined themselves surrounded), we should drove the Enemy into the River-

"From every account these were a select body of warriors, sent after us, consisting of near 200 Men. Their Confidence and Impetuosity probably gave the victory to us.

"After they had drove our Rear some Distance their Chief was heard to say, in the Indian Language, that which is interpreted

^{*}Captain John Brady, who was killed the following April near his home at Muncy.



thus: my Brave Warriors we drive them, be bold and strong, the day is ours, upon this they advanced very quick without sufficiently regarding their Rear.

"We had no alternative but Conquest or Death, they would have murdered us all had they succeeded, but the great God of Battles protected us in the day of Danger.

"We had 4 killed and 10 wounded. The Enemy must have had at least treble the number killed & wounded.

"They received such a Beating as prevented them from giving us any further trouble during our March to Wioming, which is more than 50 Miles from the place of action.

"The officers of my Regiment behaved well to a Man. All the party will acknowledge the greatest merit and Bravery of Capt Stoddert, I cannot say enough in his favor, he deserves the Esteem of his Country.

"Mr. Carbery with his Horse, was very active, and rendered important services, 'till his Horses were fatigued.

"Nearly all the other officers acquitted themselves with Reputation.

"Capt Spalding exerted himself as much as possible.

"Capt Murrow, from his knowledge of Indian affairs, and their Mode of fighting, was serviceable. His Men were Marksmen and were useful.

"The men of my Regt were armed with Muskets & Bayonets, they were no great marksmen, and were awkward at wood Fighting. The Bullet, and three Swan shot in each Piece, made up, in some measure, for the want of skill.

"Tho' we were happy enough to succeed in this Action, yet I am convinced that a number of Lighter Troops, under good officers, are necessary for this Service. On the 3d the Savages killed and scalped 3 men, who had imprudently left the garrison at Wioming to go in search of Potatoes.

"From our observations, we imagine that the same party who had fought us, after taking Care of their *Dead & Wounded*, had come on towards Wyoming, and are now in that Neighborhood.

"I left half of my detachment there with five of my own officers, should they attempt to invest the place when their number is increased, I make no doubt but they will be disappointed.



"Our Garrisons have plenty of Beef & Salt, Tho' Flour is scarce at Wioming.

"I arrived here with the remainder of the detachment on the 5th, we have performed a Circuit of near 300 miles in about two weeks. We brought off near 50 Head of Cattle, 28 Canoes, besides many other articles.

"I would respectfully propose that the Congress would be pleased to send a Connecticut Regiment to Garrison Wyoming as soon as possible, it is but 120 miles from Fish Kills. I have done all I can for the good of the whole. I have given all the support in my Power to the Post, but if Troops are not immediately sent, these Settlements will be destroyed in Detail. In a week or less a Regiment could march from Fish Kills to Wyoming.

"My little Regiment, with two Classes of Lancaster and Berks County Militia, will be scarcely sufficient to preserve the Posts from Nescopake Falls to Muncy, and from thence to the Head of Penn's Valley.

"I am with the greatest Respect, Your most obedt, Humble Servt,

THOS. HARTLEY, Col."

"Sunbury, Octr. 8th, 1778."

This very interesting and full report* of the expedition, with its quaint spelling, gave great satisfaction to the authorities and people. The Executive Council unanimously passed a vote of thanks† to Colonel Hartley for his "brave and prudent conduct in covering the north-western frontiers of this State, and repelling the savages and other enemies."

At the same time Colonel Hartley made a request of the Executive Council to send him "300 round bullets for three pounders, 300 cartridges of grape shot for the same bore, 1,000 flints, six barrels of powder, a quantity of twine and port-fire, a ream of cannon cartridge paper" and some other small articles. He said, furthermore, that they had "eight three pounders on the

^{*} See Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. VI., Page 5.

[†] Vol. XI., page 640, Colonial Records.



frontiers," probably at forts Muncy and Antes. There is nothing on record to show positively that small cannon were taken any further up the river than these two forts; and it is even doubtful if any guns were placed on Fort Antes, although there was a tradition that the latter fort had a cannon or two. This tradition was afterwards strengthened by the finding of a few small cannon-balls near where the fort stood.

Colonel Hartley found that the Indians of the North were incited to commit deeds of blood by the Tories, and he had a supreme contempt for these scoundrels. Indeed it seems that they were worse in some respects than the savages, and it is possible that if they had not existed the Indians would not have behaved as badly as they did.

The day before (October 7th) Colonel Hartley wrote his report at Sunbury, two sergeants belonging to his regiment at Fort Muncy ventured a short distance outside. They were immediately set upon by lurking Indians, and one was killed and scalped. As the other could not be found, it was supposed that he was carried into captivity.

As Colonel Hartley had left a portion of his regiment at Wyoming, the force on the West Branch was very much weakened, and it soon became apparent that more force must be obtained to protect the inhabitants. The volunteer company raised for six months' service, and commanded by Captain Murrows, refused to perform further military duty until the sum of \$80 per man, which had been promised by the Government, was paid. In view of this state of affairs, and the urgent necessity for troops to protect the people from the savages, a number of prominent citizens were induced to request Colonel Hartley to send Colonel Antes, Captain Chambers and Mr. Moffit as commissioners to the Executive Council to lay their grievances before that body and solicit military assistance.

The feeling of unrest continued. During the month of November the savages began to show themselves in greater force. They burned and destroyed much property on the North Branch, and on the 9th of November a body of about seventy came to the forks of Chillisquaque Creek and took a number of prisoners.



About the close of the year 1778 Colonel Hartley left the West Branch for another field of duty. His departure was very much regretted by Colonel Hunter and others, as he had done more for the protection of the people during his stay than any other person. Colonel Hunter complained that his lot, as commander of the militia, was a hard one; that the militia of Northumberland were harder to govern than those of any other county, and that they never could be brought under the same degree of discipline as regulars.

He also informed President Reed* that in accordance with the resolution of Congress, and the instructions of Council to raise a company of volunteers to serve for six months, he had appointed the following officers: James Murrows, Captain; Robert Arthur, First Lieutenant; Samuel Fulton, Second Lieutenant; William Reed, Third Lieutenant, and Andrew Donaldson, Ensign. Their term of service was about to expire, and Captain Murrows had gone to the Board of War with the muster roll to receive their pay. Some of his men had paid as high as thirty pounds for a good rifle, and they were naturally anxious that the Government should promptly reimburse them for their outlay. But the Government was hard pressed to raise men and means to resist the British, and however anxious the Board of War might have been to pay the volunteers promptly, it was hard for them to do so without means.

The departure of Colonel Hartley from the valley was greatly regretted by the people, because of his success in fighting the Indians and restoring confidence among the settlers. He was successful through life. It appears from his biography, which may be found on pages 733 and 734 of that excellent work

^{*}General Joseph Reed was elected President December 1, 1778, and George Bryan Vice-President. He was born at Trenton August 27, 1741; became a lawyer and soon built up a good practice. After his marriage in England he settled in Philadelphia. In 1775 he was a delegate to Congress, and in July accompanie l Washington to Cambridge as his secretary and aid-de-camp. During the campaign of 1776 he was Adjutant General-of the Continental Army. In 1777 he was appointed Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. He served as a volunteer at Brandywine. Germantown and Monmouth, was a member of Congress in 1778, and signed the Articles of Confederation. From 1778 to 1781 he was President of Pennsylvania. He died at Philadelphia March 5, 1785.



entitled Pennsylvania and the Federal Constitution, that he was born in Berks County, September 7, 1748. His father, George Hartley, was an early settler in Pennsylvania and a farmer in good circumstances. The son received a good education at Reading, and at the age of eighteen began the study of law at York with Samuel Johnston, a distinguished lawyer and a relative on his mother's side. He was admitted to the bar of York County July 25, 1769, and to that of Philadelphia on the 10th of August following. He rose rapidly to legal distinction and was in a successful career when the war of the Revolution opened. In 1774 he was Vice-President of the Committee of Observation for York County, and again in November, 1775. He was chosen a deputy to the Provincial Conference held at Philadelphia, July 15, 1774, and a delegate to the Provincial Convention of January 23, 1775. In December, 1774, he was First Lieutenant of Captain James Smith's Company of Associators, and in December, 1775, chosen Lieutenant Colonel of the First Battalion of York County. On the 10th of January, 1776, Congress elected him Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixth Battalion of the Pennsylvania Line, and he served in the Canada campaign of that year. On the 27th of December, the same year, General Washington, by authority of Congress, issued commissions and authority to raise two "additional regiments in Pennsylvania," the command of one being given to Colonel Hartley. He commanded the First Pennsylvania Brigade, Wayne's division, in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. In 1778 he was in command of the troops in the West Branch Valley, which the Tories and Indians from the state of New York had invaded. By a resolution of Congress of December 16, 1778, the remains of Patton's and Hartley's regiments, with several detached companies, were organized into what was termed the "New Eleventh" Regiment of the Pennsylvania Line, to which he was transferred on the 13th of January, 1779. but resigned the month following, having been chosen to the General Assembly.

In accepting his resignation Congress, deeming his reasons satisfactory, bore testimony of their "high sense of Colonel Hartley's merit and services." He served as a member of the Council of Censors, 1783–84, and as a delegate to the Pennsyl-



vania Convention to ratify the Federal Constitution in 1787. He was elected by the Constitutionalists on the general ticket for member of Congress in 1788, and continued in that high official position for a period of twelve years. He was one of the original members of the Society of the Cincinnati, and a trustee of Dickinson College at the beginning of its educational career. In 1799 he laid out the town of Hartleton, Buffalo Valley, Union County, on a tract of 1,000 acres of land purchased by him during the Revolution. Governor McKean commissioned him, April 28, 1800, a Major General in the Pennsylvania militia. After a successful and honorable career General Hartley died at his home in York, December 21, 1800, in the 53d year of his age. His name will be forever perpetuated by the beautiful town he founded in the fertile and lovely valley of Buffalo.

One of the saddest incidents of these troublous times was the assassination of Captain John Brady by a concealed foe on the 11th of April, 1779. He was living with his family at his "fort," as it was termed, at Muncy, and was taking an active part against the Indians. On this fatal day he made a trip up the river to Wallis', for the purpose of procuring supplies. He took a wagon and guard with him, and after securing a quantity of provisions started to return in the afternoon. He was riding a fine mare, and was some distance in the rear of the wagon. Peter Smith,* the same unfortunate man who lost his family in the bloody massacre of the 10th of June, and on whose farm young James Brady was mortally wounded and scalped by the Indians on the 8th of August, was walking by his side. When within a short distance of his home, Brady suggested to Smith the propriety of taking a different route from the one the wagon had gone, as it was shorter. They traveled together until they came to a small stream of water (Wolf Run) where the other road came in. Brady observed: "This would be a good place for Indians to hide." Smith replied in the affirmative, when three rifles instantly cracked and Brady fell from his horse dead! As his frightened mare was about to run past Smith he caught her by the bridle, and springing on her back, was carried to Brady's Fort in a few minutes. The report of the rifles

^{*}After the war was over Smith is reported to have settled in the Genesee country and became prosperous again. His proverbial bad luck seemed to have deserted him.



was plainly heard at the fort, and caused great alarm. Several persons rushed out, Mrs. Brady among them, and seeing Smith coming at full speed, anxiously inquired where Captain Brady was. It is related that Smith, in a high state of excitement, replied: "In heaven or hell, or on the road to Tioga!" meaning he was either killed or taken prisoner by the Indians.

The wagon guard and others repaired to the spot at once where the firing had occurred, and there they found the gallant captain lying dead in the road. The Indians were in such haste that they did not scalp him or take any of his equipments. His death caused deep sorrow, and cast a gloom over the settlement, as he was a man on whom all relied for advice and assistance. This was a terrible stroke on Mrs. Brady, who was already bowed down with grief on account of the melancholy death of her beloved son, James, in August of the previous year. Now her husband and protector was cruelly stricken down by the same cruel hands that had slain her son.

The best and most authentic account of the death of Captain Brady was given by his daughter, Mrs. Mary Gray, of Sunbury, who was fifteen years old at the time of the sad occurrence. She had to the last day of her life (December 3, 1850) a vivid recollection of the startling scenes of that exciting day. She said:

My father was riding along the public road beyond Muncy Creek, and about three miles from Fort Brady, and near Wolf Run, accompanied by Peter Smith on foot, when the Indians fired and Captain Brady fell without uttering a word, being shot in the back between the shoulders with two balls. Smith escaped by jumping upon my father's frightened horse. The Indians in their haste did not scalp him, nor plunder him of his gold watch, some money, and his commission, which he carried in a green bag suspended from his neck. His body was brought to the fort and soon after interred in the Muncy burying ground, some four miles from the fort, over Muncy Creek.

It was never positively known what Indians did the shooting, but it was suspected that a small party had stealthily followed him that day for the purpose of murder, as he was a terror to their tribe. The ground on which he was shot afterwards belonged to the farm of Joseph Warner, but is now owned by Charles Robb, Esq., of Pittsburg. The fact that he was neither scalped nor robbed was regarded at the time as a mysterious circumstance, as his slayers, if Indians, had ample time, and his scalp would have



been a great trophy. The only explanation that can be offered is that the Indians, knowing who they had shot, were so alarmed that they precipitately fled to escape pursuit.

The place where he was buried is on the brow of a hill near Hall's, at the junction of the Williamsport and North Branch with the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, ten miles east of Williamsport. At the time of his interment very few burials had been made there, and it is supposed that he was among the first laid to rest in that lovely spot. The cemetery is used to the present day, and it contains the ashes of a large number of pioneers. It is kept in excellent condition and is visited by many persons annually.

After this tragic event Mrs. Brady, whose cup of sorrow was full to overflowing, gathered her younger children together and fled to the home of her parents in Cumberland County, in May, 1779.



Graves of Brady and Lebo at Halls.

The place on the hill-side where Captain Brady's grave was made was a lovely one, but as the years rolled away it was forgotten, and could not be found for a long time, as it had become overgrown with briers and bushes. General Hugh Brady, his youngest son, often sought for it in vain. At last one of his daughters, Mary Lathey Brady,* wife of General Electus Backus, U. S. A., was made acquainted with the spot by Henry Lebo, an

^{*}On page 353 it is shown that General Brady married Sarah Wallis. They had five children: Sarah, Samuel Preston, Mary Lathey, Jane and Cassandra. Mr-Brady died at Detroit August 25, 1833, eighteen years before her distinguished husband. The last of the five children to pass away was Mary Lathey, who finally discovered her grandfather's grave. She died February 10, 1880. Several descendants of General Brady still live at Detroit.



old comrade and Revolutionary soldier, who was present when her grandfather was buried. He had requested on his death-bed to be laid by the side of the man whom he had loved and honored in his early life.

The highway between Muncy and Williamsport runs by the cemetery, and looking over the picket fence you can see Brady's grave, for it is marked by a plain, heavy tombstone of granite, and bears this simple inscription:

CAPTAIN JOHN BRADY,
Fell in Defense of Our Forefathers
At Wolf Run, April 11, 1779,
Aged 46 Years.

By his side lie the remains of his faithful friend and compatriot. The inscription on his head-stone reads:

In
Memory of
HENRY LEBO,
Died July 4, 1828,
In the 70th year of His Age.

Henry Lebo came from Berks County. It is related of him that one Sunday while he was attending religious services in a German Reformed Church at Reading, the sound of a fife and drum calling for volunteers to fight the British so aroused his patriotism that he jumped through the church window and enlisted. He was in the battle of Germantown and was severely wounded. A sister named Elizabeth walked from Reading to Germantown and found him on the battle field, lying behind a log, suffering from his wound. She took charge of him and nursed him to health again. After the war he came to Muncy, married, and for many years kept a public house, which stood by the roadside on one of the Wallis or Hall farms. He had several sons and daughters. The old hero finally died at the house of a son in Muncy. His wife survived him for nearly a quarter of a century, and drew a widow's pension from the Government. Robert W. Lebo, a well-known citizen of Muncy, is a grandson.

Although it had often been suggested that a monument should be raised in honor of Captain John Brady, a hundred years passed before it was done. At last, through the untiring and patriotic



efforts of Mr. J. M. M. Gernerd, enough money was raised by dollar subscriptions to erect a cenotaph to his memory in the



cemetery at Muncy, and it was formally dedicated and unveiled on the 15th of October, 1879. There was a large throng of people present, including many descendants of the illustrious dead, and the ceremonies were interesting and impressive. Hon. John Blair Linn, of Bellefonte, delivered the historical oration.

The cenotaph is plain but massive, and is constructed of Maine granite in four handsomely proportioned pieces, consisting of a base, a sub-base, a die, and an obelisk, the whole twenty-seven feet high and weighing about twenty-five tons. It rests on a solid foundation of masonry hidden from sight by a sodded terrace nearly three feet in height, and is in tasteful proportions to the size of the circular lot in the centre of which it

stands. The total elevation of the cap of the shaft is about thirty feet. The date, "1779," is cut about the centre of the shaft on the front face, in raised figures; the name of "John Brady" in heavy letters in the die, and the date of crection, "1879," in the centre of the sub-base. On each side of the die is a large polished panel, bordered by a neatly chiseled moulding to correspond with the lines of the die and shaft. The face of the letters and figures are also highly polished, and all other exposed parts of the cenotaph are finely cut. Its artistic proportions are pleasing to the eye, and it is much admired by visitors to the cemetery. It cost about \$1,600.

The Brady markers in the old cemetery at Halls consist of thick slabs, 30 by 21 inches, set on a base 14 by 29; the whole being 44 inches in height. The stones are unpolished, except the fronts on which the inscription given above is carved. The foot-stone is in the same simple style, without lettering. The money required to erect them, about \$70, was also raised by Mr.



Gernerd by an autograph album at 25 cents a signature. There side by side sleep the hero and his friend. Near by stands a lonely pine, through whose branches the wind sighs a requiem over their graves, and notwithstanding their ashes have long since commingled with the soil, many persons still visit the spot and stand with uncovered heads in reverence of their memories.

In closing his oration on the unveiling of the cenotaph at Muncy, Mr. Linn used these eloquent words: "To Captain Brady's descendants, time fails me in paying a proper tribute. When border tales have lost their charm for the evening hour; when oblivion blots from the historic page the glorious record of Pennsylvania in the Revolution of 1776; then, and then only, will Captain Samuel Brady, of the Rangers, be forgotten. In private life, in public office, at the bar, in the Senate of Pennsylvania, in the House of Representatives of the United States, in the ranks of battle, Captain John Brady's sons and grandsons and greatgrandsons have flung far forward into the future the light of their family fame."

No family of pioneers in the West Branch Valley was more conspicuous in our early history than the Bradys. The male members were all distinguished for their prowess, love of adventure and patriotism; and two of the number—father and son—perished at the hands of the merciless savages over one hundred years ago, a few miles east of Williamsport. The trials and privations endured by the family were great, and could their full history be known it would form one of the most thrilling episodes in the events of early times in this section of the State.

Comparatively little is known of the ancestry of the Bradys. Enough, however, has been discovered to show that Hugh Brady, Most Reverend Lord Bishop of Meath, was the fourth son of Sir Dennis O'Grady or Brady, of Fassaghmore, County Clare, Ireland, Knight and Chief of his name, and was directly descended from a long line of ancestors, including several kings of the Province of Munster, and other McBradys who were monarchs of all Ireland, their genealogy having been traced back to King Milesius by Sir William Betham, who was Ulster King of Arms, Dublin. In course of time the "O" and the "Me" were



dropped, and the name became plain Brady. Hugh Brady, referred to above, was the first Protestant Bishop of Meath County, Ireland, and whose descendants have continued to conform to the Protestant religion.

The Perigal branch was a Huguenot family in France, who sought refuge in England after suffering persecution in France, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and were descended from a Norman family named Sequi, who assumed the name of Perigal in 911. The Arnaud branch was also a Huguenot family.

A few extracts from a "Brady Tree," obtained from London, are given herewith to show the names of a few of the early and prominent members:

John O'Grady, alias O'Brady, Archbishop of Cashel; died in 1332.

John O'Grady, alias O'Brady, Archbishop of Tuam; died 1372. John O'Brady, of Fassaghmore, County Clare, Bishop of Elphin, died 1417.

John Brady received a patent of land from Queen Elizabeth in 1582.

Nicholas Brady was a Major General in the English army. Date of birth and death not given.

Rev. Nicholas Brady, D. D., versifier of the Psalms and chaplain to King William and Queen Ann. Born October 28, 1659; died May 22, 1726.

Dr. Samuel Brady was Mayor of Portsmouth, England, in 1726. Died March 17, 1747.

Charles James Brady, Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. Born September 24, 1764; died December 1, 1793. Killed in battle at Toulon.

John Brady, Secretary to Victualing Board, Royal Navy. Born June 15, 1766. Author of the *Clavis Calcadaria*. Died December 14, 1814.

James Brady, Midshipman in H. M. Frigate Guardian, Royal Navy. Born November 27, 1769. Lost at sea December 25, 1787.

The Brady family in England was represented, until recently.



by Sir A. Brady, baronet, London, and by his brother, Captain Edward Brady, who emigrated to Philadelphia, April 9, 1847, and who had intermarried with Mary Ann Sharpe, a descendant of James Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, Scotland, who was murdered near Edinburgh May 3, 1679. The Sharpe branch in Pennsylvania is represented by Captain A. Brady Sharpe, of Carlisle, Pa.

Another branch of the Brady family in Pennsylvania, who are likewise descended from Bishop Hugh Brady, is that of Captain John Brady, who was shot by the Indians near Muncy, April 11, 1779, and in whose honor a beautiful cenotaph was erected in the cemetery at Muncy in 1879.

Considering that there is such a long and distinguished line of ancestry, it is much regretted that the history of the family was not fully written when the facts could have been more easily obtained than they can be now. But, thanks to Captain A. Brady Sharpe, of Carlisle. Recently he made a very full historical contribution to the *Herald* of that place. His article, which is copied herewith in full, was published in that paper on the 27th of September, 1888, and throws a flood of light on the history of the descendants of Hugh Brady in Pennsylvania. It is as follows:

"The Brady family, prior to the middle of the last century, had settled on the Conodoguinet Creek, in Cumberland County, in that portion of it which now embraces Hopewell Township. The *propositus* was Hugh Brady,* an Enniskilliner, who with Hannah, his wife, were the parents of seven sons and two daughters, whose numerous offspring is scattered through many of the states, and has had all along members of it distinguished in church and state.

"The family is reported to have come into Pennsylvania from Delaware, but this is most likely a mistake. Its settlement here was cotemporaneous with that of the Hemphills, Quigleys, Sharpes, Carnahans, McCunes, McClays, and others who came from the Scotch-Irish settlement at the Forks of the Delaware, and the Bradys, Hemphills, Sharpes, McCunes and McClays were

^{*}Their children were named as follows: Samuel, John, Joseph, William, Hugh, Ebenezer, James, and Mary and Margaret. The date of the death of Hugh, the progenitor, is unknown, but he is believed to have died at Easton.



neighbors in the valley, and connected by marriage at a very early period; some of them, the Sharpes and Hemphills, as early as or possibly prior to their settlement here.

"The Bradys were Presbyterians and members of the Middle Spring Church, neighbors and parishioners of Rev. Robert Grier and Rev. Dr. Cooper, the latter, father of John Cooper, who taught the Latin school that was the officina Presbyterium, whence issued Hon. R. C. Grier, of the Supreme Court of the United States; Hon. J. K. Cooper, of Peoria, Illinois, and many other distinguished lay members of this church; and from it came forth also such ministers of the Presbyterian body as the Williamson brothers, Stuart, James, Moses, McKnight and Alexander; the three Nevins, Alfred, Edward H. and D. E. Nevin; Rev. Dr. Alexander Sharpe, Rev. John Kennedy, Rev. Robert Gracey, Rev. David Clark and such members of society as Commodore O'Brien, Hon. Henry M. Watts, Hon. Charles and Hon. William McClure.

"All the sons and daughters of Hugh and Hannah Brady married and had families. Samuel, his eldest son, married Jane Simonton, and they had six children, two sons and four daughters. John, his second son, married Mary, a daughter of James Quigley, and they had six sons and four daughters. Joseph married Mary Carnahan, and they had two sons and four daughters. William married ———— Ferguson, and they shortly after the close of the war of the Revolution emigrated to North Carolina, and from thence to the state of Kentucky. (John Brady, a son of Captain Samuel Brady, met a grandson of Joseph Brady in 1813. He was an officer of the regular army, and marched his command to the relief of General Harrison at Fort Meigs. He stated to John Brady that there was a pretty large connection of them.)

"Hugh-Brady married Jane Young, and they had five sons and four daughters. Ebenezer Brady married Jane Irvine, and they had four sons and four daughters. James Brady married Rebecca Young, and they had four sons and three daughters. Mary Brady married Samuel Hanna, and they had two sons and two daughters, and Margaret Brady married Archibald Hanna, and they had also four children, two of them sons and two daughters.

"John Brady, second son of Hugh, married Mary Quigley in



1755, and they had ten children, six of them sons, five of whom became eminent citizens, two of them, Captain Samuel and General Hugh Brady, greatly distinguished in the service of the country. The sixth son was James Brady, of whom his brother, General Hugh, said: 'He was a remarkable man; his person was fine, he lacked but a quarter of an inch of six feet and his mind was as well finished as his person. I have ever placed him by the side of Jonathan, son of Saul, for beauty of person and nobleness of soul, and like him he fell by the hands of the Philistines.' Samuel Brady, their oldest child, was born in Shippensburg in 1756, after which the family removed to Standing Stone (now Huntingdon), and in 1769 to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, opposite the spot on which Lewisburg now stands, and thence to Muncy, where he erected a semi-fortified residence, near which he was shot from his horse and killed by the Indians on the 11th of April, 1779. He was in command of a regiment, and wounded at the battle of Brandywine, and two of his sons, Samuel, his eldest, and John, but a youth of 15 years, were in the same engagement.

"The third son, Joseph Brady, married Mary Carnahan. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and in his will, dated September 7, 1776, and proved June 22, 1787, he speaks of 'being called forth in defense of my country to join the Third Battalion at Amboy, and if it please God that I fall in battle,' directs how his wife shall manage his estate during the minority of their children. One of their children was Mary, who married Colonel Thomas McCune. also a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, and they were the maternal grandparents of Rev. Dr. S. A. Mutchmore. Joseph Brady, a son, became a minister of the Gospel, was a graduate of Dickinson College in the class of 1798, a licentiate as early as 1802, and he subsequently ministered to the churches in Perry County, where he died April 24, 1821, aged 47 years. He married a daughter of Thomas Foster, of Carlisle, and had four sons, Alfred, Joseph, Ernest and Sobieski, and one daughter, Mary, who married Abram Hendel, of Carlisle. Jane, a daughter of Joseph Brady, married Paul Martin, of Newton Township. father of John Brady Martin, of Monmouth, Illinois. They were United Presbyterians, and lived near Roxbury. The parents and



their children were members of the United Presbyterian Church, and worshiped under Rev. Dr. Sharpe, at Newville.

"Hugh Brady, the second, fourth son of Hugh, the progenitor, married Jane Young, and had five sons and four daughters. One of his sons was James Brady, of Greensburg, Westmoreland County, one of the most estimable men of his day. He was the first elder of the Presbyterian Church, in that place, of whom there is any record. He appeared in Presbytery as an elder in 1802. In 1808 he and his pastor were elected delegates to the General Assembly. He frequently represented the church in the meetings of Presbytery, and from the number of committees on which he served in that body, he must have been an active and useful member. He removed from the Cumberland Valley and settled in Ligorier Valley, Westmoreland County, at an early day, but went to Greensburg to assume the duties of sheriff, to which office he was elected in 1795, and continued to reside there as long as he lived. He was a member of the Legislature for a number of years. In 1806 he was Speaker of the Senate, and from May 11, 1821, to May 11, 1824, Secretary of the Land Office. He died in 1830, and served the church as an elder nearly if not quite forty years. His son, John S. Brady, Esq., of Washington, Pa., married the daughter of Parker Campbell, Esq., but they left no issue, and Hugh Brady, his other son, died unmarried; but his daughters, Jane and Hannah, married Jacob and Henry Welty, of Greensburg, and they both had families. Among their descendants are Hon. Welty McCullough, a grandson, and John Welty, Mrs. Rachel Armstrong and Mrs. Ann McCausland, chil dren of Jacob and Jane Welty, and Mrs. Richard Coulter, a daughter of Henry and Hannah Welty. Joseph Brady, another son, also went to Westmoreland County at an early period and lived to a great age. He was possessed of an excellent memory and furnished many facts relating to the older branches of the family to the younger members of it. He was a farmer, and left sons and daughters. Hannah and Rebecca, two of the daughters of Hugh Brady, the second, married Samuel and Hugh McCunc. brothers. They continued to reside in the valley and both had large families, that of the former consisting of four sons and five daughters, and the latter of five sons and five daughters, and these



were all Presbyterians, as are their descendants, many of whom have gone to the Western States.

"The children of Samuel, eldest son of Hugh and Hannah Brady, and the descendants of his sons, Ebenezer and James, and of his daughters, Mary and Margaret, married to Samuel and Archibald Hanna, early emigrated to Western Pennsylvania and are now scattered through the Western States, and many of them have attained prominence in church and state.

"What a pity it is that no records have been kept, so that the members of a family so large and so useful, and with so fine a record as this one, could show their relationship to each other.

"Little now is known in Pennsylvania about the families of Samuel, the eldest, and Hugh, the youngest, sons of John Brady, and scarcely anything east of the mountains relative to that of William P. Brady, his third son, who left Northumberland for Indiana County in 1806, who in his day was among the most prominent men in the state, and whose descendants have shown themselves worthy of him.

"The notion that most people have of Captain Samuel Brady is that of one who passed his days as a wandering modern Knighterrant, killing Indians at will. This is entirely erroneous.

"His father and brother both perished at the hands of the savages. His father was the most prominent defender of the north-western frontier until he fell—and his eldest son was then called to take his place.

"He had been cradled among dangers from their inroads, and knew better than any one else how to repel them, and whilst the accounts of his many conflicts and hairbreadth escapes are all well authenticated, there is no evidence that he ever was a cruel foe. A cousin of his, a daughter of Hugh Brady, the second, spoke of him as a gentle and taciturn man, of handsome, lithe, graceful figure, warmly attached to his friends, never boastful nor given to harsh expressions in regard to persons or subjects. He was but nineteen years of age when he volunteered to go to Boston at the eutbreak of the war of the Revolution, and behaved so well there that he had a commission as first lieutenant under Washington before he left the East. In 1779 he was breveted captain and ordered to join General Broadhead, who had command at Fort



Pitt. He remained in the service until the army disbanded at the close of the Revolutionary war, and was distinguished for gallantry.

"In the fall of 1785 he married Drusilla, a daughter of Captain Van Swearingen, and settled on the Chartiers Creek, in Washington County. They had two sons—Van Swearingen, born on the 13th of September, 1786, after which he moved to Ohio County, Virginia, and settled near Wellsburg, where John, his second son, was born on the 24th of May, 1790. In 1793 he removed to Short Creek, near West Liberty, where he resided until he died on the 25th of December, 1795. His widow died in January, 1823. Van S., eldest son of Captain Samuel Brady, married Elizabeth, daughter of Captain William Ivess, of Ohio County, Virginia, in 1810, and in 1813 removed to Manchester, Adams County, Ohio, where he died in 1859, leaving a family of eleven children, one of whom, William I. Brady, and perhaps others of the family, reside there still.

"John, the younger son, married Nancy Ridgely, of Ohio County, Virginia, on the 10th of January, 1813, and they had a family of four children. He died on the 12th day of January, 1872, and was buried in the West Liberty Cemetery by the side of his father, and one monument marks the last resting place of both.

"The following is an extract from a letter addressed the writer in his 80th year:

*Now, sir, you ask me to give some account of myself. I was left an orphan at the age of some little over five years without any relative to pity or encourage me in the country; left in the wilds of West Virginia. My mother, little brother and I had to hoe our own row. I scuffled until I became a pretty good looking young man when I married a nice little woman—lived happily with her until she died. Never expected to be anything but a tiller of the soil, but to my astonishment in 1825 I was appointed a member of the County Court of my native county, which position I held for thirty-one years. In the meantime I was appointed Commissioner of the Revenue for the county, the two offices not being incompatible. I held that office for three years. I was carrying on my little farm, was busy at my plough, went to my dinner, picked up the late paper and to my utter astonishment I saw that at a large and respectable meeting convened in the Court House, John Brady, Esq., was unanimously nominated as the candidate for a seat in the House of Delegates.

*I did not accept the nomination until the Saturday previous to the election. There were four candidates and two to be elected. When the poll was counted I was fifty



votes ahead of the foremost of the other three. I was three times elected until I utterly refused to be a candidate. I was also High Sheriff of my county. I have been a very temperate man both in eating and drinking. I am in my 80th year and I know nothing of the feelings of a drunken man. If this little sketch of my life will be of any use you can use it. It is true to the letter, but I give it to you with reluctance.'

"General Hugh Brady was born in 1768, and was among the younger children of John Brady, and when quite young, after the death of his father, was apprenticed to a tanner, when, in 1788, his older brother, Captain Samuel Brady, visited the family. negotiated with his master, lifted his indentures, and took him with him to Ohio County, Virginia, where he remained until he received a commission in the army in 1792, and joined the command of General Anthony Wayne. After Wayne's treaty with the Indians he, at the instance of his friends, resigned his commission and returned in 1796 to the home of his brother, Samuel, who was dead but a few months. He remained with his widow a short time, and then went to visit his friends at Sunbury, Pa., and shortly after received a commission as captain in the army, raised during the administration of the elder Adams, and remained in service until it was disbanded, when he returned to Northumberland County and married Sarah Wallis. In 1808 he was restored to the army by Mr. Jefferson, and during the war of 1812 attained great eminence, was distinguished for gallantry at Chippewa and the other battles on the northern frontier. Of him General Scott said, 'God never made a better man nor a better soldier,' remained in the army until his death in 1851. It was accidental. He was driving a team of spirited horses that became entangled in telegraph wires dropped for repairs. They ran away with him and threw him from the carriage and fatally injured him. His pastor, Rev. George Duffield, of Detroit, was with him in his last moments, and it is said that the following colloquy took place:

"'General, you are very ill; my friend, very ill!"

"The General opened his eyes and pressing Mr. Duffield's hand, replied:

"'Yes, yes, sir; I know it-I know it!"

"'But, General, you are badly hurt and very ill!"

"'Oh, yes!' he faintly replied; yes, I know it, Mr. Duffield!'



"A pause—a silence—a few deep sobs—when Mr. Duffield said: 'But, General, you are very ill. I am sorry to tell you, you are just about to die!'

"Instantly raising himself up, straight as in health, his eye flashed under his bandaged forehead, and he firmly spoke out:

"'Mr. Duffield, let the drum beat; my knapsack is slung; I am ready to die,' and sank away in the arms of death.

"This was the parting scene between two distinguished men, both then far advanced in years, and both belonging to two of the oldest families of the Cumberland Valley, Presbyterian in all their branches. The one, the leading divine of the north-western frontier of our country, and the other the commander of the 'North-western Military Department of the United States,' under whose hospitable roof Scott, Worth, Macomb, Wool and other heroes of the old army, and prominent men in the other walks of life—as Bishop Onderdonk, Judge McLean, James Watson Webb, Millard Fillmore and others often gathered."

Captain John Brady, the second son of Hugh, was born in Delaware in 1733. He received a fair education for the time in which he lived and the opportunities he enjoyed. He taught an elementary school in New Jersey before his father and family emigrated to the province of Pennsylvania and settled in Hopewell Township, within five miles of Shippensburg, Cumberland County, some time in 1750. At this time he was quite a young man—scarcely twenty-one. His personal appearance has come down to us by tradition; he was six feet high, well formed, had black hair and hazel eyes, and a dark complexion. An analysis of his character shows that he was fearless, impulsive and warm-hearted to a fault; he went promptly where duty called, and he never flinched in the hour of danger.

In 1755 he married Miss Mary Quigley, who was also of Scotch-Irish origin. Her parents were among the early settlers in that beautiful valley, and the names of two brothers, James and John, appear upon the list of taxables of Hopewell Township for 1751. The Quigley family, of Clinton County, also came of this stock. John and Mary Brady's first son, Samuel, who became so famous as a scout and Indian killer, was born in 1756. At the



time of his birth "the tempestuous waves of trouble were rolling in upon the infant settlements in the wake of Braddock's defeat," and he grew to manhood in the troublous times "that tried men's souls" in this lovely valley.

Soon after the breaking out of the French and Indian war John Brady offered his services as a soldier, and on the 19th of July, 1763, he was commissioned Captain of the Second Battalion of the Pennsylvania Regiment, "commanded by Governor John Penn."

In 1764 he was actively engaged against the savages, who made incursions into Bedford and Cumberland counties, and killed many of the settlers. On the return of his regiment from Fort Pitt, in 1764, and when it reached Bedford, the officers made an agreement with each other in writing to apply to the Proprietaries for a tract of land, sufficiently extensive and conveniently situated, whereon to erect a compact and defensible town, and accommodate them with reasonable and commodious plantations, the same to be divided according to their several ranks. John Brady was one of the officers who signed this agreement.

Meanwhile, urged by the "restless, mysterious impulse that moulds the destiny of the pioneers of civilization," Captain Brady had removed his family to Standing Stone (now Huntingdon) in 1768, and there his children, General Hugh Brady and twin sister, Jennie, were born July 27, 1768. Captain Brady followed the occupation of a surveyor, and was kept busy surveying wild lands.

During the summer of 1769 Captain Brady moved his family from Standing Stone and settled upon a tract selected out of the survey on the West Branch, opposite the present borough of Lewisburg. This explains his emigration to this portion of the Province. Here he set to work and cleared a place directly opposite Derr's mill, which was on the west side of the river.

Not long after the exciting incident of upsetting the whiskey barrel at Derr's, described on page 478, Brady moved his family to Muncy Manor, where, in the spring of 1776, he had erected a semi-fortified residence, which was afterwards known as "Brady's Fort." It was constructed of logs, and was a secure retreat for those who resided within. It is regretted that an accurate description of it cannot be given. The "fort," as it was called, was a



private affair, and was not classed among the provincial fortifications of that day. The ground on which it stood—now in the borough of Muncy—lies west of the main street and is owned by Mrs. Dr. William Hayes. A slight elevation in the field is still

pointed out as the spot on which the building stood.

When Northumberland County was organized, Captain John Brady was appointed foreman of the first Grand Jury. About this time the trouble with the Wyoming, or Connecticut, settlers arose. The Connecticut people, who had settled at Wyoming. claimed under their charter the territory of the province of Pennsylvania, as far south as the 41st degree of latitude, which would run about a mile north of Lewisburg, and they were determined to enforce it by adverse occupation. Between the 3d and 7th of July, 1772, a large party of them reached the river where Milton now stands, when Colonel Plunkett, of Sunbury, summoned the Pennamites to arms, and drove the invaders away. The contest, however, was continued, and the Connecticut people advanced to Muncy Valley and made a settlement where the borough is now located. In December, 1775, Captain Brady accompanied Colonel Plunkett's famous expedition to Wyoming, to punish the Connecticut settlers for their audacity in attempting to occupy this portion of the West Branch Valley.

To aid in the cause of liberty two battalions of Associators were organized on the West Branch, one commanded by Colonel Hunter, the other by Colonel Plunkett. In the latter battalion Captain John Brady was commissioned First Major, March 13. 1776. On the 4th of July, 1776, he attended the Convention of Associators of Lancaster, as one of the representatives of Plunkett's battalion, when Daniel Roberdeau and James Ewing were elected Brigadier Generals of the Associators of the Province.

The day of Associators for mutual protection ended with a year and nine months' service. It then became necessary to raise regular regiments, enlisted for the war, if the independence of the State was to be maintained. When Colonel William Cooke's regiment, the Twelfth, was directed to be raised in the counties of Northampton and Northumberland, John Brady was commissioned one of the captains, October 14, 1776, and on the 18th of December, in mid-winter, the regiment left Sunbury in boats



for the battle-fields of New Jersey. The regiment went immediately into active service and participated in several spirited engagements.

When Washington moved his army to the banks of the Brandywine to confront Howe, Brady was present with his company and took part in the engagement. Captain Brady had two sons in this engagement. Samuel, the eldest, was first lieutenant. having been commissioned July 17, 1776, in Captain John Doyle's company, and John, afterwards sheriff of Northumberland County (1795), and then only fifteen years old, who had gone to the army to ride the horses home, was by his father's side with a rifle in his hands. The Twelfth Regiment was in the thickest of the fight, and Lieutenant William Boyd, of Northumberland, fell dead by his captain. Little John was wounded and Captain Brady fell with a wound through his mouth. The day ended with disaster, and the Twelfth sullenly quit the field nearly cut to pieces. Fortunately the wound only loosened some of Captain Brady's teeth, but being disabled by an attack of pleurisy, caused by his exposures-which he never got entirely well of-he was sent home.

On the invasion of Wyoming Valley, in 1778, he retired with his family to Sunbury, and on the 1st of September, 1778, he returned to the army. Meanwhile, under an arrangement of the forces, which took place about the 1st of July, the field officers had been mustered out, and the companies and their officers distributed into the Third and Sixth Pennsylvania regiments. Captain Brady was therefore sent home by General Washington's order, with Captain Boone, Lieutenants Samuel and John Daugherty, to assist Colonel Hartley in protecting the frontiers. He joined Colonel Hartley at Muncy on the 18th of September, and accompanied him on the expedition to Tioga.

On their return Captain Brady and his rangers were kept busy. His headquarters were at his Muncy fort, where he had brought his family on his return from the army. He was one of those of whom Colonel Hartley wrote on the 13th of December, 1778, that said "they would rather die fighting than leave their homes again."

The only autograph writing and signature of Captain John



Brady known to be in existence is in the possession of Dr. George G. Wood, of Muncy. It is a report of the survey of Spring Island-below Loyalsock-and a copy, with fac-simile of signature, is appended:

Surveyed on the 2d Day of July in the year one Thousand Seven Hundred & Seventy one, an Island Situate in the West branch of the river Susquehanna, being the Island on which Godfrey Dareinger now lives & known by the name of Spring Island, for the Heirs or assigns of Wm. Frampton, in pursuance of the Honorable Wm. Penn's warrant granted to him on the 12th Day of the 4th mo. 1684.

Beginning at a marked Maple Tree on the lower end of S. Island and running thence up the Easterly side of the same N 50 Degrees East to a maple 51 Perches, Thence by the same N 20 Degrees East to a Post 38 P, thence by the same N 27 E to a Mulberry 40 Perches, thence N 4 Degrees West to a Cherry tree 18 Perches, thence N 42 Degrees East to an Elm 21 Perches, thence N 10 Degrees West to a white walnot at the upper end of the Island 31 Perches. Thence Down the West side of the Island S 40 Degrees West to an Elm 26 Perches, thence S 2 West to a walnot 58 Perches, thence S 10 West to Place of Beginning 96 Perches. Survey'd by John 13 way

Chained by us. his JOSEPH > WILCOX, mark MARCUS HULINGS.

The foregoing is but a brief biographical sketch of the distinguished pioneer, soldier and scout, Captain John Brady, but it will suffice to give the younger readers of to-day a faint idea of the vicissitudes the early settlers in this valley were called upon to endure. The space of a small volume would be required to give his history in full, together with that of his wife, sons and No name of early times is more entitled to honor and reverence than that of Brady.

Mary Quigley, the wife of Captain Brady, came of Irish stock. In O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees the Quigleys are mentioned as a very ancient family. The name was anglicized from O'Quigley into Quigley, and it means a "tall hero." Mary, as the sequel will show, was a heroine in every sense of the word. Her trials were many, but she bore them with Christian fortitude and resignation.

When married she was about twenty years of age. The first child born to them was Samuel, while they yet lived at Shippensburg, in 1758. It is truly said of him that he "was born in the midst of the tempestuous waves of trouble that rolled in upon the



settlements in the wake of Braddock's defeat." He grew to manhood, served in the Revolution, became a noted scout and Indian killer, and died on Christmas day, 1795, aged about 39 years.

When her husband was killed she collected her children together and fled to the home of her father in Cumberland County, in May, 1779, where she remained until October of that year. She then returned to the West Branch and settled upon a tract of land her husband had located in Buffalo Valley, now better known as Smoketown. After enduring much suffering and hardship, she died there on the 20th of October, 1783, and was buried in the Old Lutheran grave-yard at Lewisburg. What a noble type of the Roman matron! Many years afterwards, when the new cemetery was opened on the hill-side outside of the town, her remains were carefully taken up, with those of her son John and wife, and tenderly laid in the new burial ground. A time-stained marble slab, yet in a good state of preservation, bears these inscriptions:

MARY,

Widow of Captain John Brady, (Who fell in the Revolution of 76.) Departed this Life Oct. 20th, 1783, Aged 48 Years.

All Tears are Wiped from Her Eyes.

JOHN,
Son of
John and Mary Brady,
Departed this Life
Dec. 10th, 1809,
Aged 48 Years.

He was a Good Man and a Just One.

JANE, Wife of John Brady, Departed this Life March 4, 1829, Aged 62 Years.

Her trust was in Him who was the Father of the Fatherless, And Husband of the Widow.



In all the sketches of John and Mary Brady heretofore published, it is stated that they had ten children—six sons and four daughters. Recent research has shown this to be incorrect. They had thirteen. Dr. R. H. Awl, one of the oldest physicians of Sunbury, who was personally acquainted with several members of the Brady family, made careful inquiry a few months ago among their descendants in that place, when the following names of all their children were discovered:

- 1. Samuel, born in 1756; died December 25, 1795. The Captain married Drusilla Van Swearingen.
- 2. James, born in 1758; died at Fort Augusta, August 13, 1778. Killed by Indians.
 - 3. William, born in 1760; died in infancy.
- 4. John, born March 18, 1762; died December 10, 1809. Elected sheriff of Northumberland County in 1794. Married Jane McCall January 26, 1785.
- 5. Mary, born April 22, 1764; died at Lancaster December 13, 1850. Married Captain William Gray* of the Revolution, who died July 19, 1804.
- 6. William Perry, born August 16, 1766; died November 27, 1843, at Brookeville. He married Jane Cooke.
- 7. Hugh, born July 27, 1768; died at Detroit April 15, 1851. He rose to the rank of a Major General in the United States army. Married Sarah Wallis, of Lycoming County. She died August 25, 1833.

William M. Gray testified, in 1838, that he copied in 1831, from an old original

^{*}The following is from the pension record: Captain William Gray having died July 19, 1804, which was before the passage of a law for the service only in the Revolutionary war, therefore there is no statement of his military services other than that by his widow, Mary, when she made her application for a pension dated in July, 1838. She stated that she was living in Sunbury, Penn'a, and was aged 74 years in April last, and was the widow of William Gray, who was a Captain in the Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment of the Continental line and served to the close of the war, but gives no dates or further details of his service or incidents connected therewith. Her marriage to William Gray was September 10, 1784. Jane Brady testifies in July 1838, that she was 70 years old and was present at their marriage. His commission (which is on file) is dated June 28, 1778, signed by John Jay, President of Congress, and authorizes his rank as Captain in the Fourth Regiment of Pennsylvania from June 3, 1777. In June, 1848, she was living in Sunbury.



- 8. Jane, twin sister of Hugh, born July 27, 1768; died at Northumberland February 27, 1845. Never married.
- 9. Robert, born September 12, 1770; died ——— in Jefferson County. Married Mary Cooke. She died at Sunbury. Left two sons.
 - 10. Agnes, born February 14, 1773; died November 24, 1773.
- 11. Hannah, born December 3, 1774; died November 26, 1835, at Sunbury. Married Robert Gray, a nephew of Captain William Gray.
 - 12. Joseph, born August, 1777; died in infancy.
- 13. Liberty, born August 9, 1778; died July 25, 1851. So named because she was born after independence was declared, and there were thirteen children and thirteen original states. Married William Dewart, of Sunbury. No issue.

Many interesting little incidents in the life of Mary Brady have been handed down, which serve to show the bravery she possessed. When she started on her return to Buffalo Valley she performed the wonderful feat of carrying a young child (Liberty) before her on horseback, and leading a cow all the way from Shippensburg to her new home. The cow was given her by a brother. The journey was long, the roads bad, the times perilous, but her energy and perseverance surmounted all, and she and her cow and children arrived in safety. She was a true woman and loving mother. After her death her younger children—Robert, James, Hannah and Liberty—were taken by their sister, Mrs. William Gray, living at Sunbury, and provided with a comfortable home.

Of the trials and sufferings of Mrs. Brady and her family of

family Bible record made by his father, a list of the births of the children of William and Mary Gray, as follows: 1, Elizabeth, born April 23, 1786; 2, Mary, born September 3, 1789; 3, William M., born December 3, 1792; 4, Jackson, born September 30, 1796. Underneath these names follows this record: Harriet Jane Seely, horn January 22, 1811. In an opposite column on same leaf is the following: John Brady, born March 18, 1762; Mary Brady, born April 22, 1764; William P. Brady, born April 1, 1766; Hugh Brady, born July 27, 1768; Jane Brady, born July 27, 1768, (twin to Hugh); Robert Brady, born September 12, 1770; Agnes Brady, born February 14, 1773; Hannah Brady, born December 3, 1774. On the opposite side of the leaf, under the heading of Marriages, as follows: Jackson Gray married to Margaretta Jane Carpenter, September 3, 1827—Egle's Notes and Queries.



younger children, while living in Buffalo Valley, General Hugh, her youngest son, gives this pathetic account:

After the fall of Captain Brady, my mother removed, with her family, to her father's place in Cumberland County, where she arrived in May, 1779, and where she remained till October of that year. She then removed to Buffalo Valley, and settled on one of our own farms. We found the tenant had left our portion of the hay and grain, which was a most fortunate circumstance. The winter-1779-80was a very severe one, and the depth of snow interdicted all traveling. Neighbors were few, and the settlement scattered—so that the winter was solitary and dreary to a most painful degree. But, whilst the depth of the snow kept us confined at home, it had also the effect to protect us from the inroads of the savages. But, with the opening of the spring the savages returned, and killed some people near our residence. This induced Mrs. Brady to take shelter, with some ten or twelve families, about three miles from our home. Pickets were placed around the houses, and the old men, women and children remained within during the day, while all who could work and carry arms returned to their farms for the purpose of raising something to subsist upon. Many a day have I walked by the side of my brother John while he was plowing, and carried my rifle in one hand and a forked stick in the other to clear the plowshare!

Sometimes my mother would go with us to prepare our dinner. This was contrary to our wishes; but she said that, while she shared the dangers that surrounded us, she was more contented than when left at the fort. Thus we continued till the end of the war, when peace—happy peace—again invited the people to return to their homes.

In 1783 our mother was taken from us. In '84 my brother John married, and soon after my eldest sister followed his example. All the children younger than myself lived with them. I went to the Western country with my brother, Captain Samuel Brady. He had been recently disbanded, and had married a Miss Swearingen, in Washington County, Pa. He took me to his house at that place, and I made it my home until 1792, when I was appointed an ensign in General Wayne's army. Previous to this my brother had moved into Ohio County, Virginia, and settled a short distance above Charlestown. At that day the Indians were continually committing depredations along the frontier.

The death of Captain John Brady cast a pall of gloom over the settlements in the West Branch Valley. His son, "Captain Sam.," as he was usually called, was at Pittsburg when the sad intelligence reached him, and in the first frenzy of his grief he is said to have raised his hand on high and made this fearful yow:

"Aided by Him who formed yonder Sun and Heavens, I will revenge the murder of my father; nor while I live will I ever be at peace with the Indians of any tribe!"

From this time on to the close of the war he never ceased his efforts to avenge the death of his father. He commanded scout-



ing parties, and laid in wait wherever an opportunity offered to kill an Indian. He became a terror to the red skins in that part of the State, and sent many of them to the "happy hunting grounds." He was bold, vigilant and active; no amount of fatigue seemed to cause him to relax in his efforts to wipe out the life of one of his mortal enemies. Thoroughly acquainted with the wiles of Indian warfare, he was constantly on their trail as an avenging spirit, and terribly did he carry out his vow. His daring adventures on the Allegheny and in South-western Pennsylvania would fill a volume.

Mrs. Harriet S. Totten, of New York, a great-granddaughter, writes that her grandmother (Mary Brady Gray) used to relate how Sam. Brady would suddenly appear at Sunbury on a visit from the south-western part of the State. He was somewhat eccentric, and lived much among the Delaware Indians. After making a short visit, "just to see how Polly and the children were getting along," he would disappear as abruptly as he came. He would be attired in semi-Indian fashion, and thought nothing of a tramp of a hundred miles through the wilderness. He never would enter by the front door, but always by the back gate, and he preferred a seat by the kitchen fire. If he remained over night he would insist upon sleeping on the floor. He was kind, affectionate and very pious, and had a wonderful acquaintance with the Bible. Sometimes when he was induced to stay all night he would ask the boys, William and Jackson Gray, to read the Scriptures with him. A chapter would be selected almost anywhere, and the boys would begin. Verse about was his rule, and he would use no book, but when his turn came he would repeat his verse and give the words correctly. This reading usually took place in the kitchen, while Sam. was stretched at full length on the floor.

On the 17th of April Captain Andrew Walker, who then commanded Fort Muncy, wrote to the Executive Council and described the repairs made to the fort and the sufferings endured by the garrison. He said:

On the 2d of Augt, wee ware ordred by Colonel Hartley to build this Fort; wee Immeadiately begon and Finnish'd by the 18th of Sepr, with these Exceptions—There was but one row of Abbeties round it, wee had built Neither Barrack's Store or Magazine.



On the 20th of Sepr, the Garrason, which Consisted of I Capt, 2 Subs, 4 Sergts, & 60 Rank and File, ware drawn out (Except 1 Subn & 18) on an Expedition under the Command of Col. Hartley-on the 9th of Sepr wee Again marched into it; bad weather comeing on we began our Barraks Magazine, Storehouse, &c; when this was Finesh'd, wee ware Comfortably Prepared Again the winter; but in the Spring I found the Works much Impeared; I then set the Garrison to Repair the Works, and raised them Eighteen Inches; Then wee put two rowes more of Abberties round the works-this is Just now Finesh'd; it is to be Observ'd that in the Course of this time, one third of our men ware Constantly Imployed as Guards to the Inhabitants, and, I may Aferm, in Harvest the one halfe ware Imployed the same way, nor can anny man in the County say he ever asked a guard (when he had a Just Occation) and was denied. Dureing this time the Troops were not supplied even with Ration Whiskey, allmoste Neaked for want of Blankets and Cloathes, and yet I have the Satisfaction to inform you they done their Duty Cheerfully. I from time to time did promise them some Compensation for their Troble and Industrey. The works are now finished, and, in my oppinion, Taneble again anny nomber our Savage Enemy can bring again it; as to my own part, I begg lave to observe That I neither clame Meret or Reward for what I have done-it's anough that I have done my Duty. Yet, Sir, as I have Promised these men a Compensation for there Industry, I begg you will Please to lay before the Hon'hle Councel, the Inclosed Plan, which will Inable them to Judge wheather the Troops deserve a Reward for their labour or not.

The sole cost this fort is to the States is, to building two Roomes for the Officers.

Makeing the gate & two Sentry Boxes.
(Signed)

ANDW. WALKER, Capt. Com'g Fort Muncy.

Captain Walker deserved much credit for his services at this post of danger, although he claimed neither "Meret or Reward" for what he did. Whether he ever received as much as a vote of thanks does not appear.

On the 26th of the same month a party of Indians, supposed to be thirty or forty in number, suddenly appeared in the vicinity of Fort Freeland, and succeeded in killing and capturing seven men belonging to the Warrior Run settlement. Among those taken prisoners was James McKnight,* one of the Assemblymen for Northumberland County, and probably the husband of Mrs. McKnight, who made such a narrow escape with her child at the time Mrs. Durham was scalped.

The same day a party of thirteen men went in search of their horses about five miles from Fort Muncy. They were waylaid

^{*}Colonel Hunter's letter, giving an account of the troubles of this date, is printed in full on pages 346-7 of Vol. VII. of the *Pennsylvania Archives*. It was carried to Philadelphia by James Hepburn.



and fired upon, probably by the same band of Indians, and all killed or taken prisoners but one man, who made his escape. Captain Walker,* on hearing the firing, immediately turned out with a company of thirty-four men and proceeded to the spot, where he found the dead bodies of four men. They had been scalped.

There was no longer any doubt that great preparations were being made by the Tories and Indians for a descent upon the valley in overwhelming numbers, for the purpose of exterminating the infant settlements at one blow. The impending danger was so great that William Maclay was induced to submit a proposition † to the Supreme Executive Council, to be allowed to employ bloodhounds to hunt the savages. An extract from his letter, written April 27, 1779, reads as follows:

I have sustained some Ridicule for a Scheme which I have long recommended, Viz., that of hunting the Scalping parties of Indians with Horsemen & Dogs. The iminent Services which Dogs have rendered to our People in some late instances, seems to open People's Eyes to a Method of this kind. We know that Dogs will follow them, that they will discover them and even seize them, when hunted on by their Masters.

History informs us That it was in this Manner That the Indians were estimated out of whole Country's in South America. It may be objected That we have not Proper Dogs. It is true that every new thing must be learned; But we have, even now, Dogs that will follow them, and the arrantest Cur will both follow and fight in Company. I cannot help being of opinion that a Single Troop of Light Horse, attended by Dogs, (and who might occasionally carry a footman behind them, that the pursuit might not be interrupted by Morasses or Mountains,) under housest and active officers, would destroy more Indians than five thousand Men stationed in forts along the Frontiers; I am not altogether singular in this opinion, could not such a Thing be tryed?

It nowhere appears how his views were received by the Supreme Executive Council; but it is certain that the "scheme" was never adopted and tried. It might have been a good one; and con-

^{*}It is regretted that nothing of the personal history of this brave officer is known. Captain Walker was originally Lieutenant of Colonel Thomas Hartley's Continental Regiment from Pennsylvania. He was promoted Captain January 23, 1778; transferred to the Second Regiment, Pennsylvania Line, January 17, 1781. In a manuscript letter from Hartley to Council, dated June 19, 1784, he says: "Captain Andrew Walker entered the service with me, and on account of his merit was appointed Captain on my request, and whilst under my command he was a punctual, brave and deserving officer, and acquitted himself with the highest reputation."

[†] For his letter in full see Vol. VII., page 357, Pennsylvania Archives.



sidering the atrocious methods of the savages, the people would have been justified in resorting to it for the protection of the lives of their wives and children.

As William Maclay is one of the conspicuous characters in this work, a condensed sketch of his history is appropriate in this connection. He was born* July 20, 1737, in New Garden Township, Chester County, Pa., and died April 16, 1804, at Harrisburg. In 1742 his father removed to what is now Lurgan Township, Franklin County, where his boyhood days were spent on a farm. When the French and Indian war broke out he was attending school in Chester County, and desiring to enter the service of the Province, his teacher gave him a recommendation "as a judicious young man and a scholar," which secured him the appointment of ensign in the Pennsylvania Battalion. Afterwards he was promoted lieutenant in the Third Battalion, by Lieutenant Colonel Hugh Mercer, May 7, 1758. He accompanied General Forbes' expedition that year, and especially distinguished himself at the battle of Loyalhanna. In Bouquet's expedition of 1763 he was in the fight at Bushy Run. In the subsequent campaign of that gallant officer he was stationed, with the greater portion of the Second Pennsylvania, on the line of the stockade forts, on the route to Fort Pitt, as lieutenant commanding the company. For these services he participated in the Provincial grant of land to the officers connected therewith, located on the West Branch, and most of which he assisted in surveying.

Mr. Maclay studied law, and was admitted to the York County Bar April 28, 1760, but he never practiced his profession, the continued Indian war, and his subsequent duties as surveyor, taking up nearly his whole time. From a letter of John Penn, however, it would seem that he was afterwards admitted to the Cumberland County Bar, and acted for the prothonotary of that county.

At the close of the French and Indian war he visited England and had an interview with Thomas Penn, one of the Proprietaries, relative to the surveys in the middle and northern parts of the Province, and was the assistant of Surveyor Lukens on the frontiers.

In 1772, as already stated, he laid out the town of Sunbury,

*See Dr. Egle's Pennsylvania Genealogies, pages 355 to 359, for biography of

William Maclay, together with a history of his descendants.



and erected for himself a substantial stone house (see page 397), which is still standing and is now owned and occupied by Hon. S. P. Wolverton.

On the organization of the county he was appointed prothonotary and clerk of the courts. He also acted as the representative of the Penn family, and took a prominent part in the troubles

with Wyoming.

At the outset of the Revolution, although an officer of the Proprietary Government, William Maclay took a prominent and active part in favor of independence, not only assisting in equipping and forwarding troops to the Continental army, but marched with the Associators, and participated in the battles of Trenton and Princeton. During the Revolution he held the position of assistant commissary of purchases.

In 1781 he was elected to the Assembly, and from that time forward he filled the various offices of member of the Supreme Executive Council, judge of the Courts of Common Pleas, deputy surveyor, and one of the commissioners for carrying into effect the act respecting the navigation of the Susquehanna River. About this time he visited England again in the interest of the

Penn family.

In January, 1789, he was elected to the United States Senate, being the first man on whom this great office was conferred by Pennsylvania. On taking his seat he drew the short term, and his position terminated March 3, 1791, his colleague, Robert Morris, securing the long term. His election to this body raised him to a higher plane of political activity. He began to differ with the opinions of President Washington very early in the session. He did not approve of the state and ceremony attendant upon the intercourse of the President with Congress; he flatly objected to the presence of the President in the Senate while business was being transacted, and in the Senate boldly spoke against his policy in the immediate presence of President Washington. The records show that Senator Maclay was the actual founder of the Democratic party,* notwithstanding that honor is

^{*}The New England historians, Hildreth and Goodrich, repute Thomas Jefferson as the "efficient promoter at the beginning and father and founder of the Democratic party." But they are wholly mistaken. The responsibility, or honor, in whatever light it may be regarded, belongs to this distinguished statesman of the Susquehanna.



credited to Thomas Jefferson. Before Mr. Jefferson's return from Europe Senator Maclay had assumed an independent position, and in his short career of two years in the Senate propounded ideas and gathered about him elements to form the opposition, which developed with the meeting of Congress, at Philadelphia, on the 24th of October, 1791, in a division of the people into two great parties, the Federalists and Democrats, when, for the first time. appeared an open and organized opposition to the administration. The funding of the public debt, chartering the United States Bank, and other measures championed necessarily by the administration, whose duty it was to put the wheels of government in motion, engendered opposition. Senator Maclay, to use his own language, "no one else presenting himself," fearlessly took the initiative, and with his blunt common sense (for he was not much of a speaker) and Democratic ideas, took issue with the ablest advocates of the administration. Notwithstanding the prestige of General Washington, and the ability of the defenders of the administration on the floor of the Senate, such was the tact and resolution of Mr. Maclay that when, after his short service, he was retired from the Senate and succeeded by James Ross, of Pittsburg, a pronounced Federalist, their impress was left in the distinctive lines of an opposition party—a party which, taking advantage of the warm feeling of our people towards the French upon the occasion of Jav's treaty with Great Britain, in 1794, and of the unpopularity of the alien and sedition laws, passed under the administration of President John Adams, in 1798, compassed the final overthrow of the Federal party in 1800.

When Mr. Maclay retired from the Senate he resided permanently on his farm near Harrisburg. In 1795 he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, and again in 1803. He was a presidential elector in 1796, and, from 1801 to 1803, one of the associate judges of the county of Dauphin. Mr. Harris, who edited his journal, gives us this summary of Mr. Maclay's character: "He was a man of strict integrity, of positive opinions, having implicit confidence in his own honesty and judgment; he was inclined to be suspicious of the integrity of others whose sentiments or action in matters of importance differed from his own, and the journal to which



Emboldened by their successes, the enemy pushed on down the valley. They crossed Muncy hills and appeared in the vicinity of Fort Freeland on the 21st and surprised several men at work in a corn-field. A son of Jacob Freeland and Isaac Vincent were killed, and Michael Freeland and Benjamin Vincent were taken prisoners. It is related that when the alarm was given young Freeland ran towards a stone quarry,* but was pursued and speared in the thigh. He fell near the edge of the quarry, when the Indian sprang upon him, but rising with the savage on his shoulders he pitched him over the precipice, and would have escaped but for another Indian, who rushed up and killed him.

There was such an increased feeling of alarm among the remaining inhabitants in the valley that the authorities resolved on making a bold effort to cripple the relentless enemy by marching a large army into his country for the purpose of destroying his villages and corn-fields. By such a bold stroke it was thought the Indians could be so crippled that they could no longer carry on their cruel system of warfare. A great force was organized, and the command given to General Sullivan, with instructions to march up the North Branch. And in order to carry it out successfully all the available troops were collected. General Sullivan withdrew the garrison from Fort Muncy to strengthen his own command. This was the second time this post was evacuated during the Revolutionary war, and all the settlements from Freeland's up the river were left in a defenseless and unprotected condition. The inhabitants, therefore, were at a loss what to dowhether to fly or remain. Savages lurked in every thicket, and it was unsafe for persons to venture any distance from a place of protection. And to increase the feeling of alarm a rumor reached the settlements that a large body of Tories and Indians was making preparations to descend upon the valley from the north while General Sullivan marched up the North Branch, gain his rear, devastate the country, and if possible penetrate as far as Fort Augusta and capture that stronghold.

^{*}The stone quarry, or ledge of rocks, where this affair occurred is still to be seen. Standing on the site of Fort Freeland and looking across the creek, the rocks are plainly visible. The field in which the parties were at work was in rear of the precipice.



CHAPTER XXIV.

INVASION OF THE VALLEY BY THE BRITISH AND INDIANS UNDER M'DONALD—CAPTURE OF FORT FREELAND—THRILLING SCENES AND INCIDENTS—SKETCH OF COVENHOVEN, THE SCOUT.

S the rumors of an approaching body of British, Tories and Indians from the north increased, it was finally determined by Colonel Hepburn to send a man who was well acquainted with the paths and defiles of the mountains to ascertain and report their movements. Robert Covenhoven, the spy and scout, was selected for this dangerous duty. He preferred no company, as he thought he could better elude observation if alone than if accompanied by any one. Avoiding all the Indian paths, he directed his course through the wilderness towards the headwaters of Lycoming Creek, and by traveling at night soon arrived in the vicinity of the enemy's camp, which must have been somewhere in the neighborhood of the present village of Roaring Branch, on the Northern Central Railroad. The difficulty of making such a journey at that time can readily be imagined by those familiar with the route at this day. It lay over rugged hills, through dark and gloomy ravines, and almost impenetrable thickets in many places. Arriving in the vicinity of the camp of the enemy, he secreted himself in a secure position, where he lay during the day. At intervals he heard shots, amounting to several hundred, which led him to believe that they were cleaning their guns and preparing to descend Lycoming Creek by the Sheshequin war path, to attack the settlements. Satisfied that a large body was about to advance, he retraced his steps over the rugged hills and through the thickets, hungry and fatigued. He made as rapid progress as the nature of the country would admit. Striking an Indian path near Loyalsock, it suddenly occurred to him that he might meet Indians if he continued to travel in that direction. He stepped to one side and stopped



behind a large tree to rest for a short time. He had been there but a few minutes when two Indians passed him, humming some kind of a rude melody as they jogged along. Had he remained in the path he would have come in collision with them and might have been killed.

When he reached Fort Muncy he informed Colonel Hepburn of the impending danger, and preparations were at once made to retire, as the approaching force was evidently too strong to resist. What women and children were at the fort were hastily placed in boats and sent down the river to Fort Augusta* in charge of Mr. Covenhoven. Those collected at Fort Menninger were notified of the danger, when they abandoned that post and hastened down the river. Information was sent to Fort Freeland of the apprehended danger, but the settlers assembled there thought Covenhoven was magnifying the danger, and they concluded to remain. The garrison at Boone's fort also remained behind.

In the meantime the enemy, consisting of about 100 British and 200 Indians—the former under command of Captain John McDonald, and the latter under Hiokoto†, a Seneca chief—were rapidly advancing. They entered the valley at Loyalsock and commenced laying the country in waste, but as nearly all the settlers had fled they were rewarded with few scalps. The party advanced rapidly on Fort Muncy, which, much to their chagrin, they found abandoned. It was burned, and everything in the neighborhood destroyed that they could lay their hands on. The stone house of Samuel Wallis, which stood a few hundred yards south of the fort, on the bank of an arm of the river, could not be razed without too much labor, and it was allowed to remain. The force spread over the beautiful Muncy Valley and burned every cabin that could be found. Captain John Brady's fort was destroyed by the advancing enemy. Captain McDonald learned

^{*}While visiting London in the summer of 1888, Hon. William Rockefeller, of Sunbury, called at the British War Office, and upon request was shown the drawing of Fort Augusta made by the Provincial engineers in 1756. It required a search of nearly an hour to find it, and when the clerk brought it forth and laid it before him, he made a request that he would not touch it, as it had belonged to George III.!

[†]He was the husband of Mary Jemison, the "White Woman," whose strange and thrilling history is related in Chapter IV. of this work.



from his scouts that Fort Freeland* was still occupied, and as the savages under him were thirsting for blood, he hastened forward rapidly, fearing that the garrison might elude his grasp. The Muncy hills were quickly passed, and the force appeared in the vicinity of Fort Freeland before daylight on the morning of July 28, 1779. Keeping well hidden in the timber, the garrison was not aware of the nearness of the red devils and their British colleagues, and rested in fancied security.

About sunrise on that fatal morning, an old man named James Watt left the fort to look for his sheep that had strayed away. He had proceeded but a short distance in the direction of Warrior Run, when an Indian, who was lying in ambush, sprang upon him and tried to drag him away a prisoner. Watt stoutly resisted and cried for assistance, when the savage felled him with his tomahawk, and was about to scalp him, when a shot fired from the fort wounded him in the back and he was forced to desist in his murderous work. Two young men were also outside at the time, but hearing the alarm rushed to the fort. One of them stopped in the gate to look back, when a rifle ball struck him in the forehead. His comrade pulled him inside and closed the gate. In a few minutes the enemy emerged from the timber and the garrison were made aware of the danger that beset them. The moment was one of supreme danger, and many of the inmates of the fort were panic-stricken at the sight of the painted devils as they glided about in the bushes.

The fort only contained twenty-one effective men and a large number of women and children. But there were brave women in the fort, and when apprised of the danger Mary Kirk and Phæbe Vincent commenced to run bullets for the rifles of the men, and continued at this work as long as they had a dish or spoon that would melt.

The savages at once gave a tremendous yell and advanced to the attack under cover of the trees and bushes. The garrison offered a stout resistance and fired vigorously on the advancing foe, but with little effect. After continuing the assault for some

^{*}As early as the 20th of July an advance body of Indians appeared in the neighborhood of Fort Freeland and killed three men. They probably belonged to McDonald's party.

minutes, Captain McDonald found that he could make but little impression upon the works, when he hoisted a white flag and proposed terms of capitulation. Captain Lytle, accompanied by John Vincent, went out and held a conference with McDonald who seemed anxious to prevent a massacre, which he knew must follow if the fort was taken by storm. Half an hour was given the garrison for deliberation by the British commander. Lytle and Vincent immediately returned to the fort for consultation with their friends. The fortification was poorly constructed, and it covered more space than there were men to man it. The garrison, therefore, believing that there was no possibility of successfully resisting such a large force, and being anxious to save the lives of their women and children, decided to surrender. And at the end of the thirty minutes accorded them for consultation, Captain Lytle and Mr. Vincent returned, when the following articles of capitulation were agreed to and signed:

Articles of capitulation entered into between Captain John McDonald, on his Majesty's part, and John Lytle, on the part of Congress:

1. The men in the garrison to march out and ground their arms on the green in front of the fort, which is to be taken possession of immediately by his Majesty's troops. Agreed to.

2. All men bearing arms are to surrender themselves prisoners of war, and to be sent to Niagara. Agreed to.

The women and children are not to be stripped of their clothing, nor molested by Indians, and to be at liberty to move down the country where they please.

John McDonald, Captain Rangers. John Lytle.

While the respective commanders were discussing the terms of surrender the women were not idle in the fort. Every one put on as much clothing as she could possibly wear, taking care also to fill her pockets with every little thing of value that could be secured in this way. William Kirk,* a young man of feminine appearance, was dressed in female costume, by his mother, and escaped with the women.

^{*}Mrs. Etta Kirk Burr, wife of Theodore Burr, of Watsontown, and daughter of John McKinney Kirk, son of William Kirk, is a descendant. Her grandfathers William Kirk, who escaped from Fort Freeland disguised as a girl, died at Charlotte, Monroe County, N. V., and is buried there.



It was about 9 o'clock in the morning when the articles of capitulation were signed and the garrison marched forth and gave up their arms. As soon as the Indians took possession of the fort the squaws began to display their mischievous and destructive disposition. They ripped open all the feather beds they could find, emptied the contents in a heap, set them on fire and danced around in fiendish glee, at the same time uttering piercing yells of satisfaction. They packed the ticks full of clothes and goods, and then, Vandal-like, destroyed everything that was too heavy to be carried away. One of the squaws, in passing a white girl, snatched a handkerchief from her neck and refused to return it. McDonald, it is said, was so moved by the theft that he gave the poor girl his own handkerchief and then scolded the squaw for her thievish act.

The Indians having rifled the fort of all that was valuable, and having gathered together all the provisions they could find, proceeded to the creek, where they made preparations for a feast. The squaws with their plunder rode away on the side-saddles they had stolen, in mockery of the white women. The savages did not long enjoy their feast in quiet.

News of the attack rapidly spread among the few settlers remaining in the country. The firing was distinctly heard at Boone's Fort, when the brave captain hurriedly collected a party and proceeded to the assistance of those at Freeland's. It consisted of thirty-three as brave men as ever fired a gun, and they rapidly marched to the scene of pillage.

It was about 11 o'clock when they reached the opposite side of the creek, within seventy-five or eighty yards of where the enemy were feasting, without being discovered. Captain Boone cautioned each man in his company to take sure aim, and when all were ready the signal to fire was given, and at least thirty of the savages fell dead. As soon as they could reload they crossed the bridge and moved directly for the fort; but when they had run about half way across the meadow they discovered that the building and sheds within the stockade were on fire and that it had been abandoned. Boone quickly ordered a retreat to the woods, where he felt confident he could better cope with the foe. The Indians, seeing that the white men were few in number, endeavored to cut



off their retreat by throwing themselves before the bridge, but they were unsuccessful. One of Boone's men, named Daugherty, made a dash for the creek, and while endeavoring to cross it got entangled in some vines. While struggling to release himself an Indian called to him to surrender, but he derisively answered that he would not, and taking out his pocket knife cut his way out and reached his companions safely, who welcomed him with a hearty cheer. A brisk fire was kept up across the creek, as Boone tried to work his way around the hill in order to gain the open country in the direction of Montgomery's stockade, a few miles to the east. But he failed, as his men were obliged to fight against nine to one. A party of Indians got in his rear, and stationing themselves in the log building used as a mill, did much execution. The whites maintained a stout resistance until seventeen of their number, including the brave Captain Boone, were killed, when the survivors, seeing the hopelessness of further resistance, gave up the fight and each man did his best to escape. These brave fellows were closely hunted by the savages and several of them barely escaped. A man named Doyle darted into a thicket of hazel bushes close by where he had been fighting and remained concealed until night, although Indians frequently passed within a few feet of him.

During the fight William Hood and Major McMahon crossed the creek to where the women were collected, spoke a few words of encouragement to them and then returned with safety.

During the morning of the fight John Montgomery,* who had settled in Paradise, about four miles east of the fort, heard an unusual amount of firing in the direction of Freeland's. Fearing the worst, he called his sons, John and Robert, and directed them to mount their horses and ride over to the fort and learn what was the cause of the firing. They took the path leading through the timber, and on reaching the brow of the hill overlooking the creek, they discovered the fort on fire and a fight raging in the

^{*}John Montgomery, the fifth son of John and Sarah Montgomery, was born in Ireland and was only four years old when he came to this country. He died in 1792-at the age of 58, from injuries received by a tree falling on him while he was engaged in opening what was called the "Derry Road," leading from Milton to Derry Township. His widow, Christiana, died March 2, 1821, aged 80 years. Both are buried in Warrior Run Church grave-yard.—History of the Montgomery Family, pages 6,7.



timber some distance below where they stood. This was where Captain Boone and his party suddenly came on the Indians as they were feasting on the provisions they had stolen from the fort. The point where they stood and viewed the scene, unobserved by the enemy, is still pointed out. Satisfied that the enemy was in force, the young couriers galloped back and gave the alarm. Mr. Montgomery, on learning the condition of affairs, quickly loaded up his family in a wagon, with what provisions and clothing they could carry, and hurriedly drove across the country to Limestone Run, to the cabin of William Davis. After informing him what was going on, he gathered up his family and proceeded with them to Fort Augusta. In a short time Mr. Montgomery continued his flight to Harris, where he rented a farm of John Harris, and lived there until 1783, when he returned to his old home at the spring.

Samuel Brady, the elder brother of Captain John Brady, who was killed at Wolf Run, and uncle of the celebrated Sam. Brady, of the Rangers, was at Fort Freeland the day of its capture. He was determined not to be carried away a prisoner, and watching an opportunity, suddenly dashed into the hazel bushes and ran for his life. He made his way through the thickets and emerged in an open field, hotly pursued by several Indians. After running a considerable distance he looked back and found two Indians still pursuing him-one a large, dangerous looking fellow, the other of small stature. He increased his speed and was making rapid headway when he made a misstep and fell. The larger Indian was foremost, and now felt secure of his victim. Brady had fallen with a loaded rifle, and quickly rising shot his pursuer dead. The other fearing to follow him turned and fled. Brady yelled after him-" You murdering thief, you did not know it was Brady!" He said afterwards he was determined "to make his eternal escape,"

The only one of the band captured was Henry Gilfillen. He was caught the next day in a dilapidated fort—probably Montgomery's, a few miles east of Freeland's—while in the act of trying to milk a cow to obtain some nourishment, which he had not tasted for twenty-four hours. He was tomahawked and scalped.



The names of those killed in the attack on the fort were James Watt,* John McClintock, William McClung, James Miles and Henry Gilfillen. It is regretted that the names of all the killed belonging to Captain Boone's company were not preserved. The following only are given: Captain Boone,† Captain Samuel Daugherty, Jeremiah McGlaghten, Nathaniel Smith, John Jones, Edward Costigan, Ezra Green, Samuel Neel, Mathew McClintock, Hugh McGill and Andrew Woods, making eleven.

William Daugherty, the progenitor of the family bearing this name, was born in the north of Ireland. When he first came to this country he lived for a time in Cumberland County, and then found his way to the West Branch. He married a Miss Means, and they had seven sons-John, Samuel, William, James, Abel, Robert, and one whose name cannot be recalled. There were daughters also. One became the wife of Marcus Hulings, who settled at Milton. He assisted his father-in-law in building the first keel-boat that was used on the river. These seven sons all took part in the Revolution. John, the eldest and most prominent, was a skillful small swordsman, and while the patriot army was in New Jersey he fought and killed, in single combat, a British officer, also noted as a swordsman, for speaking contemptuously of the rebels. Captain John and his young brother, Samuel, formed a part of Captain Hawkins Boone's command, sent to the West Branch. Samuel warned his brother not to take part in the attack on Fort Freeland, as he believed they would surely be defeated. John told him if he was afraid he should go back. Samuel replied: "No Daugherty ever was a coward, and I shall fight as bravely as yourself, but we shall be defeated." McKnight says Hawkins Boone, Samuel Daugherty and fifteen others were killed. In after years George Daugherty, while traveling in New York, met a man named Robinson, who said he

^{*}See Vol. VII., page 610, Pennsylvania Archives. Also same page for the names of Boone's killed.

[†]He was a cousin of the celebrated Daniel Boone, a surveyor and an expert woodsman. A few years before this affair he had settled at the mouth of Muddy Run, built a log mill, and a small, rude defensive work, which the settlers called Fort Boone. The Indians burned them both. The mill was on the site now occupied by Kemerer's mill, two miles above Milton. Nothing more of the brave captain's history is known.



was in the fight at Freeland's. After their repulse he hid himself in the woods while three Indians passed. One of them carried what he recognized as Daugherty's scalp by its light curling hair. His gun was loaded, his finger was on the trigger, and he could have killed one Indian; but there would have been two others to fight, so he was obliged to let them pass. At Freeland's Captain John is said to have amply revenged his brother's death. While the fighting was in progress an old Tory, who was more than suspected of having betrayed the fort to the British, came up to him, and rubbing his hands, said: "That's right, Daugherty; give it to them!" "Yes," said he, "and I can give it to a d-d traitor, too!" He turned, loaded his gun and shot him down as coolly as if he had been shooting a squirrel! After the war Captain John went back to his farm. One day his bound boy did something to displease him, and when he attempted to correct him the boy stabbed him fatally with his knife. The brave man's only lament at dying was that after fighting the British, Hessians and Indians for so many years, he should be killed by a boy! James Daugherty was taken prisoner and carried to Canada. When peace was declared he was returned to Boston. Besides the sons there were daughters who married men who had a share in the great struggle, among them being William McGrady and John Campbell. James married Ann Hammond. Their children were George Hammond, Grace and Sarah. Grace was the grandmother of Daniel Hogue, of Watsontown, and Sarah was the grandmother of the Bowmans, of Towanda. George H. Daugherty, the son, was born in 1794, and his living children are: George H., of Bethlehem; Caroline, now Mrs. Faries, of Ogontz; Ada, Mrs. Ten Brook, of Turbuttville, and Thomas Daugherty, of Audenried, Carbon County. James was the only one of the seven brothers who died a natural death. The brothers-in-law of James Daugherty were named George, James, William, Joseph and David Hammond. One daughter of James Daugherty married a man named Vandyke, and two of her sons, James and Hammond Vandyke, reside on farms near Ulster, Bradford County, and are prominent citizens. The sisters of these heroes moved, about 1800, to Ohio and have been lost trace of. James Daugherty died and was buried near Monroeton, Bradford County. He and



Alexander Guffy once occupied pew No. 40 in the old Warrior Run Church, for which they paid one pound rent.

The survivors of this Spartan band took an active part in the skirmishes which followed during the closing years of the war. Many of their descendants still reside in Northumberland and other counties, and they are imbued with the same patriotism and love of liberty which distinguished their heroic ancestors.

While the Indians were engaged in the fight with Captain Boone,* the Fort Freeland prisoners were guarded by a portion of the British soldiers under command of McDonald. Fifty-two women and children, and four old men, were permitted to depart for Sunbury. Great consternation prevailed in the country after this battle, and the road leading to Sunbury was filled with terrified women and children, flying for their lives.

John Vincent† was one of the old men allowed to remain. His wife was a cripple and unable to walk. He carried her from the fort to the lower end of the meadow and laid her down, and there they remained until the next morning without shelter or covering of any kind. It rained during the night, which made it very uncomfortable for them. In the morning he caught a horse

^{*}In Judge McMaster's History of Steuben County, N. Y., is a curious statement by Benjamin Patterson. He says that he and his younger brother fought in Captain Boone's party and narrowly escaped. Boone's party advanced cautiously, and succeeded in concealing themselves in a cluster of bushes overlooking the camp of the enemy. Both Tories and Indians were engaged in cooking and eating, while a single sentinel, a fine tall savage, with a blanket drawn over his head, walked slowly to and fro. Boone's men commenced firing by platoons of six. The sentry sprang into the air with a whoop and fell dead. The enemy, yelling frightfully, ran to arms and opened a furious but random fire at their unseen foes. Their bullets rattled through the bushes where Boone's men lay hid, but did no mischief. The slaughter, he says, of Indians and Tories was dreadful. The thirty-two rangers firing rapidly and coolly by sixes, with the unerring aim of frontiersmen, shot down 150 before the enemy broke and fled. Boone's men, with strange indiscretion, rushed from their covert in pursuit, and immediately exposed their weakness. The Indians at once made a circuit and attacked him in the rear, while McDonald turned upon his front. They were surrounded. Seeing this, Boone tried to escape. His rangers broke and fled, and many escaped, but Boone was among the killed. Patterson was one who succeeded in escaping, but his story of 150 of the enemy being killed is very wide of the mark.

[†]From the date of his birth, given on page 429 of this work, it will be seen that he was in his 80th year at the time of the capture. He lived to the great age of 92. His invalid wife lived until 1788.



which came to them, and making a bridle out of hickory bark, placed his wife on the back of the animal and succeeded in getting her safely to Sunbury.

The enemy ravaged the country in the vicinity of the fort, and burned and destroyed everything they could find. They advanced as far as Milton, where they burned Marcus Hulings' blacksmith shop and dwelling house. They did not venture much further, being afraid of meeting troops from Sunbury. After they had swept over the country it presented a sad scene of desolation, and it remained in this condition for several years, the settlers being afraid to return.

The next day after the capture of the fort McDonald deemed it best to retrace his steps as quickly as possible, and he set his motley column in motion for the north. The prisoners were in charge of a detail of Indians and British, and were treated fairly well. The first night they were confined in a dilapidated house near Muncy. One of them had attempted to escape during the day and he was placed on the second floor of the building for greater security. John Montour, on seeing him, pointed his gun at him as if he intended to shoot, but did not. An old squaw, said to have been a sister of Montour, threatened to scalp him, alleging that he had wounded her in a fight. She waved a tomahawk as if about to hurl it at him, but finally desisted. The prisoner was badly frightened, and expected that he would be tortured, but his tormentors relented and left him.

Much sentimental writing has been indulged in by historians when speaking of McDonald. He has been described as a very humane man, and prevented the Indians on many occasions from committing deeds of atrocity. The facts of history do not bear out such conclusions. Captain Alexander McDonald and his brother John (made captain-lieutenant under Sir John Johnson, June 19, 1777,) were Tory Roman Catholic Scotchmen, living near Johnstown, N. Y., prior to the Revolution. In 1776 they were arrested,* with others of their family, as suspected persons and imprisoned at Albany.

Colonel Stone says that, having been permitted by General

^{*}The McDonalds are still prisoners, except John, who made his escape from Albany last fall and lies concealed somewhere.—Letter, January, 1777, Col. N. Y. Revolutionary Papers, Vol. I., page 583.



Schuyler to visit their families, they, in the month of March, 1777, again ran off to Canada, taking with them the residue of the Catholic-Scotch settlers, together with some of the Loyalist Germans, their former neighbors.

In 1778 Alexander McDonald, who appears to have been a man of considerable enterprise and activity, collected a force of 300 Tories and Indians, and fell with great fury upon the frontiers, the Dutch settlements of Scoharie especially feeling "all his barbarity and exterminating rage." One example of his cruelty and bloodthirstiness is given by Sims in his Trappers of New York, viz.: "On the morning of October 25, 1781, a large body of the enemy under Major Ross entered Johnstown with several prisoners, and not a little plunder, among which was a number of human scalps, taken the afternoon and night previous in settlements in and adjoining the Mohawk Valley, to which was added the scalp of Hugh McMonts, a constable, who was surprised and killed as they entered Johnstown. In the course of the day the troops from the garrisons near, and the militia from the surrounding country, rallied and, under the active and daring Willett, gave the enemy battle on the Hall farm, in which the latter were finally defeated with loss, and made good their retreat into Canada. Young Scarborough was then in the nine months' service, and while the action was going on himself and one Crosset left the Johnstown fort, where they were on garrison duty, to join in the fight, less than two miles distant. Between the Hall farm and woods they soon found themselves engaged. Crosset, after shooting down one or two, received a bullet through one hand, but binding a handkerchief around it he continued the fight under cover of a hemlock stump. He was shot down and killed there, and his companion surrendered and was made a prisoner by a party of Scotch troops commanded by Captain McDonald. When Scarborough was captured Captain McDonald was not present, but the moment he saw him he ordered his men to shoot him down. Several refused, but three obeyed the dastardly order, and yet he would have survived his wounds had not the miscreant in authority cut him down with his own broadsword. The sword was caught in its first descent, and the valiant captain drew it out, cutting the hand nearly in two."



Colonel Stone says this was the same McDonald who in 1779 figured in the battle of the Chemung, together with Sir John and Guy Johnson* and Walter N. Butler.

These extracts are introduced to show what manner of men the McDonalds were; and although there is nothing on record to couple the name of John McDonald, of Fort Freeland fame, (?) with deeds of atrocity as heartless as those attributed to his brother, yet his associations were such as to show that he was a man undeserving of the praise that has been given him by many writers. The very fact that he led such a motley gang of cutthroats through the wilderness for the purpose of devastating this beautiful valley and taking the scalps of defenseless women and children for a price, shows him to have been possessed of but little of the elements of true bravery or the finer sensibilities of honorable manhood. He was simply a bloodthirsty Tory, in whose defense the most liberal charity can credit him with but little that is humane or honorable. And then the fact of his early return † to the valley, after peace was restored, shows that he had a desire to visit and gloat over the scenes of destruction caused by his direction. But the manner in which he was received quickly taught him that he was not a welcome visitor among the people whose relatives and friends had perished at his hands, and whose houses had been burned by his direction, and coward-like he quickly abandoned his horse and fled to escape the punishment he knew he so richly merited. Had he not disappeared when he did he would very likely have been ridden on a rail, if not treated worse; and he showed the instinct of a poltroon by secretly escaping down the river, and the innate sense of guilt by failing to reclaim his property, which was probably stolen from some friend of the cause of liberty.

^{*}W. L. Stone in Sir John Johnson's Order Book, page 56.

[†]Some years after the war Captain McDonald, having business with the American Government, on his way from Canada ventured, from pride or curiosity, to visit the ground of his victory, and tarried part of a night at Northumberland. Alarmed at certain movements, indicating hostility, he hired a servant to take him down the stream in a canoe, before daylight should expose him to his (as he had reason to suppose) excited enemies. His fine horse, after remaining nearly a year with the inn-keeper unclaimed, was sold for his keeping.—Miner's Wyoming, page 266.



The capture of Fort Freeland,* coming so soon after the bloody massacre at Wyoming, caused an increased feeling of alarm in the country. Colonel Hunter, at Fort Augusta, was informed of the capture of the fort by a courier about noon on the day of the occurrence (July 28th), and he straightway forwarded the news to "Colonel Mathew Smith,† at Paxton," and after speaking of the women and children, and the men at Fort Freeland, he adds: "God knows what has become of them!" He said that the situation was distressing. General Sullivan would send them no assistance. The express messenger informed him that "red coats were seen walking around the fort, or where it had been." He added that he was just preparing to march up the river with a party that he had collected. And then in a postscript to his letter he added: "Rouse ye inhabitants, or we are all ruined here."

On the following day (the 29th) he wrote to William Maclay, at "Paxton," giving him the full particulars of the battle and the killing of Captain Boone. "The regular officer," he added. "that commanded was the name of Captain McDonald," and that he "let the women and children go after having them a considerable time in custody." No doubt he was anxious to carry them into captivity, but feared they would not survive the march through the wilderness.

William Buyers, on the same day, wrote Mr. Maclay, giving him the same information, and stated that not more than eight or ten of the enemy were killed.[‡]

Application was made to General Sullivan, who was then at Wyoming, for assistance. The General replied, under date of July 30th, that it would afford him great pleasure to relieve the distressed, but it was not in his power to do so. His army was ready to move the next day, and he was of the opinion that as soon as he was in motion up the North Branch the attention of the enemy would be drawn to him, and the result would be a relief to the West Branch.

^{*}After the battle Colonel Kelly came up from Fort Augusta with a party and buried the dead. For sketch of Kelly see Meginness' Biographical Annals, page 175.

[†] See Vol. VII., pages 589 and 590, of Pennsylvania Archives, for letter in full. † See page 592, Vol. VII., Pennsylvania Archives.

[§] For correspondence between Sullivan and Hunter see Vol. VII., pages 593-4. Pennsylvania Archives.



On the same day William Maclay wrote to Council, informing them that the worst that was feared had happened, and the situation "was most distressing." There was "not a single inhabitant," he continued, "north of Northumberland town." They had "no expectation of relief from General Sullivan," and he closed his letter in these words: "I need not ask you what is to be done. Help, help, or the towns of Sunbury and Northumberland must fall; our whole frontier is laid open and the communication with General Sullivan's army is cut off."

Colonel Hunter informed President Reed, under date of August 4th,* that the enemy, after burning and plundering, had gone over Muncy Hills, and there "were a number of families that were in great distress, having nothing left them to subsist upon." He had ordered rations for them until he heard from Council. General Sullivan, he said, had marched from Wyoming on Saturday.

Enough of the correspondence has been given to show the alarm that existed in the country. Let us turn to the captives and their families.

Of the Vincent family, Bethuel, Cornelius and Daniel were taken prisoners. Benjamin, a lad of only eleven years of age, had been taken at the first attack on the 21st of July. He remained in captivity for five years, when he was liberated and made his way back.

When McDonald started on the return with his prisoners, plunder and scalps, he followed the Sheshequin path up Lycoming Creek, because it was the best route. The command crossed the mountains to Tioga River and thence to the Genesee country, which was the residence of Hiokoto and his Seneca followers. Much of the country through which they passed was a dense wilderness, and they did not see a white man's cabin after leaving the head-waters of Lycoming Creek until they arrived at Fort Niagara. The prisoners had a rough experience on the march. A little fresh meat, without salt, roasted on the end of a stick, was their principal food. At night they slept on the ground under the shade of a friendly hemlock and had to brave all kinds of weather.

^{*} For letter in full see Vol. VII., page 621, Pennsylvania Archives.



Daniel Vincent, one of the captives, had been recently married, and after his capture his wife, almost overwhelmed with grief. worked her way back to the home of her parents in New Jersey. Three years rolled away and no tidings came from her captive husband, but she still hoped to see him again. One evening a sleighing party was about leaving a house in the neighborhood where she was staying in New Jersey, to go on a short excursion. Mrs. Vincent had been induced to go along with the party. As they were about starting a neighbor, in company with a roughly dressed man, wearing a heavy beard, drove up. He inquired for Mrs. Vincent, and on her coming forth, he informed her that here was a stranger who could tell her something about her husband. The stranger stepped forward, was introduced, and shook her warmly by the hand and entered into conversation with her. She anxiously inquired about her husband, when, finding that she did not recognize him on account of his changed appearance, he could restrain his pent up feelings no longer, and called her by name and said: "Do you not know your husband; I am he?" With a shriek she bounded into his arms and wept tears of gladness.

Cornelius,* the father of Daniel, returned from captivity about the same time. He had been heavily ironed, while a prisoner, for about eighteen months, and when he died the marks left by the British fetters were still plainly visible on his ankies.

Previous to the return of the captives the wives of several of them had returned to their desolated homes on Warrior Run for the purpose of trying to reclaim something. Among them was the wife of Captain Lytle† and her children. She was accompanied by a single man of good reputation, who was a cropper. After some time this man became attached to Mrs. Lytle and made proposals of marriage, which were rejected with a declaration of her determination never to accept the addresses of any man while in her breast she could cherish fond hopes of the

^{*}The following inscription on a plain monument in Warrior Run Church grave-yard, reared by filial hands, briefly tells the story of the life of this pioneer and his wife: "This monument is erected by John Vincent, Esq., to rescue from oblivion the memory of his beloved parents, Cornelius and Phebe Vincent. They were born in Newark, N. J., and died in Milton, Pa. He died July 16, 1812, in his 76th year: she died February 25, 1809, in her 70th year." See pages 428-9 of this history.

† See Hazard's Register, Vol. X., page 88.



return of her husband from captivity. To effect his purpose, letters were circulated stating that Captain Lytle was certainly dead; and after giving her time to mourn the death of her husband, the young man resumed his addresses, which were finally accepted and they were married.

At last peace was declared, and Captain Lytle was released from imprisonment. He hastened back to his Warrior Run home to seek his wife and children. But, like Enoch Arden, he found her married to another man. Unlike Enoch, however, he did not retire and leave them alone. Tradition says that he first refused to see her, but through the intercession of friends a reconciliation was brought about, investigation having shown that the letters were forged for the purpose of deceiving her. On becoming convinced that such was the fact he relented, accepted his wife and they dwelt together again in unity and happiness. The neighbors were so incensed at her deceiver that he was obliged to fly to escape the law. Captain Lytle and family resided in Northumberland County to the close of their earthly career. They have been dead for three-quarters of a century.

Preparations were hurriedly made to follow the retreating horde commanded by McDonald for the purpose, if possible, of recovering some of the stock, as they had taken away all the horses and cattle they could find. On the 3d of August Colonel Mathew Smith arrived at Sunbury with a company of sixty Paxton Boys, and several more companies were expected soon from other sections. These detachments were hurried forward by order of the Supreme Executive Council. On the 5th the number reached 500 effective men, a force sufficient to render good service. Colonel Smith* marched immediately up the valley, and in a few days he

^{*}Mathew was the eldest son of Robert Smith, of Paxtang, and was born in 1734. He received the limited education of pioneer times. During the French and Indian wars he was in service in Bouquet's expedition, but he came into prominence by being one of the delegates appointed by the inhabitants on the frontiers to present their memorial of grievances to the Assembly during the Paxtang Boys' attack on the Conestoga Indians in the Lancaster jail. Save as the bearer of that petition he was not connected with the bloody affair.

In June, 1775, the drums of the Revolution called him from his farm, and he enlisted a company of volunteers in Paxtang to march to the siege of Boston. His company included many famous characters, and one of its members, Judge Henry,



reached Fort Muncy, which he found destroyed. The country had been swept as by the besom of destruction. Scarcely a cabin was found, and in some instances the mangled remains of murdered settlers were discovered and buried. Finding that the enemy had retired far into the depths of the wilderness, and he was not prepared to follow them, Colonel Smith was reluctantly compelled to retrace his steps to Fort Augusta.

The best description of Fort Freeland, as it appeared when built, was furnished by the venerable Mrs. Mary Vincent Derickson in a letter written December 17, 1855, to Samuel Hazard, editor of the State *Colonial Records and Archives*, which was published on pages 363–5 of the appendix to that great compilation. And as it is particularly minute in its details, and gives much valuable information regarding the construction of the stockade, it is given herewith in full, together with an illustration:

The fort was situated on the Warrior-run Creek about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles above where it empties into the Susquehannah River.

In the year 1772, Jacob Freeland, Samuel Gould, Peter Vincent, John Vincent and his son Cornelius Vincent and Timothy Williams with their respective families cut their way through, and settled within some two miles of where the fort was afterwards built—they were from Essex County, N. J. Jacob Freeland brought the irons for a Grist Mill, and in the years '73 & '4 he built one on the Warrior-run.

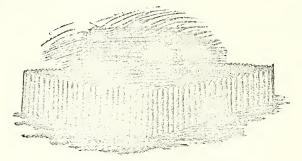
There were several more families moved up from the same place, and they lived

has preserved a record of their wonderful march, under Arnold, through the wilderness of Maine to Quebec. The attack on Quebec and the capture of Smith's company are graphically told by Judge Henry. Captain Smith was probably exchanged in the spring of 1778, for on the 28th of May, that year, he appeared in the Supreme Executive Council as the member for Lancaster County, in which office he served during the years 1778–9.

On the 3d of August, 1779, he writes from Sunbury that he had arrived there with "sixty Paxtang Boys" to look after the Indians and British, who had captured Fort Freeland on the 28th of July. On the 11th of October, 1779, he was chosen Vice-President of Pennsylvania, but resigned shortly after, owing to the heavy expense connected with that position. On the 4th of February following he was appointed prothonotary, etc., for Northumberland County, filling that office until the 25th of September, 1783. He afterwards removed to Milton, where he resided until his death, which took place July 22, 1794, at the age of sixty years. A company of light infantry, under Major, Pratt and Captain James Boyd, marched with the body six miles to Warrior Run burying-ground, where the interment took place. Many tears were shed at the old patriot's burial, and after his remains were deposited three volleys were fired over his grave. Captain Smith was as brave a soldier, as ardent a patriot as ever lived.—Historical Register, Vol. I., page 230.



on friendly terms with the Indians, until '77, when they began to be troublesome and to remove their own families in the summer of '78, they had to leave the country and when they returned in the fall they picketed around a large two story log house (which had been built by Jacob Freeland for his family,) inclosing half an acre of ground; the timbers were set close and were about 12 feet high; the gate was fastened with bars inside. Into this fort or house the families of Jacob Freeland, Sen., Jacob Freeland, Jr., John Little, Michael Freeland, John Vincent, Peter Vincent, George Pack, Cornelius Vincent, Moses Kirk, James Durham, Samuel Gould, Isaac Vincent and Daniel Vincent, all gathered and lived that winter. In November, Geo. Pack, son of George Pack, was born, and on the 10th of February, 1779, I was born, my father was Cornelius Vincent, and on the 20th of May, George, son of Isaac Vincent, was born.



FORT FREELAND AS IT APPEARED WHEN BUILT.

In the spring of '79, the men planted corn, but were occasionally surprised by the Indians, but nothing serious occurred until the 21st day of July; as some of them were at work in a cornfield back of the fort, they were attacked by a party of Indians about 9 o'clock A. M., and Isaac Vincent, Elias Freeland and Jacob Freeland, Jr., were killed, and Benjamin Vincent and Michael Freeland were taken prisoners. Daniel Vincent was chased by them, but he out ran them, and escaped by leaping a very high log fence. When the Indians surprised them, Benjamin Vincent (then 10 years of age) hid himself in a furrow, but he thought he would be more secure by climbing a tree, as there was a woods near, but they saw him and took him prisoner; he was ignorant of the fate of the others, until about 2 o'clock P. M., when an Indian thrust a bloody scalp in his face, and he knew it was his (and my) brother Isaac's hair.

Nothing again occurred until the morning of the 29th, about daybreak, as Jacob Freeland, Sen., was agoing out of the gate, he was shot, and fell inside of the gate. The fort was surrounded by about 300 British and Indians, commanded by Captin McDonnald; there were but 21 men in the fort, and but little ammunition; Mary Kirk and Phebe Vincent commenced immediately and run all their spoons and plates into bullets; about 9 o'clock there was a flag of truce raised, and John Little and John Vincent went out to capitulate, but could not agree. They had half an hour



given them to consult with those inside; at length they agreed, that all who were able to bear arms should go as prisoners, and the old men and women and children set free, and the fort given up to plunder; they all left the fort by 12 o'clock P. M. Not one of them having eaten a bite that day, and not a child was heard to cry or ask for bread that day. They reached Northumberland, 18 miles distance, that night, and there drew their rations, the first they had to eat that day.

When Mrs. Kirk heard the terms on which they were set free she put females clothes on her son William, a lad of 16, and he escaped with the women.

Mrs. Elizabeth Vincent was a cripple, she could not walk. Her husband John Vincent went to Capt'n McDonnald and told him of her situation, and said if he had the horse that the Indians had taken from his son Peter the week before that she could ride, and about day light the next morning the horse came to them; he had carried his wife to the lower end of the meadow where they lay and saw the fort burned, and it rained so hard that night that she lay mid side in water; when the horse came he striped the bark off a hickory tree and plaited a halter, set his wife on and led it to Northumberland where there were wagons pressed, to take them on down the country.

In the fall of '78, as a company of the settlers were leaving the country on account of the Indians, they were fired at, and Mrs. Durham's infant was killed in her arms; she fell with it, and they came and tomahawked and scalped her, and when the men went to count the dead, she raised up and asked for a drink of water. Elias Williams, one of the men, ran to the river and brought his hat full of water and gave her a drink; they then put her in a canoe and took her to Northumberland, where Dr. Plunket dressed her head, she recovered and lived about 50 years. Her body was afterwards lain in Warrior-run burying ground, about a half mile off where the fort stood.

And now Sir, my task is done; if it gives you any information of which you were not in possession I am glad to have done it.

Very respectfully yours, &c.,

MARY V. DERICKSON.

As Mrs. Derickson* was born in the fort February 10, 1779, and it was captured and burned July 28th of the same year, she was an infant only a little over five months old at the time. Her information, therefore, was derived from her parents and was very likely quite correct.

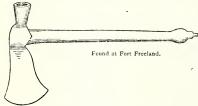
Any one visiting the ground on which this celebrated stockade was erected, will be favorably impressed with the eligibility of its location and the good judgment shown by its builders. It stood on high ground, which commanded an unobstructed view up and

^{*} Mary V. Derickson, born February 10, 1779, "in Freeland's Fort," died in Delaware Township, Northumberland County, March 12, 1864, aged 85 years, one month and two days. Her husband, David Derickson, died September 11, 1828, aged 77 years, nine months and twenty-nine days. Both lie side by side in Warrior Run Church grave-yard, and a plain tombstone marks their graves.



down Warrior Run for a mile or more, whilst a few hundred yards south rolled the waters of the stream. About fifty yards west of the southern angle of the enclosure was a fine spring of water, which bubbles forth as clear and cool to-day as it did over one hundred years ago. The view from the site of the old fort is indeed enchanting. The country is highly cultivated, and fine houses and barns dot the landscape. A mill half a mile down the stream stands on the same spot where Freeland built his primitive mill in 1772. The illustration accompanying this description is intended to represent the stockade enclosing half an acre, with a log house covered with clapboards. Oak timber abounded in that region, affording excellent material for making clapboards, which were the substitutes for shingles in those days. It is probable there were sheds and perhaps other small log cabins inside the enclosure, as it is not likely the main building afforded room enough for all the families seeking refuge within it.

The only relic of this primitive but famous fortification known to be in existence to-day, is a tomahawk pipe belonging to



Thomas B. Young, of Watsontown. It was found many years ago on the site of the fort by a relic hunter. The illustration will give the reader a good idea of this ancient aboriginal

ceremonial weapon. It is claimed that it still retains the original handle.

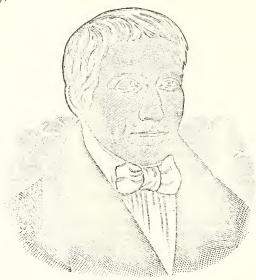
The farm on which the fort stood is now owned by Mr. Enoch Everitt, of Watsontown, and a tenant occupies the premises. The substantial brick house, now somewhat time-stained, was built in 1845 by Daniel Dreisbach.* It stands upon the same spot, ac-

^{*}A good story is related of Dreisbach when he was building the house. He had ordered a keg of nails of R. H. McCormick, Esq., a merchant at McEwensville. But through mistake a keg of brads was sent to him. When he discovered what the keg contained he was greatly incensed, and returned it to the merchant. Driving up to the store, he lifted the keg out of his wagon with one hand, saying to McCormick: "Take him back, or Pll trow him to h—l and d—ation!" Ile would listen to no explanation, and refusing to take a keg of nails in exchange, drove off in a high state of excitement and purchased another keg at a store in Turbuttville.



cording to tradition, that was occupied by the log house shown in the illustration, and is in good enough condition to last for half a century more.

From the consideration of Fort Freeland and its captives, let us turn to another subject, that of biography. And as the name of Robert Covenhoven and his deeds of daring and adventure have frequently been referred to in the preceding pages, the reader will naturally desire to know something of his personal history.



COVENHOVEN AT 90.

Robert Covenhoven* was of Hollandish descent. All the branches of the family came from Wolfert Gerrisse von Kouwenhoven, who immigrated to the New Netherlands in 1630. His son, Gerrit, was known as Gerrit Wolfertsen, and his son, William as William Gerritsen. They all lived on Long Island, in the state of New York. William Gerritsen had six sons—William, Peter.

^{*}See note on page 538 giving the etymology of the name.



Cornelius, Albert, Jacob and John. These all removed to Monmouth County, New Jersey, except William, whose sons, however, followed their uncles thither.

Robert, who figured so prominently on the West Branch as the scout and spy in the troublous Indian times, was born in Monmouth County, December 7, 1755, but it is not positively known which of the brothers mentioned above was his father, unless it was Albert, who is known to have lived on the Loyalsock, from old papers that once belonged to Samuel Wallis, and to which he signed his name. He grew to manhood in New Jersey, and when so many of the natives of that State emigrated to the West Branch Valley, before the commencement of the Indian troubles, his father was among them, bringing with him at least three sons and two daughters, Isabella and Crecy.

Robert Covenhoven's family, with their relatives, settled near the mouth of the Loyalsock about 1772, and commenced making improvements. At first Robert was employed as a hunter and axeman by the surveyors, who were then busily engaged in surveying the lands which had just come into market. The knowledge thus acquired of the paths of the wilderness afterwards rendered his service eminently useful as a scout and guide to the military parties of the Revolution. It is unnecessary to say that

the graduate of such a school was fearless and intrepid, that he

was skillful in the wiles of Indian warfare, and possessed an iron constitution.

At the call of his country, in 1776, he joined the campaign under General Washington. He was at the battles of Trenton and Princeton. His younger brother had also enlisted, but his father took his place, and the General, with his characteristic kindness, permitted the boy to return and protect his mother.

In the spring of 1777 Robert returned to his home on the West Branch, where his services were more needed by the defenseless frontier than on the sea coast. He was one of those men who were always put forward when danger and hard work were to be encountered, but forgotten when honors and emoluments were distributed. Nevertheless, he cheerfully sought the post of danger, and never shrunk from duty, although it might be an humble station. Few men in those stirring times passed through more



hairbreadth escapes, few encountered more personal perils in deadly encounters with savages than Mr. Covenhoven.

Mr. Covenhoven married Miss Mercy Kelsey Cutter, February 22, 1778. This was soon after his arrival here, and shortly before the breaking out of the serious Indian troubles which resulted in the flight of the settlers to Sunbury for protection.

His many thrilling adventures have been described in other parts of this work at the time of their occurrence and in the order of their date. He was the principal guide to Colonel Hartley when he made his famous march up Lycoming Creek in September, 1778, for the purpose of destroying Indian towns on the head-waters of the North Branch and its tributaries. At Tioga Point (now Athens) Covenhoven applied the torch to Queen Esther's castle with his own hands. He described it as a long, low edifice, constructed of logs set in the ground at intervals of ten feet, with horizontal hewn plank neatly set into grooves in the posts. It was roofed, or thatched, and had some sort of porch, or other ornament, over the doorway.

The part he bore in the Big Runaway, and his thrilling adventure on the Loyalsock with Captain Berry's party, have all been described in their proper places. In the latter fight one of his brothers was killed and another taken prisoner. After hard fighting Covenhoven was chased some distance along the bank of the creek, dodging up and down the bank alternately, that his savage pursuers might get no aim at him. He escaped and made his way to the fort. Brave as he was, he often spoke in after life of the fluttering of his heart when he was fleeing for his life. The fight occurred on Loyalsock about a mile above the Montoursville bridge.

In the closing years of his life he frequently took pleasure in relating a story about his "sourrounding," in company with Robert King, a party of Indians and refugees, who were working a loaded boat up the North Branch* from the depredations committed at Wyoming. The party in the boat outnumbered them, but the prize was too tempting to be resisted. King remained in the bushes and kept up a prodigious whooping and shouting to

^{*}Very likely he has reference to the incident mentioned in Colonel Hartley's report of the capture of stores as he was descending the river from Tioga.



his imaginary comrades to come on. Covenhoven rushed out with his gun in hand and ordered the party in the boat to surrender, which they did, and permitted themselves to be secured. King made his appearance and the two, forcing the prisoners by threats to assist them, arrived with their prize at Wyoming, where, said Mr. Covenhoven, the officers and soldiers of the Continental army cheated the poor Provincials out of their share of the plunder.

Soon after peace had been restored by the last treaty at Fort Stanwix in 1784, and the disputed territory between Lycoming and Pine creeks had been purchased and brought into market, he commenced looking around for a suitable location to establish a farm. He finally fixed on a tract situated in Level Corner, on the river, three miles east of Jersey Shore and called "Conquest," which he purchased from James Hepburn and Mary, his wife, for £310, 15s, 8d. The deed was made August 11, 1790, and was acknowledged the same day. It may be found recorded in Deed Book E, Vol. V., page 141, Lycoming County, and as it recites some important facts, an extract is given herewith:

WHEREAS, a pre-emption warrant was granted unto the said James Hepburn, dated the 3d day of September, A. D. 1785, for a certain tract or parcel of land situate between Lycoming and Pine creeks; and

WHEREAS, in pursuance of the said warrant and the survey made in consequence thereof, there was granted by the Supreme Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania, a patent, signed by His Excellency, Thomas Mifflin, Esquire, President, and attested by the Secretary for all that certain tract or parcel of land called "Conquest," situate between Lycoming and Pine creeks and on the north side of the West Branch of Susquehanna in the late purchase Northumberland County, as in and by the said patent, reference thereunto being had, may more fully and at large appear.

The same tract, "Conquest," was sold by above recited deed, and mentioned in said deed, as lying between the creeks aforesaid and situate in ——— Township, Northumberland County—courses and distances given. Containing 191 acres, and 67 perches, and the usual allowance of six per cent. for roads, &c.

In 1796 Mr. Williamson, of New York, agent for Sir William Pulteney, opened a rough wagon road from Newberry to Painted Post, and Mr. Covenhoven was chosen to superintend the work.

In 1832 he applied, through James Gamble, Esq., then a young attorney at Jersey Shore, and received a pension from the Government for his arduous services as a soldier and scout during the



Revolution. It amounted to about one hundred dollars per annum.

Mrs. Covenhoven died November 27, 1843, and was buried in the old Williamsport Cemetery on Fourth Street. The inscription on her tombstone reads as follows:

Sacred
To the Memory of
MERCY K. CUTTER,
Wife of
ROBERT COVENHOVEN,
Born January 19th, 1755,
And Departed this Life
November 27, 1843,
Aged 88 Years, 10 Months,
And 8 Days.

A Methodist church, crected in the corner of the cemetery, stands over the spot where her grave was made, and its identity has been entirely lost to view.

Borne down by the weight of years, Mr. Covenhoven did not long survive the death of his wife. He soon afterwards went to reside with his daughter, Mrs. Nancy Pfouts, near Northumberland, where he died in 1843, and was buried in the cemetery of the Presbyterian Church, Northumberland. The cemetery is now a common, but the tombstone of the sturdy old hero still stands erect and firm and bears this inscription:

In
Memory of
ROBERT COVENHOVEN,
Who was Born
December 7th, 1755,
And Departed this Life
October 29th, 1846,
Aged 90 Years,
10 Months & 22 Days.
He was an active
Partisan Guide of the
Revolutionary army.

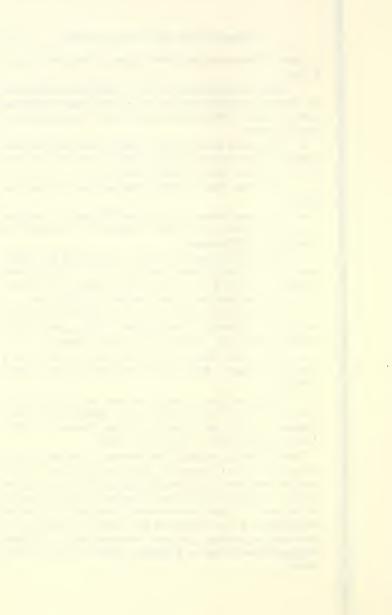
It is regretted that the remains of these two pioneers, who endured so many trials and vicissitudes in this valley, were not gathered together years ago and placed side by side in some suitable place, and an appropriate tablet erected to their memories.



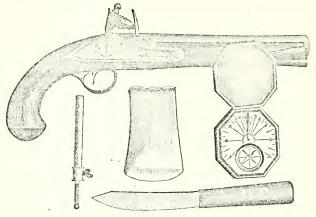
Robert Covenhoven and Mercy Kelsey Cutter left issue as follows:

- 1. James, born September 9, 1782. When grown to manhood he resided for a time on what is known as the "Knox farm," on Larry's Creek. Afterwards he moved West. Date and place of death unknown.
- 2. Nancy, born April 29, 1783. Married Leonard Pfouts, who resided in what is known as Pfouts' Valley, across the river from Northumberland. Date of death unknown.
- 3. Sarah, born May 6, 1786. Date and place of death unknown.
- 4. John, born February 6, 1790; died February 9, 1808, aged 17 years, 7 months and 3 days. Buried in old cemetery on Fourth Street, Williamsport.
- 5. William, born January 31, 1792. He married Miss Elizabeth Smith, of Level Corner. She died March 12, 1869, at their residence on the west side of Loyalsock. William died January 21, 1876, at the same place. Both are buried in Wildwood.
- 6. Christiana, born October 29, 1795. Married George Crane, of Nippenose Township. Died August 5, 1849, aged 53 years, 9 months and 6 days. Buried in Jersey Shore Cemetery.
- 7. Mercy, born May 11, 1799; died May 16, 1802, aged 3 years and 5 days. Buried in Fourth Street Cemetery, Williamsport.
- 8. Maria, born April 4, 1804. She was married three times. First, to Henry Antes, May 16, 1826; second, to M. Crane, October 10, 1831, and third, to E. West, February 26, 1850. Died in Kansas January, 1879, aged 75 years.

George Crane, a son-in-law, and executor of the last will and testament of Robert Covenhoven, which was dated June 12, 1843, sold the homestead to William Covenhoven, March 27, 1847, for .85,500. The farm was still called "Conquest," and is so described in the deed. A small portion having been previously sold to another party, it was described at this transfer as containing 176 acres and 144 perches. He soon afterwards sold it to William Meginness, and moved to Loyalsock, where he died, as stated above.



An excellent oil painting of Robert Covenhoven, now in the possession of Mr. George L. Sanderson, a great-grandson, and a resident of Williamsport, shows him to have been a man of powerful and well knit frame, with a countenance indicative of firmness of purpose and great personal bravery. The excellent engraving, made from the oil painting, gives the reader a clear idea how the old hero appeared at the age of over eighty years.



COVENHOVEN'S WAR IMPLEMENTS.

Mr. Sanderson also possesses a number of interesting relics which belonged to Mr. Covenhoven, and were carried by him when he was a scout and Indian hunter. They consist of an old-fashioned flint-lock pistol, a beautiful pocket compass, of French manufacture, with sun dial attachment; a hatchet, or tomahawk, minus the handle; a gauge for measuring charges of powder for his rifle and pistol, and lastly a scalping knife. The knife was evidently made from an old file and is a formidable as well as savage looking weapon. It is symmetrical in its proportions, and appears to have been so well tempered that it will bear a keen edge. On the wooden handle are his initials, "R. C." They were formed by carving the letters to some depth in the wood, and then pouring molten lead in the mould thus formed. When it hardened the surface was rubbed down until it became even with the wooden



handle and made quite a neat job. The letters are clearly shown in the illustration.

But the most significant marks on the knife are nine notches on the back, evidently cut by a file. It was the custom of the old hunters, when they dropped a deer or an Indian, to cut a notch on their knife or rifle barrel, to preserve the record of the number killed. It is not known whether these notches represent deer or Indians, but knowing the custom of the hunters and scouts of those times, and remembering the service of Mr. Covenhoven on the frontier as an Indian fighter, the reader can draw his own conclusions.

Soon after the Big Runaway, Marcus Hulings,* who was one of the earliest settlers on the site of Milton, had a narrow escape from a party of Indians. While temporarily living at Northumberland he crossed the river and passed up the Indian path in rear of Blue Hill. He had not been there long until he was discovered and hotly pursued by several Indians. They were so close upon him that he could not return by the path he came, and darted off in the direction of the Blue Hill precipice, with the Indians close upon him. They felt sure of capturing him, as they did not believe he could escape with the hill in front of him, and they yelled savagely. When he reached the edge of the precipice he determined to leap, preferring to be dashed to pieces on the rocks to being tomahawked by his pursuers. Seizing the branch of a tree, he swung himself over the edge of the frightful precipice and landed some ninety feet below on the shelf of a rock unhurt! From this point he jumped forty feet further, and reached the edge of the river with only a dislocated shoulder, when he was seen from Northumberland and brought over in a canoe. The jump was a remarkable one, but it is not likely that it was as great as tradition makes it. The bushes and shrubbery very likely broke his fall and let him down more easily than if there had been no obstruction. On being asked about it he is reported as saying that he "jumped for a great wager—he jumped for his life!" The Indians, doubtless, were amazed at his escape, when they felt sure of capturing him.

^{*}For a sketch of Hulings and other members of his family, see Meginness' Biographical Annals, page 143.



CHAPTER XXV.

MORE MURDERS AND CAPTURES—CAPTAIN JAMES THOMPSON AND MARY YOUNG—HER SUFFERINGS IN CAPTIVITY—HISTORY OF THE HAMILTON FAMILY—A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

THE movement of General Sullivan from Wyoming, up the North Branch, with a strong force, had the effect of attracting the attention of the savages, and caused them to withdraw their marauding parties from this valley. They knew very well that his expedition was for the purpose of destroying their towns and forcing them to desist from carrying on their nefarious system of warfare, and they therefore concentrated all the force they could to resist him. He was victorious at every point, and the blow he delivered was so crushing that the savages never recovered from it. The result was that his invasion of their country virtually ended the war, and no extensive raids were afterwards made. Straggling bands occasionally appeared for a year or two afterwards, and a number of murders were committed, but the great danger to be apprehended from savage warfare was virtually over.

In the fall of 1779 a few parties began to return. Henry McHenry, with ten men, came to Loyalsock from Fort Rice to thresh grain on one of the abandoned farms. Possibly the work was to be done on the Peter Smith farm, where young Brady was mortally wounded. Sentinels were posted, McHenry being one, as it was not deemed safe to neglect this duty. He took a position in a thick clump of bushes and watched sharply. He had not been there long until he observed an Indian creeping on his hands and feet to get a shot at the men at work in the barn. At the proper time he fired and shot him through the back. He sprang off a short distance and fell, when his comrades rushed up and quickly bore him away.

During the year 1780 but few depredations were committed. This encouraged the fugitives, and many of them returned and

62%



occupied their ruined homes. On the 14th of July, of this year, however, one man and three children were murdered near the mouth of Buffalo Creek; and on the following day Captain McMahon was taken by an Indian and a Tory, six miles from Northumberland, on the West Branch. But he succeeded in killing the Tory, in the absence of the Indian, who had gone to join his comrades, and escaped. This Tory was named Caldwell, and was a noted villain.

Early in the spring of 1781 Captain Robinson came to the county, and straightway set about raising a company. General Potter also returned about the same time, and soon afterwards he wrote to President Reed informing him that Robinson had succeeded in enlisting forty men, but many of them were so destitute of clothing that they were unfit for duty. Not one of them owned a blanket!

Sometime in the month of March a small band of Indians penetrated into Buffalo Valley and attacked an old man, his son and daughter. The boy was shot and scalped and the girl made a prisoner. The old man had a stick in his hand with which he stoutly defended himself against one of the Indians, who was armed with a tomahawk, and compelled him to drop his weapon. Colonel Kelley * and a few of his neighbors were near at hand, and hearing the alarm came to his assistance. Their sudden appearance caused the Indians to fly so suddenly that they left the young girl, their blankets and the brave old man,† with his stick, behind. Being swift of foot, they outran Colonel Kelley and party and escaped. General Potter neglected to give the name of the man in his letter.

On the 8th of the same month a party of Indians came to the house of a man named Darmes, about five miles from Sunbury. On entering the house they shot Darmes and collected all the

^{*}Colonel John Kelley was born in Lancaster County February, 1744, and settled in Buffalo Valley in 1768. He served in the Revolutionary war, and distinguished himself in the battles of Princeton and Trenton. He rose to the rank of major. On his return home he was made colonel of a regiment of militia, and did good service against the Indians. He endured many hardships and had several narrow escapes. Colonel Kelley died February 18, 1832, was buried at Lewisburg, and a monument erected to his memory.

[†] He was the father of Captain A. II. McHenry, of Jersey Shore.



plunder they could lay their hands on. There were four women and several children in the house, but they did not disturb them. Plunder seemed to be their object more than anything else. They were pursued the next day, but succeeded in effecting their escape.

Joseph Solomon, who lived about five miles from Northumberland, on the road leading to Danville, was surprised by the same party and made a prisoner. His wife escaped to the woods, and a girl concealed herself in the garret, and was not discovered. According to tradition they traveled with Solomon for four days, when they met another party of Indians and turned him over to them. One of the Indians was called Shenap, and addressing his prisoner he said: "Solly, you shant be hurt." This was encouraging. They soon fell in with a large body of savages, who had a prisoner named Williamson. They were ordered to run the gauntlet. Williamson refused and was beaten to death. Solomon ran rapidly and received but few bruises. When the race was over Shenap came up, shook him by the hand and said: "Solly, you run like debil; you run like hoss!" He was exchanged in a short time and returned to his home in safety. He lived and died on Fishing Creek, leaving a respectable family behind him.

On the 15th of June, 1781, Captain Thomas Robinson wrote a long letter to President Reed, in which he called attention to the present state of his company, and informed him that he had enlisted fifty-two men, but they were so utterly destitute of clothing and supplies that they could render but little service. Lieutenant Grove had raised seventeen men to serve for seven months. Samuel McGredy had secured twenty for the same length of time, and he had been extremely active with them. With the advice of General Potter he had nominated him a "lieutenant to command the detachment." He had raised fourteen men to serve for seven months, but as they had been divided in small detachments it was impossible for "Van Campen and himself to do the necessary duty." He had, therefore, with the advice of Colonel Hunter and the approbation of General Potter, nominated Samuel Quinn* as an ensign, as he had been doing

^{*} Quinn's Run, which empties into the river a few miles west of Lock Haven, took its name from Ensign Quinn. It has been corrupted into "Queen's" Run, and is known by this name to-day.



the duty of an officer since the 1st of May. The Captain admitted that he was entitled to the appointment of lieutenant, if the condition of the country admitted it. He also called attention to the fact that they had no paymaster, and he suggested that Quinn might perform that duty also, if authorized, in connection with his other duties. He considered him worthy and competent. Another fact was also noted. They badly needed a surgeon. There was not one "within forty miles," and he knew of "none that would be willing to come here but Michael Jenneys or Dr. Smith, of Lancaster County." He also considered it of the utmost importance to have posts established, and added that for sometime he had had it in contemplation to rebuild Fort Muncy. General Potter considered the idea a good one, as the post was in many respects the best that could be selected for many reasons.

On the 18th of July Captain Johnson arrived at Sunbury with twenty-six militiamen, to serve the balance of their time in Northumberland County. Fourteen of these men were destitute of arms, and no ammunition could be furnished them. Colonel Hunter said "they had no stores of any kind, not even provisions!" Imagine how destitute and distressed the country must have been

at that time.

In 1780, or 1781, John Tate resided a few miles above Northumberland on a farm which belonged to Judge McPherson. He was cultivating a large field of flax, as that product was much in demand in those days for manufacturing clothing. It was time for "pulling flax," and he had a number of men at work in the field, which was some distance from the house. A path ran by the field, and a party of Indians stealthily approached and laid in wait to intercept the flax gatherers when they returned from dinner by this path to their work. From some cause or other the workmen did not return that way, and the Indians missed their victims. After waiting for some time they arose and proceeded to the house, where they found a young woman named Catharine Storm, and another, engaged in spinning flax. Miss Storm was knocked down by a tomahawk in the hands of a stalwart savage and scalped. The other girl hid behind the door and escaped. Catharine Storm was not killed by the cruel blow she receivedshe was only stunned. She finally recovered from her wounds



and lived for many years afterward. The loss of her scalp, of course, caused her much trouble during the balance of her life, and she had to wear a silken covering on her head.

The Assembly having passed a law for furnishing supplies, and the levying of a tax on each county to raise revenue for this purpose, it was found, to the consternation of the few remaining inhabitants, that the quota for Northumberland was greater than could be raised by the sale of all the personal property in the county! And in order to explain the situation, William Clark and William Antes, commissioners, immediately wrote the following letter to President Reed:

Believe us, sir, it is with the utmost pain, and yet greatest truth, that we are obliged to declare our utter inability to Comply with the Demands of that Law. We now know that all the inhabitants in this County are not Equal in number to those of some Townships in the interior Countys. Those who have property sufficient to support themselves are removed and gone. Shall then the Quota of the County be Levyed on the miserable few that remain. Their whole personal property, if removed to a place where hard Cash could be had for it, and sold, would not pay the tax. The old returns will not do, as a Rule to lay a Tax on Absentees. The improvements are grown up, burnt or destroyed, the personal property removed and now paying tax in the lower Countys. As to the men for the Supply of the Federal Army, (if those already inlisted are excepted) they are not to be here without taking the heads of Familys, and those we well know, cannot be had, as no money whatever would induce them to abandon their Familys in our Situation. We Sincerely wish to render a Ready Obedience to all Laws of the State, But in our Circumstances, it intirely puts it out of our power. We beg you, Sir, to Consider this as the Language of Genuine Truth, Extorted from us by Distressing Necessity, &c.

This letter, written in a quaint style and with little regard to the rules of orthography, shows the wretched condition to which the inhabitants of this beautiful valley had been reduced by the hands of a ruthless and unrelenting foe. With their improvements and farms laid waste, their homes pillaged and burned, their stock driven away, and three-fourths of the settlers refugees in the lower counties, those who had ventured back at the risk of their lives were not in condition to meet the tax gatherer. It does not appear what action was taken by the authorities, but it is fair to presume that they were moved by the appeal and granted liberal exonerations.

As has been stated in this work, one of the first settlers in what is now Pine Creek Township, Clinton County, was Alexander



Hamilton. He was of Scotch-Irish origin, and came to America when a young man. His first settlement was on the Juniata, where he married Amanda Reed.* They had eight sons and one daughter. Early in 1772 Alexander Hamilton moved his family to the West Branch and marked out for himself a tract of land a mile square, which now includes the farms of Messrs. Ferguson, McKinney, Hamilton, Shaw, Rogers and part of George Crawford's. John Hamilton, his grandson, says in his reminiscences, that he bought the good-will of the Indians with a few presents. Afterwards, thinking the land would be more than he could hold. he gave one-half of it to John Jackson, an emigrant from Orange County, New York. The elder Hamilton was a mechanical genius and combined the trades of carpenter, joiner, wagonmaker and blacksmith. He manufactured a large meal chest, out of walnut boards, which is still in existence and gives evidence of having been an excellent piece of work. Another specimen of his handiwork is a split-bottomed chair, which is still preserved as a relic by his grandson, John Hamilton. When the great Runaway took place, in June, 1778, Alexander Hamilton and family fled with the other settlers. They arrived at Northumberland soon after the massacre at Wyoming, but at the earnest request of Colonel Hunter he stopped at Northumberland, with others, to help hold the place. Several houses in the town were vacant, and he occupied one with his family. Three of his sons, being large enough to perform military duty by serving as sentinels and going with scouting parties, were employed in this way. When not so engaged they assisted in cultivating some neighboring fields to raise provisions for the support of the family. In the fall of 1781 Alexander Hamilton* was killed by the Indians a short distance above Northumberland, on the North Branch. Two of his sons were with him. There had been an Indian murder a few days before. Mr. Hamilton was engaged plowing, and he had been fearful for some time of danger, but that day fear had left him, and he spoke more loudly than usual to his horses. The noise it was thought attracted the attention of the Indians, who were lurking on the hill-side near by. The eldest son started for the house

^{*}After his death his widow married the second time and had two sons, Augustus and Thomas Price



early to prepare dinner. Robert, the next son, unhitched the horses and started for the house. Alexander, the father, instead of going with them, tarried to thresh some flax, and promised to follow soon. The boys had not been very long at the house until they heard a shot, followed by an Indian yell. They knew at once what they had to fear. On going to the place soon afterwards they saw where the Indians had crawled through the fence when they stole upon him. It appeared that their father had succeeded in reaching the edge of the woods before they shot him. The alarm was quickly given and a scouting party started in pursuit, but the Indians effected their escape.

Robert Hamilton,* son of Alexander Hamilton, married Anna Jackson June 13, 1791, and commenced housekeeping in a building which is yet standing, on the river bank, on the highway leading to Lock Haven. The house was built in 1789 or 1790, and is one of the landmarks of the township. When he was married by Rev. John Bryson, June 13, 1791, he moved his bride into the house he had built, and there they lived without change until the close of their lives. They had ten children, five sons and five daughters, as follows:

- I. Alexander, born March 10, 1792; died January 28, 1851.
- 2. Elcy, born October 6, 1793; died September 13, 1836. She married Rev. John H. Grier.
- 3. Elizabeth, born July 15, 1795; died February 15, 1880. Never married.
- 4. Anna Hannah, born August 5, 1798; died June 12, 1886. Married Abraham Lawshe, of Jersey Shore.
- 5. John, born October 14, 1800. Married Hannah, daughter of Hon. Isaac Smith,† of Level Corner, who served in Congress

^{*}Mr. Hamilton was born on the Juniata September 12, 1763, and came with his parents to the West Branch in 1772. He died June 2, 1845, very suddenly, of apoplexy, while engaged in the field plowing corn, in the 82d year of his age. He was noted for strict integrity, individuality of character, devotion to the church, the advocacy of the principles of Christianity, and high intellectual attainments, all of which excellent qualities have been transmitted to his descendants in an eminent degree.

[†] Hon. Isaac Smith died April 4, 1834, aged 73 years and 4 months. His wife, Sarah, died July 23, 1834, aged 76 years. Both are buried in the old Pine Creck Cemetery.



from 1813 to 1815. Hannah was born July 7, 1805, and died June 12, 1868.* Subsequently (about 1870) he married as his second wife Miss Jane, daughter of David Allen, Esq., of Bald Eagle Township, Clinton County. And now, (June, 1889,) although in his 89th year, he is vigorous enough to look after his farming operations, and his mind retains all its strength and brilliancy, which is one of the marked characteristics of the Hamilton family.

- 6. Mary, born November 5, 1802; died January 3, 1874. Never married.
- 7. Robert, born January 31, 1805; died November 5, 1885, in Nebraska. He married Anna Worldley, a cousin of Dr. Asher Davidson, of Jersey Shore. He was an extensive surveyor, a musician and a poet.
- 8. Priscilla, born May 21, 1807; died February 5, 1889. Never married.
- 9. James J., born June 16, 1809; died February 19, 1886, in Perry County. He became a Presbyterian minister.
- 10. William, born August 1, 1811, and is now living at Decatur, Nebraska. He studied for the Presbyterian ministry, was ordained at Jersey Shore in 1837 by Rev. John Bryson, and became a distinguished missionary among the Indians.

In 1818 or 1819 Robert Hamilton petitioned the Legislature for compensation for his services during the war. He set forth that he and his brother, John Hamilton,† were stationed at Horn's Fort, a short distance below Lock Haven, which they assisted in defending for a short time after the commencement of the Indian war in 1778. When the Big Runaway took place they fled with

†See page 492 for account of his narrow escape from the Indians at Pine Creek, and the celebrated run he made to Horn's Fort.

^{*}She left the following issue: Robert, died in infancy; William L., a resident of Lock Haven, and ex-prothonotary of Clinton County; Isaac S., resides on the homestead farm; Alexander; John L., killed at the battle of Petersburg, April 2, 1865, while serving as captain; Charles M., served in the army, rose to the rank of colonel, settled in Florida at the close of the war and was sent to Congress two terms from that State. After a brilliant and distinguished career he died October 22, 1875, and a handsome monument marks his grave in Jersey Shore Cemetery. A sketch of his life and career may be found in Meginness' Biographical Annals, page 156. James L. O., the youngest, is a member of the bar and resides in San Francisco.



the other settlers to Northumberland to seek a place of safety. When they reached the town they were met by eighteen men. "who, with the most pressing entreaties, urged them to halt at that place and make a stand for its defense." They did so, and in a short time written orders were issued by Colonel Hunter appointing Captain Chatham to the command of the citizens of the town, and Captain Alexander Hamilton* to the command of those who had been driven down the river with him, "directing them to enroll and organize their respective companies, at the same time promising them that they should be allowed the pay and rations then allowed to regular soldiers." The petitioner and his brother John were duly enrolled under their father (Alexander Hamilton). and they were employed and continued to labor themselves and with their team on the fortification (Fort Augusta) until it was put in good condition. They also did guard duty, and went with "scouting parties whenever the alarm was given, danger menaced, or the safety of the inhabitants required it, until September, 1781, when their father was killed, and occasionally afterwards until the close of the war." For these services, the petitioner continued, "neither they, their father, nor a younger brother, who was enrolled at the same time (but since dead), ever received the least compensation." The petitioner therefore prayed, both in behalf of himself and younger brother (John), that the Legislature grant them such compensation as had been granted to others for similar services. The Legislature entertained the appeal of the petitioner favorably, and granted him two hundred dollars, but did not allow his brother anything, because he had removed to another state. Robert † divided the money with him.

Anna, the wife of Robert Hamilton, was one of the most re-

^{*}He was also employed in the boat service in Sullivan's campaign up the North Branch. Captain Hamilton made a boat out of two trees spliced together. As it was clumsy and hard to handle, they found great difficulty in keeping up with the other boats. In attempting to ascend Nanticoke falls their boat took a sheer, was driven broadside against the rocks and broken in two. The goods were saved and placed on other boats, when they reached their destination at Wyoming.

[†] During the administration of President Buchanan his widow, Anna, made application and was granted a pension of \$1,800, and a warrant for 160 acres of land, in consideration of his services. She gave the warrant to the heirs of her oldest sou. Alexander Hamilton, and it was located about fifteen miles west of Omaha, Nebraska.



markable women who lived and died in this valley. She was the daughter of John and Elcy Jackson,* and was born in Orange County, N. Y., January 25, 1768. Her parents came from Ireland when quite young, and they were noted for their intelligence, piety and industry. Mrs. Jackson was a sister of General Armstrong, of Revolutionary fame, and she also had another brother who was engaged in the struggle for liberty. Mrs. Hamilton's maternal grandmother was a Latta, and she was noted for her intelligence and ability to discuss theological subjects.

When Anna was only about five years of age, her parents emigrated to the West Branch Valley by way of Towanda, and located in what is now Pine Creek Township, Clinton County, on a tract of land adjoining the farm of Alexander Hamilton. This was about the year 1773. In five years from this time came the Big Runaway, and Mr. Jackson and family fled with the other settlers to Northumberland, where they remained until the danger was over. They then returned and re-occupied the land they had originally taken up. The two families being neighbors and on intimate terms, Robert Hamilton became the friend and admirer of Miss Anna Jackson, and that friendship ripened into love, and the young couple were united in marriage June 13, 1791.

To grace of person, loveliness of disposition and queenly dignity, Mrs. Hamilton united a mind that was strong, clear and practical, and a memory that was phenomenal. She could remember and describe events and incidents with marvelous accuracy and detail, and in a conversational style that was fascinating. The author spent the greater portion of a day with her in June, 1855, in her home on the Susquehanna, and was charmed by her vivid description of the thrilling scenes she had witnessed during the memorable flight of the settlers down the river in 1778. At that time she was little more than a child, but in 1855, seventy-nine years afterwards, and when she was in her 89th year, she remembered and related every incident of that dreadful journey with a minuteness of detail that was as startling as the story was fascinating. In her mature age, with the purple haze of time gently settling on her brow, she retained all the loveliness and queenly dignity of a magnificent womanhood, reminding one of

^{*}They had three sons and four daughters.



the stories of the Roman matrons in the grandest days of the Empire. And when this noble mother in Israel was gathered to her fathers in the 95th year of her age, one of the truest, most pious and respected of women passed to the realms of the blessed.*

Captain James Thompson was an early settler in Buffalo Valley, and during a predatory incursion of savages was taken prisoner and carried into captivity. In 1832 he related the story of his capture to James F. Linn, Esq., who noted it down at the time.

The Captain stated that some time before his capture he had removed his wife and children to Penn's Creek for greater security against the Indians. In March, 1781, he was going from Derrstown (now Lewisburg) to his home for the purpose of making preparations to move his family down the country. On the road he was suddenly surprised by four Indians, who compelled him to accompany them as a prisoner. On coming to a point in the road, near where Colonel Kelley lived, they discovered a fresh track in the soft clay. One of the Indians examined it and immediately exclaimed, "Squaw," when two of the party started on a run, leaving the other two to guard Thompson. They soon heard the scream of a woman, when one of the Indians struck him on the back with his gun, saying "Waugh," run. They started on a run, and on reaching the top of the hill saw the other two Indians having in charge a female prisoner. The party then hurried away with their prisoners.

They crossed the White Deer and other mountains, and taking the Culbertson path struck the river opposite Lycoming Creek. The river was crossed in canoes, and they passed up the creek on the Sheshequin path, bound for Tioga Point. The first night they tied his arms securely behind him and fastened the ends of the cord to stakes in the ground.

One night while encamped on Lycoming Creek, and not being tied very securely, he succeeded in releasing his arms. Two of the Indians laid on one side of the fire with the girl,† and two on

^{*}She died April 16, 1862, aged 94 years, 2 months and 16 days. Her ancestors were all long lived. Her father lived to be 92 and her mother 86. Both of her grandfathers lived to be over 100. For sketch of this remarkable woman see Meginness' Biographical Annals, page 148.

[†]The name of the young woman was Mary Young, the daughter of Matthew Young, who lived on a farm adjoining Captain Thompson's.



the other side with him. He first endeavored to get one of their tomahawks, but he discovered that they were all lying on their arms. He then got a stone, which they had used for crushing corn, and raised on his knees for the purpose of giving one of them a mortal stroke on the temple and then secure his tomahawk. But on account of his head being wrapped in a blanket, he struck too high to effect his object. The Indian gave a yell which awoke the others. He now attempted to run, but the cord with which he was tied, and stretched between two grubs, intercepted him, and as he stepped back to get around it, one of the savages caught him by the collar of his coat and in the struggle tore it to the bottom. He drew his tomahawk to strike him on the head, but desisted, and spoke to the one he had wounded in his own language, and then drew it again, desisted, and spoke to the wounded Indian, and then drew it the third time. He expected to receive the blow this time, and determined to seize the weapon and wrest it from his hand. But the Indians finally decided not to kill him, but to reserve him for a more formal execution. A gourd containing shot was then tied to his waist to indicate that he was to be executed in some savage manner.

After this they tied him so tightly at night that he lost all feeling in his hands and arms. The journey was continued. One day they shot a wild turkey, and taking out the entrails rolled them on a stick, roasted them in the fire and then gave them to the prisoners to eat! Before this they only had a few grains of corn per day, and this change of diet, said Captain Thompson, was highly relished.

When they reached where Towanda now stands the Indians became less vigilant, thinking he would not attempt to escape again. In the evening they made him gather wood for their fire. On one occasion, when engaged in this work, he managed to go further away for each armful, until he got as far away as he thought it was prudent, and watching an opportunity darted off into the woods as fast as he could run, with twenty-two grains of corn in his pocket! He said he could have made his escape on several occasions before, but he could not think of leaving the girl a prisoner. She frequently told him to run away, and not



try to rescue her, as it might result in both of them losing their lives. She was resigned to her fate.

On making his escape he took a different route from the one they came, to deceive the Indians if they should pursue him. In running he stepped on a rotten stick, which parted and made a noise. He was soon startled by the sound made by two trees rubbing together by the wind, which he imagined to be the sound made by Indians in pursuit. Being terribly frightened, he ran into a pond, and hid himself in the brush, with nothing out but his head, where he laid till he was satisfied they were not coming that way. He then proceeded on his journey, keeping along the mountains lest he might meet Indians in the valleys. One night he ran almost into an Indian encampment before seeing it. He went a little higher up the hill, where he could plainly see the Indians pass between him and the fire. At another time he came very near an encampment, when an Indian gave a yell. He supposed he was discovered, but squatted down quickly and remained quiet in the bushes; in a short time one of the Indians commenced chopping wood, when he knew they had not seen him and carefully passed around them.

He struck the West Branch a few rods above where they had crossed it going out, and found one of the canoes on the bank, the river having fallen. Being very weak he was unable to push it into the water, but getting two round sticks under it for rollers, with the aid of a handspike, succeeded in launching it. On getting in he discovered the other canoe sunk, when he went to work and bailed it out, and lashing the two together started with two paddles on his voyage. He rowed to the middle of the river, so that if the Indians should pursue him and shoot they would not be likely to hit him. One of his paddles accidentally dropped out and floated off, which he regretted very much, but, on getting into an eddy, it came floating up to his canoe and was recovered.

When his craft got opposite to where Watsontown now stands he was discovered by some persons on the shore and relieved. He was so weak that he could only wave his hand to them as he laid in the bottom of the canoe. When taken out he was so nearly exhausted that he could not relate his adventures for several days. It was found necessary to nourish him on sweet



milk until he gained sufficient strength to sit up and talk. In a few days he recovered sufficiently to rejoin his family, much to their joy, as they had supposed he was dead. In a short time he removed his family to Chester County, where they remained until the war was over.

The Indians carried Mary Young to their town and set her to hoeing corn with the squaws. An old negro, who was a prisoner also, told her to dig up the beans that were planted with the corn and they would think she was too dumb to learn agriculture and would sell her to the English. She followed his advice and was eventually sold to an English captain, at Montreal, for a servant. Her purchaser's name was Young, and on tracing relationship they found they were cousins. She remained with him until after the war, when she was returned to her relatives in Buffalo Valley. Having been so much exposed during her captivity, her constitution was so greatly shattered that she survived but a short time.* On their way out as a captive she was obliged to wade through deep creeks, and as the weather was very cold her clothes were often frozen into a solid mass.

She informed Captain Thompson that after his escape two Indians pursued him part of two days, and when they returned they seemed to be much chagrined over their loss, as they had intended to torture him.† The Indian he had wounded in the head with a stone left them soon after his escape, and she never saw him again. She thought he had died, as he appeared to have been badly injured.

After the Indian troubles ceased Captain Thompson returned with his family, and he purchased a farm on Spruce Run, in Buffalo. There he resided until 1832, when, having become old and feeble, he went to live with his son-in-law, Boyd Smith, near Jersey Shore. He died February 9, 1837, aged 93 years, 9 months and 9 days, and was buried in the old grave-yard now within the limits of Jersey Shore.

^{*}Linn says in his Annals of Buffalo Valley, page 198, that she was living in 1787, when her father died, but he could trace her no further.

[†]Captain Thompson informed Mr. Linn that he accompanied his step-father from Fort Cumberland, who drove a wagon in Braddock's disastrous campaign. He was then a lad of but ten years of age.



Linn says in his *Annals* that he was a remarkable man in his old age, often walking from Jersey Shore down into Buffalo Valley. He was a welcome guest in every house from Pine to Penn's Creek.

In a letter to General Potter, Colonel Hunter states that Captain Thomas Kempling, as he writes it, and his eldest son, were killed by the Indians at the mouth of Muncy Creek, in March, 1781. In the petition of his widow, who writes her name Mary Campleton, presented to the General Assembly, September 23, 1784, she says: "My husband and son, with others, went on a tour of duty up the West Branch early in the spring of 1781, and lying one night at the mouth of Muncy Creek, in the morning the savages came on them, when my unfortunate husband and son, with one William Campble, fell a sacrifice to all the cruelties and barbarities that savages could inflict, leaving your petitioner and six children. We were driven from house and home, and so reduced that I am unable to return to the place we had improved upon."

Early in the spring of 1782 Captain Robinson was ordered to rebuild Fort Muncy,* as the continued appearance of Indians on the frontiers caused constant alarm. President Reed, in a letter to Colonel Weltner, under date of April 4th, says that the rebuilding of the fort had been deemed a very proper measure, and he requested him to consult with Colonel Hunter, Colonel Antes and others regarding it, and he closed his letter by saying: "And if they concur, let this business be set on foot with as little delay as possible."

Whether the fort was rebuilt as strongly as it was before there is nothing on record to show, but that it was reconstructed in some shape there is little doubt. May 28, 1781, it was suggested by General Potter to President Reed "that Captain Robinson, who has raised a number of men, should be stationed at Muncy."† Colonel Hunter says in one of his letters that it had been in contemplation to order Captain Robinson's company to Muncy to repair the fortification, and in his opinion he thought that "would be the only way to have the most service done by that company."

^{*} See article on Fort Muncy, Appendix to Pennsylvania Archives, page 415.

[†]See Vol. IX., page 185, Pennsylvania Archives. Also page 500. Colonial Records, Vol. XIII., page 214.



"If Council is determined to order Captain Robinson's company to Fort Muncy," he continued, "it would at least require 100 men to keep proper out scouts and repair the garrison."

On the 6th of March, 1782, Council ordered "that Captain Robinson's headquarters be at Fort Muncy, and that the County Lieutenant of Northumberland County order the necessary detachments from said county, and that the Vice-President write to Colonel Hunter to have the necessary repairs made at Fort Muncy, having due regard to frugality."

Colonel Hunter replied to Vice-President Potter on the 17th of April, 1782, saying: "Agreeable to your letter, and the resolve of Council, Captain Robinson's headquarters is at Fort Muncy, and I am certain he does all he can in the ranging way for the good of the county; but as for doing much towards the repairing of the fort, it is not in his power at present, as the enemy have made their appearance once more on our frontiers. The 7th instant they took off a woman and four children from Wyoming; and on the 14th instant, a scout of Captain Robinson's men came on fresh tracks of Indians about a mile from Lycoming, and followed them up the creek towards Eel Town."* He then speaks of the expectation of the inhabitants "moving up to Muncy as soon as the ranging company would be stationed there," which he does not believe, and adds, "that whatever is done must be done by the soldiers themselves, in case Mr. Wallis does not come up with a party of Hessians† (as we have been told by some people) to build a fort of stone and lime; this I would like very well if there was a probability of defraying the expense that would accrue by erecting such a fort; but in the meantime, I give Captain Robinson orders to repair the old fort in the best manner he can

^{*}The old Indian chief Newhaleka, who traded the Great Island to William Dunn for a rifle and a keg of whiskey, had several cabins at this place at one time. Eels abounded in Lycoming Creek, which gave rise to the name by the whites. Hepburnville, about six miles from Williamsport, is supposed to occupy the site of Eeltown.

[†] There is a tradition that Hessians were used to rebuild the work, but a careful examination of Lowell's Hessians in the Revolution fails to show that they were ever employed for such purpose in this part of the valley. The fact that many Germans were held in servitude to pay for their passage to this country about that time, and that Wallis had such men in his employ, probably gave rise to the story that Hessians rebuilt the fort. It is likely that such Germans assisted in rebuilding it, as it stood near Wallis' residence, and he was anxious to have it as a protection.



at present for his own preservation, as I had no assurance from Council of any such fort being built by Mr. Wallis." "There will be as much frugality as possible used," he continued, "in what will be done to the old fort. The ammunition is not arrived as yet." On the 14th of September, 1782, Council ordered troops from Berks, Cumberland, Northumberland and Lancaster, to rendezvous at Muncy on the 4th of October, and on the 17th of September commissioners were appointed to make purchases of flour, &c., and others to hire pack horses to convey the various articles to Muncy intended for an expedition into the Indian country.

It does not appear that the expedition was ever made, as the last treaty at Fort Stanwix, which was soon afterwards held, probably put a stop to all warlike operations. The records do not show what amount of work Captain Robinson* put on the fort, but that he reconstructed it there seems to be no doubt. After the declaration of peace it soon fell into decay, but its ruins existed for many years. The last trace of the old work, which consisted of a pile of stones, was finally removed by Mr. Hall's farmer during his absence in Philadelphia. He thought he would be doing something to greatly please the owner by removing the debris, and was much surprised to find that Mr. Hall was highly displeased at what he had done. It was the intention of the owner to keep the ruins as long as he could as a historic landmark, and but for the vandalism of his farmer a few relics of the old fort might be in existence to-day.

Sometime in the month of October, 1782, a small body of savages visited the house of John Martin, in the Chillisquaque

^{*}Captain Thomas Robinson was a valuable officer. He was commissioned February 10, 1781. After rebuilding Fort Muncy and conducting other operations on the West Branch, he was placed, in March, 1783, in charge of the fort at Wyoming. He served there until the regular army was discharged, in November, 1783. After the war Captain Robinson settled at Robinson's Island, Fine Creek, about a mile and a half from the mouth, and soon after he engaged in the land business. The tract on which Youngwomanstown is situated was surveyed on a warrant in his name October 6, 1786. While on a visit up the North Branch he took sick, and coming down the river in a boat exposed to the sun, his disease was aggravated, and he died at Wyoming in August, 1792. His daughter Mary married John Cook, who owned the beautiful farm on the river a short distance above the mouth of Pine Creek.



settlement, near the residence of Colonel James Murray, and barbarously murdered him and his wife. They also seized two young women, and a little girl aged seven years, whom they carried into captivity.

On the 24th of the same month two men, named respectively Lee and Carothers, were sent out from fort Rice as spies to ascertain if any Indians were lurking in the neighborhood. They were waylaid and fired upon, and Lee was killed. His companion was taken prisoner.

About this time a party of Indians assaulted the house of the Klinesmith family, which stood near the present site of New Berlin. The male members were at work in the field of a neighbor. The Indians plundered the house and carried away two of Klinesmith's daughters—one aged sixteen and the other fourteen. After securing their prisoners and booty the savages retired to a spring near by, where they halted. Not satisfied with the mischief they had done, they left the two girls in charge of the oldest Indian in the party, whilst the others started to the field for the purpose of murdering the men and securing their scalps. The old Indian lighted his pipe, and sat down at the foot of a tree to enjoy a smoke and at the same time watch the girls. In a short time rain began to fall, when Betsey, the eldest girl, intimated to the sentinel that she wished to cut a few branches from a tree to cover a small bag of flour that had been taken from her father's house. Little suspecting her real intention, the Indian permitted her to take one of the hatchets, or tomahawks, to do the cutting. She pretended to be very busily engaged at her work, and managed to get behind him, when she quickly, and with all her strength, buried the hatchet in his head! The main body finding the working party of white men too strong to attack, had started to return, and were near enough to hear the cry of the old Indian as he fell. The girls quickly fled, with the savages in pursuit, who fired on them. The younger girl, as she was in the act of springing over a fallen tree, was struck by a bullet, which entered below the shoulder blade and came out at the breast. She fell. but had presence of mind enough to roll under the log, which was raised a little from the ground. The Indians sprang over the log in pursuit of her sister without observing her. Betsey, being



strong and active, gave them a lively chase, and the firing having alarmed the workmen, they came to her rescue. The Indians, fearing to cope with them, fled. The little girl was found under the fallen tree suffering from her wound and greatly terrified. Her wound, fortunately, was not dangerous, as the ball had passed through her body without touching any vital organ, and it soon healed. She grew to womanhood and married a man named Campbell. Becoming a widow, she married the second time, her husband's name being Chambers. The heroic Betsey also married, and with her husband removed to one of the Western States.

The murder of John Lee* and several members of his family, in August, 1782, ranks among the most cruel in the catalogue of Indian atrocities. They lived at what is now Winfield, on the river, a few miles below Lewisburg.

It was a warm evening. Lee and his family, with one or two neighbors, were taking their supper, little dreaming of the horrible fate that was in store for them. In the midst of their enjoyment a band of Indians suddenly burst upon them. A young woman named Katy Stoner rushed upstairs, and concealing herself behind the chimney remained undiscovered and escaped. Lee was tomahawked and scalped, and an old man named John Walker shared the same fate. Mrs. Boatman† and daughter were also killed. Mrs. Lee, with her small child, and a larger one named Thomas, were led away captives. The savages took the Great Path leading up that side of the valley, crossed the White Deer Mountains, came to the river and crossed over.

One of Lee's sons, named Robert, happening to be absent at the time, escaped the fate of his parents. He was returning,

^{*}A letter directed to Colonel Magraw at Carlisle, found among his papers, from Colonel Butler, dated August 29, 1782, says a party of Indians, supposed to be sixty or seventy in number, killed Lee and family a few miles above Sunbury. Letters of administration were issued to Captain John Lowdon and Thomas Grant on the 31st of August. Lee was assessor in April of that year. Linu's Annals, page 210. The Indians hated Lee, because they believed he had cheated them in a trade, and they had long sought an opportunity for revenge.

[†]Claudius Boatman, her husband, was a Frenchman. In 1786 he took the remainder of his family and settled far up Pine Creek. He had several daughters. One of them married John English. Claudius died about 1802, and was buried at what is now known as the village of Waterville.



however, and came in sight of the house just as the Indians were leaving it, but they did not observe him. Knowing that they were there with evil intentions, he immediately turned and fled to Northumberland, where he gave the alarm. A party of about twenty men* were hastily collected by Colonel Hunter at Fort Augusta and started in pursuit. On arriving at Lee's house they beheld the sufferers writhing in agony. Lee was not dead, and Mrs. Boatman's daughter also survived. Litters were hastily constructed, and they were sent to Fort Augusta, where Lee soon expired in great agony. Miss Boatman finally recovered and lived for many years afterwards.

Colonel Hunter and his party, without delaying to bury the dead, pushed after the savages as rapidly as possible with a view of overtaking them. They came in sight of them above Lycoming

Creek.

In crossing the mountains Mrs. Lee was accidentally bitten by a rattlesnake on the ankle, and her leg became so much swollen and pained her so severely that she traveled with great difficulty. Finding themselves pursued they urged her along as fast as possible, but she failed rapidly. When near the mouth of Pine Run, some four miles below Jersey Shore, she gave out and seated herself on the ground. The whites were rapidly approaching, and the Indians were afraid she would fall into their hands. One of them stealthily slipped up behind her, and placing the muzzle of his rifle close to her head, fired. The whole upper portion of her head was blown off! One of the fiends then snatched up her little child by the heels and hastily dashed it against a tree, when they fled with renewed speed, and crossing the river at Smith's fording, at Level Corner, ran up through Nippenose Bottom.

When Colonel Hunter and his men came up to where the body of Mrs. Lee laid it was yet warm. The sight was a horrible one to look upon. The child was but little injured, and was found moaning piteously.

Crossing over the river as rapidly as possible they pursued the Indians up through the Bottom, and were so close on them that when they came to Antes' Gap they separated and ran along both

^{*}Henry McHenry, the father of A. H. McHenry, of Jersey Shore, was in this expedition and gave an account of it to his son.



sides of the mountain into the swamp. Colonel Hunter considered it imprudent to follow them into the interminable thickets of the swamp for fear of an ambuscade, and being much exhausted reluctantly gave up the chase and slowly returned. Passing down they buried the body of Mrs. Lee and cared for her child. When they came to Lee's house they halted and buried the dead there. A hole was dug alongside of Walker and his body rolled into it.

Young Thomas Lee, who was taken prisoner and carried into captivity, was not recovered for many years afterwards. The son who gave the alarm on the day of the murder made arrangements with certain Indians to bring his brother to Tioga Point, where he was delivered to his friends. Such was his love of Indian life, however, on account of having been raised among them, that he was very reluctant to return. They were obliged to tie him and place him on board a canoe. When near Wilkes-Barre they untied him, but as soon as the canoe touched the shore he jumped out and darted off like a deer. It was several hours before they succeeded in taking him again. On arriving at Northumberland he evinced all the sullenness of a captive. Indian boys and girls, near his own age, were made to play about him for several days before he showed any disposition to join with them. At last he began to inquire the names of things, and by degrees became civilized.



CHAPTER XXVI.

VAN CAMPEN AND HIS THRILLING ADVENTURES—REMINISCENCES
OF BLACK HOLE VALLEY—WARRIOR RUN CHURCH—THE WALKER
TRAGEDY ON PINE CREEK—A TYPICAL HOUSE—THE END.

URING the closing years of the Indian troubles on the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna a new and daring character suddenly appeared, whose deeds of prowess, and his hairbreadth escapes, are unparalleled in the annals of adventure. This was the famous Moses Van Campen. His father's name was Cornelius Van Campen, and his mother was a Depue, of French extraction. Moses, the son, was born in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, January 21, 1757. Soon after his birth his parents emigrated to Pennsylvania and settled on the Delaware River, in Northampton County, near the Water Gap. Here our hero spent his boyhood days. The family of Mr. and Mrs. Van Campen consisted of six sons and four daughters. Moses was the oldest, and he was named after his maternal grandfather, Moses Depue. In his early days he became a noted hunter and an unerring shot.

When the troubles of 1775 broke out with the Connecticut settlers at Wyoming, a company was raised and sent there to preserve order. Young Van Campon was permitted to join the company, and in this service he gained a knowledge of soldiering. In the meantime his father removed his family from Northampton County, and settled on Fishing Creek, in what is now Columbia County, for the purpose of following an agricultural life.

On the breaking out of the Revolutionary war Moses Van Campen joined Colonel Cook's regiment from Northumberland County, and marched to Boston to join the Continental army, and in 1777 he had fairly entered on the life of a soldier. In 1778 he was appointed lieutenant of a company of six months' men and assigned to the protection of the frontier. He was under Colonel

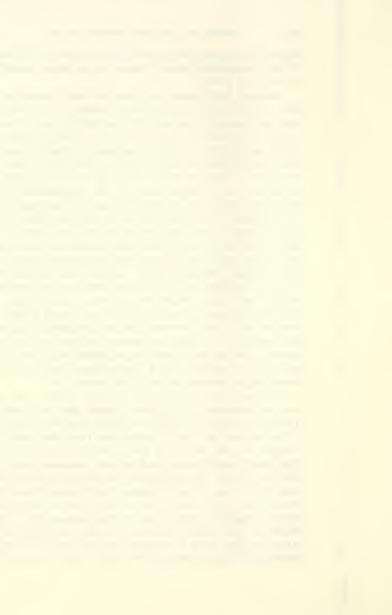


Hunter, and assisted to build Fort Wheeler, on the North Branch. He also accompanied General Sullivan in his famous expedition up the North Branch.

Lieutenant Van Campen says that his father's house having been burned by a marauding party of Indians in 1778, he soon afterwards requested him to go with him and a vounger brother to their farm, about four miles from Fort Wheeler, where the family was staying, to begin preparations for building another house and to make an effort to put in some grain. Little apprehension of Indians were felt. They left the fort about the last of March. Van Campen says: "I was accompanied by my father, uncle and his son, about twelve years old, and Peter Pence. We had been on our farm about four or five days when, on the 30th of March, we were surprised by a party of ten Indians. My father was lunged through with a spear, his throat was cut and he was scalped, while my brother was tomahawked, scalped and thrown into the fire before my eyes. While I was struggling with a warrior, the fellow who had killed my father drew his spear from his body and made a violent thrust at me. I shrunk from the spear, and the savage who had hold of me turned it with his hand, so that it only penetrated my vest and shirt. They were then satisfied with taking me prisoner, as they had the same morning taken my uncle's little son and Pence, though they killed my uncle." Soon after this, at another point, they took a boy named Rogers prisoner and also a man named Pike.

With their captives the Indians then rapidly made their way over the mountains to the North Branch, near the mouth of Tuncannook Creek, and thence toward their concerted rendezvous.

The warriors were ten in number; but Peter Pence and Van Campen were not the kind of men to pale in view of peril, and determined to avail themselves of the first opportunity to strike a blow for freedom. The opportunity came at length, and the blow was struck. One evening, when above the Wyalusing Flats, while the prisoners were being bound for the night, an Indian accidentally dropped his knife close to Van Campen's feet. By a movement that escaped observation it was promptly covered. About midnight, when the warriors were all asleep, Van Campen secured the knife and released Peter Pence, who in turn cut from



the others the bands that held them fast. Cautiously, but quickly, the weapons were secured and a plan for action decided on. The prisoners had been placed in the midst of the warriors—on either side five. Van Campen and Pike were to use the tomahawk on one group, while Peter Pence opened fire on the other with the rifles.

At this juncture a warrior assigned to Pike started from his slumber, and Pike was overcome with fear. In an instant Van Campen buried his tomahawk in the head of the wakeful savage, and then made quick work with the adjoining four, while four of the other group were as speedily dispatched by Peter Pence. Then followed a desperate hand-to-hand contest between Van Campen and the surviving Indian—John, the Mohawk Sachem.

The two were athletes in their way, well matched in skill and strength. Van Campen with his left hand grasped the wrist of the warrior's right, in which his keen-edged knife was held. The Mohawk with his left hand seized Van Campen's right, in which the bloody tomahawk was clutched. Thus grappling, they struggled, fell, and struggling, rose again, each vainly seeking to take advantage of the other's first false movement, while Pence. unable to distinguish the two combatants, dared not fire a shot for fear of killing the wrong man. At length the Mohawk, breaking from Van Campen's grasp, turned to flee. Springing after him, Van Campen, with uplifted tomahawk, aimed a deadly blow straight at the retreating Sachem's crest; but the wary Mohawk. by an agile movement, saved his head, the hooked blade sinking deep in the muscles of his shoulder. With a bound that wrenched the weapon from Van Campen's hand, the Indian dashed into the darkened forest and escaped, bearing the truculent trophy in his quivering flesh.

The liberated captives, after scalping their late captors and securing their plunder, embarked on a hastily constructed raft down the river, and after a series of adventures reached Wyoming in safety, there leaving Pike and young Rogers. Van Campen, with his nephew and Pence, made their way by canoe to Northumberland.

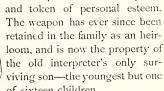
In 1831 Major Van Campen became a resident of Dansville, N. Y., some twenty miles south of Geneseo, and the interchanges



of visits between the old Indian fighter and the old Indian interpreter were occasions of much mutual enjoyment. Their associations with the aborigines had been very unlike, though their early adventures were similar. For the Indians Mr. Jones retained a true liking, and was looked up to by them as a friend. Among those who frequently visited him, and by whom he was greatly beloved, was the Mohawk Sachem, John.

John Mohawk, as he was commonly called, often expressed a desire to see his former antagonist, Moses Van Campen, but hesitated from doubts as to the old Major's good will toward one of his race. At length, persuaded to accompany Mr. Jones to Dansville, the two met and clasped in friendship hands that had once been joined in deadly strife. John showed the Major the great scar in his shoulder, and told him how he had carried off his tomahawk as a trophy, from that battle field above Wyalusing.

Previous to this visit the Mohawk had presented the long cherished tomahawk to Mr. Jones, to be preserved as a keepsake



of sixteen children.

Mr. Charles Iones, now past the age of three-score years and

Van Campen's Tomahawk. ten, has related to me * many interesting incidents connected with the events here referred to, and in a letter says of this tomahawk: "It was given to my father, Captain Horatio Jones, by John Mohawk, who received it, together with the scar it made in his back, from the hand of old Major Van Campen," and adds: have heard my father and Major Van Campen, and my elder brothers (who if now living would be one hundred and five and one hundred and three years old) say this identical instrument was the one that old John captured in his back from the hand of

^{*}Rev. A. P. Brush, of Bath, New York, who has seen and examined the famous tomahawk, had it photographed, and furnished the accompanying description.



the Major when Van Campen was in full chase after him, and after he had dispatched five of said John's companions."

"The handle," he writes, "is not the one that was in it during the Revolutionary war, but was put in about sixty years ago."

The tomahawk is 9½ inches in length; the blade 6 inches long by 1½ inches broad at the widest part. The head, or pole, is a pipe bowl 1½ inches deep and ½ of an inch across the top. The handle, a reproduction of the original, is 18 inches long by 1½ inches thick, where it enters the socket and forms the stem of the pipe.

The old relic must have been, as may be judged from its picture, a formidable weapon in the hands of an intrepid and muscular

man like Moses Van Campen.

After his remarkable escape and return, Van Campen was not allowed to remain idle very long. In the latter part of March, just at the opening of the campaign of 1782,* the companies that had been stationed during the winter at Reading were ordered back by Congress to their respective stations. Lieutenant Van Campen marched at the head of Captain Robinson's company to Northumberland, where he was joined by Thomas Chambers, who had recently been commissioned as ensign of the same company. Here he halted for a few days to allow his men rest, after which he was directed to march to Muncy, and there rebuild the fort which had been destroyed by the Indians in the year 1779. Having reached his station he threw up a small block house, in which he placed his stores and immediately commenced rebuilding the fort, being joined shortly after by Captain Robinson, in company with several gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Culbertson, who was anxious to find an escort up the West Branch into the neighborhood of Bald Eagle Creek. Here his brother † had been killed by the Indians sometime before, and being informed that some of his property had been buried and had thus escaped the violence of the enemy, he was desirous of making a search to obtain it.

^{*} See Life of Van Campen, by his grandson, Rev. J. N. Hubbard, page 244.

[†]William Culbertson. Before locating here he had taken up a tract of land on the north side of the river above Lycoming Creek, in 1774, which he sold to Abraham Latcha. Andrew Culbertson, his brother, had made a settlement on the south side of the river, where DuBoistown now stands.



Arrangements were made by which Lieutenant Van Campen was to go with him at the head of a small party of men as a guard; and after he had been permitted to examine his brother's premises, the company was directed to take a circuitous route around the settlements and waylay the Indian paths, since it was about the time when the return of hostilities was expected. In forming this party Van Campen selected his men according to his usual custom, by taking in his hand a small piece of board, on the end of which was a mark of white paper, and standing a few rods in front of his men, who would fire at the mark, as it was held up before them, and every man who hit the paper was permitted to have his name enrolled as one of the scouts. He did not experiment long before he would thus find a sufficient number for his party. Having selected his men, twenty in number, he took with him a supply of provisions and marched along the bank of the river, while Culbertson and four others advanced up the river in a boat, and soon arrived at the Big Island. The boat was pulled on shore and all the party proceeded together by land until they reached Culbertson's farm in the evening, and encamped for the night. It was about the middle of April, and the Indians being expected every hour to pay their annual visit to the settlements, they could not observe too much caution in their movements; and having selected their resting place for the night with wisdom, placed their sentinels to give the first alarm of the enemy.

They were not disturbed, however, during the night, but early the next morning were awakened by the appearance of their foes.

While Van Campen with his company was ascending the river a large party of Indians, not far from eighty-five, were on their way down, paddling along in their little bark canoes, and were intending, when they came into the vicinity of the settlements, to separate themselves into small companies, commit depredations and return home. As they were floating down with the current of the river, they came to where the boat had been drawn on shore. Informed by this of the presence of whites, they secured their canoes and followed the trail of those who had but a short time before left the river.

The Indians crept along the path that had been taken, and by the morning light, concealed by the bushes, approached very near



to the sentries, and burst so unexpectedly upon these that they had only time to run to the camp, crying, "The Indians, the Indians," before the savages were in their midst, with the tomahawk and scalping knife. Van Campen and his men started upon their feet and in a moment were ready for action. The enemy had a warm reception. The combat* was at first from hand-tohand, and so well sustained was the resistance that the Indians were obliged to retire; but they came up on all sides, and one after another of Van Campen's men were cut down with the rifle. Perceiving that the party of warriors was so large as to offer them no hope of escape, and beholding their number every moment growing smaller, they determined, though reluctantly, to surrender themselves to the enemy, under the belief that their lives would be spared. The Indians were commanded by a Lieutenant Nellis, who was in the British service, and often led the savages in their descent upon the frontier settlements. To him they made their surrender. Nine of their number had been killed, several were wounded, and three in the early part of the action effected their escape.

The Indians, thus becoming masters of the ground, came up and took possession of the prisoners and their arms, after which they began to dispatch those that had been wounded. Two of Van Campen's men—Wallace and Stewart—were killed with the tomahawk immediately before him. Another by the name of Craton was placed on a large stone, and as he sat bending over, half unconscious of what was transpiring around him, was made the mark of four or five savages, who took their position a few rods from him, and all aiming their rifles at his head fired at once-

^{*}The place where Culbertson built his cabin and was killed, and where the battle took place, was near what is now the Bald Eagle dam, about five miles from the confluence of Bald Eagle Creek with the river at the Great Island. The land on the north side of the creek, at this point, is considerably elevated, and at the dam it rises in a rocky bluff from the water's edge. A narrow and rather deep ravine puts into the creek at this point, through which a small stream of water flows. The mouth of the ravine at the creek is quite narrow and deep; but a short distance back from the creek it widens and forms a small level plot of ground, on which the cabin of Culbertson was built, near a fine spring of water, which flows to this day. The distance from the cabin to the creek was about forty rods. The location is near the residence of Mr. John Berry, and about one mile from the village of Flennington.



and with their balls tore the top of his skull from his head. Craton fell over, and his brains rolled out and lay smoking upon

the ground!

The blood coursed quick through Van Campen's veins as he saw his brave soldiers treated thus, and it was not the least of his suffering to be obliged to witness the scene without the means in his power of affording them aid. He was obliged to stand as insensible as a rock, for had he shown the least signs of sympathy or disapproval, it would have been at the peril of his life.

Himself and his men that were not wounded were taken into the custody of Indian warriors, and one of them had tied a cord around his arm, and stood holding it, while the executioners were dispatching those that had been hurt in the battle. Near him stood one of his men who had received a shot through his arm when raised in the attitude of firing, the ball having entered his elbow, had passed up his arm, and gone out near his shoulder blade. His name was Burwell. Van Campen seeing him, spoke and said: "Burwell, you are losing blood pretty fast, are you not?" "Yes," said he, "I can't hold out much longer." "Stand as long as you can, my brave fellow. Your wound is such that if they pass you by now they may perhaps spare your life."

Just then an executioner saw that one more remained to finish his duty, and he came up towards Burwell with his tomahawk raised to strike him in the head. Van Campen, perceiving his movements, jerked from the warrior who was holding him by the arm, sprang forward with his right hand clenched, and gave the Indian executioner a blow in the breast which sent him reeling backward until he fell upon the ground like one dead. The warriors then turned with their hatchets upon Van Campen. But a party who had witnessed the scene were highly pleased with the bravery that had been shown by their prisoner, and as the tomahawk was about to descend, they leaped forward over his head to rescue him from death. For a few moments Van Campen could hear nothing but the clashing of tomahawks, as the warriors engaged in a fierce struggle for his life. He was pushed about in the scuffle, a part of the time his body bent over by those who endeavored to shield him from the threatened blow, expecting every moment to have the hatchet enter his head; but at length



the fortune of the contest turned in his favor, the majority being determined to spare his life. When the strife ceased they gathered around him with looks of exultation and delight, and he could discover, from the pleasure which beamed from their every look, that his life would be protected from any further injury. This well-timed blow was the means of sparing Burwell from falling under the hatchet of the executioner, for as they came around Van Campen they repeated one after another: "Brave warrior, brave warrior." They seemed by common consent to yield the life of the one as a tribute to the noble deed of the other.

Immediately after this struggle for Van Campen's life the prisoners were stripped of all their clothing, except pantaloons, and taken a short distance from the battle ground, where they were made to sit down in the form of a circle, while the Indians made a larger one around them, and bringing up five Indians who had been killed during the engagement, laid them down near the prisoners. In their movements they observed the stillness and solemnity of death, and as the captives eyed their motions and beheld the dead warriors stretched out before them, they felt that the ceremonies that were in progress deeply concerned themselves; and though their minds had in a measure become callous to the thoughts of death by familiarity with the field of strife, still the voice of silence whispered even into their ears lessons of the tomb, which they could not help but regard. Under the present circumstances it was very natural for the prisoners to turn from the slaughtered warriors to themselves, and each one began to reflect upon the destiny which should await him. Van Campen anticipated little short of a cruel and lingering death, especially if he was discovered to be the one who had killed so many Indians while effecting his escape in the year 1780.

When everything was arranged, and the warriors were standing in a large circle around the prisoners and the slain, an Indian chief came forward into the ring and commenced making a speech. Every eye was turned upon the speaker, and as he advanced, Van Campen watched the countenances of the Indians, and could see them alternately swell with rage, and with the stern and awful looks of revenge, and then melt away with the voice of the orator into expressions of pity and compassion. He said to his men, in



a low tone of voice, that their fate would probably be decided by the speech of the warrior, and that they had better prepare themselves for the last extremity. Said he: "If the conclusion is unfavorable it can be but death at any rate, and we had better part with our lives as dearly as possible. Let us fix upon the weakest point of their line, and if we are condemned to die, let us run upon it with all our might, snatch their weapons from them and engage from hand-to-hand; it may be that some of us will be able to effect our escape during the struggle." He kept his eye upon the speaker, and carefully watched the effect of his words until he was through, and, happily for them, his conclusion was brightened by a smile, which was the token of mercy. There was left no ill-boding cloud behind to warn them of coming evil.

Directly after the Indians proceeded to bury those who had fallen in battle, which they did by rolling an old log from its place and laying their bodies in the hollow thus made, and then heaping upon them a little earth. They then divided the prisoners among them, according to the number of their fires, Van Campen being placed with the party which encamped with Lieutenant Nellis, who, having the first choice of prisoners, chose him because he was an officer. From him he learned the substance of the warrior's speech, who, as he said, had been consulting the Great Spirit as to what should be done with those that had fallen into their hands. He presented arguments on the one hand to show that the prisoners should be immediately killed, and again he proceeded to remark that they should be treated with lenity. At one time, pointing to the lifeless bodies before him, he exclaimed: "These call for vengeance; the blood of the red man has been spilled, and that of the white man must flow." Yet he represented again that enough blood had been shed, that vengeance had been taken in those of their enemies that had been killed, and that such of their own party as had fallen met only the common fate of war. He suggested finally that the lives of the prisoners should be spared, and they be adopted into the families of those that had been slain.

In accordance with this récommendation the prisoners were unharmed and put in readiness to march with the Indians. Packs were prepared for them, and having shouldered these, they began



to march towards the place where the warriors had first seen the marks which led them in pursuit, and having reached this they entered their bark canoes, rowed across the river, and then sent them adrift down the stream.

The Indians then took up their line of march back to Niagara, proceeding across the valley and its tributary streams. On the morning of the second day of their march, as Van Campen passed by one of their fires, he saw one of his soldiers, named Henderson, seated upon a billet of wood, and two Indians standing by his side. His countenance was sad and pale, indicating the presence of anxious and painful thoughts. He had been wounded by a ball, which struck his left hand as it was raised for the purpose of firing, and cut off four of his fingers. Van Campen, supposing that the fate of this soldier had been decided, beheld him with mingled pity and concern; yet there was no remedy, and he passed on, bearing his mournful countenance before him. He did not go far before he heard a noise like the sound of a tomahawk entering the head, and in a few moments saw the two Indians who had been standing by Henderson run by him, bearing a scalp and carrying a hatchet dripping with blood. The sight filled him with maddening thoughts, yet he did not reveal his emotions by action or look, but continued to march reckless of every event that should befall him.

Their march during the day was continued without provisions until they arrived at Pine Creek, where they halted while the Indian hunters went out in pursuit of game. In a short time they returned, bringing along an elk. This was soon dressed and prepared for roasting. The prisoners were allowed the same liberty that was taken by the warriors themselves. They cut from the animal as much fresh meat as they wished and roasted it on coals, or held it on the end of a sharpened stick to the fire. This made them an excellent supper, and was quite a relief to their keen appetites.

Burwell, whose life had been spared, marched with the Indians as a prisoner; but his wound in a few days became very much inflamed and painful to such a degree that it was with great difficulty he proceeded on his march; and though he promised to give them trouble, they did not seek to rid themselves of his care



in the summary manner in which they generally treated their prisoners, but exercised their skill to restore him to health and soundness. Having collected a parcel of suitable herbs, they boiled them in water, thus making a strong decoction, in which they dipped the feather of a quill and ran it through his wound. Whenever this was done Van Campen, who had been quartered with a different company, was brought to see the attention which was given to his soldiers—a very simple but flattering token of the respect they paid to his bravery. The operation was exceedingly painful, and as Van Campen stood by he encouraged him to bear up bravely under his treatment, saying that he must prove himself a man, and that if he suffered the keenest anguish, he should not manifest it by a single sign. The Indians who were by seemed to understand the instructions that were given, and were highly pleased with them, as well as the manner in which the soldier endured the pain. In a short time the inflammation was removed, and the wound healed under this harsh but salutary treatment.

Burwell lived to enjoy many a pleasant day after the Revolution, yet whenever he told the story of the blow which Van Campen gave to the Indian executioner, whose hatchet was raised to destroy his life, and when he described the fierce and doubtful struggle that followed, it was always with tears in his eyes. Several years afterwards he paid Van Campen a visit at his residence in Angelica, saying that he was about to remove to one of the Southern States, and that he had come to see once more the man who had saved his life at the risk of his own!

Van Campen and his fellow prisoners were marched through the various Indian villages, and some of them were adopted in families to make up for the loss of those killed in the battle on the Bald Eagle. Van Campen passed through all the villages* undis-

^{*}At a place called Pigeon Wood they fell in with a large body of Indians on a hunting expedition, and were received with wild demonstrations of savage glee. The arrival of the war party with their prisoners was followed by a feast. What Van Campen most feared was recognition. While the festivities were at their height, one belonging to the new party approached him, looked at him intently, and speaking in a low tone called him by name, adding that he knew of his escape two years before by killing his captors. Van Campen now thought that he had nothing save torture and death to expect. Great, however, was his surprise when told by the stranger that he himself was a prisoner, held by the Indians to act as an interpreter; assured



covered; neither was it known that he had been a prisoner before and had effected his escape by killing four men and seriously wounding John Mohawk, until he had been turned over to the British at Fort Niagara. As soon as this fact became known among the Indians they were furious, and demanded of the British officer that he should be returned to them. So anxious were they to get him in their power for torture that they offered several prisoners in exchange for him. The commander of the fort, on these appeals being made, sent an officer to examine him. He stated the facts of his killing the party of savages on the North Branch. The officer stated that his case was a grave one, and he did not know whether they could hold him when the Indians demanded his return. Van Campen stated to the officer that he considered himself a prisoner of war to the British, and claimed protection as such; that he believed the British possessed more honor than to hand him over to the savages to be burned at the stake: that if they did they might expect retaliation in case one of their officers fell into the hands of the Americans.

The officer withdrew, but soon afterwards returned and informed him that there was but one condition on which his life could be saved, and that was to abandon the rebel cause and join the British. As a further inducement he was offered the same rank in the British service. The answer of Van Campen was worthy the hero of any age or people, and showed that the courage of the patriot never quailed under the most trying circumstances. It was: "No, sir, no—my life belongs to my country; give me

that he would probably remain unrecognized, and put on his guard against revealing his identity until under British protection in Canada. This was Van Campen's memorable meeting with Horatio Jones, the interpreter. Horatio Jones was born in Chester County, Pa., November 19, 1763. At the age of sixteen he enlisted as a volunteer in Captain John Boyd's company, and a year or two later was with Boyd in his disastrous expedition, when captured by the Indians under Nellis. Like his captain, young Jones, after running the gauntlet, escaped death through the intervention of pitying squaws. He was subsequently adopted into an Indian family, and remained in captivity, serving as an interpreter, until after the treaty of 1784. After the war he settled at Geneseo, N. Y., then known as Big Tree, was appointed by Washington as interpreter of the Six Nations, frequently acting as the favorite interpreter of Red Jacket, and rendered invaluable service to the Government in its treaties with late hostile tribes. By his bravery, tact, physical strength and manly traits of character, Horatio Jones acquired great influence over the Indians, and retained their entire confidence through life.



the stake, the tomahawk, or the scalping-knife, before I will dishonor the character of an American officer!"

That settled it. No more dishonorable overtures were made to him, and he was held and protected as a prisoner of war. And sometime in March, 1783, he was exchanged and returned home. He immediately went into service again with his company at Northumberland. Soon afterwards Captain Robinson received orders to march with his company to Wyoming, and Van Campen and Ensign Chambers accompanied him. They remained in the service until November of that year, when the army was discharged, and they retired to private life, poor and penniless, after what they had endured in the service of their country.

Moses Van Campen, some years after his marriage, moved his family to New York, where he resided until the close of his long and eventful life. He died at Angelica October 15, 1849, aged 92 years, 8 months and 24 days. The following is a very good likeness of the old hero as he appeared at the age of 90 years:



MAJOR MOSES VAN CAMPEN.



The following sketch of the family of Major Moses Van Campen, written by Miss Mary Lockhart, of Almond, New York, who is a granddaughter, will prove interesting in this connection. She says:

"Moses Van Campen married Margaret McClure, the daughter of James McClure, a worthy citizen of Bloomsburg, Pa. The location where the town of Bloomsburg now stands was a part of the farm given her by her father. He had no sons to perpetuate his name, but had five daughters, who all were women of unusual refinement of manners and of benevolence of heart. They were born in Pennsylvania (their home then was on the Fishing Creek), with the exception of the youngest daughter, who, I think, was born after their removal to the state of New York.

"Mary Van Campen, the eldest daughter, my dear mother, more closely resembled her father than any of his other children. She married George Lockhart, who was of Scotch-Irish descent, a native of the North of Ireland, emigrating when about nine years of age with his father and the rest of his family to this country. Shortly after his father's arrival he bought about 300 acres of land on the Susquehanna River, below the Wyoming Valley, but the title not proving valid he lost it all, retaining only what was secured by a second payment.

"My father and mother are the parents of eight children, one dying in infancy, seven grown up to adult age, five sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Moses Van Campen Lockhart, died in October of 1887. The second son, James, a merchant in Angelica, died in 1886. The third son, John, served under General Sherman in the war of the Rebellion. He died in 1870, his death doubtless hastened by hardships endured while in the army. The fourth son, Alfred, formerly a merchant of Angelica, is now in the Patent Office in Washington. He entered during the administration of President Arthur. The fifth son, Joseph, lives on the farm my father bought shortly after his marriage, and where he and my mother lived until their decease. My father died in 1854. My mother died in 1864. The sixth child was Elizabeth. She was married to Henry W. Crandall, a merchant of Almond. She died in 1874. Of seven children but three survive, two brothers and myself. Anna, the second daughter of Moses Van Campen,



married Alvin Burr, from Connecticut, for many years one of the most prominent lawyers of Allegany County, N. Y. They had two children, a son, Moses, now living in Angelica. After the removal of my grandfather to Dansville, Mr. Burr went to live in his very pleasant home after he retired from his profession. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burr, Harriet, married John Olmstead, a banker, who lives at Yonkers, on the Hudson. She died in 1885. The third daughter, Priscilla, married Mr. Samuel Mulholland, a farmer, who lived on the shore of the Canisteo River. At their decease they left two daughters, Sarah, the eldest, now Mrs. Frederick W. Landers, who resides in Decorah, Iowa, the other daughter, Mary, now Mrs. Frank Lewis, living in St. Paul, Minnesota.

"The fourth daughter of Moses Van Campen was Elizabeth. She married the Rev. Robert Hubbard, a Presbyterian clergyman, a native of Sherbourne, Mass., a graduate of Williams College, and one of the most exemplary of men. They left one son, now the Rev. J. N. Hubbard, of Tracy, California. He is a graduate of Yale College, author of the Life of Moses Van Campen, and of the Life of Red Jacket.

"The fifth daughter, Lavinia, married Samuel Southworth, M. D., a prominent physician of Allegany County. She died at the early age of 32 years, leaving two little daughters, one of whom died in girlhood. The other, Margarette, married a Mr. Mills, of Mount Morris, Livingston County, N. Y. She died in September of 1887.

"You will see by this sketch that the descendants of Moses Van Campen are fast passing away. His children, all but the youngest daughter, Mrs. Southworth, lived to the age of three-score years and ten. Of the grandchildren more than the half are gone. Seven are still living. Eight have died within the past few years."

One of the most atrocious murders in 1781 was that of the Stock family, near Selinsgrove. Three of Stock's sons were at work in a field when a party of about thirty Indians appeared. They did not attack the boys, but passed on to the house, which they entered. On the way they found another son plowing in a field, whom they killed. Mrs. Stock and a daughter-in-law were found in the house. The mother, a strong and courageous



woman, defended herself with a canoe pole, as she retreated towards the field where her husband was. She was killed by a tomahawk, however, the house plundered and the young woman carried into the woods near by and killed and scalped. When Stock returned he found his house plundered, his son dead in the field, his wife with a deep wound in her forehead, murdered, and the young woman inhumanly butchered.

The alarm was quickly given, when three experienced Indian fighters, Grove, Pence and Stroh, pursued the savages. They found them encamped on the North Branch, on the side of a hill covered with fern. Grove crept up and discovered that their rifles were stacked around a tree, and that all but three or four were asleep. One of the Indians was narrating in high glee how Mrs. Stock defended herself with the canoe pole. Grove lay quiet until all the Indians fell asleep. He then returned to his comrades, Stroh and Pence, and informed them what he had seen. They decided to attack them when all appeared to be asleep. They crept up close to the camp and dashed among the sleeping savages. Grove plied his tomahawk vigorously on their heads, while Stroh and Pence* seized the guns and fired among the sleepers. Several were killed, when the Indians, thinking they were attacked by a large party, fled. How many were killed is not known, but the white party brought home a number of scalps. A captive white boy was liberated. Collecting the best guns, and destroying the balance, Grove and his companions made their way to the river, built a raft and floated down stream, and reached home in safety.

Sometime in 1781 Captain John Boyd,† of Northumberland, started with a company of about forty men on an expedition to the

^{*}Very little is known of the history of Peter Pence. That he was a daring scout and soldier there is no doubt. In June, 1775, he enlisted in Captain John Lowdon's company and marched to Boston, where he did good service. Pence, according to the fragmentary records, saw much hard service. When peace was restored he settled in Nippenose Valley, Lycoming County, where he died in 1812. He left several sons and daughters. In 1810 the Legislature granted him a pension of \$40 per annum. Robert Hamilton, of Pine Creek Township, Clinton County, was the executor of his estate. He left a will which is recorded in Lycoming County. For a much fuller account of Pence see Meginness' Historical Journal for 1887, pages 88 and 155.

[†] For a sketch of the Boyd family see Meginness' Biographical Annals, page 35.



him carefully during their journey to Canada. She accompanied him to Quebec, where he was placed in the hospital and attended by an English surgeon and rapidly recovered. He was then turned out into the street without money or friends. As he passed along a large sign, with the letters "Masonic Inn" painted on it, attracted his attention, and observing the landlord standing in the door, he gave him the sign of the Order, which was recognized. He was kindly taken in and cared for till he was exchanged. The wounds on his head caused him ever afterwards to keep up a continual winking.

The old squaw who was the means of preserving his life belonged to the Oneida tribe. Boyd* remembered her kindly as one of his best friends, and frequently sent her presents of money and trinkets. On one occasion he is said to have made a journey north to visit her in her aboriginal home and personally thank her for saving his life. Boyd died at Northumberland February 13, 1831, aged 82 years.

After the murder of Klinesmith Captain Peter Grove, his brother, Michael Grove, Lieutenant Cramer and William Campbell resolved to pursue the Indians and not return until they secured a few scalps, even if they had to follow them to their towns. On their way up they took dinner at the house of James Ellis, near Fort Muncy, and to be on their guard ate with their rifles lying across their knees. In the afternoon of the third day they came in sight of the Indians at a point near Youngwomanstown, when they ascertained that the party consisted of twenty-five or thirty warriors. This was a very large number for four men to pursue, but so intent were they on striking a blow for revenge that they did not shrink from the danger.

The Indians, evidently fearful of pursuit, did not kindle a fire that evening, and the Grove party delayed their attack and awaited a more favorable opportunity. They stealthily pursued them all the next day, keeping well up on the hill-sides to be out of danger. The Indians traveled rapidly, and that evening reached the mouth of a little stream which empties into the Sinnema-

^{*}The story of Boyd's sufferings was related to the author thirty-five years ago by Jacob Cooke, of Muncy, who was a descendant of the Cooke family of Northumberland. For sketch of Cooke see Meginness' Biographical Annals, page 77.



honing Creek about twelve miles from its mouth, and fancying themselves secure, kindled a fire for the first time.

Grove's party cautiously followed the paths and trails that led up the river to Cook's Run, which empties into the West Branch about three miles below the mouth of the Sinnemahoning. At this point they took the short route over the mountain, used by the Indians, to the mouth of the First Fork, or east branch of the Sinnemahoning, which joins the main stream twelve miles from its mouth. From the summit of one of the Fork hills of the stream, afterwards called Ellicott's * Run, they discovered the Indian camp fire at the mouth of the stream now called Grove's Run. They were encamped near a fine spring that formed a large pool or pond, and near the river bank. On the bank of the little stream stood a large oak tree about thirty inches in circumference, and some six or seven feet from the ground a large limb, at least eighteen inches in diameter, projected from the tree, on the side next the river and opposite the pond or spring. This limb ran out twelve or fifteen feet, and drooped slightly. In this limb they

^{*}Hon John Brooks, now one of the oldest residents of Sinnemahoning, says: "The stream was named for Mr. Ellicott, the surveyor, who, about 1801, laid out and opened a wagon road up the Sinnemahoning-crossing the creek from flat to flat-and up the Driftwood branch to its head, then down the Tuninquant to the line of the state of New York. Ellicott's name was Joseph, and his brother Andrew was in the employ of the state of Pennsylvania. Under date of April 20, 1795, he writes to Governor Mifflin in relation to the town of La Bœuff, which he had laid out in 1794. Speaking of his compensation he refers incidentally to his brother 'who is in the employ of the Holland Land Company, and who receives SS a day and his expenses paid.' See Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. VI., pages S16-17. I have a copy of Jess' Surveying, printed at Wilmington, Del., in 1799. This was the book that Joseph Ellicott had and used when laying out and opening this road for the Holland Land Company; and I have often conversed with Adam Logue, who assisted in hunting and furnishing supplies to Ellicott's corps, and was under his pay. I have also often conversed with Joseph Mason, a surveyor, who was with Ellicott and assisted John Hanna in making the surveys in this section in 1794, and whose sons now have the compass used by Ellicott in the survey of the road, and the book referred to was given to Adam Logue aforesaid, of whom I obtained it, and made my first study in the science of surveying in 1834. This road was laid out prior to 1805 and after 1801. The Holland Land Company owned a large body of land obtained from the State, and the warrants were generally surveyed in 1793 and 1794. and are situated in Cameron, Elk and McKean counties. I believe the State had a loan from the Hollanders to pay the expenses of the war of 1776, and took their pay in land warrants."



stuck their tomahawks,* the marks of which were plainly visible for many years afterwards.

Creeping up stealthily, Peter Grove found the Indians lying under the tree and their guns were standing against the trunk. Having studied the situation, he drew back a short distance, and crouching like a tiger, quietly waited until the Indians were wrapped in sleep before springing upon them. One old Indian annoyed them very much. He was troubled with a severe cough, and frequently rose up and looked around carefully as if apprehensive of danger. At length he fell asleep, when the Grove party silently crept up, intending to use their tomahawks first. One of the party unexpectedly crawled over an Indian who was lying a few feet from the others, and just at this moment the troublesome old man raised his head again. Finding themselves discovered there was no alternative but to rush upon the Indians. Michael Grove, with a powerful stroke of his hatchet, clove the skull of the old man, and striking it into the back of another was unable to withdraw it, when the Indian drew him over the bank of the creek, where he succeeded in killing and scalping him. The others plied their hatchets vigorously and killed several, when they began to use their rifles. One of the party seized several of their guns and threw them into the pond of water. The Indians in the meantime had fled to the other side of the creek, when, finding that the assaulting party was small, and being between them and the light, commenced firing at them. As they had the advantage the whites were obliged to beat a retreat without securing the scalps of all that were killed. They secured two,† however, when they retreated rapidly by wading the Sinnema-

^{*}William Nelson, now living at Huntley, on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, four miles above Driftwood, says that his father moved up the fork of the Sinnemahoning in 1822, when he was fourteen or fifteen years old (now 80), and when they arrived his curiosity led him to visit the battle ground, and he counted twelve distinct marks of the tomahawks in the bark of this large limb. This Mr. Nelson considers as proof that the party consisted of twelve Indians, although there was a tradition that there were twenty-five. But it is believed that there was another party encamped six or eight miles up the First Fork.

[†]In the State Treasurer's account for September 30, 1780, appears this item: "Cash paid Robert Martin for Jacob Creamer, Peter Grove, William Campbell and Michael Grove, for two Indian scalps, £1,875." This shows that they only got two scalps and that the currency of the Province was fearfully depreciated at that time.



honing to its mouth, twelve miles below, and then making tracks along the shore of the river a short distance, as if going down, when they turned and waded up the river a short distance above the mouth of Sinnemahoning Creek, when they left the river on the south side, where the bluffs came down to the water's edge, and then ascended the mountain and made their way over it to Bald Eagle Creek. Here they ascended Bald Eagle Mountain, when they saw the Indians in pursuit the next day in the valley where Monseytown flats are located, a short distance above Lock Haven, on the north side of the river. Grove and party kept along the summit of the mountain, and taking the path which led through Nippenose Valley, returned to their homes in Buffalo Valley in safety. This expedition was one of the most daring on record, and in its results crowned the pursuing party with laurels. The oak tree under which the Indians were sleeping stood until the flood of 1847, when it was washed out by the roots and disappeared. When the pool of water was drained the rusty irons of a gun were found which the Indians had failed to recover. The little stream on which the battle occurred is now known as Grove Run, and it flows through the western end of the village of Sinnemahoning.

All that is known of the ancestors of the Groves is that they were Hollanders, and probably came to Buffalo Valley quite early. Linn says in his Annals that there were four brothers-Wendell, Adam, Michael and Peter. Michael died in Nippenose Valley in 1827, aged 70 years, and his body was taken home and buried in the Driesbach grave-yard. He left three children: John, Sarah, and another daughter who married Jacob Smith. Sarah married Samuel Lutz. He seems to have acquired considerable property, as he gave his daughters farms in Nippenose Valley, and he was there visiting when he died. His son John left a son Michael and a daughter Esther. He died on his grandfather's farm in Buffalo Valley. Esther married Enoch Kauffman. Michael's son Peter was living a few years ago in West Buffalo Township, together with other descendants. Adam lived on what was known as the Nesbitt property, which he sold to Thomas Nesbitt in 1822. His son Samuel married a Miss Glass, and is the father of Simon, Joseph, William and Wesley Grove. The



latter was starved to death in a rebel prison. A daughter married Jacob Parks.

Peter Grove, the hero of the Sinnemahoning battle, married Sarah Witmore and settled on the north side of the river at Dunnstown, Clinton County. They had nine children, named as follows: John, Jacob, Peter, George, William, Elizabeth, Pattie, Susan and Fearm.

Peter Grove lost his life by drowning in the year 1802 or 1803. He had gone over the river from Dunnstown to attend a shooting match at Old Town, which stood near the junction of Beech Creek with the river. On the return, in a canoe, and when opposite the tavern of John Myers, the two young men who were with him-one of whom was named Clark-commenced rocking the canoe and it upset. The river was somewhat swollen, but as Grove was known to be a good swimmer they supposed he could easily reach the shore. He had on an overcoat which interfered with his swimming very much, and although he cried for assistance when he found he was sinking, his comrades supposed he was doing it merely to frighten them, and they did not aid him. But the strong man was struggling for his life, and finally drowned in the presence of his friends. Tradition informs us that they had been drinking freely, which may have been the case, and the result was the death of the man who had often braved much greater dangers on land in the presence of the savage foe. The place where his death occurred is a short distance above the Great Island, and about where the ferry now is between Dunnstown and the Lock Haven shore. His body was recovered, and he was buried in the Dunnstown cemetery, near a large oak tree, which stands as a living monument to his memory. His grave is still pointed out, but no stone bears his name to tell the passer-by that the brave Indian fighter lies there. Grove is described as being about five feet seven inches in height, compactly built and very muscular. His descendants are quite numerous, and many of them live in the western part of the State.

The affair which called forth the vengeance of the Groves, with a few other outrages, were the last committed in the valley, and peace, happy peace, soon spread her wings over a land that had been drenched in blood. On the 14th of November, 1782, William



Moore, who had served as Vice-President since 1779, succeeded President Reed, whose term as councilor had expired. General James Potter was chosen at the same time as Vice-President.

On the 12th of March the first news was received of the signing of the treaty of November 30, 1782, acknowledging the independence of the United States. On the 20th of January, 1783, the preliminary treaty of peace was signed, and on the 11th of April Congress issued a proclamation enjoining a cessation of hostilities, and on the 16th of the same month the Supreme Executive Council made public announcement of the happy event. The definitive treaty of peace with England was ratified by Congress, January 14, 1784, and the event was celebrated all over the land as soon as the fact was made known. At the election in November, 1783, John Dickinson was chosen President and General James Ewing Vice-President. On the 18th of October, 1785, Benjamin Franklin, then nearly eighty years of age, was chosen President of the State and Charles Biddle Vice-President.

The last treaty with the Indians, held at Fort Stanwix, October, 1784, was a very important one. Since the year 1768 the northwestern boundary of Indian purchases in the State ran from the Susquehanna, on the New York line, to Towanda Creek; thence to the head of Pine Creek; thence to its mouth, and up the West Branch to its source; thence over to Kittanning, and down the Ohio to the west line of the State. The principal feature of this last treaty was in relation to the boundary line embraced by Tiadaghton (Pine) Creek. It had been contended by the Indians that Lycoming Creek was the true line, but the whites claimed that it was Tiadaghton. This dispute had given rise to much contention, out of which grew the Fair Play system. Settlers in the territory lying between Lycoming and Pine creeks were not recognized by the Proprietary Government, and therefore were compelled to shift for themselves.

Burnett's Hills, so frequently alluded to, were called by the Indians the Long Mountains, and they knew them by no other name. At this treaty a purchase was made of the residue of the Indian lands within the limits of Pennsylvania, and the deed was signed by the chiefs of the Six Nations, October 23, 1784. The boundaries were carefully noted in the deed.



At a treaty held at Fort McIntosh with the Wyandott and Delaware Indians, by the same commissioners, January, 1785, a deed was executed by the representatives of those tribes in the same words, with the same boundaries, and dated January 21, 1785. Both of these deeds, with the proceedings of the conferences, are printed in the appendix to the Journal of the Assembly for February, 1785. Thus, in a period covering about one hundred and two years, was the whole right of the Indians to the soil of Pennsylvania extinguished. The Legislature, at the time of this last treaty, being apprehensive that the instructions given the commissioners to ascertain the precise boundaries of the purchase of 1768 might cause trouble, passed the following act:

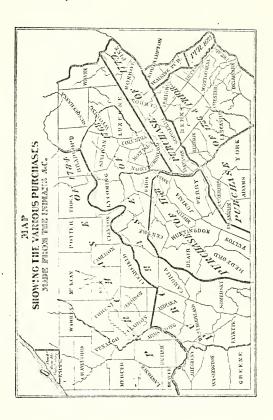
That the said directors did not give, nor ought not to be construed to give to the said commissioners, any authority to ascertain, definitely, the boundary lines aforesaid, in the year 1768, striking the line of the West Branch of Susquehanna, at the mouth of *Lyconick* or *Lycoming Creek*, shall be the boundaries of the same purchase to all legal intents and purposes, until the General Assembly shall otherwise regulate and declare the same.

This last accession of lands was called by the whites the "New Purchase," and when the land office opened, in 1785, settlers rapidly flocked to the territory located on the north side of the river, west of Lycoming Creek, to secure the choice lands lying in that district. Nearly all the original settlers, or squatters, on this land, previous to the Big Runaway, returned to the land on which they had made improvements. As much contention arose about the right of occupancy, the Legislature passed the following act, which may be found in *Smith's Laws*, Vol. II., page 195:

And whereas divers persons, who have heretofore occupied and cultivated small tracts of lands without the bounds of the purchase made as aforesaid in the year 1768, and within the purchase made or now to be made, have by their resolute stand and sufferings during the late war, merited, that those settlers should have the premption of their respective plantations, it is enacted that all and every person or persons, and their legal representatives, who has or have heretofore settled on the north side of the West Branch of Susquehanna, between Lycomick or Lycoming Creek on the east, and Tyadaghton, or Pine Creek on the west, as well as other lands within the said residuary purchase from the Indians of the territory within this State (excepting always the lands hereinbefore excepted,) shall be allowed a right of pre-emption to their respective possessions, at the price aforesaid.



No person was to be entitled to the benefit of this pre-emption act unless he had made an actual settlement before 1780, and no-claim was to be admitted for more than 300 acres of land, and the consideration thereof tendered to the Receiver General of the Land Office on or before the first of November, 1785. Several lawsuits ensued, having their origin in Fair Play times, which lasted for several years.





Among the early settlers in Black Hole* Valley was John Ten Brook.† He was born near Trenton, was a posthumous and only child of Cornelius Ten Brook, and inherited a fair estate for that time and place from his father. He commanded a battalion of New Jersey militia at the battle of Monmouth, with the rank of major. His first wife was a Miss Katie Low, by whom he had two sons and one daughter—Garrett, Katie and John. His second wife was Miss Katie Emmons, also of New Jersey, and by her he had six sons and two daughters, viz.: Andrew, Conrad,‡ Jacob, Abram, William, Peter, Sallie and Jemima. The former married George Irwin, and the latter, when about fifty years old, married a man whose name is not now remembered.

Major Ten Brook sold his farm near Trenton about 1785, and took his pay in Continental money, and in six months from that time he could not have bought a good horse with the money. He also kept what was then called a tavern in connection with his farm. After the battle of Saratoga the Hessian general, Reidesel, and his wife and attendants were assigned to his keeping by General Washington, because Ten Brook and family were Holland Dutch, and could understand the Hessian language. It was the policy to assign Hessian prisoners to the Continental Dutch, with instructions to the latter to convert as many of them as possible. A strong attachment grew up between the General and family and the host and family, and also the Dutch neighbors.

Major Ten Brook, finding himself financially ruined by Continental money, moved his family to Black Hole Valley, in 1786, and took a ten years' lease on the land of an old bachelor named

^{*}The name of this rich agricultural valley, lying in the great bend of the river in Clinton Township, Lycoming County, is said to have originated in this wise: When first seen by the pioneers from Muncy hills, on the east side of the river, it was covered with a heavy growth of pine, and as the dense foliage of the trees gave it a dark and sombre appearance, they named it "Black Hole Valley!" It lies under the shadow of the lofty Bald Eagle range, in the form of a cove; hence it is seen that the name is quite appropriate.

[†] Of Hollandish origin and spelled Ten Broeck, Ten Brook and Tenbrook. The "ten" being a prefix like "Van" and "d $\dot{\varphi}$ "

[‡]Grandfather of John T. Campbell, civil engineer, of Rockville, Parke County, Indiana, who contributed these reminiscences of the Ten Brook family and Black Hole Valley.



William Mackey, and at the end of the lease it was renewed for ten more.

In the fall of 1787, early in November, there fell a snow about four feet deep, which laid on the ground till late in April, and a big flood* followed. There were not enough teams in the settle-

^{*} There have been many great floods in the river. The first known to early history occurred in 1744, the second in 1758, the third in 1772, the fourth in 1786, and the fifth in 1800. The Indians had a tradition that a great flood occurred every fourteen years, which seems to have been verified in these five instances. In a memorandum on file at Harrisburg, signed by Robert Martin and John Franklin, they state "that on the 15th of March, 1784, the Susquehanna rose into a flood, exceeding all degrees ever known before; so sudden as to give no time to guard against the mischief; that it swept away 150 houses, with all the provision, furniture and farming tools and cattle of the owners, and gave but little opportunity for the inhabitants to fly for their lives. One thousand persons were left destitute of provisions, clothing and every means of life." This flood was known as "The Ice Flood." The freshet of October, 1786, was called the "Pumpkin Flood," because of the great number of pumpkins that were carried down stream. The next great flood was on the 28th of June, 1829, and again on the 13th of March, 1846. Many bridges were carried away. The great flood of October, 1847, was three or four feet higher than any previous rise. A number of bridges were destroyed and much damage done. July 18th and 19th, 1851, a great storm raged for thirty-two hours, and the flood that followed was still greater than any previous one. The next was the memorable flood of St. Patrick's Day in March, 1865. This freshet was caused by a warm south-west wind and rain rapidly melting the heavy body of snow which covered the ground. The water rose to a great height and caused immense damage to property in the valley. At Williamsport it attained a height of 271/2 feet. History shows that for a period of one hundred years there has been a successive increase in the height of floods of between three and four feet every fourteen to eighteen years. In the flood of 1865 all the river bridges between Farrandsville and Northumberland were either carried away or badly damaged. But the greatest flood of all, and the one that will pass into history as the most memorable, occurred June 1, 1889. Rain fell incessantly for nearly forty-eight hours, and the wind blew from the south-west. The water rose rapidly, and at Williamsport attained the unprecedented height of 33 feet one inch, or nearly six feet higher than in 1865. Three-fourths of Lock Haven, Jersey Shore, Williamsport and Milton were inundated, the water reaching a depth of from three to ten feet in the houses. With but one exception (Quinn's Run) all the river bridges from Keating to Northumberland were either carried away or partially destroyed. The Williamsport boom broke and 150,000,000 feet of logs were carried away, besides great quantities of manufactured lumber. The losses to the people of the West Branch Valley were enormous, being roughly estimated at from twenty-five to thirty millions of dollars. Great suffering was caused, and a large relief fund had to be raised for the destitute. Upwards of fifty lives were lost in the valley, and the farms and crops in many instances were ruined. Houses, barns and saw mills were carried away, and a scene of desolation that beggars description was left in the track of the mighty torrent.



ment to keep the roads broken, nor could they break them after they became gorged. Nearly all the stock first nearly starved and then froze to death. Men could only get from place to place on snow shoes. The settlers were poor, had but meagre crops, and these were consumed by stock and people till starvation stared them in the face. Game was plenty, but it too starved or was frozen to death. The hunters searched the woods on snow shoes, and sometimes they fell through the crust over deep snow drifts. and they had to "tramp, tramp, tramp" under them till they packed the snow into a stair-way to get out. Major Ten Brook was a good marksman and an expert hunter, and he kept several families in venison through the winter. The snow was sudden. and bent down many small trees and broke down many large ones. These bent and broken trees formed a sheltering place for the deer, where they stood, starved, and froze during the long winter. Major Ten Brook on one occasion killed two deer at one shot under one of these retreats. He had only one mare left in the spring of all his stock. With this animal and a neighbor's yoke of oxen he and they put in and tended their crops.

As soon as the roads could be traveled in the spring Mr. Emmons, the father of Major Ten Brook's second wife, came to the valley with a four-horse wagon loaded with salt, seed wheat, corn and garden vegetable seed. The settlers had eaten up everything they had raised the season before. He also brought a fishing seine six hundred feet long. With this seine the settlers of Black Hole went to the fishery at Lawson's Island, about two miles above the mouth of the creek and opposite the foot of Muncy Hill. At the first and only drag they hauled out on the island, the only good fish landing, 2,500 shad, each weighing from four to eight pounds! The settlers thought it as miraculous as when the net was cast on the other side of the ship in Galilee. The statement was cut into the bark of a soft water maple on Lawson's Island, which could be plainly read more than twenty years afterwards.

In the spring of 1788 Mr. Emmons* and his son brought another four-horse wagon load of salt and other provisions, which

^{*}Great-great-grandfather of John T. Campbell, of Rockville, Indiana.



they distributed around to the needy. They in turn helped him catch, with the big seine at the fishery, a wagon load of shad, which he cleaned, salted and packed into barrels, and started for his home in New Jersey. At night he camped by the roadside and slept in his wagon. One night while sleeping with his son a tree fell across his wagon—whether from wind, or being burned at the root by his camp fire is unknown—and a sharp limb was thrust through his head, killing him instantly. Just where the accident happened, and where the kind-hearted New Jersey farmer was buried, are now unknown, and nothing but this tradition remains to keep his memory green.

As Lawson's Island was the only good fish landing at that point in the river, there was much contention about the right to occupy it. There were always some parties in possession when others arrived, and they were in each other's way. Disputes on such occasions were often settled by "fist and skull." On one such occasion Andrew Ten Brook (son of Major John) and one Dave Macy had a fight about the fishing rights. Macy's party had possession, and Ten Brook and party were making it as best they could on the ripple. Ten Brook, being of Holland descent and association, called out to his party along the seine: "This carrant is taa strang," meaning "current," and "strang" for "strong." Dave Macy was the champion fighter of his locality and ever ready to give a sufficient provocation for a fight to any one that would accept it, and he began mocking Ten Brook's Hollandish pronunciation. It did not take long for each to give the other enough of "back talk" to bring on a fight. They came to the island where Macy was, "peeled and went in." After a long and savage fight Ten Brook won.

Lawson found out that by applying at a certain town in the State the island could be bought, and he slipped off quietly and bought it, and monopolized the fishery. When the canal was afterwards built the riprapping along Muncy Hill so changed the current as to cut away the entire island, and Lawson's heirs were allowed a considerable damage for it. There was an excellent maple sugar camp on the island. It contained from seven to ten acres.

Some years afterwards Major Ten Brook and two of his grown



up sons bought several hundred acres of land in White Deer Valley. There the Major died sometime between 1816 and 1820, aged about eighty years.

His son Conrad married Elizabeth Tate January 5, 1808. They, with their children, started for Ohio in the summer of 1812, but meeting with many disappointments, did not reach their destination till 1816. They first settled in Butler County, Ohio, eighteen miles north of Cincinnati, where they remained about three years.

About 1820 Conrad, Jacob, William and Peter emigrated further west and settled in what is now Parke County, Indiana. Their descendants are numerous, and are scattered from Indiana to the Pacific coast.

Andrew remained in Lycoming County. He had a son, John, who graduated in medicine and settled in Paris, Edgar County, Illinois, and became eminent in his profession, grew wealthy and very influential. He died about 1879, leaving a wife and two daughters. Most of the descendants of Andrew remained in Lycoming County.

Another early and prominent settler on the river, a short distance west of Pine Creek, was Colonel Hugh White. He held a commission* in the army of the Revolution, and acted for some time in the capacity of commissary. Mention is frequently made of him in the *Colonial Records*. He was an active and useful man, and was untiring in his efforts to provide supplies for the army. Mr. White was accomplished in his manners and exceedingly polite. He died in 1822 at the age of 85, from injuries received by being thrown from his horse, leaving behind him ten sons and two daughters. Among the survivors is John White, of Williamsport, and Isabella, the wife of Colonel James S. Allen, of Jersey Shore.

There being no further danger to be apprehended from the savages, settlers commenced pouring into the valley, and improvements were started on every hand. Little bands of Indians, consisting of two or three, occasionally made their appearance in

^{*}His commission, dated April 19, 1776, appointing him captain of a company of foot in the First Battalion of Associators in Northumberland County, is still in existence. It is signed by John Morton, Speaker of the Assembly.



the settlements, but they were friendly, and only came to visit familiar places and the graves of their ancestors, before taking final leave of this lovely valley.

Soon after the return of the Warrior Run settlers, they found that they had no place for public worship. They were largely of the Presbyterian faith, and believed in providing the means for the inculcation of religion into the minds of the young as well as old. The original Warrior Run Church, which had been built on the bank of the river, where Rev. Fithian preached, July 16, 1775, although never finished, was burned by the Indians during the invasion at the time of the Big Runaway.

It having been decided to erect a new building for a place of public worship, a site was selected on Warrior Run, about four miles from its mouth, and half a mile from the ruins of Fort Freeland. A warm friend of the Church now came forward and donated enough land on which to erect the building; and as this sacred spot is among the historic landmarks of the valley, a copy of the original deed* is herewith appended:

DEED POLL.
FROM
Jos. Hutchinson & Unor
TO THE
Warrior Run Congregation.

^{*}This curious old deed is in the possession of Hiram Dunkle, cashier of the Farmer's National Bank, Watsontown, who is the custodian of many of the books and papers of the Warrior Run Church. It is still in a good state of preservation, and the writing is in a clear, plain hand.



a warrant & paten issued to Cornelius Atkinson and by said Atkinson sold and Transferred to George Bereau By Deed poll dated the 22d day of Novr. in the year 1783 and sold and Transferred by said Bereau to the above named Joseph Hutchinson By Deed poll dated the 1st day of May in the year 1784 Reference Being had to said Paten and Deed poll will more fully & plainly appear Be it remembered by these presents that the above mentioned Congregation their heirs successors is to Have and to Hold the above described premises and every part thereof forever and to occupy & possess the same Build houses Edifices and erect monuments in Remembrance of the Dead without hindrance Molestation Or Interruption from the aforesaid Joseph Hutchinson his heirs Executors administrators or assigns or any person or persons Claiming or to Claim the whole or any part thereof

And for the better assuring and Confirmation of the above described premises the above named Joseph Hutchinson and Margaret his wife at any time at the cost and request of the members of said Congregation or a majority of them make Execute and acknowledge Or Cause to be done all and every act or deed for the further Confirming the same. In Witness whereof the within named parties have hereunto Set their hand and Seals the day & year first above written.

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON. [Seal.]
her
MARGARET X HUTCHINSON. [Seal.]
mark

Signed scaled and delivered in the presence of JOHN LYTLE.
ROBT. SMITH.

This deed was acknowledged on the 6th day of March, A. D. 1789, before William Shaw, one of the justices of Northumberland County, and it was recorded in Sunbury on the 14th day of June, 1805, in Deed Book N, page 17, the certificate being signed by Jeremiah Simpson, recorder.

The punctuation, spelling and capitalization are as in the original. Since the above date there have been several additions to the original tract purchased from Mr. Hutchinson and the late Thomas DeArmond.

The new Warrior Run Church was a large log structure with three entrances on the first floor and two by which the gallery was reached from the outside. The central aisle and the space before the pulpit was broad, being intended to accommodate the tables where the communicants sat. The pulpit was very high, and over the minister's head was the sounding board. At the foot of the pulpit stairs was the clerk's desk. The gallery ran around three sides of the building. This house of worship stood



directly in front of the present brick church, which was erected in 1833.

There are several diagrams of the interior of the old church in existence, showing the location and number of the pews, with the names of the occupants and the rent they paid. One of these, now in the hands of R. H. McCormick, Esq., of Watsontown, is a quaint and curious document. It is at least 85 years old, and is endorsed in red ink in bold relief letters, with the price in pounds, shillings and pence placed opposite the name of each pew-holder, as follows:

"WARRIOR RUN CHURCH."

The pews on the floor are numbered, assessed in pounds, shillings and pence, and have names thereon as follows:

| I. | Charles Irwin & Co., 2 2 6 | 21. | Wm. Shaw, Robert Shaw, - 1 150 |
|------|--|-------|--------------------------------------|
| 2. | Jas. Harrison, Samuel Barr, 1 196 | 22. | |
| 3- | Wm. Calhoun, 1 17 6 | | cent, I 12 0 |
| 4. | John McCormick, Wm. Mc- | 23. | John Burroughs, 1 10 b |
| • | Cormick, 1 15 6 | | Wm. Haslet, Esq., |
| 5. | Joseph Hutchinson, Sr., - 2 00 | 24. | Thos. DeArmond, 1 90 |
| > 6. | Mattha Corry, James Wilson, 1 196 | | Robert DeArmond, |
| 7. | | 25. | Andrew Russell, 1 7 6 |
| • | geson, I I3 | | Fatrick Russell, |
| | John W. McCurdy, | 26. | Robert Robertson, 1 86 |
| > 8. | | > 27. | Fleming Wilson, 1 12 6 |
| , | Hutchinson 1/3, 1 196 | 28. | John Bryson, Minister, - |
| | John Baird 1/3, | 29. | John Wilson, 1 12 6 |
| ٥. | Barnabas Ferron, Alxer | | Joseph Hutchinson, |
| ۶. | Stuart 2 0 0 | 30. | David Shannon, 1 10 6 |
| IO. | Stuart, 2 0 0 Thos. Wallace ² / ₃ , 1 19 6 | 31. | David Hunter, 1 56 |
| | Robt. McKee 1/2, | J | Joseph Hammond, |
| II. | Robt, McKee ¹ / ₃ , - John McKinnie, Bruce | 32. | William Boyd 3/3, John |
| | Innis, 1 19 6 | | Thomas, 1 7 6 |
| | John Irvin, James Story, - | 33. | |
| 12. | James Durham, - 1 19 6 Cornelius Waldron, - 1 19 6 Thos. Gillmore, - 2 2 2 2 | 34. | |
| | Cornelius Waldron, | | John Montgomery |
| 12. | Thos. Gillmore 2 2 2 | 35. | |
| 5. | Thomas Wilson, Robert | 36. | James Welch, Sr., John |
| | Miller, | | Quigley, 1 2 6 Hugh Wilson, 1 2 6 |
| 14. | James Hammond, 1 14 6 | > 37. | Hugh Wilson, 1 2 6 |
| -4. | John Brown, Esq., George | 38. | Iohn Haus 1/4 I OO |
| | Hammond. | - | John Smith 1/3, Samuel |
| 15. | John Woods, 1 26 | | All 1/3, |
| 16. | | 39. | |
| 17. | James Falls, 1 00 | | Bruner, 1 7 6 |
| 18. | James Falls, 1 00 Andrew Foster, 1 60 | 40. | Alex'r Guffy, Sam'l Daugh- |
| 19. | James Allison, 1 00 | 1 | erty, 1 0 0 |
| 20. | John Watson, I 50 | 41. | Alex'r Foresman, 1 56 |
| 20, | J | | |

The above embraced all the pews in the body of the building.



There were twenty-four pews in the large gallery, which ran around three sides of the building, and are as follows:

| | John Allison, Wm. Scott, - 1 50 Patrick Diekson, - 1 50 | | Thos. Connely, Jacob Mix- well, 0 18 0 |
|-----|--|-----|---|
| 3. | John McKinney, Alex. Dun- bar, | | John Pipenger, John Gibbons, 0 18 0 |
| 4- | David McGuire, Joseph Mc- Guire, | | John Herron, I 50 Michael Nowlan, Barnabus |
| 5. | Thomas Barr, 1 00 | | Murray, |
| 6. | Anth'y Moore, Geo. McCoy, | 17. | Mongo Reed, John Jacoby, |
| 7. | Robt. Smith, Dan. Vincent, | 18. | Thos. Blane, John Fulker- |
| 8. | Thomas Murray, Widow | | son, 1 7 0 |
| | Gaston, 1 16 0 | 19. | John Barr, 1 2 6 |
| 9. | James Watson, 1 50 | | Hugh Hambleton, David |
| | Andrew Russel, Jr., Benj. | | Hogge, 1 00 |
| | Bennet, | 21. | George McKee, Tom Ruck- |
| 10. | Jas. Welch, Jr., John Kath- | | man, 1 70 |
| | cart, 0180 | 22. | John Tweed, John Long, - 0 17 6 |
| II. | Fred'k Taylor, Wm. Taylor, o 18 o | 23. | John Burroughs, John Allie, 0 150 |
| 12. | Alex. Lock, 1 00 | 24. | James McCane, Richard |
| 13. | Samuel Jones, Richard Van- | | Allison, |
| | deroef, 100 | | |

From the above it is seen that every pew in the church had one or more occupants, and from the names of many heads of families there must have been a large congregation when all were present. The names are familiar, as many of the descendants of these families still reside in the neighborhood and are members of the old church.

The Church of Chillisquaque, another famous place of worship, a few miles south of Warrior Run, was founded at as early a date. It appears on the records of the Presbytery of Donegal as early as 1774, and the letters patent granted to the trustees for twelve acres of ground, on which the church stands, are dated September 22, 1774. The first regular pastor of these famous churches was the celebrated Rev. John Bryson. He was called to be the pastor of these congregations June 23, 1790, accepted the same October 7, 1790, was ordained at Carlisle December 22, 1790, and installed in June, 1791. Mr. Bryson* served the Chillisquaque Church until October 1, 1839, a period of fifty years, and on October 5, 1841, he resigned the pastoral charge of Warrior Run, after a

^{*}For a very full and interesting biographical sketch of this eminent divine, by Rev. John Paris Hudson, see Meginness' *Historical Journal* for May and June, 1887. It gives, in addition to a full history of his life and labors, the names of the signers to both calls from Warrior Run and Chillisquaque congregations.



service of fifty-two years. He died August 3, 1855, in the 98th year of his age, and is buried in the cemetery at McEwensville.

The famous Warrior Run Church stands on the highway leading between Muncy and McEwensville. The road was laid for a portion of the way on the Indian path over which thousands of warriors passed and repassed before the advent of the whites. A beautiful grove of native oaks surrounds the church,* and there is a fine spring of water on the grounds. The grave-yard contains the ashes of hundreds of the early settlers, and there is no more interesting place, on this account, in the valley. Many of those who lie buried here perished by the hands of the savages, distinguished themselves in the war of the Revolution and the great rebellion of modern times.

In the spring of 1790 an affair occurred on Pine Creek, west of the borough of Jersey Shore, which was known afterwards as the "Walker tragedy." At that time the Indians were in the habit of coming from their villages on the Genesee to hunt, and some of them remained until late in the fall. They were on good terms with the whites and frequently stayed over night with acquaintances, sleeping on the floor before the fire. They kept up this practice for several years, when the last Indian disappeared before the advance of civilization.

At the time mentioned three brothers, named Benjamin, Joseph and Henry Walker, lived on a farm not far from the mouth of Pine Creek. Their father, John Walker, had been barbarously killed and scalped at the time the Lee family were murdered by a band of marauding Indians, where Winfield now stands, a few miles below Lewisburg.

Two Indians, one a middle-aged, fine looking savage, and the other quite a young man, came into the Pine Creek neighborhood on a hunting expedition, and remained for some time. One day they were at the Stephenson tavern, near the mouth of the creek, where a number of men were congregated,—among them the Walkers,—and Indian-like they became intoxicated when there

^{*}The following ministers have served as pastors: Rev. John Bryson, Rev. S. S. Shedden, Rev. Henry M. Parsons, Rev. E. D. Yoemans, Rev. Lorenzo Westcott, Rev. S. P. Herron, Rev. George Elliott, Rev. George A. Marr. The latter retired in 1885, since which time the church has been without a regular pastor.



was an opportunity, and performed many drunken antics for the amusement of the spectators. The older Indian threw himself on the ground before the Walkers, and making the most horrid grimaces and contortions of the face, said to them: "This is the way your father acted when I killed and scalped him!"

The brothers were greatly enraged at this shocking and tantalizing exhibition on the part of the Indian, who boasted of having slain their beloved father, and in mockery and derision exhibited his death struggles. Their blood fairly boiled with rage, and they swore vengeance on the savage fiend, and would have rushed upon him and put an end to his life at once, but from being restrained by those present.

That evening they persuaded Samuel Doyle to accompany them a short distance up the creek, where they planned the murder of the two Indians. On going to their encampment they made known their intentions. The young Indian begged piteously for his life, saying that he was not concerned in the murder of Walker, but his appeals were all in vain, and he was immediately tomahawked. They then attacked the older Indian and a desperate struggle, in which knives and tomahawks were used, ensued. The Indian fought desperately for his life, and wounded two of the Walkers, and probably would have killed them had they not succeeded in shooting him through the head. They then took the bodies of the Indians and sunk them in the creek, not far from where Phelps' mills afterwards stood.

The sudden disappearance of the Indians caused some surprise in the neighborhood, and the Walkers were suspicioned of having killed them, but as almost everybody felt that they deserved death for their conduct, their disappearance was soon forgotten. In course of time a freshet came and washed the dead bodies ashore on a gravel bar a short distance below where they were thrown into the creek. The murder now became the subject of much talk in the neighborhood; some asserted that the Walkers were justified in taking the summary vengeance they did, whilst others declared that the deed had been committed in time of peace, and was a palpable violation of law.

Thus matters rested for some time until a knowledge of the affair came to the ears of the authorities. In the meantime the



friends of the Indians had heard of their murder, and they became greatly excited and threatened to come down in force on the settlement for revenge. This alarmed the authorities,* and they promptly condemned the act and adopted measures to arrest the murderers. On the 16th of November a conference with the Indians was held at Tioga Point, which Colonel Pickering attended as a commissioner. Red Jacket and Complanter were there, and the results were satisfactory. In the meantime the authorities of Pennsylvania were active in their efforts to bring the murderers to justice,† At a meeting of the Executive Council, held at Philadelphia July 9, 1790, information was laid before it, that two friendly Seneca Indians had been wantonly murdered on the 27th of June, on Pine Creek, by Benjamin Walker, Henry Walker, Joseph Walker and Samuel Doyle, and a proclamation was issued offering a reward of \$800 for the arrest and conviction of the offenders, or \$200 for any one of them. On the 17th of August John Robinson wrote to Colonel Thomas Proctor from Pine Creek, as follows:

Sir, I desire to inform you that Messrs. Benj. Walker, Henry Walker, James Walker and Samuel Doyle, have upon mature deliberation been convinced of their error and are willing to give themselves up to stand their trial according to law. They most earnestly solicit your friendship, and pray you would use your interest and endeavors in their behalf with the Council, in order to mitigate their fault, which

^{*}An express was promptly sent to advise the Indians that the authorities did not approve of the act. He found the Indians greatly excited, but owing to the influence of Cornplanter a war party was prevented from starting to take vengeance on the frontier settlers.

[†]In a letter dated Northumberland, September 23, 1790, William Wilson wrote to Governor Mifflin informing him that he had engaged Thomas Rue, Jr., to go in pursuit of the Walkers and Doyle, and to take such persons with him as he could confide in. He started for Pine Creek, but a few days before his arrival sixteen persons residing on the creek banded together to take the Walkers, but being informed of what was going on they disappeared. Rue went upon the ground secretly and soon found Doyle, whom he arrested and sent him to jail at Lancaster. Mr. Wilson said further, in his letter, that he expected to secure the Walkers, as he had several persons in pursuit of them.

In another letter written from the same place, and dated September 29th, he informed the Governor that he had drawn on him "for fifty specie in favor of Hepburn and Cowden" for assisting in the arrest of Doyle and taking him to Lancaster. The Walkers, he said, were still at large, and as the people sympathized with them, he had little hope of securing them. Some persons thought it would be better to have them "outlawed," as well as those who were secreting them.



they are, from all appearance, very sorry for, and have petitioned the Council for their pardon, and knowing there has been some correspondence between you and my father, have desired me to write to you and state their inducement for killing the Indians, and my desire being great for the preservation of their lives, which I now earnestly crave, I will now give you their reasons for killing the two Indians, which are as follows: One of the two Indians they killed vaunted of his taking twenty-three scalps. One of the scalped persons being alive, is willing to give in on oath that he scalped a woman at the same time their father, John Walker, was killed and scalped, which was their inducement for killing them.

This letter had no influence upon the Council, for it redoubled its efforts to arrest the offenders, who now kept out of the way.

This bold murder had created great excitement all over the country, and grave fears were entertained of an Indian invasion of Pennsylvania. A deputation was at once sent to Canandaigua by the Council, with a copy of its proclamation apologizing for the offense and promising to do justice. The deputation returned, bearing a letter from Oliver Phelps, dated Canandaigua, August 14, 1790, with an address and a string of wampum from the chief counselors and warriors of the Seneca nation to the Executive Council, in token of peace and amity. As might be expected in a community that had been harried and assailed by the bloody savages, who had butchered and tortured their wives and children, burned their dwellings and desolated their plantations, there was no disposition to deliver up for punishment those who assumed to be the avengers of such terrible outrages. The result was that the whole power of the commonwealth to arrest any of the offenders, except Sam. Dovle, proved ineffectual. He was taken September 25, 1700, by Thomas Resse and Jacob Merclay, and delivered to the jailer of Lancaster County on the 12th day of November following. He was indicted by a Grand Jury of Northumberland County, at Sunbury, of willful murder, and at the same place, on the same day, was tried in the Oyer and Terminer "before a jury of twelve good and lawful men, being called and sworn, who being duly elected, sworn and affirmed to speak the truth of the premises, upon their oath and affirmation, respectively do say, that the same Samuel Doyle is not guilty of the felony and murder whereof he stands indicted." So reads the record of acquittal. Thomas McKean, the Chief Justice of the State, presided at the trial; William Bradford, the Attorney General,



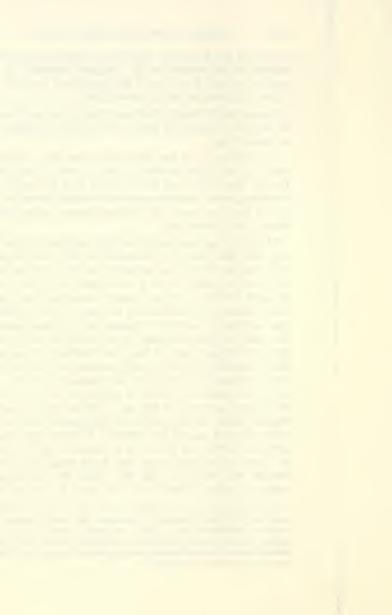
prosecuted, but it does not appear who defended the prisoner or whether he was defended at all. Benjamin Patterson, the scout and hunter, then a resident of Northumberland, was one of the jurors. He lived and died at Painted Post.

Samuel Doyle* went to Bath soon after its settlement and died in the town. He was the father of the late Mrs. George Young, of Painted Post.

The Walkers were lost sight of for some time. About the year 1798 one of the brothers located in what is now Steuben County, New York, and lived at Mud Run for several years. According to the reminiscences left by William Howell, of Bath, he did not work much, his chief employment being that of a hunter. Mr. Howell says:

"He had a log house which he called his home, but there was very little land cleared or cultivated around it, and during the warm weather Walker was seldom at home, but often remained in the woods for several days at a time without any provision except the game he killed. He was a gloomy, melancholy man, and was known among the inhabitants by the name of the 'Hermit.' It was said that he came from Wyoming on the Susquehanna, and that when that place was taken by the British and Indians during the Revolutionary war, all the other members of his father's family, consisting of seven or eight persons, were massacred, and that he escaped only by a bold and desperate effort; but as he never would speak of it himself or give any account of his former life, all that was related of him was conjecture, founded upon his singular manner of living, and the strong prejudice that he sometimes exhibited against the Indians. It was evident from his conduct, reserved and taciturn as he appeared, that he belonged to a class of men who were once found along the boundary between the white man and the Indian, the line separating what was called civilized from that which was called savage

^{*}He was well known in Bath eighty years ago. At one time he resided three miles below the village. Many of his descendants now reside in Steuben County, and some of them are also living in Bath. The date of his death is not given, neither his age. In 1807 there were many Indians about Bath, as it appears by a resolution entered in the town records, that they were to receive a bounty for the scalps of all wolves they should kill in the county.



life, but which was in fact neutral ground, occupied by those who claimed to belong to both parties, and the point at which the worst extremes of civilization and barbarism met and contended with each other with all the animosity and cruelty of mortal hatred. They were a class of men who were described by the elegant writer of 'The Winter in the West,' as being possessed of 'two consciences,' one for the white man, towards whom their conduct was correct and commendable, and the other for the Indian, towards whom they entertained the most inveterate enmity, and treated him with the utmost cruelty, not only without regret or remorse, but with exultation and barbarous satisfaction. They were the 'Indian haters' of the frontiers, and though many of their deeds of cruelty to the ill-fated savage will be ever looked upon with horror, it must be admitted that in most instances they only retaliated upon him the same cruelties which he had previously inflicted upon them.

"In a few years after Walker came to the county the settlements extended along the river for several miles, and at Smith's Creek, or near there, about three miles from Bath, Doyle, who came from Pennsylvania, had built a house and made a small clearing. Doyle had been acquainted with Walker before he came from Pennsylvania, and the latter often came to his house, and frequently stayed with him several days at a time, engaged in hunting, up the valley of Smith's Creek.

"At the time we now refer to the Indians were in the habit of coming from their towns on the Genesee River to the Canisteo and Cohocton, to hunt during the fall of the year, and some of them frequently remained until the middle of winter, during which time they were generally on good terms with the settlers, so much so that it was a common thing for the Indians to stay all night with them, sleeping on the floor before the fire. They continued to come to the county every year, in greater or less numbers, until 1823 or 1824, when Joshua Stevens, who lived on the Canisteo, was shot, while he was in the woods in search of his cows. His body was found the next day, and suspicion fell upon two Indians who were known to have been in the neighborhood. They were afterwards apprehended and tried at Bath for the murder, but were acquitted, there not being sufficient evidence



that either of them shot Stevens. After this event but few Indians ever came to the county.

"While Walker was staying at Doyle's it was usual for him to bring the game he had killed to Doyle's house, and Doyle frequently went with him to carry the deer he had shot out of the woods. Early one morning in the fall of the year 1807 Walker came in and said he had lain out in the woods the night before, a mile or two up Smith's Creek, and asked Doyle to go with him and help bring in a large buck he said he had killed, and after breakfast they started to bring in the deer. Walker said that the buck was about the largest he had ever killed, and though he had frequently started him up and seen him before, he could never get a fair shot till this time.

"After going up the creek about two miles, Walker stopped by a log near the bank of the creek, and throwing aside some brush and leaves, said:

"Here he is, Doyle, and ain't he a fine one?" He had uncovered the body of an Indian, and as Doyle came up he added: 'This is the buck I meant.' Doyle exclaimed, 'What under the heavens have you been doing?' and he replied, 'Just what you see here. I have been shooting this d—d Indian. He was one of the devils that murdered my father's family, and I have been trying to kill him these twenty years, but never had a good chance till yesterday. He makes the seventeenth I have killed, and now I am satisfied, and you may complain of me and have me hung as soon as you please.'

"In giving an account of the fight, Walker said that he ran a great risk himself, for they discovered each other at the same time, and that the Indian knew him and 'what he had to expect.' They were about five or six rods apart, but the woods were open between, and both drew up their rifles without saying a word, and fired at the same instant. Strange to say, neither shot took fatal effect, though the Indian started a little when the rifles cracked, as if he had received a wound, but stood as erect as before, and not a muscle of his face moved. His ball passed the side of Walker's neck, just grazing the skin. It was now that Walker's skill came into play, for the whole thing turned upon reloading the rifles. He said he turned the powder from the horn into the muzzle, and while it was running down he drew the rod, and almost at the same instant laid the ball on the muzzle with his lips, (for he always carried a ball in his mouth when in the woods), then driving the ball down



with a single stroke and trusting to its having primed itself, he drew up and was ready. 'I had beat the poor devil,' said Walker, 'for in his hurry in drawing his rod from the thimbles, he snapped it in two, and this frightened him so much that he did not appear to think he could fire with the ball partly down; but seeing me ready, and that he had no chance to escape, he threw down his gun, seized his tomahawk, gave the war whoop, and made one bound towards me, when I fired. He gave a loud yell, sprang into the air almost his own height and fell dead.'

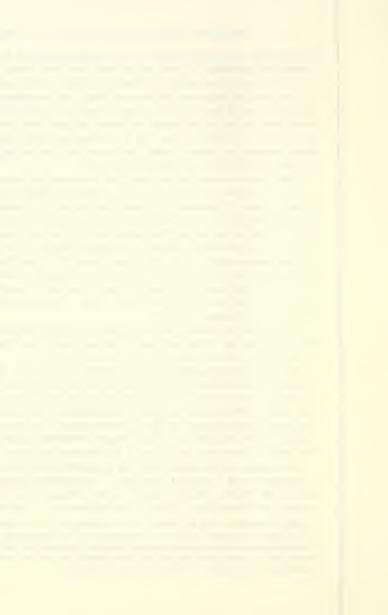
"After some conversation they concluded that something must be done to conceal the body, and to do this they adopted the Indian method of interment, by turning over an old log which was imbedded in the ground, laid the body of the Indian, together with his rifle, in the hole and then turned the log back as it was before, entirely concealing the body and making it difficult for any wild animals to reach it. This Indian was apparently about fifty years old and was over six feet in height. His appearance was very remarkable, owing to his having probably received a wound on the side of the nose, which had healed without uniting and left the nostril open almost to the eye.

"It was seen on examination that Walker's first shot had hit the Indian, and cut a long gash across his back just under the shoulder blades, but not deep enough to break the bones.

"Although Walker appeared to disregard the consequences of the act he had committed, yet he did not in fact feel so indifferent as he endeavored to make Doyle believe, for he was not fully satisfied whether Doyle might not make some disclosure that would lead to his conviction for the murder. He was a shrewd man, however, and knew that if he could excite Doyle's resentment against the Indians, there would be no risk of his betraying the secret."

This strange and fascinating story may be slightly embellished, but in the main it is believed to be true. It is unknown which one of the Walker brothers figured as the avenger, as by a strange oversight the writer* failed to give his first name. Neither

^{*}The reminiscences, which Mr. Howell called an "Indian Legend," were edited by A. J. McCall, of Path, and printed in the *Plaindealer* of that place May 21, 1887. William Howell was a man highly esteemed for his probity, and was an early resident of Bath. It seems that he did not know he was dealing more with fact than romance when he recorded his reminiscences of Doyle and Walker.



is it known what became of him or his brothers. They all disappeared, and their history was long since lost sight of.

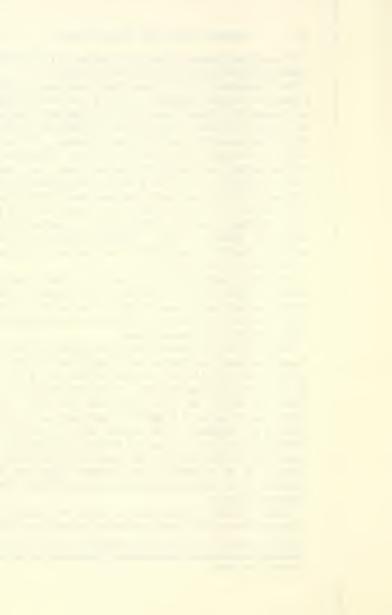
The Constitution of 1776 having been superseded by the Constitution adopted September 2, 1790, a new political order was introduced in Pennsylvania, which very materially changed the condition of affairs. Under the new Constitution Thomas Mifflin was chosen Governor with little opposition. He was a native of Philadelphia, where he was born in 1744. He had much civil and military experience during the Revolution; was a delegate to Congress in 1782; was a member and Speaker of the Legislature in 1785; president of the convention which framed the Constitution of 1790; Governor of the State from 1790 to 1799. He died at Lancaster while serving as a member of the Legislature, January 21, 1800. Thomas McKean, who was serving as Chief Justice, succeeded him as Governor in 1799, and served three terms, or until 1808.

When the Constitution of 1790 went into operation, Samuel Maclay and John White were members of the Legislature from Northumberland County, Jasper Ewing was prothonotary, Martin Withington was sheriff, and Peter Hosterman, John Weitzell and William Hepburn were commissioners.

During the year 1790 Samuel Maclay, John Adlum and Timothy Matlack were appointed commissioners to survey the West Branch, the Sinnemahoning, Allegheny and other streams, with a view to the promotion of inland navigation, or the establishment of a water way between the West Branch and Lake Erie. The survey was completed in September of that year, and a report made to the Legislature. The Journal* kept by Mr. Maclay during the survey was a curious and interesting document, as it noted daily incidents and gave the experiences of the commissioners. At the beginning of 1799 Andrew Gregg was the representative in Congress, and Samuel Maclay and Samuel Dale were State Senators.

Colonel William Plunkett, who was one of the conspicuous characters in the history of this valley from an early period, died

^{*}It was published in full for the first time in Meginness' Historical Journal in 1887, nearly one hundred years after it was written. It is a valuable contribution to the history of the times.



at Sunbury in the spring of 1791, aged nearly 100 years. It is supposed that he was buried in the old cemetery, but all traces of his grave have been lost. He was a native of Ireland, studied medicine and emigrated to this country when quite a young man. Dr. Plunkett married a daughter of John Harris, Sr., and resided for a short time at Carlisle. He had four daughters, Elizabeth, Isabella, Margaret and Esther. His wife died early, and he never married again. Dr. Plunkett, as the reader will remember, was the first President Judge of Northumberland County, and his career was stormy and boisterous. William C. Plunkett, afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was a nephew of Dr. Plunkett. A brother of Dr. Plunkett came to this country. bringing with him a daughter named Margaret, who married Samuel Simmons, who resided on Pine Creek, west of Jersey Shore. Some of their descendants still reside there, and one of them, Colonel Samuel Simmons, is a prominent member of the St. Louis Bar. Before his death Dr. Plunkett lived in a building in Sunbury which was afterwards used by Ebenezer Greenough, Esq., as an office. He was totally blind during the closing years of his life, and as a protection, when he went outside, he had ropes stretched in front of his house. His will is dated January 3, 1791, and it was proved May 25, 1791, and in it he mentions his granddaughter, Margaret Baxter, one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of her day, who died at Milroy, July 6, 1863. After his long and exciting career, there is much that is sad and pathetic in the closing years of the life of this truly remarkable man.*

Among the first settlers on a portion of Muncy Manor, after the Penns had dispossessed Samuel Wallis and decided to dispose of the land in tracts, were the Waltons. They were of English descent. Their forefathers came to America with the Friends, and assisted in forming the nucleus of Philadelphia.

Isaac Walton and his brother James came to Muncy Manor as early as 1770, and purchased for a few shillings per acre a large tract of land. James located on the river bank and made an

^{*}A much fuller sketch of his life is given in Meginness' Biographical Annals, together with a very interesting letter regarding the history of his family, written by Dr. Samuel Maclay, of Washington, D. C., to Hon. John Blair Linn, of Bellefonte.



improvement. His farm extended from the river to the public road leading to Williamsport. The farm owned by Isaac was situated on the opposite side of the road, and extended from Muncy Creek to the borough. As an inducement for settlers they sold tracts of land at cost. Both of the brothers had large families. Isaac had twelve children and James had nine. When



Isaac married he was only twenty years of age and his wife was sixteen. Isaac built a log house,* which was one of the best of its kind in those days, and was regarded by the early settlers as a fine manning.

old House Built in 1770 in which Ellis Walton was Born, Sept. 27, 1771. Sion. The accompanying illustration is obtained from a pen drawing made by a descendant, and is given to show the style of architecture in vogue among the early settlers of this valley. The ruins of one of these typical dwellings may yet be seen near Elimsport, in White Deer Valley.

In this house Ellis Walton, one of the sons, was born September 21, 1771. When he grew to manhood he studied law, and afterwards married Miss Jane Huston, of Williamsport. On the 28th of February, 1808, Governor Snyder appointed him prothonotary of Lycoming County, in place of John Kidd, who had neglected his duties to such an extent that his removal was demanded. Mr. Walton's daughter, Martha L., who was unusually bright and intelligent, went into the office with her father when only eight years of age and assisted him in recording deeds until the work was brought up. Ellis Walton died November 9, 1813, while still in office, at the early age of 42, leaving three daughters and one son. His daughter, Martha L.,† married Dr.

^{*}Isaac Walton, a great-grandson, still lives on the original farm. All traces of the old house only disappeared a few years ago.

[†]She left an elaborate history in MS. of her ancestors for her granddaughter, Mrs. Slate, which is very interesting as well as valuable. She was a gifted woman



M. B. Grier, of Williamsport, in 1817, but he did not live long. A daughter, born after his death, was named Anna M. Grier. In 1827 her mother, Mrs. Grier, married Rev. John Bowen, a pioneer Methodist minister. When Anna M. Grier grew to womanhood she married Dr. John W. Wright, of Baltimore. He died in 1879. His widow still survives. Her only daughter, Martha Virginia, married Hyman A. Slate, of Williamsport, and their children are now of the sixth generation from Isaac Walton.

Northumberland, which had been almost entirely abandoned, was re-occupied by the returning inhabitants in 1785, and it soon became a place of refuge for a number of distinguished English and other exiles, chief among them being Dr. Joseph Priestley, Dr. Cooper, Mr. Russell and Mrs. Dash.* The latter was a woman of great spirit and enterprise. She was the wife of an English banker who had failed in business, and while he was settling up his affairs she came to America in 1794, with her three daughters, and purchased 100 acres of land for \$265, near Northumberland, on which she erected a cabin and had twenty acres cleared and sown in wheat. Soon afterwards she built a stone house, in which she welcomed her husband on his arrival.

The Duke gives his impressions of the towns of Sunbury and Northumberland as follows:

"Sunbury is the chief town of the county. But the small number of public buildings,† which are necessary for the administration of justice, constitute its only advantages over Northumberland. * * * The number of houses is at this time,‡ perhaps, a sixth greater at Sunbury than at Northumberland, where it amounts to about one hundred. * * * It (Sunbury)

intellectually, which is clearly shown by her writings. Jane, the second daughter of Ellis Walton, married Dr. James Teas, of Northumberland County. After his death she remained a widow for thirty years, when, in September, 1868, she married John K. Hays, of Williamsport. She died November 25, 1875.

*The Duke De La Rochefaucault Liancourt, the French traveler, visited here in May, 1795, and says in Vol. I., page 69, of his great work, that two of her daughters were married. The third was single, and she played the piano for him in their log cabin. The instrument was of London make and the music was fine.

† May 17, 1795, Vol. I., pages 69 to 72, of his travels.

‡Sunbury was made a borough March 24, 1797, and the first regular court house, which stood in the centre of the square, was built this year. The census of 1800 shows that the population of Sunbury was 611.



the houses are of wood, chiefly log; two only are of stone. There is no market place here; the town contains no inns, but there are four whiskey houses. We put up in that which is the best of them; and yet it rains on our beds, as well as on our horses in the stable. Methinks there is hardly any place situate mere favorably for its becoming a large city than Northumberland.* The slow progress hitherto made by the town I have heard imputed to the untoward character and little sense of the gentlemen who possessed three-fourths of the ground on which the * The price of land about Northumberland is at present from twenty to twenty-four dollars per acre near the river; that situate on the northern arm is still dearer, on account of the better quality of the soil, and because a greater part of the ground is already cleared there than on the eastern arm. Further up the river land is sold from four to six dollars an acre. The inhabitants of Northumberland, as well as the county at large, consist for the most part of Dutchmen. Laborers are paid six shillings a day, without victuals, or three shillings and ninepence with their entertainment. In the country, where they hire themselves by the month, have eight dollars, for which they are obliged to work twenty-six days. Bricklavers and carpenters' wages are, in town, one dollar per day. The price of tiles is four dollars per thousand, and very good bricks cost in Northumberland two shillings and sixpence, delivered free of expense. The price of lime is from nine to tenpence per bushel, of deal boards five shillings per hundred feet, and of other boards six shillings and sixpence.

"As there is no market,† either in Northumberland or Sunbury. the inhabitants live for the greater part of the year upon salted meat, unless they keep fowls. The farmers kill, at times, a cow, but since an epidemic has carried off all the horses, they have been obliged to replace these by oxen for the purpose of agriculture, and consequently use less beef than before. Cow beef at

^{*} Northumberland was not erected into a borough until April 14, 1828, nearly thirty-three years after the visit of the Duke.

[†] In 1794 there were only three stores in Sunbury. They were kept by William Dewart, John Buyers and James Black.



this time sold from fivepence to fivepence half penny per pound. The highest house rent in Northumberland is \$80, and there is but one house in the whole town for which so much is paid. It is of brick, large and convenient, and was but lately sold for \$5,200. Everything is somewhat dearer at Sunbury, but the difference is not a full sixth."

Mr. Russell was an Englishman who was engaged largely in land speculations in the north-eastern part of the State. Reference has already been made to Dr. Priestley, the eminent philosopher, theologian and discoverer of oxygen.

In September, 1794, a serious difficulty took place at Northumberland, caused by the excitement in the State which culminated in what was known as the "Whiskey Insurrection." Some of the whiskey advocates determined to erect a Liberty Pole, Judge William Wilson, of Chillisquaque, and Judge Macpherson, of Dry Valley, determined to prevent it. They called on Daniel Montgomery, also a justice, to assist them. He told them he would pull at the rope if the people required it. He went with them, but rendered no assistance. A fight took place. Judge Wilson read the "riot act," as he called it, but no attention was paid to it. One man presented a musket at the Judge, but he drew his pistol and made him put down his gun under the penalty of having his brains blown out. They arrested the Judge, but he would give no bail and they were afraid to lock him up. In the melee Jasper Ewing* drew his pistol and snapped it at William Cooke

The arsenal, where the public arms were stored, stood near, and was under the charge of Robert Irwin. The pole was driven full of nails to the height of ten feet from the ground, so that it could not be cut down.

The insurrectionists, or whiskey party, took possession of the arsenal and distributed arms to those who were opposed to the law. Matters became serious and for a time it looked as if blood would be shed. A guard was kept near the pole night and day. Those friendly to the Government could not stand the outrage any longer and were determined to protect the house of John

^{*} For report of the case see I. Yeates, 419.



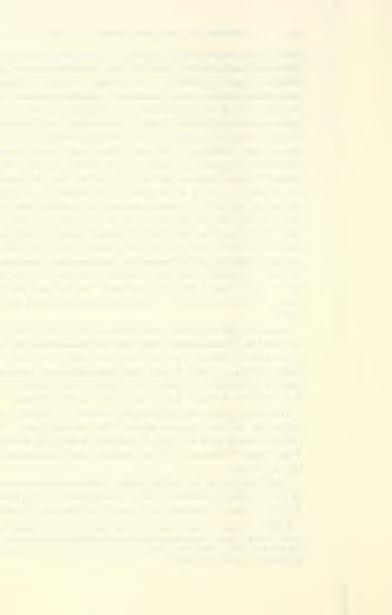
Brady,* who was the district marshal. The swords of the officers, which had been sheathed since the war, were drawn from their scabbards again to protect the Government. As the excitement increased a collision seemed inevitable if something decisive was not done. In a few days, however, a company of ninety men, under command of Captain Robert Cooke, arrived from Lancaster. The pole was still guarded, and the marshal's orders to clear the streets were unheeded. The mob, being well armed, seemed determined to maintain the position it had taken. Captain Cooke ordered them to disperse, but as they did not obey, he ordered his company to charge at the point of the bayonet. The order was carried out and the bayonets were at the breasts of those who were resisting the law, when they broke and fled. An axe was called for to cut the pole down. Barney Hoobley's wife came with one, when she was met by Jacob Welker's wife, who resisted her, and a desperate fisticuff ensued between these two women about the axe. The battle was a hard contested one, but Mrs. Hoobley, who was the least of the two, succeeded, and the pole was cut These ladies were sisters and much respected by the people.

Several of the ringleaders in this insurrection were arrested and conveyed to Philadelphia to stand their trial for resisting the laws of the United States. The following were tried, convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of £100 each, and undergo an imprisonment of six months: Robert Irwin, Daniel Montgomery, John Frick, William Bonham, James Mackey, Sr., and S. McKee.

When they were marched into the presence of General Washington the old hero was so affected that he shed tears. He pardoned them all at the end of twenty days, and they returned home deeply impressed with the goodness and magnanimity of that great man.

John Quigley was one of the earliest settlers on what is known as the "Youngwomanstown Farm," embraced in the Thomas Robinson survey, patented and signed by Benjamin Franklin,

^{*}He was the son of Captain John Brady, who was killed by the Indians near Muncy April 11, 1779. He was elected sheriff of Northumberland County that year and served his term of three years, retiring at the close of 1797, and was succeeded by Robert Irwin, one of the rioters.

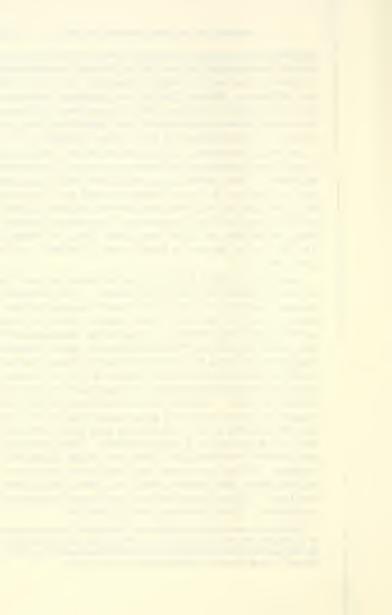


President of the Supreme Executive Council, and dated 1785. Here he lived and died, and here his son Michael* was born and continued to live until his death, February 16, 1888, in the 82d year of his age. Michael Quigley, his grandfather, located in what is now Wayne Township, Clinton County, soon after peace was restored, where he purchased a large tract of land lying on the river. His descendants still live in Wayne Township.

Just west of the bustling railroad town of Renovo—which was founded long after the period of which we write—is a place called Shintown. A man named Long settled there about 1790, and after he abandoned it George Hunter succeeded him. He lived there until 1806 or 1807, when he moved west and was succeeded by David Drake and David Summerson. The name is legendary, being derived from an Indian chief called "Shin," or "Shene." The warrant for the land is in the name of "Shene" and is dated 1785.

According to John S. Bailey the first settlement was made at the mouth of Kettle Creek by Richard Gilmore. The pre-emption warrant is dated July 21, 1785, in Pine Creek Township, Northumberland County, for 300 acres of land. Gilmore deeded the same to William McComb October 12, 1793, for the consideration of fifty pounds in gold, and McComb deeded the same to William Andrews May 3, 1794, for £260 in gold and silver, and Andrews deeded the same to James Caldwell January 23, 1796, in consideration of one yoke of three-year-old oxen, one milch cow, and £95 of gold and silver. Caldwell was a Revolutionary soldier who remained in active service until peace was proclaimed. He was born in Lancaster County and removed from there to Warrior Run, and from there to Youngwomanstown. After remaining there for two years he finally removed to Kettle Creek, now Westport. He had ten children, four sons and six daughters-William, James, John, Andrew, Polly, Jane, Nancy, Betsy, Sarah and Hetty. He died about the year 1819, and his children are also all dead. James lived to be over 90 years old.

^{*}He was appointed a justice of the peace by Governor Wolf in 1830, at the age of 23, being the first commissioned justice on the West Branch west of Lock Haven. He was continuously re-elected until the close of his life, having held the office for 58 years. During his term of service he married over 150 couples.



What is known as Cook's Run was settled early by James McGinley, perhaps about the time of the Revolution. It was known for many years as McGinley's * Bottom. The land was claimed by pre-emption right, and the warrant was dated August 2, 1785. The patent was issued in the name of William Cook, under Governor Mifflin, and dated March 26, 1795. Cook purchased the land of the McGinley heirs. He subsequently sold the property to Samuel Harris, of Loyalsock Township, and he sold it to John Carskadden, May 6, 1795, and Carskadden sold to John Baird, May 7, 1810. Baird came from New Jersey and found the place almost a wilderness, only a few acres being cleared, with a small log hut on it. He was a remarkable man, a man of energy, of fine physique, distinguished for his endurance, perseverance and firmness. By his industry he made the wilderness blossom like the rose. He lived there for over forty years, and raised a family of six children, all daughters.

As early as 1776 the tavern kept by George McCandlish, on the present site of Milton, together with the dwelling and blacksmith shop of Marcus Hulings, constituted quite a settlement. Possibly there were a few other cabins or buildings. That it was regarded as a point of some importance is inferred from the fact that on the 8th of July, 1776, an election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention was held at the house of McCandlish. These buildings were all burned by the Indians during the invasion of 1778. After this the place remained a ruin until late in the fall of 1779, when Andrew Straub came from Lancaster County, and liking the location, concluded to settle there. He was an active, sober, industrious man, and a mill-wright and miller by trade. He at once erected a house and brought his family to the new settlement. There they lived until 1793, when he erected a larger and more comfortable dwelling. Meanwhile, about 1792, he had

^{*}About the time of the first settlements Nathaniel Coulter, a dissolute character, visited Kettle Creek and made the acquaintance of an Indian who had a very fine horse. They were traveling together one day, sociably, when he killed the Indian for his horse, which he came riding home and related his adventure. A man named McKinley, who claimed to be a wood ranger and an officer having authority, arrested Coulter for murder, and was taking him to jail, when he escaped, as he no doubt intended he should, as McKinley kept his horse and watch. Coulter was never heard of again.—Maynard's Clinton County, page 199.



planned and prepared to build a mill for the convenience of the settlers. When it was completed it gave the place such importance in the eyes of the settlers that they called it "Mill Town," which was afterwards shortened to Milton. The country filled up with settlers rapidly and the mill was largely patronized. Straub, in partnership with a man named Yentzler, purchased the land from the insolvent estate of Colonel Turbutt Francis, and in a short time he purchased the share of his partner and became sole owner. In 1793 Straub employed a surveyor and had a town laid out, and Milton soon became a small village. In 1795 James Black, who had purchased land adjoining, laid it out in lots, and the two plots of Straub and Black became known as Upper and Lower Milton. The new town steadily grew and prospered. Dr. Daniel Faulkner was the first physician to open an office; Daniel Smith, son-in-law of Samuel Wallis, was the first lawyer, having settled there in 1793. Dr. James Dougal, the second doctor, came in 1705, and was soon followed by William and Thomas Pollock, Robert Taggart, Samuel Hepburn, John Armstrong and many others. The Episcopalians had a log church as early as 1795, and in 1796 James Black built a stone dwelling house, which was looked upon as a very superior structure. It afterwards became the property of William and Thomas Pollock, and is now owned by ex-Governor James Pollock. In 1798 the town had grown to such proportions that a fire company was formed and hooks and ladders were purchased. Dr. James Dougal built the second stone house in 1803. It is still standing and is now owned and occupied by Dr. Charles Dougal, a descendant. Andrew Straub died in August, 1806, but the town he had founded continued to grow and flourish until it has become one of the most beautiful and progressive on the river. The first post-office was established at Milton* January 1, 1800, and Samuel Hepburn was the first postmaster. He was succeeded by Jared Irwin, July 1, 1802.

On the 8th of January, 1794, a special election was held for a State Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of William Montgomery. William Hepburn was elected by sixty-four majority over Rosewell Wells, for the unexpired term. The Senatorial district consisted of Northumberland, Luzerne and

^{*} Milton was not incorporated as a borough until February 26, 1817.



Mifflin counties, and two Senators were chosen for the term of four years. Northumberland County was entitled to three members of Assembly.

Soon after taking his seat Senator Hepburn introduced a bill for the erection of a new county, to be called Lycoming. A division was called for by the people living above Muncy Hills, because of the distance from the county seat and the delays they were often subjected to on traveling back and forth. Several large streams had to be crossed, and when they were swollen the crossing was dangerous. The bill passed and was signed by Governor Mifflin April 13, 1795. The bill is very long and specific. The county at that time embraced a vast territory, from which the following counties, in whole or in part, were afterwards formed: Armstrong, Bradford, Centre, Clearfield, Clinton, Jefferson, Mc-Kean, Potter, Sullivan, Tioga, Venango and Warren.

In accordance with the requirements of the act, Governor Mifflin immediately appointed John Kidd prothonotary, recorder of deeds and clerk of the several courts. On the following day, April 14th, Samuel Wallis, Senator William Hepburn, John Adlum and Dr. James Davidson were appointed associate judges, and they were sworn into office by Prothonotary Kidd on the 15th. The associates soon afterwards met at Jaysburg and organized by choosing William Hepburn president, and the first court was thus opened.

After the erection of the county of Lycoming a great strife immediately ensued for the location of the county seat. Jaysburg* and Newberry† both contended for that honor, but Judge Hep-

^{*}William Paul laid warrant No. I on the site of Jaysburg. It is dated October 26, 1785. He sold the land to Abram Latcha, by deed dated December I, 1787. Jacob Latcha, his eldest son, afterwards became the owner and had a town laid out early in 1795 by William Ellis, the deputy surveyor, and named it Jaysburgh, probably in honor of John Jay, a leading statesman at that time. Many lots were sold, houses erected, shops opened, and for a time it promised to become a place of note. But the selection of Williamsport killed the project and Jaysburg went into decline and in course of time ceased to exist. It is now embraced in the Seventh Ward of the city of Williamsport.

[†] Newberry, now in the Seventh Ward of Williamsport, was laid out by John Sutton. He purchased the land from Richard Penn in 1786. The tract was called New Garden. Henry Ellis made the survey for the town and drafted the lots. An old deed bearing date May 3, 1798, recites that John Sutton "hath laid out a parcel



burn, who owned a fine farm called "Deer Park," east of Lycoming Creek, thought it should be located on his side of the stream. The first court was held at Jaysburg, at the house of Thomas Caldwell, as well as one or two subsequent sessions. Jacob Latcha erected a building for a jail. It was 16 x 24 and constructed of hewn logs, lined with four-inch plank inside, spiked on vertically, and the windows were iron-barred. The last session of court was held in one of the rooms of the jail.

John Dunlap opened a hotel in 1798, and the following young lawyers, who had opened offices in Jaysburg, boarded with him: Henry D. Ellis, John Teeple, Robert McClure and Charles Huston

In the meantime the struggle between the rival parties for the county seat went on, and the year passed without the vexatious question being decided.

The next place selected for holding court was at the house, or barn, of Eleanor Winters, which stood near the present corner of West Fourth and Rose streets, Williamsport. It was in this court that Judge Hepburn is said to have got off the bench to physically punish an impertinent witness. It appears by the records that on the 11th of September, 1797, the commissioners issued an order to pay Mrs. Winters \$30 rent for holding three courts. After this court appears to have moved still further east, for on the 1st of February, 1798, the commissioners issued an order that James Russell, the first inn-keeper on the site of Williamsport (corner of East Third and Mulberry streets), be paid £7 19s. 41/2d for the use of a room in his house for holding court at the December and January terms, 1797 and 1798. Another change of location again took place, for on May 4, 1799, Thomas Huston was paid \$43.02 for the rent of his house for holding court. The house stood on the corner of West Fourth and Pine streets. It was constructed of logs, and was only torn down a few years ago to make room for the stately brick block which now occupies the ground.

of said tract in a town which he calleth New Berry." The new town flourished for a time, and before Williamsport was founded it did the mercantile business for the surrounding country. As many of the settlers in and about the place came from New Berry, in York County, they gave the new town the same name.



While the court was moving around without a local habitation, the county seat war was continued. It was asserted by the Jaysburg advocates that the Williamsport site was a swamp and subject to inundations as far up as what is now Market Square. The commissioners deemed this a damaging charge and hesitated about making the selection. If this charge could be proved they would be justified in selecting Jaysburg. The fight now waxed so hot that the Jaysburg party dispatched a messenger to Northumberland to get the deposition of a man who it was said had sometime before brought a barrel of whiskey to Williamsport in a canoe, and "tied up" at a point on what is now East Third and State streets. The deposition was obtained and brought to the "Russell Inn," where the messenger put up for the night, leaving the important document in his saddle bags. That night some of the Williamsport party succeeded in capturing the saddle bags, and next morning they were found cut open, and the deposition, which was to turn the scale in favor of Jaysburg, was missing.

In the meantime Michael Ross, the owner of the land on which it was proposed to found the town, urged by Judge Hepburn,* offered superior inducements for the county seat by proposing to donate the land for the public buildings, and the commissioners, impatient and wearied over the quarrel, accepted the offer and selected Williamsport.† This was in the latter part of the year 1796.

Williamsport, as originally laid out by Michael Ross, the founder, contained one hundred acres, which is but a small part of the present city limits. The origin of the name has often been a source of perplexity. By some it is claimed that Michael Ross

^{*}It is related that in 1810, during a high flood in the river, a citizen of Jaysburg poled his canoe to Williamsport and tied it to the gable end of a house which stood on Pine street above the canal. He then drew a chalk line on the building, level with the water, and drawing a semi-circle above it, wrote this legend: "This shows what Judge Hepburn's oath is worth." The inscription remained there for several years. Since that time there have been much greater floods than this one—notably those of March, 1865, and June 1, 1889.

[†]Williamsport was not incorporated as a borough until March 1, 1806. And from the best information at hand it appears that the population of the town, at the beginning of 1800, did not exceed 200 inhabitants. It was incorporated as a city in 1866, and its population to-day will probably reach 35,000.



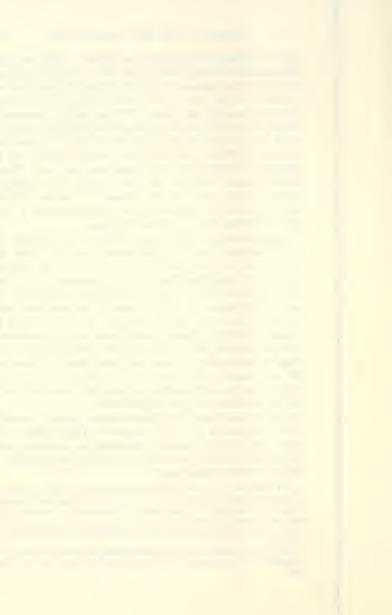
named it William's Port after his son William. This view is still maintained by the descendants of Mr. Ross. On the other hand it is asserted that inasmuch as Judge William Hepburn, who was a member of the State Senate from Northumberland County should be accorded the honor. He was largely interested in selecting the site for the county seat, and the first settlers proposed to call the new town Hepburn's Port. To this he objected, and suggested William's Port, which was finally accepted, and the transition to "Williamsport," in a short time, was easy. General Samuel Stewart, who was the first sheriff of the county, is authority for the second version. However it may be, it is clear that the title had its origin in the word William, whether it was in honor of William Ross or William Hepburn.

Notwithstanding Sunbury was a place of more military and civil importance than Northumberland, the latter place was honored with the first post-office in the county. An office was ordered to be established there by the Government on the 1st of April, 1796, and John Cowden was appointed postmaster. He served until January 26, 1837, a period of forty-one years, when he was succeeded by William Forsyth. For several years the residents of the West Branch Valley, as far up as the settlements extended, received their mail matter at Northumberland. And going to the post-office in those days, when thirty, forty, and even fifty miles travel were involved, was no small job. One person, however, was generally selected to make the journey and secure the mail matter for an entire neighborhood.

Sunbury soon began to feel the necessity of having a post-office of her own, and on the 20th of September, 1796, a public meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the proposition, when the following petition* was drawn up, signed and forwarded to the department at Washington:

At a meeting of a respectable number of the Inhabitants of Sunbury in the county of Northumberland, it was unanimously the opinion of the meeting that the people of the said town labor under very great expence & inconvenience by not having a post office established in the town of Sunbury aforesaid, particularly as the public officers of the County reside in the said town & when dispatches are forwarded to them by

^{*}A copy of the petition was recently found among the papers of Charles Hall, Esq., and is now in the hands of W. Coleman Hall, Esq., a grandson, of Hartley Hall.



the government they are under the necessity of paying ferriage over the river Susquehanna to Northumberland town where the mail is now opened, by which the public business is frequently retarded in very great degree; every private individual is under the necessity of paying a greater sum for his ferriage across the river to Northumberland than the postage of a letter from Philadelphia.

It is therefore resolved that Charles Hall, Esq., be appointed to address a letter to Timothy Pickering, Esq. enclosing this paper & requesting on behalf of the inhabitants of said town to appoint some respectable character residing in said town, Deputy Postmaster to act in the premises.

And it is further resolved that Charles Gobin would be a proper person to act as postmaster aforesaid.

[Signed.]

FLAVEL ROAN, JOHN COWEN,
HENRY VANDERSLEVE, WM. GRAY,
MARTIN KENDIG, J. EWING, JR.
WM. BERGHON

The petition was responded to by the appointment of Robert Gray as postmaster on the 1st of January, 1797. It nowhere appears why he was selected instead of the person named by the petitioners. Mr. Gray only held the office until October 1, 1798, when he was succeeded by John Weitzell, who held it until July 1, 1802.

The next post-office established in the valley was at Williamsport, on the 12th of August, 1799, and Samuel E. Grier was appointed postmaster. He held the office for a short time when he was succeeded by Henry Hughes.

On the 1st of April, 1800, an office was ordered to be opened at Muncy,* with Henry Shoemaker as postmaster. He held the office until January 13, 1803, when James Boal was appointed.

Having brought the history of the valley down to the close of 1799 and the beginning of 1800, our work is now finished. If the modern history is ever brought up to the present time, it must be embraced in another volume. Whoever undertakes the task will have abundance of material, and it will be interesting to describe the wonderful improvements that have been made in this mag-

^{*}There is nothing on file in the department at Washington to show that an office existed here prior to this date. It is possible that mail matter was received here by private means before this time, as there was a large population to be served.



nificent valley in a period of ninety years. At the close of the last century the population of the West Branch Valley scarcely exceeded fifteen thousand; it is now over one hundred thousand. The progress of less than a century has been so great that one can scarcely realize what has been accomplished. Settlements that were mere hamlets when our history closes have grown into stately boroughs and dignified and populous cities. Many beautiful and thrifty towns now exist that were not thought of at the beginning of 1800.

Fort Augusta, the greatest defensive work in this part of the State, and a place of refuge for settlers fleeing from the savages in the dark days of 1778-9, when a pall of gloom hung over this lovely land, has long since disappeared, and the old magazine and a grave-yard are the only relics that remain to mark its ancient site. Not a vestige of Fort creeland remains. A brick house, now stained by the touch time, marks the spot upon which the historic stockade was erected. The plowshare of the husbandman now stirs the ground where Fort Muncy stood, and a stately elm is all that remains to mark the living spring that supplied the garrison with water. Not a trace of Antes, Horn's and other forts remain to tell the story of their existence. A higher civilization is the mighty force that has been the silent but sure factor in bringing about the changes of a hundred years, and the refining influences of education and morality have gradually elevated the people to the higher plane upon which they now move.

The music of the steam whistle is heard upon every hand; the tall chimney of the manufactory and the church spire are the indexes of progress, improvement and moral force. The valley is traversed by railroads, upon which splendidly equipped trains move up and down every few hours, bearing hundreds of travelers to and fro, and the rich products of agriculture to market. Finely constructed roads have taken the place of Indian trails, and the birch bark canoe has been superseded by the steamboat.

Great, indeed, have been the changes that time has wrought in this lovely valley which was baptized in blood a little more than a hundred years ago. All that remains of the rude and savage race that once peopled it, and claimed it as their home, are the stone relics now found in antiquarian collections.



There is no lovelier vale in the State than this region, so abundantly blessed by the hand of nature. Mountains rear their peaks on every hand as sentinels to protect the valleys which lie at their feet. The scenery is diversified, picturesque and entrancing. Travelers are enraptured with its beauties and never grow tired of extolling its glories. The valley is indeed a rural paradise, an elysian home, where a progressive, enterprising and cultured people dwell, surrounded by all the comforts that prosperity can confer upon them; and a glorious future lies before them if they continue true to themselves and always put their trust in God.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.



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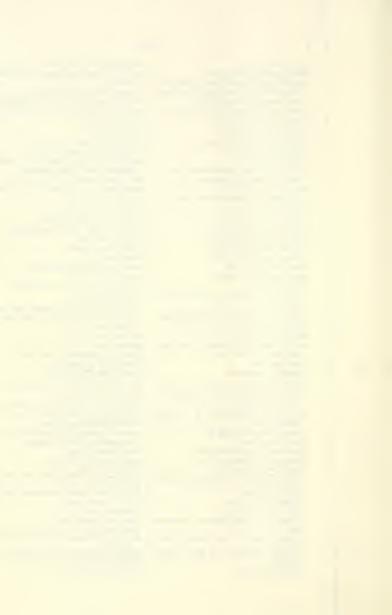
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