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RECOLLECTIONS

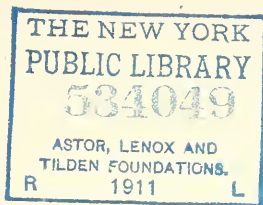
OF

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

Chiefly Between the Years 1830-1850.

BY JOHN M. COOPER.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.:
A. NEVIN POMEROY, Publisher.
A. D. 1900.



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Prefatory.

These Recollections of Chambersburg have been written for the purpose of giving the present inhabitants of the town some knowledge of the buildings that existed here from fifty to seventy years ago, with the uses to which they were put, and some acquaintance with the people who lived here at that time. The great change that has taken place in the town itself will be appreciated by any person who, with a copy of this book in his hand, will take his stand in a square of any of the principal streets and compare the picture it now presents to his eye with the picture of it presented in these Recollections. Nor will he be much less struck with the change in population, for he will observe that few of the families once prominent in the professions, in business, in public life or in politics, are represented here now.

Most of the larger and finer buildings that existed here before the great fire of 1864, were erected between the years 1810 and 1830, but a large number of those described dated from a much earlier period.

The town gives evidence of healthy growth. It has not only been built up closer within its old limits, but has extended in all directions, and the improvements outside of the line of fire are in keeping with those within it. In thus rebuilding and extending it, its inhabitants have reared a splendid monument to themselves.

JOHN M. COOPER.

CHAMBERSBURG, JULY, 1900.

Recollections of Chambersburg.



THE DIAMOND.

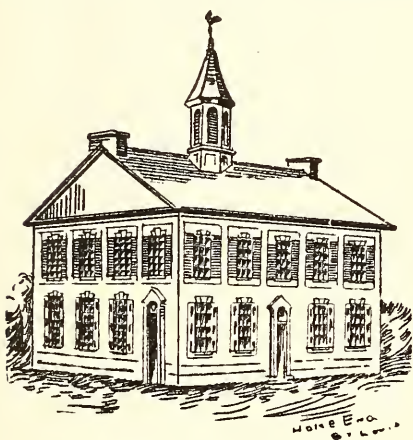
WHEN I became a resident of Chambersburg in April, 1831, an old market shed stood in the Diamond, lengthwise from near Market street northward to a point about opposite the middle of the front of Repository Hall. There had been a similar shed in the southern half of the Diamond, but it had just been torn away. The roofs were supported by square columns of brick and the sheds were open at the sides and ends. The butchers had their blocks and hooks, and between the brick columns there was planking, at a proper height, on which persons having "country produce" to dispose of could set their baskets or display the things they had for sale. The new market house, then and thereafter for a long time commonly spoken of as the Town Hall, was nearly completed and I can remember seeing a market held in the Diamond only once. My recollection is that I heard the first stroke given out by the market house clock.

The town had been supplied by water from the Falling Spring and there was a fire plug at the curb out in front of the Court House, but I think the pipes had decayed and the water of the spring was no longer used, though for some years an old wheel continued to revolve in the spring where it ran through the Eberly farm. The reservoir was on the rise of ground close to the turnpike beyond the East Point

and after it had lain unused for thirty or forty years, Samuel Myers utilized it for the cellar of the handsome house he built for himself on that pleasant spot.

NORTH MAIN STREET—EAST SIDE.

The old Court House, a fair representation of the exterior of which is given in McCauley's History of Franklin county, and reproduced here, stood farther out toward Main street than its successor, and here is where I shall



FIRST COURT HOUSE.

begin what I propose to say about the buildings, the people and the business of the town. It was a substantial structure of brick, in the square form which I have observed in other court houses of ancient days, and its carpentry was of a style which characterized that period and is now seen only in old buildings.

It was heated by two enormous six-plate stoves, into which I saw cord-wood thrust in the precise condition in which farmers delivered it from their wagons.

The first building north of the Court House was a two story brick, with a bulls-eye window near the corner of the south-side, and a "hip-roof." It contained a business room, with a window and a door in its west side, and there was a dwelling in it also, with a door and a hall (opening to the west) at the north end. Thomas Scott, silversmith and watchmaker, occupied the business room, and the bulls-eye window was hung (meagerly) with watches and a few other articles appropriate to the trade. Compared with jewelry

stores of the present day, the display was poor, but the silversmiths and watchmakers of that period were working men who made the spoons and other wares they sold and did not carry a heavy stock.

The next building was an old low two-story structure of logs, roughcast. It occupied the space between the building just above mentioned and the one that occupied the corner so long known as Hoke's. John Hutchinson, a Justice of the Peace, had an oyster saloon and cake and candy shop on the first floor, into which a door opened near the Scott building, and there was an entrance to the residence portion farther north. Either the grade of the pavement had been raised or this old house had settled below its original level, for I saw it raised some time between 1832 and 1834. It was on this occasion that I first got to know Col. John Findlay by sight. The workmen engaged in the raising could not get the house to go up, but at length Col. Findlay came over from the corner at Denig's drug store and added his 320 pounds to the weight on the outer end of the beam, and the building at once rose to the desired height. Repository Hall covers the site of the two buildings just above described.

Next came a two-story brick, (the Hoke corner) containing a business room and a residence. The business room had a door and a window in the south side and a window in the west, and the residence was entered through a door and a hall north of the window looking to the west. William Bolander had a chair and cabinet establishment in this building and perhaps resided in it. He was not here long after my arrival and I do not know whither he went. James R. Kirby came after him with a dry goods store and after Mr. Kirby had discontinued business David Oaks had a dry goods store there for many years. Between this corner and the Eagle hotel, where the McKinley hotel now stands, there was a two-story brick building owned by the late Jacob Eberly's father and occupied by John Aughinbaugh as a shoe store. Mr. A. did an active business and had for his

foreman Jacob Hutton, who so long conducted business on his own account in this town, and was so well and favorably known.

Next came the Eagle Hotel, owned and kept by Jeremiah Snider. This was a three-story brick building, and against it on the north end was a strong low two-story stone building, used as a saddler shop and small dwelling, also owned by Mr. Snider. This was the favorite stopping-place of the circus people, whose ring and tent always occupied the yard between the hotel and the stable, and it was also a favorite resort for sleighing and dancing parties. There was a large front room on an upper floor, which, when cleared of furniture, afforded ample space for "chasing the glowing hours with flying feet," and which also, when filled with beds, furnished a resting place for the weary showmen. This property passed from Jeremiah Snider to James Montgomery and has long been known as the "Montgomery House." Its sign during Snider's time, unlike the big swinging affairs that hung in a heavy frame on top of a high strong post at nearly every public house, was a small oval, with a golden eagle on a dark blue ground, surrounded by neat ornamental iron work.

An alley, as it still exists, separated Jeremiah Snider's public house from Jacob Snider's. The latter was a two-story stone, I think, roughcast and white in color, and on each side of the huge sign one of the great animal painters of the day had painted a white horse, and so it came that this hotel (or tavern, as nearly all public houses were then styled) was very commonly referred to as the White Horse. Jacob Snider, was a prominent and popular man and had been sheriff.

Adjoining Jacob Snider on the north was the property of Miss Susan Chambers, a sister of the Hon. George Chambers. Her modest white pleasant dwelling stood back from the pavement, with a neat yard in front, and in the corner of this yard next to Snider's there was a one-story brick building which Judge Chambers occupied for many years as a law office.

North of Miss Chambers was a two-story frame house owned and occupied by Col. John Findlay, one of the best known men of his day in Franklin county, and between it and Joseph Housum's a driveway led to Francis Deal's carriage shop, which stood back some distance.

Next came the Housum property. Mr. H. was a shoemaker, but of him I retain scarcely any recollection. I have a much better recollection of the sign that graced the outside of the brick front wall, to the right of the entrance door. It read, "Ale and Porter, Small Beer, Mead and Cakes." I do not know whether this sign was nailed on the wall in Mr. Housum's lifetime, but I know it was there for years after his death, his widow and daughter conducting the establishment. I was not "up-to-date" on ale and porter, and am disposed to think neither of them was sold by Mrs. H. or her daughter; but I was, like about all the boys I knew, well acquainted with small beer, mead and cakes, and not unfrequently went to Housum's to obtain them. Small beer and mead are seldom heard of now. Mead was a sparkling and very palatable beverage when at the proper stage of ripeness, but when it got much beyond that stage, the drinker needed to keep his mouth open and his head thrown back if he did not wish to risk serious consequences, for if he kept his mouth closed, the rush of gas through his nose would produce a snort furious enough to scare a war horse.

Next north of Housum's was a weather-boarded house, rusty red in color, the first occupant of which, within my recollection, I think was Samuel Cook, a well known butcher. This was at the corner of Main and King streets, and the meat house was a short distance up King. I think Mr. Cook must have lived there along about 1835 or 1836, and I believe this property was subsequently owned and occupied by George Goetman.

On the corner north of King street was a frame house, painted white, inhabited by Hamilton Newnan, a coachmaker, whose wife was a daughter of ex-Sheriff Washabaugh.

The shop was on King street, near the upper end of the lot. Mr. Newnan lived and did business there a good many years.

Next came the low brick blacksmith shop of Charles Gibbons, with its wide door, and adjoining it was a long two-story roughcast house in which he lived. "Charley" was a good blacksmith, very pleasant and very industrious, and he had a good assistant in his younger brother, John. His shop was popular and during the long years that he toiled there his bellows and anvil seldom were at rest except late at night and on the Sabbath. Between Gibbons' and Flack's were three two-story frame houses, one of which has been raised a story and otherwise somewhat changed in appearance. An old widow named Patrick, who had two daughters tolerably well advanced in life, occupied and may have owned one of these houses. Hugh Auld married one of the daughters and lived there. A man named Dingleline occupied another of the houses, and kept beer and permitted dancing. The house adjoining Flack's was occupied by John Aughinbaugh. There was a driveway between the two houses, but the second story of Aughinbaugh's extended over to Flack's, and in this extension Mr. A. carried on the manufacture of shoes, one of the active industries of Chambersburg at that time. Later, but long ago, Samuel R. and James McKesson, and their sisters, sons and daughters of Associate Judge McKesson, lived in one of these houses.

Alexander Flack, with his tannery, bark shed, vats and finishing house, occupied both sides of the spring. All the buildings were frame. A wheel turned by the spring and fitted out with horns which brought up water and emptied it into troughs that conveyed it through the tannery, furnished the fluid needed. The old stone bridge was not flanked, as now, by foot bridges, and pedestrians crossed in the track of wagons and horses.

The buildings on the east side of North Main, from King street to the spring, though of highly inflammable material, escaped destruction when the town was burned by

the rebels under McCausland in 1864, and most of them there now are as I knew them from 1831 on for many years. But there are now two brick houses that have been built at a much more recent date, and, as already stated, one of the old has been very much changed.

Previous to the construction of the Cumberland Valley Railroad there was considerable space north of the tannery on which there were no buildings save a small house and stable. The railroad company erected an engine house on part of this ground, with a turn-table east of it, and perhaps about the same time the warehouse so long occupied by Oaks & Caufman, afterward by Linn & Coyle, was erected. A small log house, occupied by an old Irishman of Scotch blood named McKee, who owned a horse and cart, as became an Irishman, was pulled down to get it out of the way of the warehouse. A portion of the unbuilt space north of the tannery was used as a lumber yard by the owner and occupant of one of the two houses next to be described.

There were two good adjoining brick houses just where the street takes a more easterly direction. One of these was owned and occupied by Christian Etter, the grandfather of our well known Edward G. Etter. I do not recall the owner or occupant of the other away back at that time. These houses have since, at various times, been the residence of well known persons—Rev. Daniel McKinley, J. Smith Grier, Colonel Elder, Jacob B. Miller and John L. Grier. Beyond them, with a vacancy on each side of it, was a frame house which fifty years ago was occupied by George Barnitz, who has recently departed this life. The earliest name I find myself able to connect with it is that of a widow, Mrs. Denig, who became the second wife of William Slyder, a well-known farmer and rope maker out the road beyond Federal Hill. There was also another frame house, which long ago came into possession of Daniel S. Fahnestock, the earlier owner or occupant of which is not remembered.

Next, standing back from the street, with its north

wall on the south side of the alley, was a roughcast house, the property and residence of William Maxwell, father of the late Mrs. Isaac H. McCauley. He was a plasterer, and a quiet, well-known and much respected man. Northward from Mr. Maxwell's there was a triangular lot, bounded on the south and east by alleys and on the northwest by the street. This was the property of William Miles, and on it were a two-story frame house and a one-story frame shop. My recollection of Mr. Miles himself is very dim and I think he must have died about the time my acquaintance with that part of town began. I knew his widow and children. Some of the latter were older and some younger than myself. Mrs. Miles kept a cake and candy shop of the kind which at that time could be found in various parts of this town and of every other town of which I had any knowledge fifty and sixty years ago.

There was no building of any sort (on that side of the street) between Miles' and Edward Boyle's. Mr. Boyle's lot was triangular, and his house—a square rough-cast structure—occupied the apex of the triangle, at the junction of Main and Second streets. Mr. B. was a tailor and carried on his trade there, and he obtained a license and did a thriving business while work was being done on the Cumberland Valley and Franklin railroads.

There was no building on either side of the road between Boyle's and the old gate-house. The town ended at the Point, and I will now return to the Diamond and take the other side of the street.

NORTH MAIN—WEST SIDE.

The Golden Lamb Hotel occupied the northwest corner of the Diamond at Market street. It was a three-story stone building, and had, I believe, been built and owned by Stephen Rigler. Its big sign was ornamented by a golden lamb, (well grown,) above which was painted in well formed letters, "Golden Lamb," and below "Traveler's Rest," and

still lower "J. Wunderlich." The bar room was at the corner, with a door on Market street, but the main entrance was in the front on the Diamond, where a large door opened into a hall which gave access to a parlor on the right and to the upper floors. Cholera carried off Mrs. Wunderlich and a daughter in 1832, and Mr. W. did not long thereafter remain in the hotel. John Noel became the proprietor and kept the house till it was destroyed in 1864. These are the only names I remember in connection with it. An old two-story frame house adjoining the hotel and belonging to Mr. Noel, was the Valley Spirit's first home in Chambersburg.

Next came a brick building on what has more recently been known as Watson's corner. There was a restaurant in it, but I do not remember the name of the man who kept it at the earliest date at which this property became known to me. Benjamin Trexler kept it in 1848 and perhaps earlier, and John Reasner kept it after Trexler. There were two office rooms in the building, one at the corner and the other north of the hall which extended through the middle from the front. Philip Hamman and D. G. McGowan opened a school for instruction in penmanship in the corner room (probably about the year 1840) and I was among their pupils at night, being busy sticking type during the day. James X. McLanahan afterward had his law office in this room. Wilson Reilly occupied the dwelling and his law office in the north room in 1846 and several years thereafter. Robert M. Bard had either occupied the same dwelling and office before Reilly or occupied them after him. Finally this property passed into the hands of the Watsons, who carried on business in it for many years. About half the lot was vacant, with a brick wall across its front, to Denig's.

Lewis Denig's drug store and dwelling came next. This was the noted old and strong stone building known in early days as Jack's tavern, in which the first court of Franklin county was held. There has been a drug store on that corner continuously for seventy years or longer.

A brick house adjoined Denig's on the north. Below

there was a driveway between, but the second story extended over against the stone house, the front wall being supported by an arch. Col. John Findlay, who was appointed postmaster in 1829, had the postoffice in this building in 1835, as a circumstance enables me to remember, and it remained there till his death in 1838. I think it was there earlier than 1835, though in the earlier years of his tenure of the office it was in the room between the Crawford building and the Mansion House. I have reason to think he did not establish his family residence in this building till after 1832.

Next north was the spacious residence of Thomas Chambers, the large old stone house standing back near the mill race, with the lot in front full of trees and shrubbery. Mr. Chambers moved away (to Danville) perhaps sixty years ago, and the Misses Pinneo and others after them made this property well-known as "Rosedale Seminary," a boarding and day school for young ladies. Judge Chambers owned the property after his brother Thomas left, if he did not own it before.

The fine old brick residence of George Chambers came next, with its wide hall and large parlor in front, and running a long distance back, with an alley on the north. The main building had three or four feet of space between it and the alley, from which it was separated by an iron fence, and in this space, midway from the front to where the back building jutted out in line with the alley, was an English ivy of enormous size, covering the whole wide and high end of the main building. I never saw another ivy that equaled it. This ample and substantial old-time residence had the large chimneys that characterized the architecture of "old times," and one of the interesting sights of a summer evening from forty to sixty years ago, was the grand army of chimney swallows that almost darkened the air for an hour or two, and then, as the shades of night drew closer, dived by dozens into the Chambers chimneys, till the last of them had disappeared. Some time in the forties, I think it must have been, Judge Chambers erected an addition to

his house, on the south, making a large and fine office for himself on the first floor and giving up the office he had so long occupied on the other side of the street.

A brick house across the alley from Mr. Chambers' was long the residence of Jacob Oyster, who had filled the office of associate judge from 1823 till about 1832. My impression is that he did not live here as early as 1832, but came in from the country a few years later.

John Strealey, whose wife was a daughter of old Dr. Abraham Senseny, owned and occupied a brick house adjoining the one just mentioned. Its first floor stood several feet above the level of the pavement, and the door was reached by three or four steps which led up to a long platform. I believe Mr. Strealey was a printer.

Three rather low two-story frame houses came next. Peter Oyster occupied the one next to Strealey's. He was a saddler and carried on the business till his death, which occurred suddenly of cholera in 1832. John Scofield, a weaver, occupied this property after Mr. Oyster's death.

Christian Flack, then a young married man, occupied the next of these frame houses and worked in his father's tannery at the spring. I cannot recall the name of any early occupant of the third frame house, and the sons of Peter Oyster, whom I have consulted, are unable to inform me.

The building at the corner of King street was a one-story brick, narrow on Main street, but with considerable length on King. James R. Kirby taught school in it in 1831 and I was among his youngest pupils.

Beyond King street was the substantial brick residence of Alexander Colhoun, the first cashier of the Bank of Chambersburg. The grounds extended along Main street to the spring and thence westward to Washabaugh's line, and embraced about a half square, as squares run in the town. There was a brick stable close to the spring where it came out through these grounds to King street. All of Mr. Colhoun's sons had gone away in his lifetime, and

after his death in 1840 the small remnant of his family removed from town. Joseph Culbertson had his residence there for some years after he quit the Franklin Hotel and William G. Reed owned and occupied the property at a later date.

There was no building between Colhoun's and the Falling Spring Church until some years after the date at which my account begins, when the congregation erected a brick "lecture room" down near the bridge. The church edifice, which underwent several slight alterations that improved its appearance without destroying its identity, is too well known to need description.

Beyond the church came the stone building, with thirty acres of land attached, which was long the residence of William L. Chambers and continues to be the residence of his widow and other survivors of his family. I think it had been owned or at least occupied by a clergyman named McKnight. What I know is that in 1834 John Marshall lived there and farmed the land, and also did some farming out between Federal Hill and Slyder's. John Miles and I "dropped corn" for him out there in the spring of 1834, but I did not relish the business and after that field was finished I dropped corn dropping and never took it up again. There was a great stream of emigration to Ohio at that time and I think Mr. Marshall went there soon after the date I have given. Robert L. Knight bought the property and lived in it, but went to Philadelphia, where I believe he had previously lived. I myself occupied the house in 1851-2-3, renting from Mr. Knight. Samuel Radebaugh bought it and lived there a month or two and sold it back to Mr. K., and at length it passed into the hands of Mr. Chambers.

Levin Murphy, a well known blacksmith, had two small brick houses erected beyond the (now) Chambers property in 1833. Joseph Rugg, a stage driver, was the first occupant of the first of these houses. He dropped the reins not long after I quit dropping corn, and opened an ale

and oyster saloon in one of the houses in James Colhoun's row on Queen street, west of Main. My father, who had done the stone masonry and brick work, was the first occupant of the other. It was while we lived in this house in 1834, that I walked by my father's side while he performed the extraordinary feat of carrying a barrel of flour all the way home from Snyder's, where he was doing the stone and brickwork on the house that stands on the slope of the hill south of the old Snyder mansion.

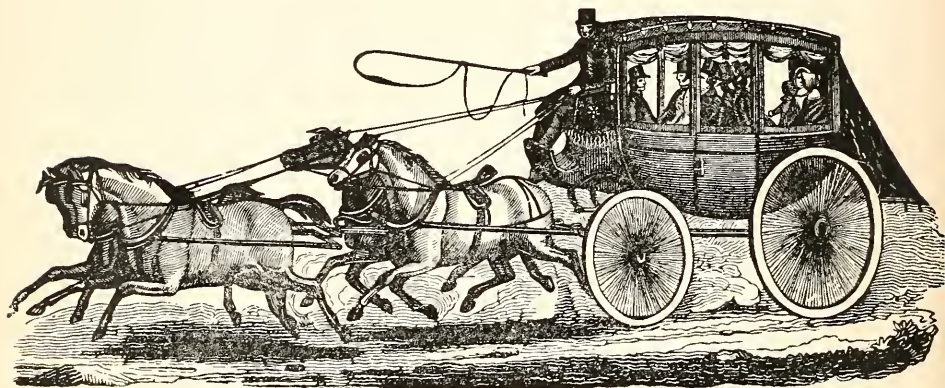
Beyond Murphy's houses there was a wide vacant lot, and beyond this came a two-story frame house, inhabited by Mrs. Susan Frazier, who had a noisy parrot and a shady reputation. The town extended no farther on that side of the street.

SOUTH MAIN STREET—EAST SIDE.

The Crawford building, a three story brick, with one front on the Diamond and another on Market street, stood first. There were two office rooms in the Diamond front, and a stairway between the first and second rooms gave access to the floors above. I cannot name the earlier occupants of the corner room, but among the later, (a good while ago too,) I think, were William McLellan, D. Watson Rowe, John R. Orr and Thomas X. Orr. The postoffice was in the second room at one time, or in a small building that adjoined the Crawford on one side and the Mansion House on the other. There were various occupants of the small room from fifty to sixty years ago, among their number being a quaint old German physician Dr. Sonderegger. Pritts' "Chambersburg Whig" printing office was on the second floor of the Crawford building, and I think Hickok & Blood had their printing office and bindery on the third floor.

The Mansion House came next. It was kept by Matthew Simpson, and before him, I believe, by Thomas Lindsay. One of the stage lines stopped here, and one

night in 1834 the horses of the incoming coach ran off from out beyond the gate house and came in past where I lived on North Main street at a tearing gait, the driver vainly yelling "whoa!" The driver had lost his grip on the lines, and



the team kept on but made for its accustomed place in front of Simpson's hotel, where it halted with a suddenness that almost tilted the coach on end. All on board were scared, but nobody was hurt. Mr. Pritts at one time undertook to run a temperance hotel in the Mansion House, but found it unremunerative.

James Wray kept a dry goods and general merchandise store in the old stone roughcast building on the corner south of the Mansion House, in 1831 and earlier. Conrad Baker, since governor of Indiana, was a lively clerk in this store. Mr. Wray went into business in Philadelphia a few years after the date given, and the property went into the hands of Major William Gilmore, who established his tailor shop there, but at a later date transferred himself to the opposite corner. The old Telegraph printing office, with the paper's name changed to the Times, was moved into the second story of the back building of this property in 1844, and the residence portion of the property was occupied by the family of which its editor (Franklin G. May) was a member. After another change in ownership, the

paper's title was changed to Cumberland Valley Sentinel and so remained till 1851, when Cooper & Dechert purchased it and united it with the Valley Spirit, moving the latter over to the former's quarters.

Next came the residence and business room so long occupied by Capt. John Jeffries, and next the property of Judge Thomson. The whole front of Judge Thomson's lot was covered by two buildings, one of frame only one story high, the other of stone two stories. The frame was divided into two rooms. One of these was occupied by Emanuel Holsey, silversmith and watchmaker; the other by John Stevenson, and after him Bassford & Hoskinson, tailors. Judge Thomson established a law school in this building about the year 1838. The stone building, in which he resided, was large, with a hall through the center, on one side of which was a parlor and on the other a store room. James Ross, a merchant, did business in this room at an early day, but removed to Philadelphia to fill a position as bank officer. James Marshall followed Ross with a dry goods store, and John Armstrong afterward kept dry goods in the room, beginning some time in "the forties," probably fifty-five years or more ago.

On the other side of the alley was the property so long occupied and owned by George S. Eyster, and before him by John Maclay. There was an old two-story brick building, with a store room and a residence, occupied by Nathaniel Buckmaster, who kept a shoe and hat store; and adjoining this a long two-story stone building with a room on each side of the entrance hall, which Mr. Eyster used as his residence, with the exception of the south room front, in which John McClintock had a hat store and also kept the postoffice during his term as postmaster, 1845-9. The old brick building was torn down about the year 1855 and a three story brick put up in its place, and in this the Eysters did business till the town was burned.

South of Eyster's was the old Heyser residence and tinning and coppersmithing concern, a large brick front

building, with a long stretch of brick back building in which tin and copper ware were manufactured. William Heyser succeeded his father (who erected the buildings) in business here at a date which I am unable to indicate, and George Heck followed about the year 1840. It is a singular fact that the first death from cholera in Chambersburg in 1832 and the first from the same disease in 1852, occurred in this house and in the same room. The victim in 1832 was a son of William Heyser and the victim in 1852 was Mr. Heck.

South of the narrow private alley which afforded access to the Heyser workshops there was a two-story brick building owned by William Heyser. Mr. Young, a watchmaker, is the only person I can associate with it at an early date. J. S. Nixon had his drug store there in the early years of his business career, and John K. Shyroock once had his book store there also. Mrs. J. Allison Eyster received title to the property from her father, Mr. Heyser.

John Smith came next with a two-story brick building in which he resided and kept store. Then came Frederick Smith with a two-story brick in which he had his residence and law office. He enjoyed a large practice. On a "shingle" which was nailed near the door of a small room on the property of Mr. Smith, between him and the Union Hotel, there was this inscription: "J. R. Weaver, Fashionable Barber and Hair Dresser." Mr. Weaver pursued his avocation there for a long time.

Adam Fisher kept the Union Hotel, a two-story brick with a parlor on one side of the hall and a bar-room on the other. His wife was a sister of William Wallace, and I believe Mr. Wallace owned the hotel and Mrs. Fisher the two-story brick building adjoining, on the corner of Main and Queen. McGeehen & Wallace did business here at my first acquaintance with this corner; after a number of years the firm became McGeehen, Wallace & Duffield, and brick-making out near the West Point was added to their business; and after the lapse of another series of years, Mr. Wallace had the store to himself.

On the corner across Queen street stood the large two story brick building (with a hip roof) of Bernard Wolf. A long room running back along Queen from Main street, was devoted to the uses of a hardware store. The firm, Wolf & Whitmore, was composed of Bernard Wolf and Michael Whitmore. Mr. Wolf was a saddler and this business was carried on in the south room, a hall running through between the two business rooms into the dwelling. Michael Whitmore and Christian Wolf went to Pittsburg, and Bernard Wolf and his son J. George Wolf continued the business for years and finally passed it over to John and Solomon Huber. The saddlery business had been discontinued and I believe James R. Kirby, who had previously quit business at his first stand on the Hoke corner, opened a new dry goods store in the saddlery room.

There were several frame buildings beyond Wolf's—one, which I think was two stories, standing where Dr. Lambert built and resided in a brick house of good size. Then came at least two one-story frames. John Cree had his chair and paint shop in one of these, and in the lot behind the building he had lumber suited to his line of business, and a large wheel, operated by horse power, which drove a turning lathe and other machinery. A boy, whose name is now unknown to me, got in there one day in the absence of Mr. Cree, or at least unobserved by him, and was killed by the wheel.

Frederick Glosser had a tobacco shop in one of these small frames, and I am inclined to locate David Spahr there in the same business. He was somewhere thereabout on that side of Main street, and I can locate him nowhere else, nor have I found anybody who can aid me in locating him. He removed to Boonville, Missouri, I should say about the year 1836. James Chariton had a saddler's shop there at a later date and he may have come in after Spahr. I am told David Houser had a tailor shop there, but although I knew him from an early date, I am not able from memory to locate him in any of these frame buildings.

Next southward was the two story brick of Christian Suesserott, hardware merchant, in which he had his residence and store room. The second story of this building extended over an arched private alley, connecting it with the second story of the building in which John Hershberger resided and did business. Mr. H. was in the lottery business and also dealt in provisions, salting down pork in large quantities.

Next came Reisher's, a good two-story brick. John Nunemacher, a well known tailor in his day, had his shop in Mrs. Reisher's building. The late Samuel Reisher, who lived to a very advanced age, had a livery stable back on the lot, and his mother had a little shop which young folks made it a point to call at as often as they could. "Granny Reisher" was a great favorite with them. Samuel Reisher was a noted fifer and for many years led off in all our military displays. His step was elastic and the clear voice of his fife bored its way a long distance through the air.

Next came another good two-story brick, the property of Charles Hutz, who had his residence and dry goods store in it. I think H. B. Davison became a partner of Mr. H. Later on Samuel Myers was proprietor of the store, and it was there that his brother-in-law, George R. Messersmith, located here, first in the store with Mr. Myers, from which, in a comparatively short time, he passed into the bank. Subsequently H. H. Hutz, the son of Charles, had the store.

Across the main alley, and between it and an open entrance to the yard of the Indian Queen Hotel, there was a two-story brick, with residence and store room, and a short distance back on the alley there was a two-story dwelling. This store room was the first place in which George S. Eyster did business on his own account. From here he moved to the Wallace corner and thence half a square farther north. At a later date Hugh B. Davison occupied the store room and dwelling. I think the property belonged to John Radebaugh.

Then came the old Indian Queen Hotel, a two-story

brick, with bar room on one side of the hall and parlor on the other. It was owned and kept by John Radebaugh as far back as I can remember. After him came John Kuhn, John Mish, David Beaver and John W. Taylor, the latter bringing it down to 1862 or later. Next was the two-story frame of old Dr. Abraham Senseny, with two rooms in the front, one of which was his parlor and the other his office. Old age had retired him from active practice. His grandson, Dr. A. H. Senseny, after graduating, made some use, for a time, of the old Doctor's office.

Behind the old Senseny residence, with access to it through a narrow passage between the Radebaugh and Senseny buildings, was the Franklin Telegraph printing office of Henry Ruby, built for him by old Dr. S., one of whose daughters was Mr. Ruby's wife. I served my apprenticeship there, beginning on the 8th day of January, 1837. Next south of Senseny's was a two-story brick, first occupied, within my recollection, by a tailor named Hughes, and since by Samuel M. Perry, also a tailor, and others. I can not name the owner at an early day. It may have been a part of the Whitmore property, which came next on the south.

The Whitmore store, a two-story brick, was a noted business stand at one time and had considerable trade in 1837, when John and Jacob Whitmore were in the dry goods business there; but trade was tending down toward the Diamond and there were too many horses and dogs in the stables back on the alley. The Whitmore's went westward and Michael Hughes, brother of the celebrated Archbishop of New York, opened a grocery, queensware and produce store in the room, about the year 1840. Next above Whitmore's, in a two-story brick, resided an aged man named Heneberger, who had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War. On parade days the "volunteer companies" that existed in town regularly lined up in front of Mr. Heneberger's, when the veteran would come outside his door and stand till they fired a salute. Frederick Spahr's

property came next, a good two-story brick in which he had his residence, with a slaughter house up the lot on Washington street. Mr. Spahr carried on his business here for many years and his sons followed after him.

At Washington street the fire so uselessly and cruelly kindled by the rebels stopped, and thence on southward through the town, houses built a hundred years or more ago are still standing. But some that were there have disappeared and have been followed by superior structures, and lots that were vacant at the time I write of have since been built upon. The old brick building on the corner across Washington street from Spahr's was owned by Mrs. Berlin (formerly Mrs. Suesserott,) and Mr. Berlin at one time had a grocery and queensware store in it. George Hoover kept dry goods in it between fifty and sixty years ago, and I think it was under him that Jacob Hoke became a salesman of dry goods in this town.

Jacob Bickley's two-story frame came next, with two front rooms, in one of which he carried on his trade, that of tailoring. Ludwig Heck's solid old brick house adjoined Bickley's on the south and beyond (on Heck's lot) there was a low square frame building, sometimes unoccupied and sometimes used as a meat shop, and back of this a two-story brick house occupied by various persons at various times. Next was a two-story frame, the residence of Dr. Jeremiah Senseny, and next a one-story frame, where an old Irishman who came in from Guilford township resided along about 1838. I think Mr. Harry owned it, but of this I am not sure. Edward Nangle was the name of the occupant. Silas Harry's solid stone house, which after his death became the property and residence of Thomas J. Early, came next. In the corner of the lot next the alley there long stood, in good condition, a small one-story log building, which I think I never knew to be used for any purpose. Next, across the alley, was Mrs. Smith's neat little brick, where Henry S. Stoner lived so long; and next was an old frame, owned and occupied by the Plummer

sisters. It is there yet, but somewhat changed in appearance. Next was a solid two-story brick owned and occupied as much as fifty-five years or more ago, by Charles Evans, a well known carpenter. Then came the residence and shop of Lewis Wampler, the former a two-story brick of moderate size, standing back a short distance, and the latter a frame flush with the line of the street. Mr. W. was a silver-plater and worked largely on trimmings for harness. The next was a two-story brick, the first owner known to me being Augustus Reineman, long known here as a watchmaker and jeweler. A. V. Reineman informs me that his father bought this property from Daniel Dechert and built the brick house adjoining. Next was Merklein's, an old two-story frame on the corner, with another frame farther back on the lot. On the other corner, across German street, was the old substantial brick residence of John Durboraw, who for a series of years performed the functions of a Justice of the Peace, having his office in the corner room. A short distance farther on there was a two-story brick, and still farther the residence and store of Jacob Heart, in his day one of the best known men in that part of town and in fact known all over town.

SOUTH MAIN—WEST SIDE.

“The Arcade,” as it was popularly called, was not entirely finished in the spring of 1831. It was a three-story brick, with an arched way through the middle, which gave access to the hotel stable. It extended to the alley and had a full lot (64 feet) front on the Diamond, and this end, with the exception of the corner room, was occupied by the Franklin Hotel, kept by Joseph Culbertson. This was the principal stage hotel. The corner room was occupied as a dry goods store by two brothers named Maclay, but they were in it only a short time. I am told a dry goods firm, Smith, Oliver & Cauffman, (the latter a brother of A. D. Cauffman,) also occupied this room, but my informant could

not say whether they preceded or followed the Maclays, and I have no recollection of them. The room was not occupied many years for store purposes. The stage company then took it for their office and it continued to be used as such till stages stopped running here, about fifty years ago. "The Arcade" was owned by an association, (whether incorporated or not is not known to me,) and its official title was "The Franklin Buildings." Robert Yates was the contractor, and I have been informed that his father, Thomas Yates, was killed when the cellar at the west end was being excavated. He was approaching in the alley just after the fuse had been applied to a charge in a rock and warning was given to him. He stepped inside a stable and came out immediately after the explosion, supposing the danger to be past, when a piece of stone which had been thrown high in the air fell on his head and killed him.

Next was the bank, two stories high, a solid wall of stone, with a coat of cement or roughcasting. It had a fine portico, rounded in front, with heavy columns of the Ionic order, and lingers in my mind as a fine specimen of architecture. Its first cashier, Alexander Colhoun, lived in his own house. All the other cashiers have inhabited the bank, excepting the present cashier, John S. McIlvaine, who remains in his own house. William Mills was the watchman, and I often saw him and his white woolly dog going around outside at night. Next was the large two story brick on the corner, since long occupied by Nixon as a drug store. Major William Gilmore purchased and occupied it in 1838, the same year in which, after the death of Colonel Findlay, he was appointed postmaster. South of it was a long one-story frame building, divided into two rooms, which was included in Major Gilmore's purchase. In one of these rooms the Franklin Repository had long been printed, and James Marshall had a dry goods store in the other. Mr. Harper was appointed postmaster in 1841, and having sold the Repository and its material having been transferred to the office of the Whig, with which it had been united, the

postoffice took its place in this room. President Tyler turned out Postmaster Harper solely for political reasons, and appointed David D. Durboraw in his place, but the postoffice was continued in this room. S. H. Laubach, who came here from Northampton county, had a dry goods store in the corner room of the brick building in 1844.

Next was a good two-story brick, owned and occupied by George Garlin, who had his residence and drug store in it. Dr. Richards succeeded him in its ownership and occupancy. Next, adjoining the alley and running back a considerable distance, was an old one-story frame, occupied by David Tritle, manufacturer of tinware.

South of the alley was the largest property in town, excepting the "Arcade." The front building was fifty feet square and three stories high, one back building ninety feet long and three stories high, and another seventy feet long and two stories high, all of brick. It was built by Matthew Wilson in 1816, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, as I was informed by George S. Eyster, who said he was a clerk in Wilson's store at the time. Several years after it was built, Peter Aughinbaugh purchased the south half. The Bank of Chambersburg afterward owned this part and Joseph Culbertson the other. Later, John B. McLanahan owned the south half and Jacob B. Miller the north half, and at the time it was burned I owned the whole. At this time it was occupied by the postoffice, by Aughinbaugh's jewelry store, by the Valley Spirit office, by Bishop's photograph gallery, by Mickey's restaurant, by Mr. Wolf's boarding house and by two private families, besides having my own household furniture stored away in the large plastered attics. It was a building of immense size to have been erected in a town like Chambersburg eighty-four years ago, and its interior finish was in keeping with its proportions.

Next was a dingy old two-story frame building, with a low porch or platform along more than half the front. Here was the dry goods and general merchandise store of Benjamin Falmestock, who was called "Black Ben" to dis-

tinguish him from another of his name whose complexion differed from his. Black & Lindsay came after Mr. Fahnestock and erected the good brick building which occupied the place of the old frame before the town was burned. Next came the residence of Thomas G. McCulloh, a well finished two-story brick, where he had his law office in the first story front. At his death it became the property of his daughter, Mrs. Reynolds, from whom it passed into the possession of Dr. James Hamilton a few years before the fire. Next was a good and rather new three-story brick building, erected by Philip Berlin. Its front wall had the peculiarity of being divided longitudinally by long pieces of timber eight or ten inches thick and painted white, at the top of the first and second stories. The saving fund was located in this building at the period of great financial stringency in 1837, when it and other institutions issued "shinplasters" without authority of law. These "shinplasters" were at the time an actual necessity, as there were no bank notes under the denomination of five dollars and all the silver previously in circulation had suddenly been hidden away. Next came the two-story brick property of Christian Wolf, an old man shaking with palsy, but with his mind sound and clear enough to perform satisfactorily the duties of a justice of the peace.

John Heffleman came next with a shoemaker shop in a two-story brick building, where he worked a number of hands. He moved to Newville about 1837 and came back and bought "Woodlawn" in 1841 or 1842. Next above was Godfrey Greenawalt's good large brick building, at the corner of Main and Queen. John Greenawalt and Samuel Etter, under the firm name of Greenawalt & Etter, had a hardware store in the corner room, and a Mr. Shaffer, well advanced in years, kept a cake, candy, small beer and ale establishment in a narrow but lengthy room between the hardware store and Heffleman's. I am informed that previous to the erection of Greenawalt's brick, an old red weather boarded building, in which Samuel Fahnestock

had a hardware store, occupied this corner. On the corner across Queen street stood the solid old brick Collhoun store room and residence. Major James Collhoun had a dry goods and general merchandise store here. He was succeeded by Franklin Gardner, E. D. Reid and Walter Beatty. Just above there was a small house in which Michael Doyle had a lottery office, but lotteries were prohibited in Pennsylvania soon after my arrival in town and Doyle removed to Maryland, where they still were tolerated. I am informed he had previously had his office in the small room between the Crawford building and the Mansion House which Dr. Sonderegger and others subsequently occupied. William Mills, latter, afterward occupied the premises which Doyle had been in above Collhoun's. After the death of Major Allison he became court crier. All the properties in this half square, excepting two, were two-story bricks.

Samuel Wentz had a drug store in the building which afterward became the property and residence of William Heyser. He migrated to Baltimore, and D. S. and M. M. Stoner, of Waynesboro, had the drug store a while, after which it passed into the hands of J. Wyeth Douglas. Dr. Peter Fahnestock had his house and office about this point, in a building owned by himself or some other Fahnestock, I have reasons to believe, but I am unable to say with certainty. I think Dr. John C. Richards came after Dr. Fahnestock in the same building, and Rev. Samuel R. Fisher followed in it. John Rudisill came close above with his residence and saddle and harness establishment. Next was a building erected by George Hoffinan about the time he became sheriff, which was in 1838. It had a more open front than was common at that time. Rodrigue & Hughes occupied it as a grocery, queensware and provision store, but not for any great length of time, and after they dissolved Mr. Hughes did business in the Whitmore room on the other side of the street and farther up, Mr. Hoffinan opening a grocery in his own room. A two-story frame building at the corner of the alley escaped destruction in 1864, and has

long been in the occupancy of H. S. Gilbert. Biddle Myers made hats in it long before Gilbert was here.

Across the alley James Wright, a hatter, owned and I believe built a good large brick house with a business room in front, and resided and did business there. It passed into the hands of George Ludwig over fifty years ago, and he erected a brewery on the premises, becoming also, in the course of a few years, the owner of the two old breweries then in town. A Saving Fund which was located in this building some time after Mr. Ludwig became its owner, and of which John Armstrong was cashier, was spoken of as "the Dutch bank," nearly everybody in the neighborhood being of German origin or extraction. But the cashier was so far removed from a Dutchman that if any one of that nationality had gone in and slung a few long Dutch words at him in a loud voice, he would probably have jumped out of a window and raised such an alarm as Rolland's attack on the cashier of the old bank occasioned.

Next south of Wright's was the substantial brick residence and coppersmithing and tinning establishment of Frederick Miller, the father of Charles F. and Jacob B. Miller, who in their lifetime followed his occupation. Then came a long, low plastered building, in which a German named Haller had a variety shop and residence, afterwards transferring himself to the Hershberger property on the other side of the street and lower down; and in which Lewis Heist also had a shoemaker shop when engaged in that business here. He afterward went into the brewing business in Hagerstown. I believe an old man named John Rothbaust (which everybody pronounced Rotepouch,) owned this property and resided in a part of it and carried on a small variety store, which Haller may have purchased from him. Isaac Hutton afterward owned the property and carried on shoemaking in it.

Next was the brick residence of Jacob Heck, and adjoining it the Black Bear Hotel, also brick and owned by Mr. Heck. Old people spoke of it as "Raymers," and it

had at an early day been kept and perhaps owned by Frederick Reamer, whom I have reason to believe was the same Frederick Reamer who kept the well known hotel at Sideling Hill, and lies buried, with his wife, in an enclosure in a field about midway between his old weather-boarded house on the old road and the large stone house he erected at the turnpike when it was in course of construction. The Black Bear was kept by James Kinneard, the father of John and Leonard, in 1836, and perhaps a year or two on each side of this date, and after him by a man named Fairchild. Attached to this hotel building on its south side there was a small low two-story brick structure, in which a man named Fritchey kept oranges and other fruit and musical clocks, etcetera. On the corner beyond the entrance to the hotel yard there was a dingy old two-story frame, partitioned into two parts. In one of these, seventy years ago, James Collins had a ham sandwich, hot coffee, hard boiled egg, hot corn and stewed oyster establishment. In the other, John Myers, and after him Samuel Myers, had a cabinet maket shop. William Nixon at one time had a chair and paint shop in one of these rooms.

The large brick building on the corner of Main and Washington streets, occupying a full lot front of sixty-four feet on Main, was erected by Jacob Dechert, who was postmaster from 1818 till 1829. He was a hatter and carried on business here till his death, and his youngest brother (Daniel) succeeded him and occupied the premises till 1856. The property has since been owned by Dr. J. L. Suesserott and is now owned by his son Dr. L. F. Suesserott. Adjoining was the brick property of John McClintock, also a hatter, with a shop back of his dwelling. He had his hat store in one of the front rooms of the stone building in which George S. Eyster had his residence adjoining his dry goods store. Mr. McC. was postmaster from 1845 till 1849. Next above was the brick dwelling of William S. Davis, surveyor, and after him of Dr. A. H. Senseny, whose wife was Mr. Davis' daughter. The noted physician's long

residence in this house made it one of the best known up town. Next came the low frame cabinet maker shop of George Flory and his son William, with a two-story frame dwelling at the southern end. The cabinet business here began when the father was young and was carried on till the son became old. Then came the two-story brick residence of Daniel Shively, who worked in the edge tool factory and lived to be old. Next above was an old frame two-story building, in which Rudolph Harley lived and kept a flour, feed and bacon store.

On the south side of the alley there was an old two story frame belonging to the widow Glosser, and inhabited by her and her son Frederick, a well known man engaged in the tobacco business. William Flory afterward owned this property and lived in it. Next was an old frame in which Mr. Schoepflin had his residence and printed a German newspaper. At his death it became the property of his widow, who afterward became the wife of Daniel Dechert. The mother of the late Guyer Scheible lived and taught school in this house for many years. Then came Mrs. Jarrett's two-story stone, both the building and its occupants being well known. It was the home of the Jarretts all their lives and of the Whites in their youth. Beyond is the two-story brick front and back building so long known as the parsonage of the Reformed church. It has generally, though not always, been occupied by the pastor in charge. Rev. Jacob Mayer, who was not the pastor, occupied it for several years both before and after the year 1844, and it was for a brief period (January 1 to April 1, 1850), the first house in which the writer of these sketches set up a home for himself after his marriage. Mr. Mayer's son Charles, who was a well grown youth when the family moved away, has for several terms been judge of the Clinton judicial district.

The Reformed Church, which in my early years was generally referred to as "the big church," and which, with its grounds, occupies the northwest corner of Main and German

streets, does not need to be described. Its bells were the first church bells that ever I heard and I listened to them with rapture on the first Sunday morning of my residence in town, April, 1831. Their music, heard at a distance through the tranquil air of a bright, balmy morning in spring, I thought excelled in sweetness even that of the doves I had listened to with so much delight in the country. Across German street from the church was the roughcast house inhabited sixty years ago by Jacob Daum, a shoemaker, whose wife was a famous baker of gingerbread. Her cakes were of liberal dimensions, square in form, and so thick that I never knew a boy or a man who could drop his lower jaw far enough to shove one in between his teeth. They had to be conquered on the plan pursued sometimes in military operations against fortified places, and which is called "regular approach". A low two-story frame house near Daum's, and a one-story frame in a wide lot farther out, finished up the square to Catherine street. "Yawcob Schmidt" kept a lively ranch in the one-story frame in the large lot, where the roystering youngsters of the town used to paint their insides red with everything drinkable, from high wines down to low wines and lager.

At the corner beyond Catherine there was a log house, two stories high, if I am not mistaken. It was inhabited by Philip Kiel. This was the first building that ever I saw burned down. One night in 1832, after we had gone to bed and been asleep, there was an alarm which awakened our household and all of us assembled on the balcony of our house high up West Market street, from which we had a good view south-eastward. Great flames were leaping upward from a house which my father recognized as the residence of Philip Kiel. Blazing logs, one after another, tumbled to the ground. We children were terrified and all were apprehensive that Mr. Kiel and his family might be perishing in the flames, but my father went up next morning and returned with information that the family had escaped. The two-story brick house that immediately took

the place of the house that was burned was built by Peter Gross. It has long been known as Heart's. Beyond this corner property there was a brick house occupied by a saddler named Brazier, whose brother-in-law, John King, committed suicide there by cutting his throat. Adjoining was the comfortable brick residence of Denis Berry, a very respectable colored man who had been a slave in Virginia; and still further on, at some distance, was a one-story log house inhabited by an old German named Frydinger, who used to carry around pretzels, cakes, hard boiled eggs, chestnuts, apples and other edibles, in two baskets suspended from a wooden yoke that fit around the back and sides of his neck and extended out over his shoulders. It was a curious and convenient arrangement. On farther was the frame residence and weaver shop of John Stuart; and still farther, with a yard in front, the neat, small brick house of James Logan, a candle maker. Stuart and Logan were quiet, well known and respected men. Still farther out, in a log or log weatherboarded house, lived Manarez Hummelshine, whose son George, a well known man about town, turned his hand and feet to various things, riding races among the rest. Beyond was Meesey's, a brick house once kept as a tavern, with a pump in front; then Mrs. Gruber in a log house; then Mohler, a night watchman in town, who used to cry the hour and the weather, and perform the duties of sexton in the Lutheran Church. Mohler's house was log, and the trees from which the logs were cut grew on the lot. Then came a double log house, one part occupied by Shatzer, the other by Ployer. The latter had two sons, Jacob and Joseph, and a son of Joseph is now a physician in practice in Cincinnati. Mrs. Heckerman came next in a two-story roughcast house, and beyond her there were two small log houses, the occupants of which are not remembered. Mrs. Heckerman had three sons and several daughters. The eldest son was Henry, a clergyman who served the Reformed congregation in Bedford for twenty-five years and died in that place in 1876; the youngest John, a physi-

cian who practiced for fifty-one years in Tiffin, Ohio, and died there on March 12, 1900; and the other Noah, now well on in the eighty-first year of his age, still a resident of the town in which he was born and still engaged in the business of providing shoes for the public, a business he learned from the bottom up. He retains in a remarkable degree the sprightliness of body and mind of younger years. He has assisted the writer to clear up a number of points that had grown obscure, and his kindness is here gratefully acknowledged.

EAST MARKET—NORTH SIDE.

The old Court House occupied the corner at the Diamond. East of it was a brick building used for county offices. At the corner of the alley stood the Northern engine house, also brick. East of the alley and running a good length back on it was the brick residence of Thomas Lindsay, a retired landlord and stage owner, who had a number of horses in a large stable on the rear of his lot. Adjoining Mr. Lindsay's residence was another two-story brick. The first occupant I can remember was Archibald I. Findlay, a son of Governor and United States Senator Findlay, who had his law office and residence there more than sixty years ago, and died there before he had passed middle age. I think Mr. Lindsay owned this property. D. O. Gehr subsequently owned it and Lindsay's corner property. I am unable to recall the old buildings between those described and the corner of Second street. They must have been few and insignificant. A. D. Caufinan built a good house there for himself and there was a vacant lot on one if not on both sides of him for a long time. At the corner of Second there was an old frame building, in which my recollection locates "Blue Ben" Fahnestock and his drug store, but this is thought to be a mistake by persons whose opinions are entitled to respect. I cannot persuade myself that I am mistaken, but of course I may be. John Goettman became

the owner of the property late in "the thirties" or early in "the forties," and sold things to eat and drink and be merry on.

On the other corner across Second street stood the Old Jail, a strong, grim old stone building, giving out signs of decay, but still capable of being put to use. I think it was unoccupied when I saw it for the first time, but at a date which I am disposed to put not later than 1835, and which may have been earlier, a young man named Odell came here and put looms in it and wove worsted in gay colors which looked gorgeous and beautiful to youthful eyes. He married Mary, eldest daughter of Nicholas Uglow, and moved away after tarrying here only a year or two. I think he joined the procession then moving westward on the turnpike. Close to the east end of the jail stood a two story frame, in good condition, with steps leading up to a small elevated porch. Fifty two years ago it was occupied by Rev. F. W. Kremer, and before him I think it had been occupied by the Misses McClelland and their tall brother Rufus.

Next came the stately mansion of James Riddle, the first resident of Franklin county who held a commission as President Judge of her courts. It was of brick, its style colonial, its proportions admirable, and its appearance decidedly impressive. It looked what it was, the home of a man of no ordinary mould. The Misses Pinneo had their school there after Judge Riddle's death. This fine property passed to James X. McLanahan over fifty years ago, and from him to Thomas B. Kennedy, who, after the great fire, erected his present mansion where the old one had stood. Next to Judge Riddle's, at the alley, stood the solid stone house so long owned and occupied by Rev. B. S. Schneck, who came to Chambersburg as editor of the "German Reformed Messenger" when its place of publication was changed, about the beginning of the year 1838. Rebekah Riddle, the Judge's daughter, became Dr. Schneck's wife and closed her long life at the place of her youth, but how changed were the surroundings after 1864!

The house across the alley from Dr. Schneck's was owned by Samuel Etter. Here was the first fine pressed brick front put up in this town. Levin Mills, a son of the well known old William Mills, had either learned bricklaying in Baltimore or had learned it here and gone to that city and worked there. At any rate, after an absence from this place he returned and worked here and laid the brick in Etter's front. I think the brick must have been brought from a distance or been specially made for Mr. Etter, for they were finer than any pressed brick I had known to be made here, and were laid with perceptibly superior skill. M. A. Foltz's handsome residence stands on this spot.

Beyond Etter's there was a frame house owned by Kitty Minnich. Solomon Maxwell married her and lived there. He was a well known plasterer in good standing in the community. The old stone mansion of the venerable Rev. Dr. Denny, located at or near the western corner of his lot, though showing signs that its heavy walls were giving away, was still inhabited by him in 1833. But about that time he or his son John F. Denny built a new brick residence east of the old stone house and a short distance back from the line of the pavement, and this the family occupied after it was finished. The new house was built about where an old log, inhabited by a shoemaker, had stood. My recollection is that there was no building on that side of the street or road, till Shetter's (afterward Messersmith's) farm was reached, for many years after Denny's new house was built. It has been suggested to me that there was a two story frame house near where the church stands, but I am unable to make it out with any distinctness, nor can I hear anything conclusive about it.

EAST MARKET—SOUTH SIDE.

The corner room of the Crawford building, and the room above it on the second and third floors, were occupied as heretofore stated in the account of South Main street.

Reade Washington occupied the rest of the building on Market street. First after the corner room came a parlor the glass in whose windows was such that persons outside could not see what was within, whilst those inside could clearly see what was passing without. A hall ran through between the parlor and a room in the east end which Mr. Washington used as a law office. I can recall no other building in that half square at an early period, but later a small two-story brick was erected. J. McDowell Sharpe occupied this and it escaped destruction when the town was burned, by which time a row of small law offices stretched up to or near the alley. McLanahan & Reilly, then prominent at the bar and in politics, occupied one of these fifty years ago. After the removal of Mr. Washington to Pittsburg, which must have occurred over fifty-five years ago, the eastern portion of this valuable town estate became the property of Robert M. Bard, one of the foremost lawyers at this bar.

The solid brick building east of the alley, so long owned and occupied by Dr. Edmund Culbertson, was owned and occupied by Thomas Hartley Crawford, a leading lawyer, who had his office where T. B. Kennedy had his not long after his admittance to the bar, and in conjunction with John Stewart in later years. I think an old frame building in which Richard Morrow lived came in just beyond Crawford's office. Mr. M. was Clerk of the Courts for six years from January, 1830. About this date George K. Harper built a two-story brick house for himself just west of his old residence in this half square, and a family named Peebles occupied his old house after he moved out of it. Mrs. Peebles was a widow with two sons, Rusk and Sharp, and Mr. Harper was her brother. Rusk had learned printing with his uncle in the Repository office. Mrs. P. had kept boarders on Second street before she moved to Market, and she and her family emigrated to Cincinnati not far on either side of the year 1835. It appears to me, rather indistinctly, that David Washabaugh's son William, whose wife was Mr.

Harper's daughter, moved here from Winchester, Virginia, and occupied Mr. Harper's old house not long after the Peebles family went away. I heard something of the Peebles family eighteen years ago which tended to confirm the reports of earlier years, that they had done very well in their Ohio home, but I never heard, or at least do not recollect, what they were engaged in there.

On the corner at Second street an old man named Jacob Brown had a one story frame house of sufficient length to contain two rooms in front. He and his son "Jake," who was a comical fellow, were known to all in town. The old Washington Hotel, where the new one stands, was a brick, two stories high, and neither wide on Market nor deep on Second. I doubt whether it contained more than ten rooms, all told, and this might be said of more than half the other taverns in town. There was a large yard, which was open on both streets. The earliest names I can give in connection with it are those of Bond, John Aughinbaugh and McGuire, the latter the same who kept tavern at the West Point and up near the Warnuspring road. It was kept by a Mr. Croft about 1840, and by perhaps half a dozen persons since. Noah Heckerman informs me that Gen. John Rea, one of the most prominent and popular men of his day in this section, having been five times elected to Congress, died suddenly at this house, from cramp colic caused by eating two frozen oysters. Farther on there was a stone house of good size, the first occupant within my recollection being George Ludwig, who was then chief brewer for David Washabaugh at the King street bridge. This was as early as 1835, and perhaps several years earlier. Henry Ruby occupied and I think owned this property at a later day.

Next was Samuel Cooper's brick shop, which had been newly erected at the time of which I write. He was a cabinet maker. His residence, which had a yard in front, was a frame and stood over toward the alley. His son James B., who either died comparatively young or moved away, was connected with him and may have succeeded him. Fred-

erick and Jacob Henninger carried on cabinet making there after the Coopers. There were two old frame houses between the alley at Cooper's and Denny's orchard. The one at the alley had a red pump on the pavement. Pat Campbell, who in 1833 lived farther out, lived here in 1837. I cannot remember the earlier occupant. The one nearest the orchard was occupied by Jacob Wolfkill, a carpenter, who had a shop back on the lot, near the alley running parallel with the street. Denny's orchard, which must have covered the larger portion of an acre of ground, occupied the corner west of the railroad and had no buildings till C. M. Duncan erected a residence there.

The "light house" was on the south-east corner of Market and Third streets, where, until the railroad was made, there was a considerable elevation in the street. It was a rickety old building of small size and stood farther out on the corner than the McLellan mansion which now occupies that lot. This ground lay waste till about fifty years ago, when a non-resident of the town, (but well known in it,) moved by pecuniary or philanthropic considerations, or by both put together, got possession of it and erected thereon a group of pine-pole and clay-daubed huts, which filled up speedily with colored folks of the lowest class, who shivered there in winter and shined and sweated there in summer. It was an unsightly and unsavory place, and there was great rejoicing in all that part of town when William McLellan acquired the property and removed the rubbish and put up a handsome residence, surrounded by beautiful grounds, making the plague spot bloom and blossom like the rose.

There was considerable space between the "light house" and the next building, a two-story brick, with two rooms in front and a hall between. My father with his family occupied it in 1833, the year of the famous meteoric shower. Later it was owned and inhabited by James Adams, the R. R. engineer; still later by Emanuel Kuhn, the well known surveyor, and yet later by Thomas J. Grim-

eson. A short distance beyond there was a low and small frame house with one a little larger adjoining. Patrick Campbell, an old Irishman, with his niece, Kitty Harkins, inhabited a frame house just beyond these and I think Patrick owned it. He had a large lot and a horse and small wagon, and cultivated ground in a small way and did hauling. He pressed me into his service one day when planting potatoes in his lot, and gave me an orthodox Irish dinner on boiled potatoes and buttermilk, which he enjoyed hugely and I survived. At various times during this memorable dinner Patrick rattled the floor with his boots, but I never have been able to settle it in my mind whether he was applauding the potatoes or exercising to increase his appetite.

Some distance farther out were the residences and cooper shope of Robert and Benjamin Stuart. I think the buildings were frame. A daughter of one of these Stuarts became the wife of James Adams, who served the Cumberland Valley Railroad so long as an engineer. I had a boy's acquaintance with both of them before they were married. Beyond Stuart's there was a stone house rather small in size, the owner or occupants of which I am unable to name, and then at the point came the two-story brick of George Couter, who kept tavern in a small way. Peter Ripper lived there after Couter, perhaps not far from the year 1835 and on toward 1840. He was the father of John George Ripper, a printer well-known in this place from thirty to sixty years ago, and still remembered and respected by many here. George could read and write and print English and German, and he could also set up the types for music books.

WEST MARKET—NORTH SIDE.

The Golden Lamb came first, with its stonestable beyond the entrance to its yard. The Johns property, a two-story brick, with two somewhat narrow front rooms on the first floor, followed close after the stable. Mrs. Julius, who was

a widow when I first knew her in 1837, lived in it, with two of her sons, and Henry Watson, a colored man with a very light complexion, had a barber shop in one of the rooms, either then or a few years after, and for a considerable length of time. Below the Johns building, in a little log house that stood back from the line of the street, lived "Granny Pye," whom everybody knew, and to whom people in good circumstances in various parts of the town sent such articles of food and clothing as she needed for her comfort, she being unable to do much for herself. Beyond Granny Pye's and just east of the opening from the street to the mills, George A. Shryock had built a double two-story brick house and occupied the western half of it himself. Beyond the opening from the street to the mills were the residence and tannery of James Finley; the former a two-story roughcast building, square in form. The tannery buildings were of wood; there were vats in the open yard, and a flatboat was moored in the creek, to carry the spent tan away. For a number of years after I came to town there was no foot-bridge either above or below the old stone bridge, but at long last one was thrown across the south side, and finally another across the north side.

On the west bank of the creek, with its eastern foundation in the water, was the moderate sized two-story brick residence of Mr. Welsh, who owned the adjacent tavern, then kept by George Ashway, but commonly referred to as "Welsh's." The tavern was a two-story brick, of fair size for that period, but no larger than the dwelling of a private family in fair circumstances at this time. This was the principal wagon stand, and many a night the yard was full and wagons were strung up that side of the street to Joseph Chambers'. The wagoners carried their beds and slept in the bar-room, which often must have been covered with them. The horses ate out of a trough fastened on top of the tongue of the wagon, and in winter I frequently saw them lying in snow a foot or more deep, with five or six inches of snow on their backs in the morning. Ennion Elliott, an old wagoner who was sheriff from 1832 to 1835, succeeded Ashway in this tavern; and Henry McCall, whose wife was Elliott's daughter, took charge at a later date. He moved to Nycum's, near the western foot of Ray's

Hill, in Bedford county, in the spring of 1851. More recently John Miller kept this house.

Beyond the tavern and separated from it by some space, and standing back a dozen feet or more from the line of the pavement, was a log house the property of Jacob Smith or his sisters, which escaped destruction in the great fire of 1864. Next above, with ample grounds on the east side and some of less extent on the west, was one of the imposing old mansions of the town. It was occupied, when first I knew it, by John Flanagan, (of Waynesboro,) who was Prothonotary from January, 1830, till January, 1836. I think it was owned by James Dunlop and had been built by his father. It had as owners and occupants in later years, Rev. Alfred Nevin and Col. McClure, and from the latter it passed over to George W. Brewer, whose widow and daughter inhabit it now. Next beyond was the residence of Joseph Chambers, with a pretty yard in front a couple of feet higher than the pavement. It presented a front unlike any building in town, and might be described as two narrow wings, with battlement walls in front, connected by a central building back six or eight feet from the front line of the wings, the roof of the central portion being supported by lofty columns. The effect was pleasing. Mr. Chambers had his law office in the corner room of the eastern side, with a broad walk running back. Next was the large and handsome brick residence of John King, a retired ironmaster, on the corner of Franklin street, with large grounds extending down to Mr. Chambers' and closed in front by a tight and rather handsome board fence painted white. Mr. King was a benevolent man and left behind him a reputation for good deeds which survives even to this day. He was the father of Mrs. John McDowell Sharpe. Jacob Shaffer, who has for sixty-nine years lived in the square above, takes pleasure in relating many acts of benevolence known to him to have been done by Mr. King.

Across Franklin street, but perhaps thirty feet from the corner, was a two-story brick, with two rooms front and a hall through the middle. Robert McCracken owned this property and had a store and his residence in it. I believe he also owned the two-story brick beyond, in which Mrs. Bunce lived and taught school. Mr. McCracken went west

at an early day. A large and very stately old gentleman named Robert Patterson lived at McCracken's. He was Mrs. McC.'s father. He was or had been a Justice of the Peace and wore a ruffled shirt and a cue. Next above was the good-sized brick dwelling so long owned and occupied by Jacob Shaffer, who purchased it from Jacob Zettle at public sale. Mr. Zettle was a carpenter and builder and had erected the house for George A. Maderia, but it remained on his hands and he occupied it till it was sold as above. While the sale was going on Mr. Shaffer perceived that the price was being run up on him without a bonafide bidder back of it, and left. The auctioneer followed him and solicited another advance of one dollar, which was refused, and the auctioneer kept following and vainly soliciting on down to Franklin street, when Mr. Shaffer's father met them and ended the matter by saying he would give the additional dollar. This was at that time the best property above Franklin street, with the exception of the Aston residence, for many years past McDowell's. Just above Shaffer's were two small log houses, one occupied by John Underwood and the other by John Dull; and still farther up, beyond an open space, were two one-and-a-half story log houses, one occupied by Tom Hunter, a colored man; the other occupant not remembered.

Separated from the last of these small houses, and at or near the west line of a patch containing an acre or so of ground, was the two-story frame house of Peter McGaffegan, a man well known to most people then in town. He had several carts and horses, and hauled stone for the streets. I understand Mr. W. H. Hockenberry resides on the site of McGaffegan's house. Close above it was a low and small frame house, about where D. M. Leisher erected a dwelling for himself in later years. Along McGaffegan's front there was a row of tall Lombardy poplars, one of which was struck by lightning during a thunder storm.

Mr. Leisher's was the first building erected on West Market after I came here, and it was a good many years after. Till he put it up there was no building between the little frame at McGaffegan's and the two-story brick on top of the hill. Levi Gribble, a loquacious man with a good humored face, whom nearly everybody knew, lived in this

house in 1835. In later years it became the property and residence of an old German preacher, who died in it, and whose widow became the second wife of Charles Hutz. A small field here came in, and beyond it, about half way down the hill, was John Senseny's small dwelling, which was subsequently enlarged by the erection of a two-story front building. At and perhaps on a corner of Senseny's land, close to the foot of the hill, the first free school house at that end of town was erected in 1835. The town ended at Senseny's, and this was far outside of the borough.

WEST MARKET STREET—SOUTH SIDE.

The Franklin Buildings extended to the alley and were divided by partitions and numbers into 9 or 10 parts. All excepting the hotel were arranged for a family and a small store, shop or office in each. The portion west of the arch was having its floors laid and other finishing strokes put to it in 1831. Dr. Finley was among the early occupants. Dr. Fonerdin, a young man whom I do not remember as a practitioner here, with his mother, either occupied the first dwelling or division below the hotel private parlor or boarded at the hotel and went in at the door leading to this parlor, I do not recollect which. Thomas J. Wright had his residence, book and stationery store and small printing office west of the arch and extending over it. Other tenants, rather later, were Charley Kline with his barber shop, Polly Gillan with her millinery and Dr. Boyle with his office and drug store.

Across the alley was a two-story brick house with a yard in front, occupied by Daniel O. Gehr; and next to this was a two-story brick, the earlier occupants of which I do not remember. I think there was another two-story brick house adjoining the one just mentioned on the west, at the time I came to town, but I cannot remember any person who lived there. I am told Thomas J. Wright had his residence and book and stationery store about this point before he moved into the "Arcade." Below, Reade Washington built a two-story brick about the year 1832 or 1833, from the falling of part of an end wall of which a lawsuit resulted. Here a narrow alley ran back to the main alley at

the Barnitz brewery and residence, which about this time (1831 or 1832) passed into the ownership of David Washbaugh, his son Upton managing the brewery.

Benjamin Winters had a good brick house just west of this alley and kept an oyster saloon in it. A year or two after I first saw him and his place, he applied for a tavern license, which the court granted, the judge remarking that he did not regard it as exactly a proper place for a tavern, but he "would grant a license on account of the number and respectability of the petitioners." That it was not a suitable place for a tavern was proved by the fact that it did not remain one more than two or three years, if so long. It was occupied by Dr. Edmund Culbertson when the Mammoth Paper Mill was blown down by a violent storm in 1844, and the Dr. and his nephew Sammy Reed, (a small boy,) were carried into it, Dr. William H. Boyle carrying Sammy there in his arms. I saw Sammy's father anxiously bending over him and vigorously fanning him with a large palm leaf fan as he lay there. He was stunned, but not seriously injured, but Dr. Culbertson did not fare so well, being considerably hurt. Next was an old roughcast house at the creek, with its western foundation wall close to if not in the water. It was occupied by a widow whom all the youngsters called "Goody Brown" because they bought their "goodies" from her—cakes, candies, mosey sugar, &c. Ephraim Finefrock afterwards had the place.

Beyond the creek, about half a lot distant from it, with a yard extending to the water, was the good brick residence of John McClintock, a cabinet maker, who had his shop in a brick building at the foot of the lot, on the alley. A carpenter told me, some years later, that he was the inventor of the Morticing Machine used by workers in wood, and as he was nearly always absent from town, I conjectured it was this invention that took him away. The cabinet shop was silent, or would have been if his son John (commonly called "Ghost" for reasons unknown to me,) had not kept it well filled with crowing game chickens used for fighting purposes. But "Ghost" finally studied medicine with Dr. Lane and took to mending men instead of maiming chickens. All of the family went west or southwest. Adjoining was the two-story brick residence of John Grove, who long

performed the functions of constable. He had a habit of closing one eye, as it to draw a finer sight on rogues he was in search of. Adjoining next was the two-story brick building used by George Faber (pronounced Fawber) as a residence and card factory; not playing cards, but cards for woolen mills and for cattle. Before he moved to Pittsburg, which he did about the year 1834, he invented a machine for sticking wires in cards, which previously had been done by hand. He and his son became prominent manufacturers of boilers, &c., in Pittsburg, where the name always has been pronounced Fayber. William, who was a well-grown youth when the family left town, died recently in Pittsburg. Col. William D. Sterrett, a lively little man, fond of military displays and other things detrimental to his own interests, had a saddle and harness shop in this building after Faber left, and Matthew Gillan followed later on in the same lines.

West of Faber's there were two small, neat brick houses, standing back, with their gables to the front, and everything about them neat and clean. The first of them was occupied by Miss Peach, who taught school, and the second by Henry Smith, who published a music book and gave instruction in vocal music. Mr. Smith was called a "singing master" because he taught singing schools, and he was nicknamed "The Old Snorter" because he emitted a peculiar snort at frequent intervals, as if endeavoring to blow a bug out of his nose. John Burkholder, a short fleshy man, came next with a substantial two-story brick, in which he had a store and a family residence. At the west end of Burkholder's house there was a small frame, used as a meat shop, where I was for the first time sent to buy meat, and where I learned that "pudding" was the urban name for what was called "liverwurst" in the rural districts. A two-story brick, its gable to the front, stood above and back from the line of the pavement, and in this lived the butcher, John Reed. Hunter Robison, a well known man who dealt in live stock and may have carried on butchering, succeeded Reed in this property and moved thence to Baltimore. Next above was a small brick house standing back, and its width farther up, in line with the pavement, a frame shop in which an old man named McKee carried on

business. The nature of his occupation was made known by a spinning wheel which stood on a piece of plank that projected from the shop about ten feet above the pavement. At that time spinning wheels hummed in every house out in the country and in many houses in town, but they are as dead now as the industrious women whose deft fingers handled the wool and flax. Matthew Simpson afterward owned this property and lived in it

A log house next above McKee's was inhabited by Jane Booth, a large woman, who had mastered the art of making cakes, taffey and mosey sugar, which afforded her a living. When she quit business or changed her location, Adam Bowles pounded sole-leather, drove pegs and pulled wax-ends in the same building. A roughcast house just above was occupied by John Plasterer, whose occupation was identical with his name. He mixed his plaster after the good fashion of that day, and not like the preachers alluded to by Pollok in his "Course of Time," who "daub the walls of Zion with untempered mortar." The best plasterers and masons used to work their mortar with shovels and hoes till it became as smooth as butter and stuck like wax. Next came the roughcast residence of Nicholas Pearce, a carpenter and contractor, who stood well enough in the community to be appointed Postmaster in 1849. His son Nathaniel, an ardent Whig and a pleasant fellow, had charge of the office. Mr. Pearce was an Englishman and was said to have served on a British man of war. On the corner above, which then was owned by John King and was opposite his residence, there was a two-story roughcast house, set back as if intended for a back building, with an open yard in front. It was occupied by a candy maker whose name I am unable to give.

Across Franklin street, on the corner, stood the Aston property, one among the best residences in town. Its inhabitants were old Mr. Aston, a venerable man of fine appearance, who wore a shad-bellied coat of fine material, in color a rich shade of brown; a venerable lady with a mild face and pleasing appearance, who was, I think, the mother of George A. Madeira, though she might have been mother Aston; George A. Madeira and his family, and George Aston, then young and unmarried, who a good many years

thereafter became the husband of Eliza Newcomer. John Scofield, an Englishman and a weaver, occupied the frame house tenanted more recently for years by Dr. McGovran and his family above Aston's, (since McDowell's.) A family named Butler either occupied this house at an early day, or Peter Glossbrenner's two-story brick, adjoining on the west. Peter occupied one room in his house, the second story front, and in this he cooked, ate, slept and had his tailor shop. He was a noted miser. In one call I made on him in my boyhood I found him baking thick corn cakes on top of his stove. He never wore purple or fine linen, but he did that day fare sumptuously on corn dodgers.

Separated from Glossbrenner's by a side yard was the good-sized two-story brick residence of William Ferry, and just beyond it a frame shop in which Mr. F. carried on the manufacture of files and augers. His sons James and John will probably be remembered by many. Above Ferry's, with open space between, was a two-story double brick owned and in part occupied by Jacob Smith, who worked in the Edge Tool Factory. Tom Cook and Sol. Ely, butchers, lived there in later years. Beyond there was a wide vacancy, part of which became known as the "Circus lot," but not until some years after my earliest knowledge of the locality. In 1833 or 1834 David Robison built and occupied the long low house opposite McGaffegan's. The late J. N. Snider's father lived there in 1835 or 1836, and about ten years later an Englishman named Whitaker inhabited it for some years.

The large lot on which Mr. Springer erected a residence nearly twenty-five years ago was vacant up to that time. Above it an alley ran back to John Stanley's, and above this alley there was a frame building in which Moses Myers had a cabinet maker's shop. A few steps west of this, on the same lot, was the two-story brick residence of Richard Woods, a carpenter, who had his shop as well as his horse and cow stable in a building on the rear of the lot. Close beyond Woods came Robert Dumbel, in a two-story brick which stood back, with its gable to the front. He was an Englishman and a brickmaker. He moved to Marion, Ohio, probably about 1840. Next was a two-story log or weatherboarded house. I am inclined to think it

was log, with weatherboarding on the two sides most exposed to cold. It had various tenants in the course of years and I never knew who owned it. It stood back in line with Dumbel's. Next, with front yard and space on the east side, was the two-story brick of Nicholas Uglow, with its gable to the front. He owned it and lived in it in 1831, but bought the brick house, with land connected, on "the lower road," as it was called, now Loudon street, and moved there in 1832. Next was a good sized two-story front with back building, a hall through the middle of the front, with a room on each side. I think a Myers lived in it in 1831 and may have owned it. Perhaps about the year 1835 it became the property of a German named Fisher and was inhabited by him. In recent years it has been Philip Berlin's. Close beyond was a one-story frame cooper shop, flush with the street line, and on the same lot, but with a yard in front, there was a two-story brick, with gable to the front. Moses Myers owned it and may have lived in it in 1831, but I know that five or six years later he had gone to Adams county, from which it was said he had come.

An alley divided this property from a two-story frame house of moderate size in which Alexander Kelly lived. He was nearly white, but had a kink in his hair and a tint in his face that indicated African blood. His wife looked like a white woman, but was said to be a little off too. He worked and behaved well, and enjoyed the respect due to him. Another two-story frame followed. I cannot name the occupant in early days, but the Rapp family inhabited it long ago and for a long time, I think. Next came a two story brick house, on a tract of twenty or thirty acres of land which extended westward to the ravine and southward to the lower road. There was a small frame barn the length of a lot back of the house, and beyond the barn an orchard of Vandever apple trees which bore abundantly the very best quality of fruit. This property was occupied by John Underwood, an Englishman, I believe, who was far past the prime of life, but still able to farm on a small scale. I think this property was owned by Silas Harry and that James Nill owned it after him. Here the town ended, and I believe the whole long stretch up from Franklin street was in Hamilton township and so remained for many years.

EAST QUEEN—NORTH SIDE.

The Wallace store building, two-story brick, occupied the corner, and close to it was a small frame shop in which shoemaking was carried on by Joseph Wallace and after him by Solomon McHenry. Jabez Porter was a journeyman there sixty-two years ago. The last I saw of him, about thirty years ago, he was engaged in taking toll at the Stoufferstown gate. McHenry became a minister of the gospel. A stone stable connected with Fisher's hotel, stretched up along the street, with an entrance to the yard at each end of it. Then, at the east side of the alley, was the two-story brick dwelling of Nicholas Snider. Dr. N. B. Lane came next with a new brick house just built for him. It had a well lighted basement office, with two stories above, and steps led up to a high porch at the front door of the dwelling. Next came Dr. Samuel D. Culbertson's well known residence, a two-story brick, with a wide hall in the centre and a parlor in one side and an office in the other. It stood in line with the pavement, near the middle of a full lot (64 feet,) and had an entrance to the Dr's office at the west end and a private driveway to the east, running back to his stable. Next was a two-story brick house owned, I believe, by Dr. Culbertson and inhabited by Mr. Shaffer, who kept the small establishment beside Greenawalt & Etter on Main street. Samuel Brand, about 1840, built a narrow two-story brick against the east end of this. Then came Samuel Brand's hotel, a two-story brick, somewhat elevated above the pavement by the cutting down of the street after it was built, and years thereafter further elevated by another cutting down. There was a stable back of the hotel, with an entrance to the yard on both streets. Mr. Brand was a large man who bore the appearance of having fallen away in flesh, there being large rolls of skin on his face. He had also a peculiar voice. It was loud, but not harsh—a sort of bassdrum sound, and not at all unpleasant. He was genial and kind hearted, and was liked by those who knew him.

The old Methodist church stood high above the pavement on the corner across from Brand's. Its entrance doors were on Second street and further reference to it will be

found in the description of buildings on that street. Beyond the church was a one-story brick school house, which after some years fell into the hands of Josiah Mead, a carpenter, who first used it as a shop and afterward converted it into a dwelling. Next there was a brick potter shop, conducted by Robert Tolbert; and next, across the alley, an old stone house owned and occupied by Mrs. Adams, whose son William became a member of the bar. Farther on were several frame buildings, low and long, joined together. Thomas J. Harris occupied one, which I think James Cadow owned, and Mr. Cadow lived and had a chair shop in the next. The third had various occupants from time to time, among the rest being Felty Snyder, a worker in tin, whom everybody knew.

The Academy came next, a large and strong brick building, with an ample yard in front. The yard was bare and sun-baked and presented such a mean appearance that I called attention to it in my newspaper, (*Valley Spirit*), in 1854. This led to conversation about it between the principal (H. J. Campbell) and myself, and this resulted in our taking steps to have trees planted. We accomplished our purpose and in a few years the Academy yard presented a handsome appearance. Samuel Blood was the first principal of the Academy within my recollection. On the corner across Third street was the lot of Jacob Keltner, his two-story brick house standing back along Third, with front yard stretching to Queen. Mr. K. was a peddler of paper and rags, and was well known over the mountains at least as far as Somerset. He was a religious man, with a strong bias against all foibles of fashion, and on one occasion at least he let it be publicly known how he felt about "a lot of the devil's gewgaws" that a well known milliner had just put on a bonnet he felt an interest in. The lots were vacant from Keltner's to the two-story brick house of David Essom (a tall plasterer who did a good deal of work,) which stood back from the street, a short distance west of the alley. But just about fifty years ago William Seibert built on one of these vacant lots, with Jos. Wallace for tenant, Daniel Oyler on another which Noah Heckerman owns, and B. G. Moore another, which he did not long occupy, moving away.

East of the alley there was a brick building with a

basement of good height and two-stories above, with a hall in the center. There was a brick back building on the alley and a small frame structure at the east end of the main building. These improvements were made by John Spicer, a shoemaker, and my information is that he made them when the railroad was being constructed and counted on keeping a tavern or having one kept here. He must have expected the station to be put at one of the corners of Queen and Third, but this was not done, and Spicer lived in the house himself and had his shoe shop in the frame adjoining. Mrs. Essom bought the property perhaps fifty years ago and moved into it. There was considerable space between this and the succeeding building, which was a small log concern with colored inhabitants. Some distance farther on there was a white frame house owned by Conrad Eckert, who died lately in Philadelphia at an age that bordered closely on 100 years; and beyond this was another frame, owned by Henry Finefrock, who also died lately at an advanced age. Beyond these were two brick houses adjoining and two stories high. They were built for David Tritle, the tinner mentioned in the South Main street division of these papers, and he lived in one and had a tenant in the other. Mr. Tritle had been an active man and been for a long time Captain of a "volunteer company" styled "The Blues," but he became partially paralyzed when verging on old age and was confined to the house. Dr. Sam Lane, who may not at the time (for it was quite long ago) have graduated in medicine, was trying the effect of a galvanic battery on the Captain, and I was there with him once when he applied it. No cure was effected. At a later date Squire Hamman lived in one of these houses. I recall no building between Tritle's and Cowter's at the Point.

EAST QUEEN—SOUTH SIDE.

First stood the Wolf hardware store and close back of it there was a frame building in which Samuel McCrory had a tailor shop as early as 1837, and how much earlier I do not know. Hiram S. Cassidy, a young man of superior understanding, several years my senior, was an apprentice of McCrory's and I used to spend evenings with him in the

days of my own apprenticeship. He studied law and finally became a Judge in Mississippi, where his uncle, Daniel Stevenson, had lived and made money. McCrory moved to Ohio not long after Cassidy's apprenticeship ended, and I think Jane Lackey was the first tenant after him. She dealt in cakes, small beer, wine and ice cream. Tom and Ben Cook had a meat shop there at one time. Next, at the alley, Bernard Wolf had a good brick house which John B. McLanahan occupied for some time after he came here to reside. I do not remember an earlier occupant. Across the alley was Godfrey Greenawalt's, a large and well built brick, which Wilson Reilly had purchased and resided in before his election to Congress in 1856. It ranked among choice residences. Flinder's came next, with a white frame shop and house, and next was a brick house, with a small yard in front, which became the property of John Mull. Separated from Mull's by a narrow private alley there was a two-story double brick building, with which various names have been connected in my knowledge of them. Joseph Minnich, a lawyer, who was Prothonotary from 1836 to 1839, occupied one of these dwellings at that time, and perhaps earlier and later. Dr. N. B. Lane occupied one at an earlier date. Robert Yates also was there early, and Cunningham later, with a flour and feed store. Next was the corner store and dwelling, occupied as stated in the chapter devoted to the west side of South Second street.

Next, across Second street, was the Town Hall and Market House; and beyond were three good two-story brick houses, one owned and occupied by William Seibert, another by Charles M. Burnett, and the third occupied if not owned by John Spangler at least as early as 1837. On a wide lot, which must have had a frontage of from 100 to 125 feet, stood a two-story frame house, in good condition but by no means new, with a one-story frame kitchen at the west end, in which Henry Ruby, editor of the "Franklin Telegraph," lived when I went to learn the art of printing with him on the 8th of January, 1837. There was a small orchard of large apple trees back of the house and a log stable on the corner where an alley opened into the street. Mr. Ruby kept a cow, as did many other people in town at that time. This property had been owned by Joseph Alli-

son, the father-in-law of George S. Eyster, and in it J. Allison Eyster was born. East of the alley there was a somewhat long old frame house which had at a very early day been a tavern. The first family in it within my knowledge was named Marquard. Later, but still back in "the thirties," Philip Ludwig inhabited it. With the brick corner property, at Third street, so long owned and occupied by the Wrignts, I connect the name of Robert Verrill as early as 1833. I think the father and son bore exactly the same name, and that both of them were sickle makers, but I have no clear recollection of the father. There was a small shop on Third street, not far from the house. Some years later, the younger Verrill hung his sickle sign out in Kerrstown, but the cradle was fast superceding the ancient implement and I doubt whether there was a sickle made in Chambersburg after the year 1840.

Beyond Third street I think there were no buildings on this side earlier than the year 1841, when several brick dwellings were erected well out toward the Point. With one of these a potter shop was connected. Very little building was done for some years. Even as late as 1854, as I am able to remember, the only houses (except away out and already mentioned) were those of James King, James Borland, Rudolph Harley and William Gilman, all near together—the first two west of the alley and the other two east of it. All of these were two-story brick buildings, and all of them nearly new at the date last above given. Some years thereafter William D. Guthrie erected a good sized dwelling farther out. Thus stood the south side of East Queen street about the beginning of the half century now about to close.

WEST QUEEN—NORTH SIDE.

The Greenawalt building, herein before mentioned, occupied the corner and had an entrance to the dwelling back on this street. Beyond, belonging to this property, was a two-story brick stable, in which a pair of fat steers, weighing 2,000 pounds apiece, were exhibited, admittance $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents. Against the end of this stable a brick house was built, which Jacob Hutton lived and made shoes in, a

great black boot painted on the end toward Main street serving to inform the public of the nature of the business carried on there. The connection between the house and the stable was so close that only one wall divided them, and one night, when Noah Heckerman and others in Mr. Hutton's employ were asleep in a room adjoining the stable, a great snow fell and crushed in the stable roof. But the dividing wall did not go down and nobody was hurt, even some cattle in the stable escaping injury.

The next building on this side of West Queen was a long two-story old frame, with a long porch in front. It was then called Aughinbaugh's tavern and was kept by Joseph Aughinbaugh, the father of the late well-known jeweler Edward Aughinbaugh. It had previously been known as Wyckham's and I believe William Nixon had kept it for a time. Noah Heckerman informs me it had seven beds in one room, and be it remembered "single beds" were not used in that day. The "horse-power" of the snoring that wasted its sweetness and its strength on the midnight air when that room was crowded is beyond computation.

At the corner across the alley Jacob Grove had a blacksmith shop, and the two-story brick house beyond was his dwelling. Next was a frame house and wagonmaker shop belonging to Mr. Grove. Next was a one and a-half story frame shop and a two-story frame dwelling, occupied by Samuel Shillito, gunsmith. Then came an old weather-boarded and a new brick house, both owned by John Kindline, who had shifted his residence from the old to the new. He was a wagonmaker, but his shop was on Water street, not far distant. Then followed a small two-story frame and a two-story brick house, owned by Thomas Carlisle, who resided in the brick. This square was finished out by William Grove's frame dwelling and wagonmaker shop. The ground on which the Church of God was built in 1858, west of Water street, had been occupied by a small log structure inhabited by a colored family. The church edifice is now the Grand Army Post. The width of the creek at this point has prevented the extension of Queen street farther west.

WEST QUEEN—SOUTH SIDE.

The old Colhoun dwelling and store room occupied the corner, and I understand there was a barn of considerable size, with a high foundation wall of stone supporting a frame superstructure, some distance up the lot. I do not remember that barn, and think it burned down shortly before I came to town, for soon after that year, Major Colhoun erected a block of buildings, known for a long time as "Colhoun's Row." There was a restaurant in the basement of the end of the row nearest to Main street. Major Colhoun, who was a bachelor, roomed in his row and boarded at Culbertson's hotel. West of Colhoun's row there was a two-story double brick building owned by John Stevenson, in one end of which he dwelt and in the other had his tailor shop. There was a plot of unoccupied ground of his extending to the alley. West of the alley there was a small one and a-half story old red house, owned by John Stevenson and sold by him to his brother Daniel, who built a double brick house on the ground. After Daniel's death this property figured in our court in the "Stevenson will case," and became the property of John D. Grier. Next was a two-story brick occupied by Mrs. William Nixon and owned by her stepfather, John Wyckham. Then came a white frame house belonging to Mrs. William S. Davis. She was a Kirby and this was the old Kirby dwelling. About 1838 it was moved down the north side of the triangle that runs from Water street down toward the creek, and there it remains. A new brick took its place and was inhabited by Mrs. Davis after the death of her husband, Dr. Senseny taking the Davis property up Main street.

Next was the two-story brick dwelling of John Cree, which he long occupied. Beyond this there had been an old red weatherboarded house, which Godfrey Greenawalt tore down, erecting on its site a two-story brick for his son John. I believe this was the property owned and occupied by Samuel Myers in 1864. It escaped destruction and was purchased by Hon. George Chambers and occupied by him while the town was rising from its ashes. Next beyond was a log weatherboarded house owned and occupied by

Mrs. Porter Thompson, as it was common to hear her called. She was married twice; first to a man named Porter and next to one named Thompson. Porter was killed by an explosion in a powder mill below town. Beyond Mrs. Thompson's, on the corner, was a roughcast house, the residence of Major Allison, a large gray-haired man who occupied the position of Court Crier. He had been a soldier of the Revolution, and when he died, a very few years after the date at which these recollections begin, he was buried with the honors of war. I was in a procession of boys that followed the military and civil cortege that escorted his remains to the Falling Spring churchyard, and it was then I heard, for the first time, the Dead March played by a muffled drum and a fife that had subdued its piercing shrillness. West Queen street ended here and after Major Allison's death this corner property passed into the hands of Andrew Banker.

NORTH SECOND—EAST SIDE.

The old stone jail occupied the northeast corner, and an old stone shop stood where Philip Peiffer built a good brick dwelling for himself in 1855. Frank Gillespie and Henry Cochran made old-fashioned horse power threshing machines in this shop, and I believe George Burkholder learned his trade (blacksmithing) in it and afterwards located at Marion.

Beyond the alley, in a frame house, lived Samuel Blood, a noted teacher, who conducted the Academy and was a member of the firm of Hickok & Blood, publishers of school books. Farther on there was a roughcast house tenanted by John Ferrill, who wagoned whisky to Baltimore and beer around town and out to the villages from David Washabaugh's distillery and brewery. John was a Democrat; but "Sally," his wife, was a Whig, and in the campaign of 1840 she made a Harrison quilt which had vastly more patches than the honored old General had majority in Pennsylvania. The majority stopped at 333, but I think the patches ran up to 2000 or more. "Sally" received a good puff in the Whig papers and was cheered like a house on fire when the great Whig procession of that

The "depot" was erected as the railroad neared completion. Its floor was on a level with the floor of the cars, and a covered platform extended along its west side at the same level. Along this the track was laid and travelers got in and out of the cars without stepping up or down. There was a bar-room in the southwest corner of the building. Billings Hobart, who was said to be a Bostonian, was the first landlord. He did not stay over a year or two. After him George W. Snider tried it awhile, but it did not last long. I have not forgotten the lucid definition of "de-pot" (as everybody then called it) given to myself and several other boys by Peter McGaffegan. "A de-pot," said Peter, "is a place of deposit, and a place of deposit is a place where you stop it."

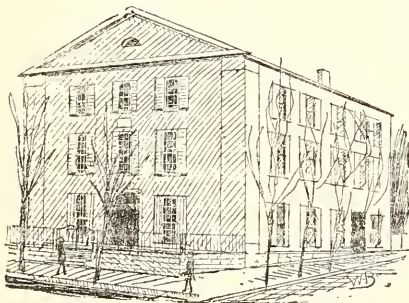
Railroad shops were erected along the alley. Beyond this stood the solid old stone Catholic church, whose priest, when I came here, I think bore the name of McCosker. After him came the fine looking and genial Father Hayden, who soon had hosts of friends among the Protestants as well as Catholics. He was soon transferred to Bedford, where he died only a few years ago, lamented by everybody. I have a fancy for venerable stone walls and am glad to learn that the old church will be allowed to stand. Beyond the church there were two frame houses; the first occupied by Emanuel Helli, the second by Jacob Sweitzer, who, I have been informed, was killed in his own door by a couple of disorderly soldiers who wished to enter his house during our war; and beyond these there was a log house, the occupant of which I do not remember with certainty, but think he may have been an old German named Clever, whom I recollect somewhere out in that section but am unable to locate with precision. Boyle's followed at the Point and ended the town in that direction.

SOUTH SECOND—EAST SIDE.

The Washington Hotel occupies the southeast corner, and extends over the former entrances to the yard. A widow Bowie, who had two sons, lived in a small but neat brick house, with a high porch, between the hotel and the alley, and this is the only house I remember in my earliest

days in town. Holmes Crawford and Samuel M. Armstrong lived there in houses which must, I think, have been erected in the second quarter of the century, but I find myself quite at a loss in relation to them. Dan Oyler had a blacksmith shop, after him Samuel Seibert had a carpenter shop, and Horace Riddle a lumber yard, on the lot on which the Episcopal church stands; and Samuel Seibert and Samuel Frey erected for themselves, within my recollection, the two brick houses south of the church. Mr. Seibert's, which stood next to the lot on which the church has since been built, and on which he had his carpenter shop, has had various owners and occupants since Mr. Seibert's death, Hon. John Stewart among the rest. Mr. Frey's passed into the hands of John B. McLanahan about the year 1856. Dr. John Sloan's old frame mansion, with a high porch in front, came next on the south, and was inhabited by Mrs. Sloan and her relatives Alexander Wark and his family. Daniel K. Wunderlich built the fine brick house which occupies the site of the Sloan mansion, and Dr. McLanahan now owns it and lives in it. This block escaped the fire and the old Masonic Hall still stands. Thomas J. Harris taught school in it and I was among his youngest pupils from 1832 to 1835. He had a large attendance. Some of his pupils were close up to manhood, others not more than six or eight years of age. There were several whose parents did not reside in this county, Mr. Harris being known outside of it as a superior teacher.

The Methodist church occupied the north-east corner of Second and Queen. The difference between the comparatively small and very plain old church and the present large and splendid edifice, illustrates the great change that has taken place in the requirements, the tastes and the pecuniary resources of the congregation. The old church stood high above the street level and was reached by lofty flights



reached by lofty flights

of steps. It had two doors in the end on Second street and at these the sexes separated, females entering the door to the left and males that to the right. A new and larger church (of which the accompanying cut presents a fair representation) was built in 1855 and this gave way to the present structure in 1896.

On the opposite corner, across Queen street, stood the then newly erected Town Hall and Market House combined, and there it is yet, though somewhat changed. The market was rather poorly attended for a long time, the butchers having it nearly to themselves. The Friendship Fire Engine building came next, as it does now, and here I take occasion to say that it was not the Northern Engine, as stated in one of the papers several years ago, that knocked the Rooster from the spire of the old Court House, but the Friendship Engine. I was a member of the Friendship company and was pumping at the engine when that exploit was performed. Bill Eaker was working beside me and when the Rooster sailed down Bill grew so hilarious that he had to keep a tight grip on the handle to save himself from rolling on the ground, and he had fits of laughter over it for a week or two. We had no thought of knocking the Rooster off and the result of our throw that day was a surprise to us.

John Denig, chairmaker, painter and marble cutter, came next in a brick house. He was a Methodist exhorter and could deliver an address on almost any ordinary topic. Mrs. Minshall, the widow of a Methodist minister, came next, in a brick house. She was a well known and much respected woman. Next south was a brick house of Samuel Seibert, which he occupied before he built the one heretofore referred to. Thomas M. Carlisle lived in it after his admission to the bar and marriage.

Next, at the alley, was a small roughcast house in which William Mills lived. South of the alley, standing back, with its gable to the street, was the roughcast house so long inhabited by Major Thompson, a widely-known auctioneer. Next was a good sized brick house owned by George R. Messersmith and occupied by him till he took up his residence in the Bank. The first name I knew in connection with it was that of Biddle Myers, a hatter, who

had his shop in the frame house where H. S. Gilbert has long been located on Main street. Next south was the brick house owned and occupied by James Nill, to which an addition was put after it passed into other hands.

On a full lot at the north-east corner of Second and Washington, fronting on the latter and some distance down it, was a one-story frame, owned and occupied by an old German named Shoup. Daniel Stevenson, over whose will there was a law suit, with Thaddeus Stevens among the counsel, died in this house. It was while the case was still pending that Stevens run a joke on Dr. A. H. Senseny. Dr. Lambert was the strong witness for the will and Dr. S. was a witness on the other side, which was Stevens' side. Stevens got mixed up on the names of the witnesses and in making his argument he peppered Senseny hotly, when Lambert was the one he wanted to pepper. Stevens came out of the court room after making his speech and Senseny bustled up to him and said in his brisk way, "Mr. Stevens, you confounded me with Dr. Lambert." "Did I?" queried Stevens, looking up with an expression of face as innocent as that of a lamb; "then I'll have to apologize to Lambert." This was too good for "Abe" to keep, and he struck up street telling everybody he met.

Another tale of Dr. Senseny may as well be recorded here. There was a colored brother in town who enjoyed a high reputation for skill in raising domestic fowls—that is, raising them from their roosts. In his neighborhood the squawk of the chicken was heard far oftener than the voice of the turtle. Coming out of his office one day, Dr. S. found a coffin passing by, followed by a procession of solemn-faced colored people. "Whose funeral is this?" inquired the Dr. They told him. "Humph!" he responded, "you ought to strew chicken feathers on his grave!" In some of our Pennsylvania streams there is a fish called "the wall-eyed pike." It is doubtful whether any wall-eyed pike ever walled his eyes as those sorrowing colored folks walled theirs, at the same time grinning like steel traps, when they heard the Dr's diagnosis of the case of the deceased.

The corner across Washington was vacant. Beyond there was a two-story frame occupied by David Oaks' father; and beyond this a low white frame occupied by the Hersh-

berger girls after their father's death. Next came a good sized frame house of Dr. Reynolds, which is still occupied by a member of his family; and next was a small brick, which Col. John Snider, who was Steward of the Poor House from 1833 to 1839, occupied before he removed to Indiana. He had been the owner of the Jackson Hall property. Next came a brick of moderate dimensions, in which Bernard Bickley lived and had his tailor shop low down in "the forties," and how much longer I cannot say. Beyond there was a wide lot containing perhaps an acre, on which there was no building. It belonged to Daniel Dechert. Beyond this there was a frame house occupied by a pumpmaker named Storm, and then a small brick house built by William Graham, a bricklayer and contractor.

SOUTH SECOND—WEST SIDE.

The old Brown frame house stood on the corner with its front on Market and its end on Second, the lot reaching back along the latter. The Associate Reformed church came next, a substantial building of brick, erected when the old Seceder church at the west end of Catharine street was abandoned. At the alley there was a log house, inhabited by an aged woman named Rhodes and beyond was a two-story frame, belonging to a Mr. Rhodes. Then close to Brand's stable, was a two-story frame, which John Reasner occupied, but a good many years this side of the time at which my story begins. Next, on the corner of Second and Queen, was Samuel Brand's tavern, a two-story brick. A story has been added to its height and I think it has been lengthened a little on Second street. The streets at that point have been cut down considerably since I first saw them.

On the corner across from Brand's was a two-story dwelling and storeroom. Perhaps the first occupants of the store known to me were Brown & Shober. Others were McGeehen & Crawford. South of this there was a long low frame house belonging to the mother of Samuel McCrory, a well known tailor in his day. McGeehen, Wallace & Duffield, who were at one time engaged in the mercantile business in the well-known stand at Wallace's corner on Main street, and were at the same time engaged in

brickmaking near the West Point, built and occupied the solid brick block of three dwellings, all alike, with its south end at the alley. They were two-stories high, but one has had a story added. A two-story brick house south of the alley, standing back, with its gable to the street, was put up by Godfrey Greenawalt for his son Daniel after his marriage, the probable date being about sixty years ago. Next south was a double brick whose history back of 1850 I am unable to make out, though it dates earlier than that. A. L. Irwin, who came from Newville, kept a hardware store where Greenawalt & Etter had kept on Main street, and owned this house. He moved to Greencastle.

Next, on the corner of Second and Washington, was an old two-story brick dwelling with a gunmaker shop in the west end. John Mewhirter, a lively old chicken, who had a son John even livelier than himself, lived and made rifles here. The old man narrowly escaped trouble and the son got into it up to the eyes. This property had various owners within my knowledge and finally fell into the hands of Isaac Stine, who has recently erected a splendid building there. William Linderman, a shoemaker, occupied and carried on his trade in a good sized brick house which he had built on the south-west corner of Second and Washington. His lot extended well down toward the United Brethren church and there were no buildings between his and it. The church was of stone, low, plain and small, but large enough for the congregation at that time, though on "revival" occasions, which were of frequent occurrence, it would be overcrowded. In my youth I witnessed stirring scenes there when the Brethren got warmed up with religious fervor. Once, at least, I listened to a sermon preached there by the Rev. Samuel Huber, then quite old and now long since deceased. The new church there is evidence of the great advance made by the congregation. There was nothing farther south but unoccupied land till about the year 1844, when a couple of small brick houses were put up beyond the church.

EAST WASHINGTON—NORTH SIDE.

Frederick Spahr owned and occupied a good two-story

brick house at the corner and had a log slaughter house more than half way up the lot. I believe there was a small log dwelling house farther up the lot, but it lingers rather dimly among my recollections.

Bordering the alley on the east, John Radebaugh had a good two-story brick house, which he occupied after he left the Indian Queen hotel, and which survivors of his family continue to reside in. Beyond, with unbuilt space between, there was a very old house, the lower floor of which was below the level of the pavement, owing, perhaps, to the grade having been raised. I think the house was log but it may have been weatherboarded. Here dwelt and worked Peter Swank, a queer, short, hump-backed shoemaker, who said quaint things and seemed always to be in a good humor. It wasn't a bad place for a boy to drop in at occasionally, for Peter always had walnuts and shellbarks on hand, and hammers to crack them, and between the boys' cracking of nuts and Peter's cracking of jokes "the fun grew fast and furious." I think there was a two-story brick house between Swank's and the corner, and the name of Hetrick comes up in my mind in connection with it, but here is one of a few points in the old town which have grown obscure in my memory. The corner property, mentioned in the chapter on south Second street, inhabited by John Mewhirter, fronted on Washington. After Mewhirter, Jeremiah Senseny made guns in the shop, and George Ripper owned and occupied the house for some years.

Across Second was Shoup's, also mentioned heretofore. There was no building between it and the alley. East of the alley, I remember the erection, probably not less than sixty-five years ago of three small brick houses, two stories high, with gables to the street and yards in front, and standing apart. I think I heard at the time that two of them, if not all of them, were being put up for John Smith, then a merchant on Main street. John Coufer, a young married man, was an occupant of one of them long ago, and I believe Conrad Weidman, a mason, owned and lived in the one bordering the alley fifty years ago. Beyond these small bricks there was a frame house occupied by William Cisney, (so pronounced, but may have been Cessna,) a carpenter,

whose shop was at the alley on the north end of the lot. East of Third street there was a 1½ story brick house occupied by Caleb Atherton, a mason, and a two-story log house occupied by John Stuart, a plasterer. I think both houses were owned by their occupants. Farther out the German Lutherans erected a brick church or purchased one that had been erected but not finished by another congregation. It was in connection with this church that John Radebaugh told me the story of the law suit between the congregation and Henry Winemiller.

EAST WASHINGTON—SOUTH SIDE.

The Berlin property, which still stands, occupied the corner, fronting on Main and extending eastward along Washington, with an entrance to the back building. Some distance beyond was the rough-cast house that still stands there. It was occupied by Victor Scriba, a natty little German, who had become proprietor of "Der Freiheits Freund," which he removed to Pittsburgh about the year 1837, and which has there become an influential paper and a valuable property. After Scriba left, another German, named Scheibler, lived in this house and had a book bindery in it. He also went to Pittsburgh, probably about the year 1844. On the same lot, with its east end at the alley, stood an old red barn.

Bordering the alley on its eastern side was the weather-boarded and weather-beaten old dwelling of Henry Reges, a man then well stricken in years. A new brick building, farther east, subsequently became the residence of the family, and there, for the span of an ordinary life time, "Becky" Reges made and trimmed hats and bonnets for the budding and blossoming belles of that end of town, as well as for matrons of mature age and some who had reached the sere and yellow leaf period of life. An old roughcast house of small dimensions, which had been the residence of William Linderman, was occupied by a family named Springer. I can recall with distinctness only one member of the family, a very good-looking young woman who married a young man who had come here from New York, and went to live at Waterville, in that State. William Linderman had built

a good two-story brick house at the corner of Washington and Second, and had his residence and shoemaker shop there.

The opposite corner, eastward, had no building on it, but on the next half lot John Whitmore had built a two-story brick, with a battlement front and a yard between it and the pavement. This house became the residence of Charles Hutz after his second marriage, at a date not remembered but quite long ago. I think it and all the other houses in this square were built some years after the earlier years of these recollections. George R. Etchberger and John Brown, who were in the lumber business here in "the forties," and on perhaps two or three years after 1850, built two good brick houses and occupied them. Rev. George Sill afterward occupied the one built by Mr. Etchberger, and P. S. Dechert purchased Mr. Brown's and occupied it in 1854.

Beyond Brown's a widow, Mrs. Miller, owned and lived in a good two-story brick; and still farther, east of a vacant lot, there were two brick houses, two stories high, adjoining one another. A widow named McCleary, who had come in from the country, owned and lived in one of these, but I do not remember who lived in the other. The most easterly of these houses was close to Third street, and at that time there was nothing but farm and pasture land beyond on that side. Some years later buildings began to go up beyond Third, and the frame "Franklin Telegraph" office, in which I had served an apprenticeship covering four years and three months and had afterward worked several years as a journeyman printer, was moved out and converted into a dwelling house. It was one of the pioneers, if not the first of them.

WEST WASHINGTON—NORTH SIDE.

The dingy old frame cabinet maker shop heretofore referred to occupied the corner. Close beyond it was the two-story brick dwelling house of Samuel Radebaugh, with a small piece of ground attached, and west of this an opening into the old Black Bear tavern yard, and a vacant lot between this opening and the alley. West of the alley stood the old Lutheran church, nearly square, with galleries

on three sides and a large pipeorgan at the east end. Attached was a graveyard which extended north-ward the length of the lot. A building called the "lecture room" was erected west of the church about the year 1840 and a new church was built in 1854. Beyond was an old frame house, owned, at my first knowledge of it, by the widow of Cornelius Brown, the father of Michael C. Brown, one of the proprietors of the "Franklin Telegraph" from April 1, 1839, to August 1841. Next west, and the last east of Water street, was another old frame, occupied and perhaps owned by Benjamin Shirk, who had teams on the turnpike. West of Water street, some little distance from the corner, were several old log and frame houses, one inhabited by James Collins and the others by various colored persons. "Jim" was tall, bony, supple and smart, with an active eye and a glib tongue. He sometimes preached, sometimes got tipsy and sometimes made better temperance speeches than were made by the "reformed drunkards" who were brought here from Baltimore and other places to tell the disgusting tale of their lives.

WEST WASHINGTON—SOUTH SIDE.

The large and well-built old Dechert dwelling and hat manufactory stood at the corner, and there was an old log stable more than half-way up the lot, which extended to the alley. At the alley, on its west side, was the good two-story brick dwelling house of Philip Nitterhouse, with a brick carpenter shop joined on at the west end. Next came the Lutheran parsonage with a good-sized brick front and a long brick back building. Rev. Benjamin Kurtz occupied it in 1831, Rev. John N. Hoffinan from 1833 till 1842, and Rev. Samuel Sprecker from 1842 till 1849. Close to the west end of the parsonage was a frame carpenter shop, two-stories high; and standing back, and farther west than the shop, was a two-story frame dwelling house, both the property of John Nitterhouse. Close beyond Nitterhouse's was a long, low brick structure, the blacksmith shop of Jerry Wilt, which subsequently was fixed up for a dwelling house and inhabited by Peter Heneberger fifty years or more ago. Next, and close by, was a two-story brick, Jerry Wilt's resi-

dence, owned after him by Leonard Yeager and now, I am informed, by Henry Yeager, a son of Leonard's. This family have had it sixty years or more. There were no buildings on this side of Washington west of Water street.

EAST KING—NORTH SIDE.

The old frame house on the corner was occupied by Hamilton Newman and his coachmaker shop stood up toward the alley. Levin Murphey and John Shuman each had a blacksmith shop on the lot east of the alley, and farther down toward the spring than the public school building there was a large brick stable for the horses of the stage company. Next came the "new jail," as it was then called, and across Second street from it was the low frame residence of "old Johnny Gross," whose son George was a well known man about town. There were several old houses beyond Gross' in early years, but I can recall no more than three of them. One of these was an old weatherboarded house, the earliest occupant of which I retain a recollection being Peter Ritner, a conductor on the Cumberland Valley Railroad. His widow kept a boarding house there and it was with her that John Brown boarded while here preparing for his ill advised descent on Harper's Ferry. The property is now Mrs. Shuman's. A little log house well up toward Third street was for a time the habitation of Sawn Scott, a colored man of whom I retain a pleasant recollection. I do not think Sawn ever got his feet tangled, but he had a remarkably tanglefooted tongue. He was a tremendous stut-terer. The other house remembered was an old frame, inhabited and I think owned by Levin Murphey. It stood where the Express Company's office is located, and there east King ended.

EAST KING—SOUTH SIDE.

The first occupant I can remember of what later became known as the George Goettman property, at the south east corner of Main and King, was Samuel Cook, a well known butcher, who had his meat shop a short distance up King. It was here that I heard Mrs. Cook laughingly tell

her husband that Col. Findlay had called in his absence and ordered a roast of beef, giving particular directions about it and saying he "wanted a good dinner, as he had eaten a light breakfast—only four boiled eggs and three cups of coffee." That "light breakfast" lighted up Mrs. Cook's countenance brightly. If I didn't indulge in a broad grin over it at the time, I must have been in an unusually serious mood, for I have grinned over it many a time since. But, after all, it was only one egg to each eighty pounds of the Colonel's weight, and I have known more than one little fellow who did not draw over one hundred pounds, who could down a breakfast like that in ten minutes and be hungry again by the middle of the forenoon.

There was an old frame house on the west side of the alley, where a school which I attended in 1832 was kept, and a short distance down the alley was Col. Findlay's stable, where his cow went raving mad from hydrophobia while I attended the school. I think John Ehrhart occupied this house a good many years. On the other side of the alley was another old frame house, in which I think Richard Murray, an old stage driver, lived many years. There was nothing along or close to King from this point to Second, until Walter Beatty put up a handsome residence there. Francis Deal had a coachmaker shop and large shed above the corner of Second and King, and there was an old frame house or two beyond him, but I cannot catch the name of the occupants in the days of yore. Mr. Deal, later on, had his shop down near Housum's, Main street. King street ended at Third and when the Franklin Railroad was constructed a solid brick building, nearly square in form, was erected right across the end of King on the east side of Third, where it stood till a very few years ago.

WEST KING—NORTH SIDE.

The Colhoun property at the corner has already been mentioned in the account of North Main street. There was nothing then on the north side of King till David Washabaugh's residence was reached, a two-story brick west of the spring. Just beyond this, bordering on the creek, was the long stone building in which Mr. Washabaugh's

distillery and brewery were located. There was a chopping stone in the distillery for grinding rye and corn, water from the spring, conveyed through a wooden trunk, supplying power to the wheel that drove the stone. Pipes also conveyed water inside of the distillery and brewery. My father did the distilling for some years. The daily mash was ten bushels, half rye and half corn, and the product filled a barrel of 31 or 32 gallons. It was wagoned to Baltimore, where it sold at from 26 to 28 cents per gallon. Hogs were fattened on the slop, which cannot be done when rye alone is distilled. George Ludwig was the chief brewer and had Peter Rauch (Row) for his assistant. About the year 1838 Mr. Washabaugh engaged Robert Gray, a young man from Philadelphia, where "Gray's Pale Ale" was made, to instruct Ludwig and Rauch in the art of making ale. The old-fashioned "brewer's beer" was a cool weather beverage and would not stand warm weather, and ale was gradually taking its place. Gray spent six or eight weeks at Washabaugh's, and this was the start of ale-brewing in Chambersburg.

Across the creek, on a lot extending from it to an alley, there was a large weather-beaten frame house, and it is there to this day. I do not remember any name in connection with it, though I certainly knew who inhabited it from sixty to sixty-five years ago. Beyond the alley there was a row of small low plastered tenements, which I think were put there by William Maxwell, a plasterer. There are two tenements now which I believe to have been part (or they may possibly have been all) of those alluded to. The street has been cut down and they look higher, but the stone work below the line of plaster shows the increase in height. Betsey Weiser, who made her own living by usefully serving families who needed her, lived in one of these old plastered tenements. There are two small brick houses farther up that were there away back, and up near the corner there are two old houses, (one brick and the other frame,) which were by no means new when I saw them for the first time. One of them was inhabited by Mr. Cummins and the other by Robert Gould, both of whom were on the shady side of life. The street extended no farther.

WEST KING—SOUTH SIDE.

The low brick building on the corner, in which James R. Kirby taught school, extended farther on King than on Main. I remember nothing there before the two-story double brick was erected a short distance east of the spring. This was done several years after my arrival here. I think it was said they were built for George Chambers, and I also think that Stephen Rigler occupied one of them. West of the spring was the long frame house that still stands there. "Big Kelley" lived in the smaller part, next the spring, and I think he owned the whole, including the Fulling Mill. I do not know who lived in the larger part low down in "the thirties," but Conrad Harmon was there about fifty years ago. In the small log building which Harmon used for a meat shop, lived a widow Murphy, with two sons and a daughter, whom I remember. The eldest son, Charley, did not lead a very industrious life, but finally put himself where I suppose he could do the most good. He enlisted in the dragoons and went far west, but I never heard whether he grew up with the country or got shot down by the Indians. John, the younger, was employed in Squire Hutchison's oyster and confectionery concern, where Repository Hall stands, and seemed to be a nice youth budding toward manhood. It is an ordinary lifetime since I heard anything about him.

Down from King, on the road along the creek, Jacob Mellinger lived in a substantial stone house and perhaps owned it. I think there was another house near Mellinger's, but my recollection on this point is rather hazy. Being convenient to water, with good grass pasture on the bank of the creek, Mellinger's kept a good many ducks. Some distance beyond the bridge there was a two-story brick carriage shop with a blacksmith shop in the rear and a frame building on the west for finished carriages. The early occupants are not remembered. Fry, Welsh & Scott, who had occupied Francis Deal's old shop near Housum's on Main street, and with whom Hiram M. White learned the trade of carriagemaking, moved to this King street shop in 1848, and there made for the late Hon. George Chambers what is believed to have been the first "cut-under" carriage manu-

factured in Chambersburg. Between this and Samuel Grove's, at the corner of King and Franklin streets, there were several buildings; one a brick, occupied by John Helfrich; another a log, nearer Grove's, occupied by Truman Cosgrove. Mr. Grove, whose house was rough-cast, was an old and widely known "vendue crier."

FRANKLIN STREET.

North of Market there was no house on Franklin street that fronted on it till Philip Peiffer built a small two-story brick across the alley from King's barn. King's, McCracken's and Aston's fronted on Market, and whilst McCracken's side-yard lay along Franklin, his house was about half the width of a lot west of it. The Aston property lay along Franklin, with an entrance to the back building, but it fronted Market.

If the old house which stood back from Market on what is now the Wolfkill corner may be considered as having stood on Franklin, then it might be counted No. 1 on that street. Down on the north side of the alley there was a low frame with its greatest length along the alley and a small porch about midway on the south side. I do not think there was a building of any kind south of this at that time, but a brick house was put there a long time ago, just south of the alley.

On the west side of the street there was a cluster of houses extending from the alley down to the old fording on what was called the lower road. First there was a two-story frame of good dimensions, which, some years later than my earliest date, became the property of an old English farmer named Burden, who moved in from his farm three or four miles north of town. South of Mr. Burden's nearly all the houses standing there now strike me as about the same that stood there from sixty-five to sixty-eight years ago. I can recall the occupants of only three of them. Joseph Severns, an old constable, owned and lived in one that stood north of a vacant and unfenced lot that looked as if it might have been intended for a westward extension of Queen street, and Philip Evans, who worked in the Edge Tool Factory, owned and occupied the house adjoining Severns on the north.

In the brick house that then stood and still stands, looking the picture of desertion and dilapidation, south of the then unfenced lot referred to, the Barnitz family lived after their removal from the brewery at the alley bridge. They transferred themselves to the Severus house about 1838 or 1839, after the death of Mr. S. Below, where the street curves toward Wolfstown, there were two small log houses, which still stand and are inhabited; and just beyond these was, and still is, the low stone house which McCauley's history says Campbell & Morrow manufactured potash in from 1789 until 1797, when they were succeeded by Patrick and Terance Campbell. It is said this house was built for a tavern, or at least used as one, at an early day. Its location at the fording was an advantageous one for a public house.

Franklin street was very slow to improve. But quite a number of buildings have crept up in the course of years and several are now in process of erection.

THIRD STREET.

This street was almost wholly destitute of buildings during the first half of the century and nearly all it has now are in the single square between Queen and Washington. The first of any consequence was the square brick building put up straight across from the east end of King street, about the time the Franklin Railroad was constructed, and apparently intended for use in connection with the railroad. South of it was a brick building which for a time was used as a warehouse by James Leiby. There was not much done in it and it was closed about the beginning of the half century, Mr. Leiby going west. I met him in Lafayette, Indiana, in the spring of 1855, and never heard of him afterward.

At the time of the completion of the Franklin Railroad there were several small houses east of Third street and south of the spring. They had been moved there and were inhabited by colored people. A truck car had been allowed to stand on the track near these houses. A number of small colored boys got to playing around it and pushed it, and it ran over one of them and killed him. I saw him lying dead in one of the houses soon after the accident happened.

Leading Industries.

THE PAPER MILL.

The Mammoth Paper Mill was in course of erection when I came here in 1831. I remember an accident which happened when its shell was nearing completion. The carpenters were setting the rafters and had some of them in place, but not properly secured, when they fell and severely injured John Underwood, a young carpenter engaged in the work. When this occurred I happened to be at the open space which led from Market street to the mill, and I ran up with others to ascertain the results. John Underwood, whom I knew, was brought down badly hurt, and I started at once, on a run, for the western slope of New England Hill, where I bounded into the Underwood house and informed Mrs. U. and her daughter Rachel that the rafters of the Paper Mill had fallen and John had been hurt. They gathered up their sunbonnets and I took to my heels again, and as I approached John's residence, a small house just above Jacob Shaffer's, I heard him yell out, "Oh! Doctor, let me go." This he repeated several times, and I went away to get out of hearing of his distressing cry. He lay a good while and had to go on crutches quite a length of time after he got out, and I have always thought that his death before he had got beyond middle age might have been due, at least in part, to the injury he had received from the falling rafters.

I was afterward a spectator at a more pleasing scene in the mill. A ball took place on the first floor before the tubs in which the boiled straw was beaten into pulp were put in. There was a large concourse of young ladies and young gentlemen, and the scene was enlivening. This was the first dancing that ever I saw, and unless it is distance that lends enchantment to the view, I have never seen any more gracefully executed. But perhaps a boy of my age at

that time would think the dancing of a bear on his hind legs was graceful.

There was a "straw house" on that portion of the Colhoun grounds lying north and west of the spring, where the straw for the paper was boiled, and whence it was hauled in a cart to the mills. There was a log bridge over the spring at Colhoun's stable on the north side of King street, and another over the mill race just south of the big buttonwood tree, and on these the cart made its frequent trips every day except Sunday.

A very serious accident occurred at the mill after it had been in operation about a dozen years. An extremely violent storm blew it down in 1844. There were nineteen persons in it at the time, and I am indebted to John P. Culbertson for a complete list of their names, with the injuries they sustained as far as can be remembered. They were:

Dr. Samuel D. Culbertson, the head of the concern, not seriously injured.

Dr. Edmund Culbertson, very seriously injured, his body being outside of the mill whilst his legs were pinned inside by fallen timbers.

John P. Culbertson, injured in the hip, apparently slightly, but is now experiencing the effect in rheumatism.

Samuel Reid, a small grandson of Dr. Culbertson, was stunned and bruised, but soon recovered.

Jacob Mellinger sustained a contusion of the head, but no permanent injury.

Mrs. Wills, a daughter of old John Stanley on the hill, was seriously hurt and recovered slowly.

Two men named Craver, father and son; the former uninjured, the latter hurt; and the following persons, who, so far as can be remembered by Mr. Culbertson or myself, escaped injury.

Samuel Fry, Mrs. Cosgrove, Peter Heneberger, George Dittman, Caroline Monaghan, George Kerr, Rachel Underwood, Phoebe Taylor, Jane Reed, (married a Henderson and died in Bedford about two years ago) Catherine Heneberger, afterward married to Benjamin Kyle, Mrs. Wash. Thompson, then unmarried, and Mrs. Jacob Strealey, a daughter of James Kerr, also then unmarried.

Samuel Fry's position in the mill was where he would probably have been killed if he had been in his place, but he had gone to a window just before the crash came and thus escaped injury.

THE COTTON MILL.

The Flour Mill and the Chopping Mill stood in line and were probably erected about the same time. They were some distance apart, and at a date unknown the space between them was walled up in front and rear and equipped as a Cotton Mill. I conjecture that this was done during the war with England in 1812-15, when there must have been great demand for goods, with prices high, and I conjecture further, that when the inflation growing out of that war subsided and the terrible revulsion of 1818 came on, the Cotton Mill ceased to be operated. It was full of machinery going to decay. The door stood open and when we boys wanted a little brass cog wheel (for which we had no use) we went in and got one. All the boys reared in town called it the Cotton Mill. I never heard it spoken of by men, and not knowing at that early period in my life that I or anybody else ever would feel an interest in its history, I unfortunately made no inquiry about it.

THE EDGE TOOL FACTORY.

Next to the Paper Mill, the Edge Tool Factory was the most important manufacturing establishment. It was located where Sierer's manufacturing plant long has occupied the ground and utilized the water power, and was carried on by Dunlop & Madeira. Mr. Dunlop resided on what has for sixty years been the Kennedy farm below town, and I believe the grinding department of the factory was at first located there, but subsequently annexed to the concern in town. My father dressed and put in place for him, as steps at his house, grindstones that had split while in use down there, "and they are there unto this day." This Kennedy farm was the seat of various industries at an early day. I am told there was an oil mill, a powder mill and a chopping mill down there, and I remember an estab-

ishment of a novel character that was located in the meadow some hundreds of yards westward from the house. Some genius had invented a plan for fattening pigs on hay tea, and Wm. Madeira fitted up an establishment there and stocked it with pigs and tried this novel fattening experiment. The tea was thin and so were the pigs. The poor creatures died off rapidly and the hay-tea enterprise ended disastrously.

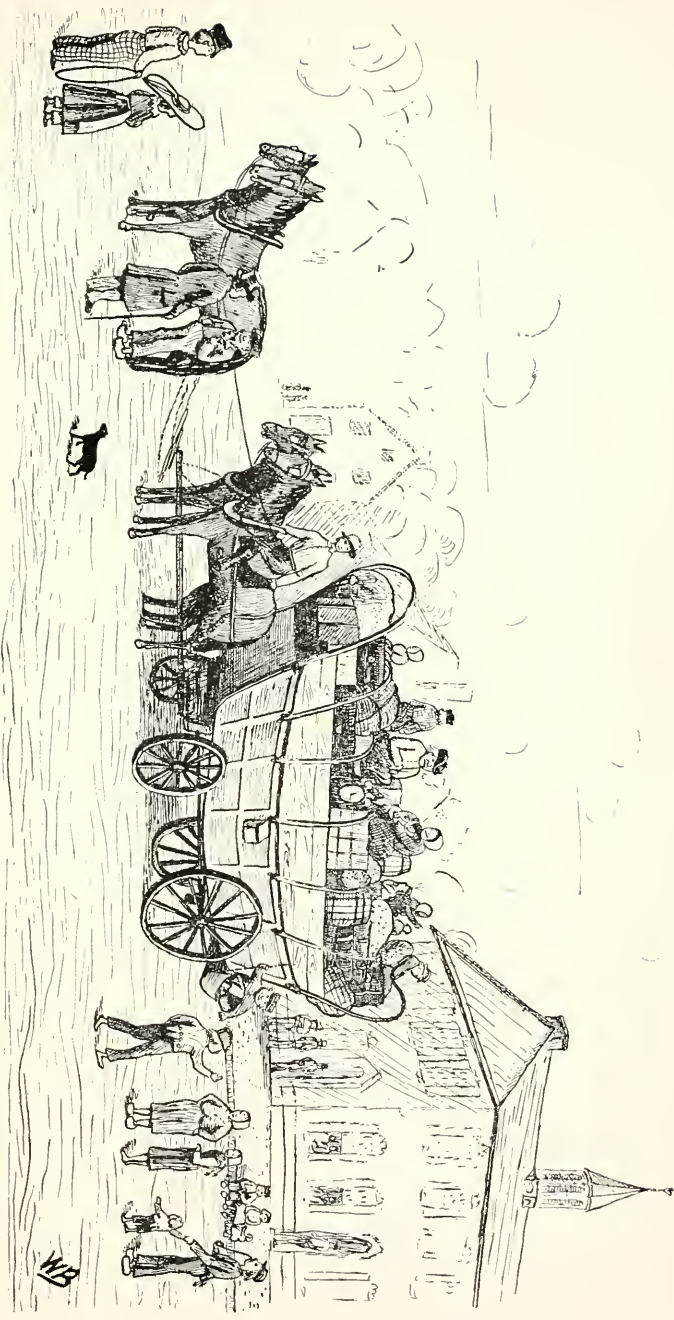
The Edge Tool Factory, for some years after I first saw it, was the busiest hive in town. It ran till late at night, and its long row of blazing fires presented a novel and attractive sight to a boy fresh from the woods and fields seven or eight miles out of town. The strong breath of the bellows made the fires roar and the hammers of the workmen made the anvils ring as they pounded the iron and steel into the shape of axes. Dunlop & Madeira deserved to make a fortune, but I believe they did not. George A. Madeira was an amiable and intelligent gentleman, but perhaps lacked the rugged and relentless energy required to wring fortune from adverse circumstances. Times became very hard in 1837 and continued so for some years, and then Pittsburgh and other westward points came rapidly forward with manufactures of iron and cut off the trade of our "Lemnos Factory," a name borrowed from Greece and suggestive of interest in that country's struggle for liberty.

VARIOUS INDUSTRIES.

Silversmithing, shoemaking, tailoring, hatting, carpentering, cabinet making, blacksmithing, tanning, wagon-making, brickmaking, tinning and coppersmithing, brewing and tobacco manufacturing, were carried on actively here. Even the making of sickles, though dying out, was kept up till about the year 1840.

Thomas Scott and Emanuel Holsey were silversmiths and watch-makers in Chambersburg when my story about the town begins. Alexander Scott, the father of Thomas, had been in the same business here long before. There is in my house a set of silver teaspoons stamped *A. Scott* and another set stamped *E. Holsey*. The Scott spoons were made for my grandfather, Robert Cooper, of Antrim town-

GERMAN IMMIGRANTS PASSING THROUGH CHAMBERSBURG--1830 TO 1840.



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ship, probably from 85 to 90 years ago; and the Holsey spoons were made for my wife's father, Daniel Dechert, of Chambersburg, 80 or 90 years ago. I have always understood these spoons were actually made here.

Shoemaking shops were numerous and some of them worked a fair number of hands. The same was true of the other industries above named. Carpenter shops existed in various parts of the town. Richard Woods had one on New England Hill; Nicholas Pearce one where the short private alley runs into the long public alley at the old Barnitz brewery; John and Philip Nitterhouse each had one on Washington west of Main; William Cisney had one on the back part of a lot at or near the northwest corner of Washington and Third; Samuel Seibert had one where the Episcopal church stands on Second street; Henry Winemiller, Jacob Zettle and Josiah Mead were carpenters and must have had shops, but I am unable to denote their location.

I believe Mr. Winemiller was the contractor for the carpenter work of Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, if not for the whole job, about the year 1836. He had a number of Chambersburg workmen there, my father among the rest. I was treated to a trip to that place and a stay of nearly a week in it, and one day obtained from my father, who "bossed" the mason work of the front, permission to lay a few bricks in it. I flatter myself I put them in right, for if I had done it bunglingly my father would certainly have knocked them out and replaced them himself.

Mr. Winemiller was the contractor who built the German Lutheran church on East Washington street, and John Radebaugh, with whom I boarded at the Indian Queen Hotel in 1841-2, told me an amusing story in connection with this contract. I think he and Winemiller were brothers-in-law, and I also think he was on the contractor's bond for its faithful performance. A law-suit took place between the contractor and the congregation, and one of the disputed points had relation to the pulpit. The German Reformed church had been undergoing alteration and Winemiller had done the work. A new pulpit had been put in and Winemiller had taken the old one at an agreed price. It was sound and not bad looking. He put it in

the new Lutheran church. The congregation objected. They did not deny that it was sound and looked well, but insisted that it was a "Reformed" pulpit, whereas they wanted and were entitled to a "Lutheran" pulpit! I forget what view Mr. Radebaugh said the court and jury took of the great denominational question at issue, but think it probable Winemiller lost the suit, as I know he went west in not as good financial condition as his industry and enterprise merited.

Brickmaking was going on actively in 1831 and evidently had been carried on actively for some years. There was a brickyard at the end of the alley which ran northward from the top of New England Hill. I saw a kiln of burned brick standing there, and near it a large excavation, out of which a great many bricks must have been made. None were made there, however, after 1831. The seat of this industry had been transferred to "the lower road," and from the diggings it must have been carried on there actively before I came to town, as it was for years thereafter. The brickmakers were Nicholas Uglow, Robert Dumbel and Robert Herring. Mr. Uglow owned some land, with small improvements, along the Warm-spring road, perhaps a couple of miles from the turnpike, and on a trip I made out there with Ben and his ox team, I observed that a brickyard had been operated there, probably only to supply that neighborhood, as hauling to town would have been expensive.

Perhaps I may as well tell what happened during this trip. An ox team was a great novelty to me and I was delighted when, one warm summer day, Ben Uglow invited me to ride with him out to his father's place on the Warm-spring road. I obtained permission and sailed off proudly. "All went merry as a marriage bell" till we were nearing our destination, when, with surprising suddenness, a thunderstorm whirled up over us and poured down a torrent of water just when we were approaching a rise in the road, which at that point was fine clay. Although the cart was empty, the oxen could no more go up that rise than they could have climbed a greased pole. Every step they took brought them on their knees. I was frightened and began to yell like a lion's whelp. The road was skirted by a very dense thicket of young pines and Ben directed me to run

in there, which I did. But I soon found that a rain storm was no respecter of persons or of pine thickets. I was in for it among the pines as badly as Ben was out in it on the road. Between the oxen and myself he had both his hands and his mouth full. He whacked the oxen with a light hoop-pole, and between the whacks he turned in my direction and encouragingly shouted "don't cry, Johnny." But the greasy road was too slippery for the oxen, and Johnny's crying weight had been wound up and could not be stopped. Ben bawled at the oxen and I bawled at everything on top of the ground. No doubt I would have bawled at the waters beneath the earth if there had not been more on the surface than I could do justice to. But the storm was as short as it was sharp, and the sun came out gloriously, and as my clothing was of light midsummer material I soon got rid of the "drowned rat" appearance I bore when I emerged from the pines. Kind-hearted Ben Uglow—he has long occupied a warm corner in my memory.

Brickmaking declined at a date which I cannot fix—perhaps it was toward the close of the half century—and for some time no brick at all were made here, the small quantity used being furnished from a point several miles north of town. There was some emigration from this place to Pittsburgh and other points west between 1830 and 1850, and the increase in population was slow, and consequently fewer new buildings were erected than would have been if this drain had not taken place. Other causes also operated to prevent building and good real estate went down very low, and was slow to rise. I do not know just when the bottom was reached, but I do know that as late as 1855 choice property in the heart of business on Main street sold for one-third of what it had sold for thirty-eight years previously.

OLD-FASHIONED STORES.

The stores of fifty and more years ago would be curiosity shops now if they could be reopened. They contained dry goods, groceries, hardware, salt, salted fish, tobacco, snuff, cigars, hats, shoes, carpets, writing paper, ink, quills for pens, pepper, tar and oils, epsom and glauber salts, rum

and whiskey, tallow candles, slates and pencils, combs and brushes of various sorts (from tooth to whitewash,) gun and blasting powder, corn brooms, hickory brooms and long-bristled floor brushes, and too many other articles to be enumerated. The hats were generally kept on top of the shelving, each wrapped in paper; and there also was kept the loaf sugar—long, slender cones, like miniature church steeples, encased in dark blue paper. Frequently a bundle of "cowhides" was seen standing on a box outside, the prevailing colors being red, blue and green. Buggies and other pleasure carriages were not much used at that time. Most of the riding was done on horseback and the cowhide was the common "riding whip." The schoolmaster used it too, and many parents thought there was great virtue in it and agreed with the "master" that it "made boys smart" in a double sense.

The first floor of the stores stood up several feet higher than the pavement; some of them from three to four feet higher. They were thus elevated, in all probability, in order to afford easy access to the cellars. Sugar and molasses were received in large hogsheads and the floors were elevated to enable these to be let down into the cellar. One of these old-time cellar doors may still be seen at what was the McCracken store on West Market street, just above Franklin. The stores took in and sold out butter, eggs, lard and smoked meats, and sometimes the supply of butter and eggs so much exceeded the demand that they incurred loss on these perishable products. The huckster had not yet been born in this section.

GERMAN IMMIGRANTS.

In the period of which I have been writing, a stream of Germans, fresh from the fatherland, poured into and through Chambersburg, on their way to the west. A few dropped off at different points along the road and in time became well-to-do residents; but by far the most of them kept on to Pittsburgh, some settling there and others pushing into the woods of Ohio and carving out homes for themselves and their posterity; others dropping down the river, settling along the Ohio to its junction with the Mis-

Mississippi, and up that stream to the Missouri, along whose banks they set out the vine and made the wines they had been acquainted with in their native land. At that time it was almost as common to hear of Shawneetown, Illinois, as of Pittsburgh. Who hears of Shawneetown now?

The wagons that bore these immigrants furnished an interesting sight. Their covers were off; their beds were piled high with big German chests; the projecting pole of the wagon, between the "hind wheels," was hung with pots and kettles in addition to the indispensable tar can of the wagon; old men, old women and children, sat in among or on top of the chests; robust men walked sturdily along in front of the team; hearty looking young women and boys strode along in the rear of the wagon. The latter were the foragers of the expedition. As the wagon slowly toiled up and over the the top of New England Hill, they took the houses on both sides and peacefully captured supplies by uttering two words, which, as accurately as I can render them, were "Shtick brode."

I never knew this request for bread to be refused, no matter how poor were the persons applied to, and I feel quite sure many of them were poorer than some of the followers of the wagons. Times without number I have seen the big loaf of that day taken up and a thick slice cut off and spread with butter, and this thickly covered with apple butter, and handed over to the applicant. Looking back over these events I cannot help wondering at and admiring the kind and hospitable disposition of the then residents of West Market street. They treated these strangers from a far distant land, whom they never had seen before and never expected to see again, as if they had been long absent kinsmen.

To native eyes these traveling groups presented a unique appearance. Many of the men and women wore wooden shoes, with no strings or straps to fasten them to their ankles, and as they moved along on the hard bed of the turnpike road, the "clap, clap, clap," of the shoes could be heard at a considerable distance. Some of the well-grown young women and young men, as well as children, trudged along without shoes or stockings, the short gowns of the females allowing a portion of the leg above the ankle

to be exposed, but I never heard this commented upon as immodest. In fact, short gowns, stockingless legs and shoeless feet, were not uncommon among our own people.

The women and girls wore close fitting white caps, an excellent protection against the dust of the road; and the men and boys wore an upper garment which to American eyes had an amusing appearance. I may say it looked like a "roundabout" beginning to sprout a tail! In other words, it looked as if a piece three or four inches wide by two or three deep had been cut out of the lower edge of the back and a piece of equal width but a couple of inches greater depth had been tacked on above the cut, making a flap loose everywhere except the upper part, and ornamented with several buttons. It looked like the sprout of a new tail or the stub of an old one, and it was common to hear boys of the period say "it had been cut off twice and was too short yet." It did look funny to us, but it was the fashion in the country these people came from, and that made it all right. The foreign population we received at that time was of great advantage to the country. Those who stopped and stayed here became good citizens, and no small number of our best citizens now are descendants of theirs. Those who went farther west had a full and valuable share in the development of western Pennsylvania and the great region beyond the Ohio.

A GREAT CHANGE.

There has been a great change in buildings and a great change in values since the town was burned, and it is to be hoped no disastrous changes will occur again. The immensity of the change in buildings will be appreciated by any person who will sit down with my account of the old town before him, and, item by item, compare the existing buildings with those that stood on the same spot long ago and up to the time of the fire. I believe there were only seven three-story buildings here before the fire. Look at the number now! In its buildings, stores and shops, and its display of goods, the Main street of Chambersburg resembles the business street of a large city.

Striking changes are visible everywhere; but a person

who remembers the old town of 1830 and 1840, might perhaps find one of the greatest at the junction of Market and Second streets. On one corner stood the rough and dismal-looking old stone Jail, then no longer considered fit to be occupied even by criminals. Now this spot is covered by the fine residences of Judge Rowe and Major Ives. Westward across Second street stood the unhandsome old roughcast building known as John Goettman's. Now a fine brick building, containing two business rooms and a dwelling, occupies the ground. Southward from this, across Market street, was Jacob Brown's long, low, one-story frame, looking as dingy as could be, with nothing but roughness around it. Now Hon. W. U. Brewer has a fine residence there, with a beautiful yard on Second street, and very handsome shade trees on both streets, which he credits the late J. Wyeth Douglas with planting. Among these trees there is a horse-chestnut of uncommon beauty. Then on the corner eastward, across Second street, stands the new Washington Hotel, a large and beautiful building, with everything outside and inside in keeping with the splendid structure itself. A man needs to have seen the old buildings that occupied these corners, to appreciate the magnitude of the change.

Unless appearances are deceptive, the business done here now must greatly exceed that done in former years. If it is in general profitable there can be little room for complaint. And yet it does seem to be regrettable that industries which once were active here have almost entirely died out. Once we had hatters who covered our heads, tailors who covered our bodies and shoemakers who covered our feet. Now most of these things are made hundreds of miles away and brought here for sale, and whatever profit there may be in the manufacture of them is lost to us. Shoes made elsewhere were first brought here and sold in 1842. If all the manufactured articles sold here were made here, our population would be several thousand greater than it is, and those engaged in the various branches of trade would be reaping a corresponding increase in their business.

But let us be thankful for what is plainly in view. Not only has the burned portion of Chambersburg risen from its ashes in a style which eclipses that of any other

town of about the same population in the country, but the town has largely expanded in every direction, with scores of splendid residences recently erected and long avenues of beautiful shade trees. All the towns of the Cumberland Valley are substantial and beautiful, but Chambersburg may justly be called the Queen.

Public Officers.

POSTMASTERS.

A Postoffice was established at Chambersburg on the 1st of June, 1790. Congress had, on the 29th of May, 1788, adopted a resolution "That the Postmaster General be and is hereby directed to employ *posts* for the regular transportation of the mail between the city of Philadelphia and the town of Pittsburg, in the State of Pennsylvania, by the route of Lancaster, York town, Carlisle, Chambers' town and Bedford, and that the mail be dispatched once in each fortnight from the said postoffices respectively."

As Lancaster had been laid out in 1730, York in 1741, Carlisle in 1751, Chambersburg in 1764, Pittsburg in 1765, and Bedford in 1766, Congress appears to have been slow in providing for the carrying of the mails between them. And, as will be observed, no Postoffice was established at Chambersburg till June 1, 1790, over two years after the passage of the resolution of Congress and twenty-six years after the laying out of the town.

The first Postmaster of Chambersburg was John Martin, who served from June 1, 1790, till July 1, 1795; the second, Patrick Campbell, from July 1, 1795, till January 1, 1796; the third, Jeremiah Mahoney, from January 1, 1796, till July 5, 1802; the fourth, John Brown, from July 5, 1802, till April 7, 1818; the fifth, Jacob Dechert, from April 7, 1818, till March 20, 1829; and the sixth, Col. John Findlay, the first Postmaster of whom I had personal knowledge.

There was a Justice of the Peace and an Innkeeper

named John Martin in Chambersburg in 1786-88. The Justice and the Innkeeper may have been one and the same person, and this person may have been the first Postmaster. At the same date Patrick Campbell was a merchant here, and he was probably the second Postmaster. I possess no clue to the occupation of Jeremiah Mahoney, the third Postmaster, or John Brown, the fourth. Jacob Dechert, the fifth, was a native of Berks county and by occupation a hatter, having learned that trade in Reading. He was one of seven sons, all or nearly all of whom came to Chambersburg soon after the creation of Franklin county, but only two of whom remained here. Several went to Tennessee and at least one to Ohio. The mother of Gen. Alexander P. Stewart, of the Confederate Army, was a daughter of one who settled in Tennessee. Jacob and Daniel remained in Chambersburg and died here, the former in 1829 and the latter in 1862. Daniel was the youngest of the seven and was only a boy not half grown to manhood when he arrived. Jacob established himself in the hatting business and Daniel succeeded him and carried on the same business at the same place (the corner of Main and Washington streets) till the year 1855. Jacob Dechert was a grandfather of the late Dr. J. L. Suesserott and great-grandfather of Dr. L. F. Suesserott.

Col. John Findlay was Postmaster from March 20, 1829, till the latter part of November, 1838, when he died. He was long prominent and popular, and held office almost continuously from young manhood to the border of old age. He was Prothonotary from January 27, 1809, till February 8, 1821, and also Register and Recorder and Clerk of the Courts, from January 27, 1809, till April 1, 1817, and was in Congress from 1821 till 1827.

Col. Findlay obtained his military title during our war of 1812. He became Captain of a company raised in Chambersburg, which, with another Chambersburg company of which Dr. Samuel D. Culbertson was Captain; one from Mercersburg under Captain Thomas Bard, one from Greencastle under Captain Andrew Robison; one from Waynesboro under Captain John Flanagan, and one from Fannettsburg under Captain William Alexander, marched to Baltimore on the 25th of August, 1814. On their arrival at

Baltimore these troops were formed into a regiment, of which Capt. Findlay became Colonel.

Col. Findlay, in the later years of his life, if not earlier, was the largest man in Chambersburg, weighing 320 pounds. He was well built and not loaded with fat, being tall with a large frame well filled out. There was considerable resemblance between him and Martin Newcomer, who succeeded Joseph Culbertson in the Franklin Hotel here over fifty years ago, and whose weight has been stated at 360 pounds. Both these giants of the old town were symmetrical in form and not like most of the "heavy weights" we see.

Major William Gilmore succeeded Col. Findlay as Postmaster by appointment of President Van Buren, dated November 24, 1838. He was one of the best known men in the county. His standing was attested by his election to the office of Brigade Inspector, from which his military title was derived, by his appointment as Postmaster, and by his election as Sheriff in 1841. The duties of the several offices he held were intelligently, efficiently and courteously performed. He was tall and slender, and had what is called a "military bearing."

George K. Harper succeeded Major Gilmore as Postmaster, by appointment of President Harrison in 1841. He had for more than forty years previously been the editor and proprietor of the Franklin Repository, but had then recently disposed of the paper. He was amiable in disposition and stood high in the regard of the public, and his appointment was one eminently fit to be made. But President Tyler, who had succeeded President Harrison a month after the latter's inauguration, and whom Mr. Harper had supported in his newspaper and voted for, removed Mr. H. in 1842, for no reason at all except that President Tyler had deserted the party which had elected him Vice President, whilst Mr. Harper continued to adhere to it. The party to which Mr. Harper adhered righted the wrong that had been done to him by electing him County Treasurer.

David D. Durboraw succeeded Mr. Harper by appointment of President Tyler. Like General Taylor, he had been "a Whig but not an ultra Whig," and it opportunely (for him) happened that his brother, Thomas M. Durboraw, was

a Democrat. The brothers "pooled" their politics and "scooped" the Postoffice. They performed the duties of the office in a satisfactory manner, and my recollection is that they removed to Waynesboro, Virginia, not very long after the expiration of the term.

John McClintock succeeded Mr. Durboraw as Postmaster by appointment of President Polk in 1845. He was an old, well-known and much respected citizen, and had no less than five sons who voted the Polk and Dallas ticket. He was a manufacturer of hats and had long been in business here.

PROTHONOTARIES.

John Flanagan was Prothonotary from January 28, 1830, till January 18, 1836. He was tall and somewhat spare, but not strikingly so, and wore a light blue coat with gilt buttons and a standing collar. He was from Waynesboro and returned to that place after leaving the office of Prothonotary. From conversations that I heard him engaged in five or six years after he left Chambersburg, I feel warranted in saying he was a man of considerable general information. A daughter of his developed much talent for poetical composition.

Joseph Minnich succeeded Mr. Flanagan January 18, 1836. A turn of the political wheel had taken place in 1835, when Joseph Ritner, Whig and Anti Mason, running for Governor the third time, had defeated George Wolf and Henry A. Muhlenberg, Democrats. Mr. Minnich was a lawyer and had been admitted to the Bar in 1831. He was slightly above average height, slender and graceful, wore black, with a white necktie, was a prominent Methodist, and appeared to have a pulmonary affection, which I think carried him off before he got beyond middle age.

Matthias Nead succeeded Mr. Minnich on January 29, 1839, the political wheel having turned over into its former track in 1838, when David R. Porter, Democrat, defeated Mr. Ritner for Governor. The new Constitution was adopted and put in operation during Mr. Nead's term, and he held, first by appointment and afterward by election, from January 29, 1839, till November 17, 1845. Mr. Nead

resided at St. Thomas before he became Prothonotary, but afterward resided in Chambersburg and Greencastle. He was a heavy set man, with a beaming face and pleasant manner.

James Wright, who was Prothonotary from November 25, 1848, to November 22, 1851, was a resident of Chambersburg. He was a hatter and carried on business in the large brick house owned after him by George Ludwig, opposite the Indian Queen Hotel. He served for years as Justice of the Peace and was highly respected.

REGISTERS AND RECORDERS.

Paul I. Hetich was Register and Recorder from January 28, 1830, till January 18, 1836, when the political turn of 1835 dropped him out. He resided in Chambersburg and was a member of a well-known family. He was of good height and good weight, well formed, with a pleasant face and sprightly manners. The late Hiester Clymer, of Reading, Democratic candidate for Governor in 1866, resembled him in size, action, manner and expression of face, as much as it seems to be possible for one man to resemble another. He located at Bucyrus, Crawford county, Ohio, not long after his term of office expired here. His brother, Dr. Andrew Hetich, had a short time previously located there.

Joseph Pritts succeeded Mr. Hetich and held the office of Register and Recorder till January 29, 1839. He was the editor of the "Chambersburg Whig" and belonged to that branch of the Whig party which affiliated with the Anti-Masons, differing in this respect from Mr. Harper of the Repository, who was a Mason as well as a Whig. He was tall and spare, and had a nose of striking proportions. He had been somewhat erratic in politics, but was a good man and a ready and graceful writer.

Henry Ruby succeeded Mr. Pritts on January 29, 1839, and held the office till November 12, 1842. He was the editor of the "Franklin Telegraph," which was established in 1831, after Mr. Pritts had discontinued the "Republican," the old "Democratic Republican" organ, and started an "Anti-Masonic Whig" paper. The "Telegraph" was a

warn Jackson paper and red hot in opposition to Calhoun's scheme of nullification. It was the first newspaper that ever I read and on it I made my first attempt to set type. Mr. Ruby was a good man, well grounded in moral and religious principles, patient, just and ever kind. He was for years in the mercantile business at Orrstown and the Forwarding business at Shippensburg, but finally returned to Chambersburg and died here after attaining a good old age.

John W. Reges was Register and Recorder from November 12, 1842, till November 17, 1845. He had been admitted to the Bar in 1835, but never appeared to practice at it. He was Clerk to the Directors of the Poor from 1835 to 1837, and again from 1848 to 1850. I think he was also clerking in the Register and Recorder's office under Mr. Pritts when Mr. Ruby acceded to that office. Mr. Ruby was his uncle by marriage, and notwithstanding their difference in politics, retained him as clerk; but this did not restrain Mr. Reges from taking a nomination for the office from his own party and defeating Mr. Ruby in 1842. He was competent to fill properly the offices he held. Chambersburg was his residence.

James Watson, of Greencastle, became Register and Recorder on the 17th of November, 1845, and filled the office till November 25th, 1848. After removing to Chambersburg he continued to reside here and lived to a time within the recollection of many of the present inhabitants of the town. Two of his sons were in business here down to a recent date and the name of "Watson" continues to be applied to one of the corners of the Diamond. Mr. Watson was a man of sterling worth.

CLERK OF THE COURTS.

Richard Morrow was Clerk of the Courts from January 28, 1830, till January 18, 1836. He came, I believe, from Dry Run, (then called Morrowstown,) in Path Valley, and continued to reside in Chambersburg after he had gone out of office. He was well advanced in years and inclined forward slightly, but had activity enough to perform his duties in court with promptitude. I well remember the swiftness

as well as the seriousness with which he administered the oath to witnesses. When he let his spectacles slide down close to the end of his long straight nose, and stared over them and almost fiercely said to the witness, "You do swear by Almighty God, the *sarcher* of all hearts," &c., &c.; "and that as you shall answer to God at the Great Day," he would have been a reckless witness who would have dared to avoid the truth. Mr. Morrow wore a sort of salt-and-pepper gray suit which he did not take care to keep well scoured, and this it was that caused him to figure as "Greasy Dick" in a bit of satirical writing done by some wicked wit of the old town. He was a good citizen and his costume was not a fair subject for criticism.

Joseph Morrow was Clerk of the Courts from January 18, 1836, till January 29, 1839. I have no personal recollection of him and do not know where information concerning him could be obtained.

John Wood was Clerk of the Courts from January 29, 1839, till November 17, 1845. He came from Greencastle, where he had followed the occupation of a whitesmith, and after going out of office he went into the mercantile business in Chambersburg as the senior member of the firm of Wood & Clunk. After a few years of not very successful business here, he removed to Greencastle, in the State of Indiana, where he died before attaining old age. He was companionable, intelligent and resolute, and performed well the duties of his office.

John M. Fisher succeeded Mr. Wood as Clerk on the 19th of November, 1845, and filled the office till November 25th, 1848. His home was in Chambersburg and he was known to everybody in town, and generally liked. He was a younger brother of Adam Fisher, who long kept the Union Hotel, and his employments had generally been of a clerical nature. After going out of office he removed to Iowa.

Josiah W. Fletcher succeeded Mr. Fisher as Clerk on the 25th of November, 1848, and held the office till the 22d of November, 1851. He was subsequently Sheriff, (from October, 1868, to November, 1871,) and lived down to so late a date as to be well remembered here at the present time.

SHERIFFS.

David Washabaugh was Sheriff from November court 1829 till November court 1832; Eunion Elliott from November 1832 till November 1835; James Burns from November 1835 till November 1838; George Hoffnan from November 1838 till November 1841; William Gilmore from November 1841 till November 1844; Adam McKinnie from November 1844 till November 1847; and John W. Taylor from November 1847 till November 1850.

Mr. Washabaugh had been the builder of the old stone bridge across the creek on Market street. He owned the King street brewery and distillery, and the old Barnitz brewery half a square south of Market street, and had his residence adjacent to the former. About the year 1838 he bought the Federal Hill property and resided there till his death.

Mr. Elliott had been an old wagoner and made a few trips after he had been Sheriff. His disposition was jovial and his manner friendly. For some years he kept the tavern at the Market street bridge.

James Burns resided at Waynesboro and in 1814 had gone to the Niagara frontier as a Lieutenant in Captain Gordon's company. He lived to be old and "Burns' Hill Cemetery," at the east end of Waynesboro, will carry his name down through many generations.

George Hoffnan resided in Chambersburg and for some time after the expiration of his term as Sheriff he kept a queensware and produce store in a building he owned on the west side of south Main street, not far from the Indian Queen Hotel.

William Gilmore has already been mentioned in the portion of this chapter devoted to Postmasters.

Adam McKinnie was the owner of a farm, on which he resided, within a few miles of Mercersburg, and was connected with some of the prominent families in that section.

John W. Taylor was a farmer in Guilford township before his election, and after his retirement from office he dealt in stock and kept tavern in Chambersburg and Harrisburg.

Thomas J. Earley, William Skinner and others who held the office of Sheriff in the second half of this century, and after the period to which these recollections of mine particularly relate, must be well remembered by many who have not yet grown very old.

COUNTY TREASURERS.

The county Treasurers from 1830 to 1850 were Joseph Pritts, Henry Smith, Jasper E. Brady, George Garlin, George K. Harper and William McLellan. Pritts, Smith and Garlin each held the office at two different dates. The County Commissioners appointed the Treasurers till the year 1841, when, for the first time, they were elected by the people.

Joseph Pritts, who has already been mentioned in connection with the office of Register and Recorder, was Treasurer in 1830-32 and again in 1842-44. Henry Smith was Treasurer in 1832 and again in 1839-42. He resided in Chambersburg and was a publisher of music books and a teacher of vocal music. Jasper E. Brady was Treasurer in 1833-36. He resided in Chambersburg, was a member of the Bar and was elected to Congress in 1846 and defeated for re-election in 1848. George Garlin was Treasurer in 1836-39 and again in 1846-48. He resided in Chambersburg and was a druggist. George K. Harper was Treasurer in 1844-46. He has already been mentioned in connection with the office of Postmaster. William McLellan was Treasurer in 1848-50. He was a native of Greencastle and a member of the Bar, to which he was admitted in 1838, and he long enjoyed an extensive acquaintance and great influence in the county.

All of these Treasurers discharged their official duties with fidelity and with credit to themselves, excepting Mr. Garlin, who became involved in an unfortunate complication in 1848, which threw a cloud over a reputation which up to that time had been unsullied.

LONG LEASES IN OFFICE.

In looking over the list of Court House officers and

Postmasters, one cannot fail to be impressed by the official longevity of the early holders of these positions. Edward Crawford held the offices of Prothonotary, Register and Recorder, and Clerk of the Courts, from the date of the formation of Franklin county, September 10, 1784, till January 27, 1809, a period of 24 years, 4 months and 17 days. John Findlay held the office of Prothonotary January 27, 1809, till February 8, 1821, and along with it the offices of Register and Recorder, and Clerk of the Courts, from January 27, 1809, till April 1, 1818, when the latter two were detached from the Prothonotaryship. Col. Findlay was elected to Congress in 1821 and served three terms in that body and was appointed Postmaster of Chambersburg in March, 1829, and held this office till November, 1838, when he died. His total service in public office covered about 26 years and 8 months.

Others beside these, who were not Court House officials, had long leases in office. John Brown was Postmaster from July 5, 1802, to April 9, 1818—15 years and 9 months—and had previously been County Auditor for two years, making his total service 17 years and 9 months. Jacob Dechert served a term of three years as County Commissioner, and was nine times elected to the Legislature, and was Postmaster from April 7, 1818, till March 30, 1829—nearly 11 years—making his total official service reach close to 23 years.

Long leases in office had a good deal to do with the political changes that took place in 1835 and 1840. Governors appointed Judges, County Officers, Justices of the Peace, &c., and one party had generally, for a long time, had the Governors, and some of these had been given long terms. Mifflin, McKean and Snyder each had three terms, their service covering twenty-seven years. Then Findlay came in with only one term, and after him Hiester with only one. Shultze followed with two terms; and Wolf, who succeeded him, aspired to three, and was strongly supported by the office holders under him all over the State. But a strong sentiment against long terms in office had arisen in the Democratic party and a vigorous effort was made to defeat the nomination of Wolf for a third term. The result was a split, with two candidates of the same

party in the field, George Wolf and Henry A. Muhlenberg.

Joseph Ritner, who had been the Whig and Anti-Masonic candidate for Governor in 1829 and 1832, was again the candidate in 1835, and he was this time elected. The vote stood: Ritner, 94,023; Wolf, 65,804; Muhlenberg, 40,586. Ritner was the candidate again in 1838, when he was once more defeated. Joseph Ritner and Simon Snyder were the only persons who were supported for Governor at four different elections in Pennsylvania. Snyder was once defeated and three times elected. Ritner was once elected and three times defeated.

It was Ritner's election in 1835 that threw John Flanagan out of the Prothonotary's office and put in Joseph Minnich, Paul I. Hetich out of the Register and Recorder's office and put in Joseph Pritts; and Richard Morrow out of the office of Clerk of the Courts and put in Joseph Morrow. And a growing opposition to long terms in office had much to do with it.

Bench and Bar.

JUDGE RIDDLE.

James Riddle was the first resident of Franklin county who held a commission as President Judge of her Courts. He was born in 1755, about three miles west of Gettysburg, in what was then York county, but has been Adams since January 22, 1800. Of his education in its earlier stages I have no information, but I am reliably informed that he went to College at Princeton and was there when the war of the revolution broke out. This great event interrupted his studies at Princeton and brought him home, but after the war he returned to the College and took his degree. He remained there awhile as tutor, in order to assist in educating a younger brother. This purpose accomplished, he left Princeton and entered upon the study of law under Mr. McPherson, then a leading Attorney in York, whose daughter he afterwards married.

After completing his legal studies and being admitted to the Bar, Mr. Riddle came to Chambersburg and was admitted to practice at the December term of court in 1784, the year of the formation of Franklin as a county. His talents having obtained for him a solid footing in his profession here, he journeyed to York and was there married to Miss Elizabeth McPherson in 1789. Death deprived him of her in 1797, and in the year 1800 he married Miss Ariana Stuart, a daughter of Dr. Stuart, of Bladensburg, Maryland.

On the 4th of February, 1794, Governor Mifflin issued a commission to James Riddle to be "President Judge in the circuit consisting of the counties of Cumberland, Franklin, Bedford, Huntingdon and Mifflin." This district comprehended a wide scope of territory not now embraced within the limits of the five counties mentioned. Out of this territory, since the date of Judge Riddle's appointment, Fulton, Somerset, Cambria, Blair, Juniata and Perry in whole, and Centre in part, have been created. Judge Riddle must have presided over courts held in Carlisle, Chambersburg, Bedford, Somerset, Huntingdon and Bellefonte, and may have presided at Ebensburg, though probably he did not. Cambria county was formed on the 26th of March, 1804, and the latest mention I can find of Judge Riddle as presiding over court in Chambersburg bears the date of May 14, 1804. He is understood to have resigned, and if his resignation took place soon after the date last above given, he may not have held a court in Cambria county. There is some obscurity about the record in our court house, as no President Judge is mentioned from May 14, 1804, the last mention of Judge Riddle, till the 14th of December, 1807, when James Hamilton is for the first time mentioned. The record between these dates names the Associate Judges present at every court, but is silent as to the President Judge, a puzzling omission.

At the time when he became President of the Judicial District mentioned, then the Fourth, Judge Riddle owned and lived at "Coldbrook," a farm running out to the north side of the turnpike leading from Chambersburg to Baltimore, the first mile-stone standing in front of it. This is the well-known Abraham Stouffer farm, which Augustus

Duncan has owned since 1876. Westward from the house, at the foot of the elevation on which it stands, two streams of cold, clear water rise and flow into the Falling Spring, which runs through the place. The house is about one-third of a mile distant from the turn-pike, and besides occupying a beautiful site, challenges attention by the great extent of its front. Strangers must generally have taken it for a public institution. It is composed of a centre and two wings, and has a total length of 112 feet. The centre presents a front of 50 feet and each wing a front of 31 feet. A colonnade extends the whole length of the front, but rises only to the second story. This colonnade is paved with brick. The columns, which number fourteen, are of the Doric order. They are round and of locust, and rest on solid blocks of brown sandstone, which must have been brought from the other side of the South Mountain, where such stone exists, none like it being found in Franklin county.

The building is of limestone, with a thick coat of rough-casting. The centre projects sixteen inches beyond the line of the wings, is about four feet higher, and has two Dormer windows in the roof, whilst the wings have none. These differences improve the architectural effect, which without them would be monotonous. The depth of the building is less than one-fourth its length, being only 26 feet. A hall runs through the middle of the central portion, and there is also a hall and stairway in the east wing. The west wing, which contains a kitchen and dining room, has a door in front and a window which extends down to the floor in the dining room. A chimney, of the ample size of those early days, runs up in each end of the central structure and in the outer end of each wing. Over each recess or unclosed alcove at the side of the chimney in the parlor an arch extends to the wall, and in the sitting room on the west side of the hall there is a similar arch over one recess, a door in the other giving access to the dining room. These arches impart a pleasing finish to the upper part of the recesses without diminishing the space of the floor. The stairways are large and easy of ascent, and the hinges of the doors and shutters are of the heavy and lasting kind made by "cunning workmen" in iron a hundred years ago.



"COLD BROOK,"

The Country Residence of Judge Kiddle, East of Chambersburg.—Now owned by Augustus Duncan, Esq.

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Augustus Duncan, Esq., who for the past twenty-four years has owned that portion of the former Riddle estate on which the buildings stand—114½ acres out of 243½—had it from an old carpenter that this house was built in 1801. Information in my possession points to an earlier date, but it is not explicit. About the beginning of November last I applied to the only surviving member of Judge Riddle's family, Horace Riddle, Esq., of Charlestown, West Virginia, who was then in the eighty-ninth year of his age, for information about the Judge, and to the courteous reply received from his daughter I am indebted for what information I possess about the date and place of the Judge's birth, his education, marriage, &c., &c. Referring to the commission issued to him as Judge, (which, as it stands recorded in the Recorder's office in our Court House, bore date the 4th of February, 1794,) the communication received by me says: "At that time he [Judge Riddle] lived at Coldbrook, an old house still standing about a mile from Chambersburg. He had a number of law students who lived with him and for whose accommodation one of the wings of the house was built." This indicates that the house must have been built earlier than the year 1801.

My opinion is that the centre and both wings, as seen in front, were erected at the same time, each being part of a general plan and all together making a harmonious whole. But it is evident that an addition has been made to each of the wings, in the rear, so as not to mar the symmetry of the front. At a venture I would say that Judge Riddle had his library in the east wing, and built the extension in its rear for the accommodation of his students. The original wing contained but one room and a hall and stairway on the first floor, and a chamber on the second. The addition contains two rooms on the first floor and sleeping apartments on the second.

In 1811 Judge Riddle built the fine mansion in Chambersburg which was owned and occupied by Col. Thos. B. Kennedy at the time of the burning of the town in 1864. It was much the finest mansion here; the finest, I thought, in the whole Cumberland Valley. It filled my eye and mind as the ideal home of a large, strong, learned and distinguished man, which Judge Riddle was. I never saw

him till he was at least seventy-seven years of age, but even at that advanced period in life he commanded attention by his fine height and form and dignified carriage.

It is said a man may be known by the company he keeps. May he not also be known by the house he inhabits, especially if he built it for himself? I think he may be; and if so, the two houses built and inhabited by Judge Riddle would, in the absence of other information about him, furnish a key to his character.

Proceedings in court were more ceremonious a hundred years ago than they are now and occupants of the Bench had more respect shown to them than they now receive. Judge Riddle, when holding court, rode in on horseback from Coldbrook and somebody always hastened to hold his stirrup when he mounted and dismounted. He does not appear to have occupied the Bench much over ten years. In a manuscript now before me he is stated to have resigned the Judgeship in 1813, but according to the Court records, which I have examined, his first appearance on the Bench was on the first Monday in January, 1794, and his last on the 14th of May, 1804. These records display a singular omission, the cause of which cannot even be guessed at. They record the names of Associate Judges present at every term of court between May, 1804, and December, 1807, but not the name of a President Judge till December 14, 1807, when James Hamilton, is recorded as presiding. The District was changed in 1806 and reduced from the five counties which had previously composed it to Adams, Franklin and Cumberland, (the latter then still including Perry) with James Hamilton, of Carlisle, as President Judge.

The account of Judge Riddle furnished to me by his grand-daughter, at the instance of her father, Horace Riddle, Esq., says: "He was a great reader, particularly of the classics, and must have had uncommonly good eyes, for my father remembers his reading Greek by the light of one candle in his old age. When Mrs. Trollope traveled through this country she took a letter of introduction to my grandfather, but he not approving either her mission or her manners, did not invite her to his house. This she resented very much and I believe abused him roundly for it."

Ann Royal, a virago who had a small printing office in Washington, D. C., had an experience with Judge Riddle similar to Mrs. Trollope's. She came through Chambersburg and went on west and afterward published a book in which her travels and her experiences were set forth. A copy of this book was presented to me in Washington during my residence there before the war, and was destroyed when our town was burned in 1864. Mrs. Royal named in it a number of our citizens of her day, praising some who had been polite to her, neither praising nor abusing others who had afforded her no occasion for either praise or abuse, and spitting like an angry cat at those who discountenanced her attempt to introduce herself. Judge Riddle very properly gave her the cold shoulder, and in her account of the call she made on him she said he had turned away from her "growling like a bear with a sore head." Probably hers was the only sore head connected with the incident. In my boyhood I frequently heard Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Royal referred to, but never with respect, and I presume neither of them deserved respectful consideration.

When Judge Riddle sold the Coldbrook estate to Jacob Stouffer on the 20th of May, 1813, it contained 243 $\frac{1}{4}$ acres and was made up of several different tracts; one of 123 acres, called "Amsterdam," surveyed on application dated September 5, 1760, to Benjamin Gass, who conveyed it to Robert Jack by deed dated February 1, 1773, who devised it to his sons John and James Jack, who in April, 1792, deeded it to Abraham Stouffer; one called "Gibbsburg," patented to Hugh Gibbs October 5, 1785, and conveyed to James Riddle by Gibbs' Executors on the 8th of January, 1794; and another called "Lurgan," patented to Abraham Stouffer March 4, 1800, and by him conveyed to James Riddle by deed dated March 31, 1803. Judge Riddle's first ownership of any part of his Coldbrook estate appears to have been gained by his purchase of "Gibbsburg" on the 8th of January, 1794, and to this he added "Amsterdam" and "Lurgan" by purchase from Abraham Stouffer on March 31, 1803. The buildings, in all probability, stand on the Gibbs tract.

Judge Riddle sold the Coldbrook estate of 243 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres to Jacob Stouffer for \$24,350, being \$100 per acre, on the

20th of May, 1813; and on the 2d of October in the same year, Mr. Stouffer bought from Peter Eberly six acres, part of a tract called "Evergreen," for \$600, being the same rate of \$100 per acre. This six acre purchase extended out to the turnpike and must be the western half of the most westerly of the two fields that extend from the Spring to the turnpike.

HON. GEORGE CHAMBERS.

Ten years ago I had the pleasure of receiving from Benjamin Chambers a fine steel engraved portrait of his father, the Hon. George Chambers. It faithfully presents the calm, strong face and intellectual head of the eminent gentleman who, for at least fifty years of his long life, was regarded as the foremost citizen of Franklin county. This position was his by the fortunate combination in him of high birth, a classical education, uncommon talents and moral qualities of the highest order. The portrait hangs on my wall along with portraits of James Buchanan, Jeremiah S. Black and other persons of distinction, and I frequently pause before it and permit my memory to run down the long road that reaches back to the time of my first knowledge of Mr. Chambers.

I became a resident of Chambersburg on the first day of April, 1831, soon after I had passed the eighth year of my age. The oldest attorneys then practicing at the Bar were Thomas G. McCulloh, (admitted to practice in 1806,) George Chambers and Thomas Hartley Crawford, both admitted in 1807.) These were the most prominent, and I think Mr. Chambers had the largest and most lucrative practice. His office was in a one-story brick building owned by his sister Susan, adjoining Jacob Snider's hotel, (now the National,) and I distinctly remember the troops of clients who used to crowd the office and the pavement in front of it on court week. He did not often appear in the trial of criminal causes, which usually were of an unimportant character, but led all other members of the Bar in civil suits and orphans' court business. When young he had, perhaps, like other young lawyers, taken criminal cases of but little consequence, but at this time he was in

the zenith of life and had achieved a large measure of success, and was gradually drifting away from the least desirable to the most desirable labors of his profession.

George Chambers was the first person whom I knew to be a member of Congress. He was elected in 1832 and re-elected in 1834. One of these contests was said by participants in it to have been very spirited and very amusing. Mr. Chambers' political opponents put up against him a man who was his antipodes in everything except honesty and good morals. Mr. C. was tall, slender, light-complexioned, highly educated and thoroughly accomplished. His competitor for Congressional honors was short, heavy, dark, poorly educated and wholly unpolished, but of fair sense and generally respected. The contest was called "a race between the sorrel and the black." The supporters of Mr. Chambers thought it an insult to the intelligence of the people to set up such a common sort of man against him, whilst his opponents thought it would be a capital joke to defeat the "sorrel racer" with the "black Conestoga." Both parties worked industriously and the election was close, but Mr. Chambers came out ahead.

Henry Clay was at the height of his fame and was the Whig candidate for President the same year that Mr. Chambers made his first run for Congress, (in 1832.) During his service in the National House of Representatives Mr. Chambers no doubt became intimately acquainted with Mr. Clay and no doubt admired him very much. I remember the conspicuous part he acted in behalf of the great Kentuckian before the Whigs made General Harrison their candidate for President in 1840. To promote his nomination it was determined to hold a Clay Convention in Pennsylvania and Mr. Chambers was so active in this movement and had so much influence that the Convention was held in Chambersburg. It met in the Falling Spring Church and was composed of prominent men from all parts of the State. Mr. Chambers presided over its deliberations, and it is needless to add that he did so with marked ability, dignity and courtesy. I was several times present at its deliberations and witnessed its adjournment, and I have always retained an agreeable recollection of the manner in which its proceedings were conducted. I think it was held in

1839, but I possess no record from which to refresh or correct my memory.

I have always thought that if this Convention had attained its object, (the nomination of Mr. Clay,) Mr. Chambers would have been called into the Cabinet or some other distinguished post, for although defeated for the Presidency both before and after 1840, Mr. Clay would that year have been elected if he had been nominated.

Mr. Chambers was a member of the Convention which met in 1837 to amend the Constitution of the State and I believe he held no other public position till 1851, when, by appointment from Governor Johnston, he became a Justice of the Supreme Court and occupied a seat on the Bench from April to December of that year. The judges had become elective and Mr. Chambers had been nominated, but he was on the unsuccessful ticket. Judge Chambers made a very favorable impression upon his associates on the Bench and upon the attorneys in attendance, and in an especial manner endeared himself to the younger attorneys by the marked courtesy and consideration he extended to them.

Mr. Chambers seldom made political speeches at any time within my recollection. I heard him make only two. One of these was made in the old Court House in 1840, at a meeting called to ratify the nomination of Gen. Harrison. He did not take a seat among the leaders, but sat in the last row of benches on the south side of the room. During the progress of the meeting he was called upon for a speech. Rising and addressing the chair, he was invited to step to the other side of the room, within the bar, but this he declined to do. His favorite had not been nominated and his speech was short. But it suited the occasion. A ratification meeting is, in general, intended only to be a hurrah meeting, and when Mr. Chambers ran rapidly over Gen. Harrison's services and recounted his military exploits at Tippecanoe, Fort Meigs and the Thames, the effect was thrilling and the applause very hearty.

I heard him the second and last time at Loudon in 1844. His favorite, Mr. Clay was the nominee and his heart was in the contest. The issues were the Tariff and the annexation of Texas. Mr. Chambers' speech was long

and covered all the points involved. I listened to it from beginning to end. It was an able defence of the Tariff of 1842 and as strong an argument against the annexation of Texas as could have been made. It was pleasant to listen to a speech from Mr. Chambers even when it went against the political grain of the listener, for it was fair argument and no froth.

Judge Chambers was dignified, reserved and courteous. He had few intimates and perhaps the general public regarded him as aristocratic and but little disposed to concern himself about his fellow-men. A short story told me by Mr. Lewis B. Eyster without any expectation of its being put in print, but which I have since solicited and obtained his permission to add to this sketch, may tend to show his real character in this respect.

The Eyster family of which Lewis B. was a member lived in the stone house adjoining Jeremiah Snider's hotel, Christian, the eldest of the brothers, carrying on harness making in it. Judge Chambers built an addition to his house and moved his office over to it. When Lewis B. Eyster, after learning his trade as a tinner, resolved to go into business for himself, late in the summer of 1849, he rented the little building on Miss Susan Chambers' property, which the Judge had so long occupied as an office, scraped together some tools and some materials and began to fill his shelves with finished ware. His callers were few, but one day Mr. Chambers stepped in, with a friendly greeting, and seeing the shelves were filled with finished ware, asked Lewis where it had come from, as he had not seen any unloaded. Being told by Lewis that he had made all of it himself, he expressed surprise that he had made so much in so short a time. Then he added, "I might have known this; you have no loafers about your shop; your hammer puts me to bed at night and wakens me in the morning." His words were encouraging and he wound up his visit by telling Mr. Eyster that if he found himself in need of money at any time, he should call on him. Mr. Eyster afterward, on various occasions, availed himself of this generous offer, always getting what he wanted and never being asked to give security.

Mr. Eyster's business increasing and his shop being

small, Mr. Chambers, still keeping a friendly eye on him, inquired whether an enlargement would not be desirable. Receiving an affirmative answer he suggested that a large woodshed in the rear of the shop, and adjoining it, might readily be converted into a workshop. This was something Mr. Eyster had wished for but hesitated to propose to Miss Chambers, and thereupon Mr. Chambers went immediately to see her and soon returned with the information that the matter had been arranged.

Some years later Mr. Chambers suggested a change of location and a further enlargement of manufacturing facilities, offering to rent Mr. Eyster the building adjoining the Court House on the north and to erect a workshop back of it. The offer was accepted and the shop built, and Mr. Eyster moved in, greatly pleased with his improved location. But Mr. Eyster had not been there long before a session of Court came on, with Judge Kimmell on the Bench, and it was soon found that the noise of the tin shop was too loud for the Court. The Judge sent the Crier down with his compliments and instructions to say that the Court could not do business unless the noise in the shop could be stopped. When this was made known to Mr. Chambers he said he ought to have thought of that, but had not.

Mr. Eyster relates an equally pleasant story about Miss Susan Chambers. When his first quarter's rent became due he carried the amount to her. She smilingly told him to keep it, as she did not need it. But he responded that another quarter would fall due after awhile and he did not wish the rent to accumulate on him. She still urged him to retain it and at length he complied with her wishes. Weeks afterwards she came into the small room in which his wares were stored, looked them over carefully and picked out a lot which she directed him to have delivered to a poor widow in town. And in this way, while he remained her tenant, she made it easy for him to pay his rent, taking very little money from him and furnishing tin-ware to poor people who needed it.

JUDGE THOMSON.

Franklin county never had a citizen more respected or

better entitled to respect than the Hon. Alexander Thomson. He had all the virtues that adorn human nature, without the slightest taint of any of the vices which are so common as to be considered almost inseparable from it. His character was a lovely one. No unworthy thought ever occupied his mind, no evil emotion ever stirred his heart. With a strong and well-stored mind, he had the artlessness of a child. He was an open book, and a good one to study and be improved by. He never practiced art and it was so foreign to his nature that he could not have practiced it if anything in the world could have tempted him to try. Dignity sat upon him without his seeming to be aware of its presence. His suavity was unfailing, and the more charming because so evidently unconstrained. No one, of any age or color, was afraid to approach him, for his face, though not habitually wreathed in smiles, was so mild and kindly as to encourage the most timid who desired to accost him. He was admirable in all the relations of life. He performed the high official duties that devolved upon him ably and conscientiously, and the business before him was done so decently and in such order that attendance upon his court was a lesson in deportment. The Bar seemed to be imbued with his spirit, and I never knew a member of it to sit in a sprawling manner, tilt his chair, or put his feet up on the table, all of which I have witnessed elsewhere in the course of my life. Judge Thomson's face never wore the slightest expression of severity, nor did sharp words ever fall from his lips. He commanded respect without extorting it by gesture, or by warning expression of countenance. The deference paid to him was the deference of love, not of fear. The same mild and unobtrusive dignity that marked his demeanor on the Bench accompanied him everywhere, and from end to end of his long judicial district he was respected by all. He captivated neither by gush nor by glowing speech, but by plainness of manner and openness of heart.

Judge Thomson came upon the Bench of the Franklin, Bedford and Somerset judicial district in 1827 and left it in 1841. Though a native of Franklin county he had resided in Bedford for some years previous to his elevation to the Bench. He had studied law there and had represented that

county in the State Legislature, and been elected to Congress from the district of which Bedford composed a part in 1824. Franklin was not a part of that district. At the close of his term in Congress he was appointed Judge to fill the vacancy occasioned by the appointment of Judge Tod, of Bedford, to the Bench of the Supreme Court. At this time the term of office of a President Judge was "during good behaviour," but this was changed by the Constitution adopted in 1838, under the operation of which Judge Thomson's services on the Bench came to a close in 1841, when he was succeeded by Hon. Jeremiah S. Black. After his appointment to the judgeship he removed from Bedford to Chambersburg, and at the termination of his service as Judge he returned to the Bar and practiced in the three counties which had composed his district. Young members of the Bar who had important cases in charge eagerly sought his assistance and his practice would at once have become active if results had not been disappointing. Of course he had not forgotten the law, but he had so long been in the habit of looking at both sides of cases, and was so conscientious and so anxious to be right, as to be no longer well fitted for the rough and tumble of the Bar. Still he received a fair practice in Franklin county.

Judge Thomson was a grandson of a Scotch farmer named Alexander Thomson who came to this country in 1771 and settled at or near where the village of Scotland now stands. This old Scotchman, who brought with him a wife and twelve children, was an intelligent, sound-judging man. One of his sons was named Archibald, and this son was the father of Alexander, the subject of this sketch, who was born on the 12th of January, 1788. At the age of fifteen young Alexander was apprenticed to his uncle, Andrew Thomson, to learn the trade of sickle making, then an active and important industry in this valley, which, with the country west of it, was then being rapidly settled and cleared up and brought under cultivation. All the small grains—wheat, rye, oats and buckwheat—were harvested with the sickle. The grain cradle did not come into use till about the year 1825, and even after that it came only slowly into use. So sickles continued to be made long after Alexander Thomson quit hammering them into shape.

Water will find its level, and so will brains. But whilst water out of place has to go downward to find its level, some brains must go upward to attain the same object. The brains of Alexander Thomson had this upward tendency. They lifted him above the forge of the sickle-maker, and continued to lift him from one height to another, till finally he sat on the judicial bench, the most honorable position a man can occupy, and there he made an honorable record. He had previously made an honorable record in Congress and had so endeared himself to the people of Washington that they had his portrait painted and hung in the City Hall.

Judge Thomson did not live to a very advanced age. He died suddenly when about 61. He was married twice, his first wife being Miss Abbie Blythe, of Bedford, and his second Miss Jane Graham, of Stoystown, Somerset county. The latter is well remembered by the older portion of the people of Chambersburg. She was an admirable woman, well fitted by nature and by education to sustain the position she occupied, that of wife and mother in one of the foremost families of the town and a leader and exemplar in society.

ASSOCIATE JUDGES.

MATTHEW PATTON and WILLIAM MCKESSON were the first Associate Judges whom I saw on the Bench. The former's term began on the 9th of October, 1830, and the latter's on the 7th of November, 1832.

Mr. Patton lived a short distance east of Loudon. He was very tall and very slender, and well advanced in years. He sat up as straight as an arrow and rarely changed position while the court was in session. He was widely known and highly respected.

Mr. McKesson had a farm and a mill up the creek, five or six miles east of Chambersburg, in Green township. He was of medium height and weight and fairly well built, had a pleasant face and a lively eye, and appeared to be keeping the run of all that was going on in court.

ROBERT SMITH came on the Bench on the 12th of December, 1836. He was from the vicinity of Mercersburg

and was a man of superior intelligence. In person he was tall and slender, and in manner he was both dignified and affable. He was long regarded as one of the foremost men at a distance from the county seat. In his earlier years he was a member of the Legislature, and unless there was another of the same name he must have been elected to the House seven times and once to the Senate, for thus often does the name of Robert Smith appear in the list.

JAMES J. KENNEDY came on the Bench on the 5th of March, 1842. He was a native of Warren county, New Jersey, and located near Chambersburg, in 1839, purchasing the Dunlop farm just below town, which since his death has been the property of his son Col. Thomas B. Kennedy, President of the Cumberland Valley Railroad Company.

Judge Kennedy was in some respects a remarkable man. He was of medium height, broad shouldered, with a strong and rugged frame. His manners were cordial and he made acquaintances and friends with great facility. He had a nod and a pleasant smile for all he met, whether he knew them or not, and the slightest acquaintance with him was sufficient to insure at least a few words of friendly greeting, no matter what haste he was in. His disposition was social and when in town (as he often was) he was sure to call at places where he knew he would be welcome, and the time occupied in such calls was filled in with lively and interesting conversation. He was an ardent politician and one of the earliest places he spied out after he came here was the *Franklin Telegraph* office, then the local centre of gravity of the party of which Judge Kennedy was an adherent. He called there often and the apprentices always pricked their ears in his direction when he came in, for they were sure to hear something that interested and pleased them, albeit his conversation was with the editor.

The remarkable facility with which Mr. Kennedy gained friends is attested by his appointment as an Associate Judge in about three years after he came here an entire stranger to all our people. His appointment was not due to the favor of the appointing power, but to the fact that he was strongly recommended by so large a number of leading members of his party that no other appointment could safely have been made.

Judge Kennedy was a farmer, and in one particular, at least, he was ahead of all others here. He cut his wheat earlier than had been the custom in this section and when our farmers saw it standing in the shock, they said they would rather have it standing where it grew. But before many years had passed away they learned that Judge Kennedy was right, that the wheat weighed heavier and made more and better flour when cut early than when cut later.

Although not apparently built for quick action, Judge Kennedy had so much physical and mental energy that he got around rapidly. Almost invariably his way of coming to town was on foot, and he came and went at a swinging gait which evinced a determination to be on time. The cane which always accompanied him never came down twice near the same spot, unless he met somebody with whom he desired to converse. He was a man after his own pattern, and taken as a whole, the pattern was more than ordinarily good.

SAMUEL DUNN came on the Bench on the 5th of March, 1843. He was one of the best known men in the county and for a long period operated the Carrick Furnace in the lower part of Path Valley. He possessed a military spirit and was Captain of a volunteer company of about forty men when the war came on between England and the United States in 1812. His company volunteered and was accepted and marched to Erie, where it was filled up with men drafted in this county. It was in the battles of Chipewa and Lundy's Lane, in the first of which the Adjutant of the Regiment, Thomas Poe, of Antrim township, fell mortally wounded, on the 6th of July, 1814.

Mr. Dunn kept up his connection with the military under our old military system and served many years as Brigadier-General, attending all the parades and encampments, which were then of frequent occurrence. He was tall but not heavy. The business he was engaged in having become unprofitable in this section, General Dunn removed to Elizabethton, Carter county, Tennessee, about the close of the first half of this century, and engaged in the iron business there. Some time after his removal he came here as a witness at our April court, when our farmers were just

talking about planting corn, and interested them with the information that the corn was knee high in Tennessee when he left there. The writer never saw him afterward and does not think he was here again. He was a member of the Legislature in 1821.

HENRY RUBY came on the Bench on the 5th of March, 1847. He had come to Chambersburg in boyhood, had learned the art of printing, and could speak and write as well as print both English and German. In 1831 he established the Franklin Telegraph, which he continued to publish and edit till 1839, when, on becoming Register and Recorder, he disposed of it. He was a man of intelligence and probity, prominent in politics and in the church, and for some years after the expiration of his term in the office above mentioned, was connected with the German Reformed Messenger. He was afterwards engaged in the mercantile business in Orrstown and the grain and forwarding business in Shippensburg, but returned to Chambersburg about the year 1875 and remained here till he died a few years ago at a very advanced age. All his traits were good and he enjoyed the respect of all who knew him.

JOHN ORR came on the Bench on the 9th of March, 1848, and served till 1851, when all judges became elective by the people. He was not chosen this year, but he ran a tie vote with James O. Carson in 1856, and running the race over with the same opponent in 1857, was elected and served the term of five years. He was one of the three well known brothers—John, William and James B. Orr—who founded Orrstown and were at the head of business and enterprise there for a long period of years. He had a sound, well-informed mind, and was a good and true man in every particular.

LEADING ATTORNEYS.

The leading Attorneys in practice at the Franklin County Bar between 1830 and 1850, were Thomas G. McCulloh, George Chambers, Thomas Hartley Crawford, James Dunlop, Frederick Smith, John F. Denny, Joseph Chambers, Reade Washington, Jasper E. Brady, James X. McLanahan, James Nill, Robert M. Bard, Wilson Reilly, William McLellan, David F. Robison and George W.

Brewer. Before speaking further of these I will mention one who had been at the Bar at an earlier date than any of them.

SAMUEL RIDDLE was admitted to the Bar in 1790. He was a brother of Judge James Riddle, and it may have been to aid him in obtaining an education that James for a time became a tutor at Princeton. He studied law with James and married a Miss Stuart, (perhaps a sister of the Judge's second wife,) and located in Bedford, where he practiced law until 1823, when he returned to Chambersburg. If I am not mistaken, he had his brother's fancy for fine mansions, for I have his name connected with one of the finest in Bedford. It was he who built a mill high up on the western slope of the mountain back of Parnell's Knob, and planted an orchard and built a house on the plateau which tops the mountain. In my younger days the broad swell of the mountain top always was called Riddle's knob, a depression in the mountain separating it from Parnell's. I am unable to state whether these improvements on the mountain were made before Mr. Riddle took up his residence in Bedford, or when he resided there, or after he came back to Chambersburg. I retain no recollection of him as a practitioner at this Bar or as a resident of this town. His mountain enterprises have given a romantic or an eccentric tinge to his character.

THOMAS G. McCULLOH had been admitted to the Bar in 1806 and had passed the more active portion of his career as a lawyer at the time when my recollections properly begin, so that he did not often argue cases in court. His business was mainly in the Orphans' Court and as counsel in important cases, and I remember hearing it said by old and intelligent men, that his opinions on legal questions were considered as sound as those of any lawyer in the State, not even excepting the then most eminent lawyer in Philadelphia, Horace Binney. Mr. McCulloh was a compactly built gentleman of good medium height and retained activity of body and sprightliness of mind well on to the close of his life. He was not an orator in the general understanding of the term, but possessed in perfection the faculty of making points clear in few words. He was the first President of the Cumberland Valley Railroad and also for years President

of the Bank of Chambersburg. Greencastle was his native place.

GEORGE CHAMBERS was admitted to the Bar in 1807. He has already been sketched in these "Recollections" and given the prominence he is entitled to.

THOMAS HARTLEY CRAWFORD, who was admitted to the Bar in 1807, had a more active practice in the criminal court from 1830 till he left the Bar about the close of 1836, than any other lawyer here, and he also had a good practice in other lines of his profession. He was of medium height and light build, with a sharp nose and a head inclined to divest itself of hair. His arguments were earnest and incisive, and were accompanied by action calculated to render them as effective as possible. Mr. Crawford left the Bar here to become Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington, near the close of Jackson's Administration, and toward the close of Van Buren's he was appointed Judge of the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia. I know he continued to hold this high position till 1862, fifty-five years after the date of his admission to the Bar, and I think he held it some years longer. His reputation as Judge of the Criminal Court was high. He presided over the trial of Daniel E. Sickles, member of Congress from New York, for shooting and killing Philip Barton Key, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, a case that attracted the attention of the whole country. Mr. Crawford was a native of Chambersburg.

JAMES DUNLOP was a native of this place and was admitted to the Bar in 1817. He was rather above medium height and somewhat spare, learned, witty, sprightly, red-headed and humorous, and would rather have lost a fee than have missed a chance to relate an amusing anecdote. He was the senior member of the firm of Dunlop & Madeira, proprietors of the "Lemnos Factory," in which axes and other edge-tools were manufactured, and this may have interfered, to some extent, with his practice at the Bar. He was learned and argued his cases well, but his practice was not as large and as lucrative as that of some others. He was a member of the Convention to amend the Constitution in 1837-8, and had previously been a member of both the Senate and House of Representatives of Pennsylvania. I

believe his mother was a daughter of Gen. James Chambers. Mr. Dunlop removed to Pittsburgh, where he wrote and published a Digest of Laws which was said to have some advantages over Purdon's.

FREDERICK SMITH was a native of Bedford county and was admitted to the Bar of Franklin county in 1818. He was "Prosecuting Attorney" in 1824, and, according to my recollection, also along about 1833-4, when he and T. H. Crawford "locked horns" in the criminal court every day. (The court records covering that date were destroyed.) Mr. Smith was barely of medium height and well filled out. He was deliberate in action and in speech, but not without some evidence of warinth when the case in hand demanded it. He argued his causes well. In addressing a jury he generally had partially in front of him one of the light old-fashioned chairs in use within the bar, and when about to get off a sentence which he meant to make emphatic and productive of effect, he would set his right foot up on the chair and give his right knee a thump with his fist, and curl his under lip, (which was thick and protruding,) up over his upper lip, and take a deliberate survey of the jury, giving what he had said time to "soak in" before taking a fresh start. Then he would remove his foot from the chair and go on with his argument till the time came for going through the foot and fist exercise again. These "emphatic pauses" were impressive. Mr. Smith had the confidence of the public and enjoyed a lucrative practice. He was seven times elected a member of the State Legislature and might easily have secured higher political honors if he had sought them.

JOHN F. DENNY was a son of the Rev. David Denny, who for so many years officiated as Pastor of the Falling Spring Presbyterian Church. He was admitted to the Bar in 1821. He was of medium height and scarcely fair medium weight. He was graceful in action and polished in manners, with a strong and finely cultivated mind. In general accomplishments he had few equals and no superior in this section. His knowledge of law was wide and deep, covering common, statute, constitutional and international law. His tastes ran strongly to law and literature, and his mind was richly stored from both these sources. He was

well versed in political questions and had decided political views, but showed little inclination to play the role of politician. He was a superior speaker and a superior writer, but for effective campaign purposes he had inferiors who could surpass him. His arguments in court were clear and strong and well delivered, but might perhaps have been made to appear stronger if there had been greater physical force behind them. In his younger days Mr. Denny wrote an essay on the Constitution of the United States which is said to have received the commendation of Justice Storey, the noted commentator on the Constitution. He enjoyed a fair practice in his profession without taking steps to extend his acquaintance or draw men to him.

JOSEPH CHAMBERS was admitted to the Bar in 1821. He was of medium height, light, active, vivacious, pugnacious, red-headed and very rapid in speech. Some people "made light of him," perhaps from comparing him with his older, quieter and more dignified brother; but there was a great deal of "snap" in him, and he fought his cases in court with vigor and pertinacity. No lawyer could have been more devoted to his client. He stuck to him closer than a brother and never said die till his case was dead beyond resurrection. I remember an important and long-drawn-out case in which he was engaged. Night came on and candles had been lighted before the last witness left the stand. Mr. Chambers was to open the argument. He requested that the court be adjourned till morning, saying that he felt exhausted and unable to go on. But the Judge insisted upon finishing the case and he had to submit. In an undertone, yet loud enough to be heard where I chanced to be, he told the Crier to go over to Culbertson's hotel and bring him a glass of brandy. Then he began his argument, and when the brandy was brought in and handed to him, he took a sip, not more than a teaspoonful, and set the glass down on the table, raising it up from time to time during the continuance of his argument. This was the only occasion on which I saw liquor used in court. Mr. Chambers was not a robust man and I never doubted that he really needed the tonic he thus publicly used in a very unusual place. His political friends in this county brought him forward for President Judge in 1851 and adhered to him through several meetings of the Conference, but finally

abandoned the struggle, Bedford and Fulton adhering to Mr. Lyon and Somerset to Mr. Kimmell, the Democrats finally joining in for the latter and electing him.

READE WASHINGTON was a Virginian remotely connected with the "Father of his Country." He was admitted to the Bar of Franklin county in 1824 and practiced here about twenty years, when he removed to Pittsburgh. He was tall and somewhat slender, with smooth features and a voice rather feminine than masculine. His carriage was dignified and his manners courtly. These characteristics were observable in court and out of it. He argued his cases well, presenting their strong points in well-chosen words and never halting for want of language to express his thoughts. He did not indulge in rhetorical flourishes, nor in violent or even lively gestures, but sailed along smoothly in his argument, leaving his clear presentation of his case to do its work. The peculiar pronunciation of the southerner was perceptible in his speech, but not at all in a marked degree. He enjoyed the general respect, but seemed to stand apart from the great body of the people and did not enjoy as large a practice as some whose legal acquirements were inferior to his.

JASPER E. BRADY was admitted to the Bar in 1827. He was tall, spare, redheaded, resolute, and self-reliant. He had in him the spirit of the Indian-fighting Bradys of early days and was fond of military exercises and displays, and took pleasure and pride in parading the company of "Grays" of which he was Captain, on occasions deemed appropriate. In public the usual expression of his face was grave and he might not have been supposed to derive much enjoyment from humor, but he was said to be genial and jocular in his own private circles. He took an active part in politics and was three times nominated for the Legislature, being twice elected and once beaten by half a dozen votes. In 1846 he was nominated for Congress and elected, though the district usually gave a decided majority against the party to which he adhered. Circumstances favored him that year but did not continue their favors, for when he ran again (in 1848) he was defeated. At the close of his term in Congress he was recommended for appointment as an Auditor in the Treasury Department, a position he was well

qualified to fill, but he was not appointed. He had a fair practice at the Bar and argued his cases earnestly, and was considered an apt accountant. He removed to Pittsburg a few years after the expiration of his term in Congress, and upon the accession to the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln, with whom he had sat in Congress and been intimate, he was appointed to a position in the Pay Department. He died in Washington and was buried there.

JAMES X. McLANAHAN was admitted to the Bar in 1830. He was from Antrim township, which has been the nesting place of the McLanahans from an early period in the history of this Valley. He was tall and finely formed, with a handsome face and head. He was, in fact, a strikingly handsome man and had agreeable manners, advantages which tended to make him popular. He had also a fine voice for public speaking and people liked to hear him, but his speeches were not as effective as those of some men to whom nature might seem to have been less lavish in her gifts. He was thought to be inert and not inclined to study speeches before delivering them. He was elected to Congress in 1848 and in 1850, and made a short speech while excitement on the "compromise measures" was rising high, which sounded very well in its expression of Union sentiment, but did not touch any of the important questions involved. He had previously served a term in the State Senate, in 1842-3-4. Mr. McLanahan had a fair practice and attended well to the business of his clients. He removed to New York soon after the expiration of his second term in Congress and died suddenly before attaining old age.

JAMES NILL was admitted to the Bar in 1830. He had no advantages of person, being somewhat awkward, but had a sound mind and a retentive memory. He was a great reader, and not only read enough law to be well grounded in it, but had a good acquaintance with history, sacred and profane, and kept himself well informed about current events in the world. His stock of general information was large. He was fond of arguing, and if not too busy with professional work would at any time engage in a discussion on politics or religion. He was a good business lawyer, managing his own affairs well and giving diligent attention to the interests of his clients. He had none of the graces

of an orator, but his arguments in court and his political speeches were earnest and forcible. He enjoyed a large measure of public confidence and had a practice which enabled him to lay up a fair fortune. There was a marked streak of humor in him and he was fond of hearing and of relating humorous stories and witty observations. He got off a bit of neat humor at a County Convention of which he was a member. The party to which he belonged had for years been uniformly beaten in the county and candidates on that side were not crowding one another for nominations. About every two years, for quite awhile, a candidate had to be hunted up and it generally fell to John Armstrong's lot to be stuck in without being consulted. At the Convention particularly alluded to now, a candidate was wanting. Armstrong had been on the ticket the year before, but notwithstanding this a delegate arose and moved that John Armstrong be nominated for the vacant place, Nill convulsed the Convention by remarking, "this is not Armstrong's year to run." The witty observation saved Armstrong from another immolation. Mr. Nill was a member of the Legislature in 1840, 1858 and 1859. Governor Shunk appointed him Judge of the Courts of Chester county and he held a term there, but the Bar resented the placing of an outsider over their Court and managed to prevent his confirmation. In 1861 he was elected President Judge of the Franklin, Fulton, Bedford and Somerset district. He came upon the Bench at a time of great excitement, and both personal and political feeling entered into several cases that came before him, putting him to a test of uncommon severity. He died May 27, 1864. He was born in the Walnut Hills section of this county and his father and mother lie buried in the ancient graveyard at Brown's Mill.

ROBERT M. BARD was admitted to the Bar in 1834. He came of a noted family in the notable community which had Mercersburg for its centre, and if his life had not, unfortunately, come to a close at years which are generally regarded as marking its prime, his name might now be enrolled high up in the list of Franklin county's many distinguished sons. As it is, all whose knowledge runs back far enough have him fixed in their mind as one of the

strongest members of our Bar at a period when it was distinguished for ability. In my youth I dropped in at a meeting of Whigs and Anti-Masons in the old Court House one evening. There was a contest between these two elements of opposition to the Jackson and Van Buren party and some bitterness was displayed. My recollection is that Thomas Chambers, John F. Denny and George Chambers, Jr., took part on the Whig side. Mr. Bard was on the Anti-Masonic side and attracted my attention by the tremendous energy with which he denounced the "cabal-toed" fraternity. He carried this energy of action and expression into his efforts at the Bar when the occasion seemed to him to justify it, once directing at a suitor who had shown too great fondness for litigation a philippic of such fierceness that the terrified litigant rushed forward and called upon the Court to protect him. It is an old thought with me that if Robert M. Bard had taken to the stage, he would have made the greatest tragic actor that ever trod the boards. His features were marked and mobile. His smile was engaging, his frown threatening, his voice rolling thunder when he raised it in denunciation. But it must not be inferred that it was his habit to frown and denounce. As a rule he argued his cases as other able lawyers argued theirs, calmly, dispassionately and strongly; but when he called invective to his assistance, it took a man of iron nerve to stand up under the pitiless pelting of the wrathful storm. Mr. Bard was nominated for Congress in 1850, but defeated, his being the minority party in the district. If the district had been favorable and he had been elected and had lived and been re-elected from term to term, he would have made a deep mark as a public man, for he had abundant ability to have distinguished himself. His practice was good and he had the respect and confidence of all. He died in 1851, shortly after he had completed the forty-first year of his age.

WILSON REILLY was admitted to the Bar in 1837. He came from Washington township and was by occupation a hatter, and worked at that trade under William Mills, in Chambersburg, while studying law. As a member of a debating society he had made some reputation as a speaker before he came to the Bar. This reputation he not

only sustained but increased in his earlier years as a lawyer and also as a speaker at political meetings. His speeches in the hotly-contested election of 1844 were more numerous and more effective than those made by any other man of either party in the county. In his profession he rose, perhaps a little slowly at first, but steadily, so that inside of ten years he had as active (though not as lucrative) a practice as any member of the Bar. For some years he was generally found on one side or the other of most of the cases that came into court. He was particularly strong in criminal law, but also held his own with a stout grasp in civil suits. He served as Prosecuting Attorney from 1842 to 1845, and would have been the choice of his party in this county for Judge in 1851 if it had been found that there was a fair chance to elect him. He was nominated for Congress in 1856 and elected, and renominated in 1858 and defeated. The district was composed of Adams, Franklin, Fulton, Bedford and Juniata counties, and Mr. Reilly was the only member of his party who carried it while it retained this shape. His election to Congress, which gave his friends so much gratification at the time, was probably the supreme misfortune of his life, for at the expiration of his term it was found that he was tending downward. This downward movement went on, accumulating momentum as it progressed, till a once promising career became a melancholy wreck.

WILLIAM MCLELLAN was admitted to the Bar in 1838. He was from Greencastle and was a son of one of the most distinguished physicians of his day in Pennsylvania. His brother John was a regular army officer of distinction over half a century ago; and his brother Robert, who was admitted to this Bar in 1831 and located in Michigan several years thereafter, became one of the leading lawyers and most distinguished public men in the northwest, being successively a member of the Constitutional Convention of his adopted State, Governor, Member of Congress and Secretary of the Interior under President Pierce. If it had not been for the political revolution wrought in the northwest by Douglas' Kansas-Nebraska bill, which abrogated the "Missouri Compromise," he would have been United States Senator from Michigan. His speeches in Congress were

conspicuously able and gave him the high standing that led to his selection as a member of the Cabinet.

William McLellan came to the Bar equipped with a good education, a pleasant face, a genial disposition and agreeable manners. He made acquaintances and friends with facility and without effort, and soon became one of the best known and most influential men in the county. Though never a noisy or offensive partizan, he took considerable interest in politics and was much consulted by active members of his party from all parts of the county. He was elected County Treasurer in 1848 and left the office with a clean record. He had social qualities of an attractive order and a large fund of information, and was an interesting conversationalist, and as he made occasional visits to various places of note in the State, he became so widely known to persons of prominence that a resident of Chambersburg, if of any prominence himself, could hardly go anywhere without being asked about Mr. McLellan. He enjoyed a good practice in his profession and performed many acts of kindness which will long be remembered here.

DAVID F. ROBISON was admitted to the Bar in 1843. He was from Antrim township and taught school in Chambersburg while studying law. He was social and liberal, and became prominent and popular enough to be elected to Congress in 1854. He was a fairly good speaker and a fairly good lawyer and had a reasonable share of practice, but had more success in politics than at the Bar. His nature was kindly and he cherished no personal resentments on account of political differences. He died comparatively young, one of the victims of what was known as the "National Hotel disease" in Washington about the time of Mr. Buchanan's inauguration in 1857.

GEORGE W. BREWER was admitted to the Bar in 1844. He was from Montgomery township and had finished his education at Marshall College in Mercersburg. He was of good height, well filled out and erect, and many considered him uncommonly good looking. He was active in the hot political campaign of 1844, and then and thereafter was in much request as a "stumper." This aided him in his profession and he gradually acquired a good practice. His style of speaking and writing was very florid. It took

with the masses and made him popular with many. He was District Attorney in 1847-9, and State Senator in 1857-8-9. In the later years of his life Mr. Brewer grew heavy and declined in health, and did not live to the green old age that might have been anticipated from the vigor of his youth.

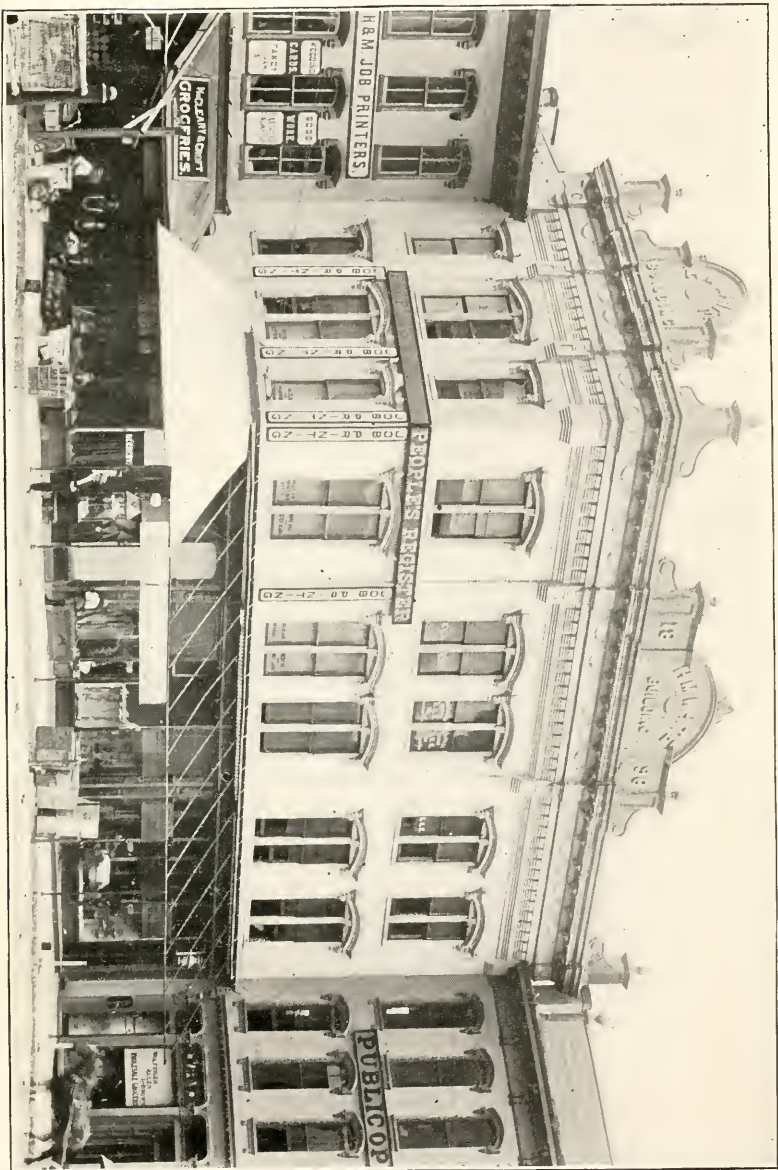
THOMAS B. KENNEDY was admitted to the Bar in 1848, close up to the date (1850) beyond which it was not designed to extend these recollections. As his career lies almost entirely on *this side* of our dividing line, and he is, happily, still present here, no sketch of him will be undertaken. This much must be said, however: that no success greater than his ever has been achieved by any resident of the county. His rise at the Bar was steady and reached to the upper rounds; and when he took upon himself weighty responsibilities in a sphere far removed from his profession, he rose to their full height and demonstrated his capacity to direct and control affairs of great magnitude.

What May Be Done in Chambersburg.

Chambersburg has not, at any period within the knowledge of the writer, been a place in which it was supposed large fortunes might be made. Sometimes, perhaps, the opinion has prevailed that the chances were poor. It is true that fortunes are not readily picked up here, but it is evident from the immense sum of money invested in buildings in the past thirty-five years, and the value of the merchandize held by dealers, that this is as good a location for sagacious and prudent business men as can well be found. A survey of the field will develop the fact that it is not only possible to acquire what is called in this section a fair fortune, but to go a long way beyond that mark. To make this statement good it is necessary only to refer briefly to what has been accomplished by one of our well-known citizens, whose only heritage was a clear head, a stout heart and a steady hand.

HIRAM MISH WHITE was born in the old stone house so long known as Jarrett's, now No. 257 South Main street, Chambersburg, on the 14th of April, 1830. His father, Robert White, a coachmaker, was born in Fannett township, Franklin county, on the 15th of May, 1799, and died on the 16th of June, 1847. His mother, Elizabeth Jarrett White, was born in Chambersburg on the 30th of July, 1799, in the stone house that stood where the residence of Edward Henderson is now located, No. 232 East Market street, and died on the 31st of October, 1872.

H. M. White's paternal grandfather, Robert White, and Ariana, his wife, were born in the north of Ireland and came to America soon after their marriage, settling near Concord, in this county. Both of them were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. They removed to Muskingum county, Ohio, about the year 1832, where Mr. White died in 1847 and Mrs. White in 1855. His maternal grandfather, Jacob Jarrett, was born in what is now Montgomery county, Pa.,



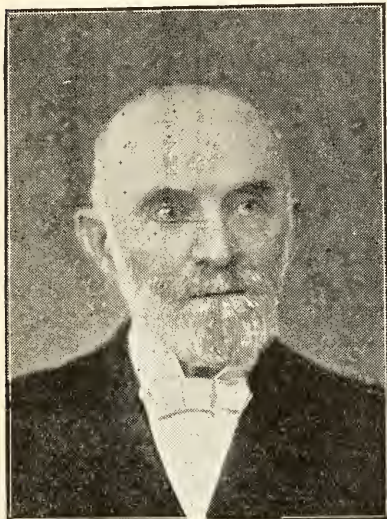
Building in the Southeast angle of the Diamond, erected and owned by H. M. White.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

in 1771, and died in Chambersburg in 1840. He was of English descent. Mary Reiswich, his wife, was born in Franklin county in 1774, and died in Chambersburg in 1858. She was of German descent. They were married at Chambersburg, April 12th, 1797, by Rev John Philip Stock, who, in the marriage certificate, wrote after his name, "German Presbyt. Minis." (German Presbyterian Minister.) Mr. Jarrett opened a flour, feed

and provision store in the stone house first above mentioned on South Main street, ninety-eight years ago, moving from his former location in the stone house on East Market street.



When Hiram M. White's father died, leaving his family in circumstances which required diligent efforts to sustain them, Hiram, then at the age of seventeen years, became an apprentice in the woodwork department of the carriage manufactory of Frey & Welsh. His careful habits and ambi-

tion to excel made him a superior workman, and this became so well known that when work of unusual fineness was desired he was called upon to do it. He worked at this business till he reached the age of 27 years, when he entered upon the study of law under Nill & Kennedy, and was admitted to the Bar on the 15th of August, 1859. But he had, the previous year, formed a partnership with his brother Andrew and engaged in the merchant tailoring and clothing business in the corner room in the "Arcade," previously occupied as an office by the stage company. The spire of the Central Presbyterian Church rises up from the site of this room. The title of the firm was A. J. & H. M. White.

The business prospering and opportunity offering, Hiram purchased the Judge Thomson property and converted the parlor of the large stone mansion into a store room, and moved the tailoring and clothing establishment into it in the spring of 1860. Soon thereafter, on the 9th of May, 1860, he was married to Miss Charlotte Greenawalt, a member of one of Chambersburg's well known families, by the Rev. Samuel Phillips, pastor of the Reformed church, and fixed his residence in this building. Here a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. White, but they had the misfortune to lose her in the springtime of her life. Two of the illustrations that embellish this volume exhibit her resting place on earth.

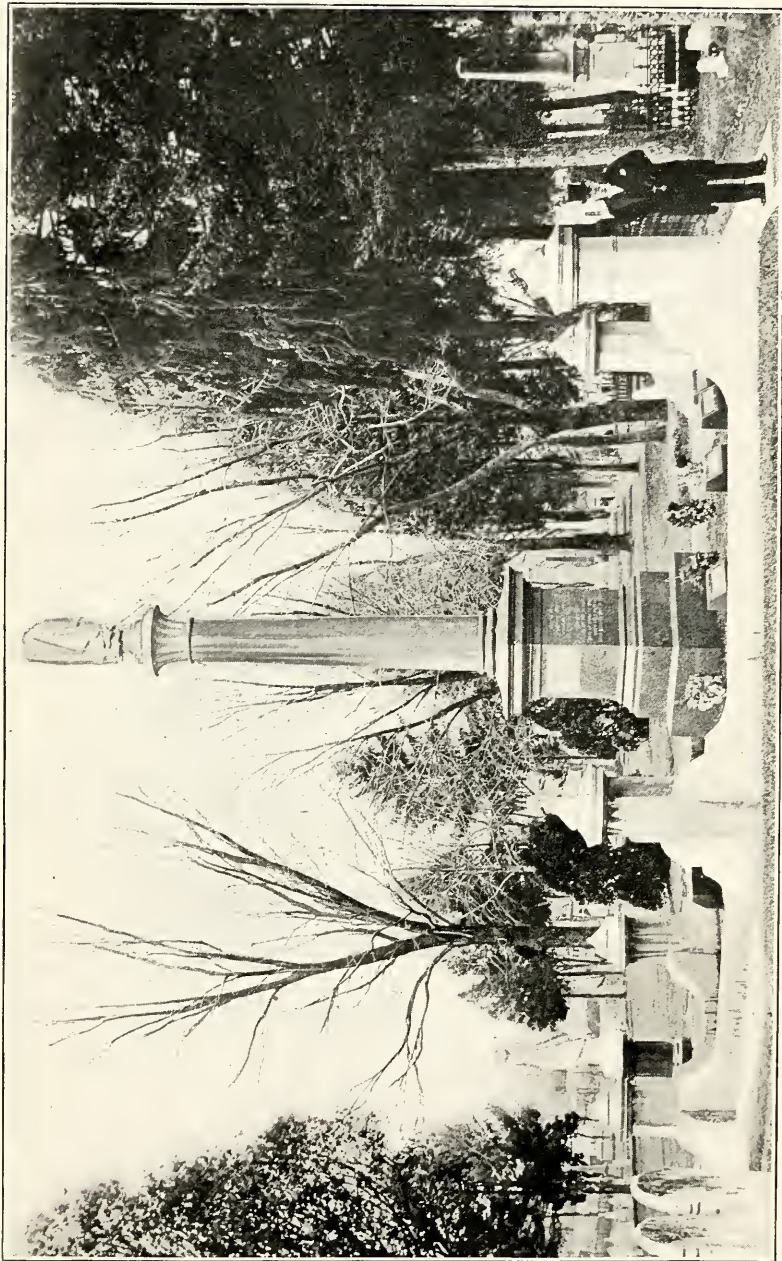
The store continued in the former parlor of the Thomson mansion till February, 1863, when it was removed to a new building erected by Mr. White on the site of the one-story frame structure that adjoined the stone house on the north. This frame building was not torn down, but moved out to the northeast corner of Third and Washington streets, where it still stands and is occupied. In it, Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, Governor, United States Senator and Vice President; Experience Estabrook, (then of New York,) Attorney General of Nebraska; and John Scott, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, studied law under Judge Thomson. The new building was very similar to the one now standing there and occupied as a dwelling and shoe store. It was the only one then in town which had single plate glass windows and doors. It was burned in 1864 and rebuilt, and is among the best finished houses in town.

Mr. White's connection with his brother in business prevented him from entering upon the practice of law, but his legal knowledge has no doubt been of use to him. He retired from the firm about the year 1871 and in 1873 was elected County Treasurer, entering upon the discharge of the duties of the office, for which he was admirably qualified, on the first Monday in January, 1874. He has been a member of the Town Council and of the School Board, and Inspector and Judge of Elections, always overcoming an adverse political majority.

The bearing that Mr. White's life has upon Chambers-



Front View, Facing East, of H. M. White's Lot in Cedar Grove Cemetery, Chambersburg, Pa.



View, Facing Northwest, of H. M. White's Lot in Cedar Grove Cemetery, Chambersburg, Pa.

burg as a place where good management may lead to fortune, lies in the fact that the poor boy of fifty years ago, after caring for his mother and for others near of kin to him, is now the largest real estate owner and the heaviest tax-payer in town, and has built or improved more houses than any other person here, thus distributing a large amount of money. But his distribution of money has not been restricted to the paying of taxes and the building of houses for himself. His heavy expenditure in Cedar Grove Cemetery, where he has a lot unequalled for embellishment anywhere else in all Southern Pennsylvania, attests at once his taste for art and his affection for his kindred. Memorial windows in the Reformed, the Methodist and the United Brethren churches bear the same testimony, and to these must be added the second largest bell in the chime that discourses heavenly music from the steeple of the last named church. And how he builds when circumstances warrant it, is shown not only in his own residence, but in the large and beautiful building that ornaments the south-eastern angle of the Diamond.

Mankind in general are jealous and many of them censorious. The man who does something unusual, no matter how praiseworthy it may be, incurs the risk of being criticised. It is a good rule to "speak no evil of the dead." It is an equally good rule to cast no unwarranted imputations upon the living. It never is right to look behind a good act in search of a bad motive for it. "Actions speak louder than words," and a good action always will vindicate him who does it.

Hiram M. White is not yet very old and his career is not yet ended. He keeps his own counsel and the writer will not undertake to make predictions. But "coming events cast their shadows before," and it may be that the memorials in the Cemetery and in the Churches are the advance shadows of a coming event which will surpass them, and which he may make the crowning memorial of his life.

THE SCOTTS.

The Scott family was a noted one in this section in the first half of the present century and a member of it has kept the name alive in the second half. A mistake made in the newspaper, which we desire to correct in the book, induces the publication of the following facts, derived from an authentic source.

Alexander Scott, of Chambersburg, Thomas Scott, of Loudon, and William Scott, of McConnellsburg, were brothers. Alexander was a silversmith and had two sons, Thomas and James, one or both of whom continued his business in Chambersburg. (I remember Thomas only.) Thomas Scott, of Loudon, was a tavern-keeper and the father of Thomas A. and James D. Scott, both now deceased. William Scott, of McConnellsburg, was a tavern-keeper and the father of Dr. Samuel D. Scott, deceased, and George C. Scott, now living at McConnellsburg. Dr. Scott, who was in practice in Bedford at the time, became surgeon of a Pennsylvania regiment in the Mexican war. George C. Scott, after a protracted and successful business career in the west, returned to McConnellsburg and now owns the farm near that place on which the father of Thomas A. Scott was married to Rebecca Douglas. Alexander Scott and his sons, Thomas and James, died in Chambersburg. Thomas Scott died in his tavern at Loudon; his son James D. died in Chambersburg, and his distinguished son, Thomas A., died in Philadelphia. William Scott died in his tavern at McConnellsburg; his son, Dr. Samuel D., died at Sideling Hill, and his other son, George C., is living as above stated.

PUMPS ON THE STREET.

There was a pump at the inner side of the pavement in a small recess between the one-story brick house on the southwest corner of Main and King streets and the next house south of it. There was another near the curb in front of the Court House; another near the curb on the

Market street side of the Golden Lamb Hotel; another on the pavement on the south side of East Market street, opposite Postmaster Foltz's residence; another in front of the Mansion House; another just back of the inner line of the pavement in the rear of Wallace's store; another at Spahr's on the northeast corner of Main and Washington; another on the inner side of the pavement about the junction of the Reges and Linderman properties, on the south side of East Washington street, between the alley and Second street; another near Dr. Sensensy's; another in a recess at the entrance to the sideyard of the Reformed Parsonage; another at a stone house on the east side of Main, south of Catherine street; and another at Measey's, still farther out, on the west side of Main.

Some of these wells were sunk as partnership concerns at an early period in the history of the town; but water was not hard to strike here and in course of time a large number of wells were put down inside of lot enclosures, for the sole use of the occupants of the property, but these generally had enough neighborly kindness to permit others to use the water when necessary.

ORDER TO BURN CHAMBERSBURG.

Headquarters V. D., July 25, 1864.

Instructions for Generals McCausland and Johnson.

Cross your brigades at McCoy's Ferry or Clear Spring, and then proceed to Hagerstown, and from there to Chambersburg. At Chambersburg levy \$100,000 in gold or \$500,000 in northern money, to pay for the houses of Andrew Hunter, Alexander R. Boteler, Edmund L. Lee, of Jefferson county, Va., which were burned by order of the Federal military authorities, and if the money is not paid burn the entire town as a retaliation for the burning of these houses and others in the State of Virginia by Federal authorities. Burn the depots at Chambersburg and proceed from there by McConnellsburg to Cumberland and destroy the bridges on Baltimore & Ohio Railroad as you go, and if you can, the tunnel at Paw Paw. Levy in Cumberland

\$100,000 in gold or \$500,000 in northern funds, then destroy R. R. shops, depots, &c., and burn all iron works and the machinery at all the coal pits in that region of country. Break up the establishment at New Creek and burn all bridges within reach. Gather all the cattle you can in Alleghany county and the adjoining county in Pennsylvania; also from the western part of Hardy, taking care not to disturb the property of good Southern men in this county. The cattle, if fit for beef, must be taken and paid for. Return through Hardy county towards Winchester, sending the cattle through Brock's Gap to Harrisonburg.

Official:

T. ROWLAND,
A. A. G.

J. A. EARLY,
Lt. General.

Compared with original order in possession of Gen. Bradley
T. Johnson, Amelia Court House, Va.

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

