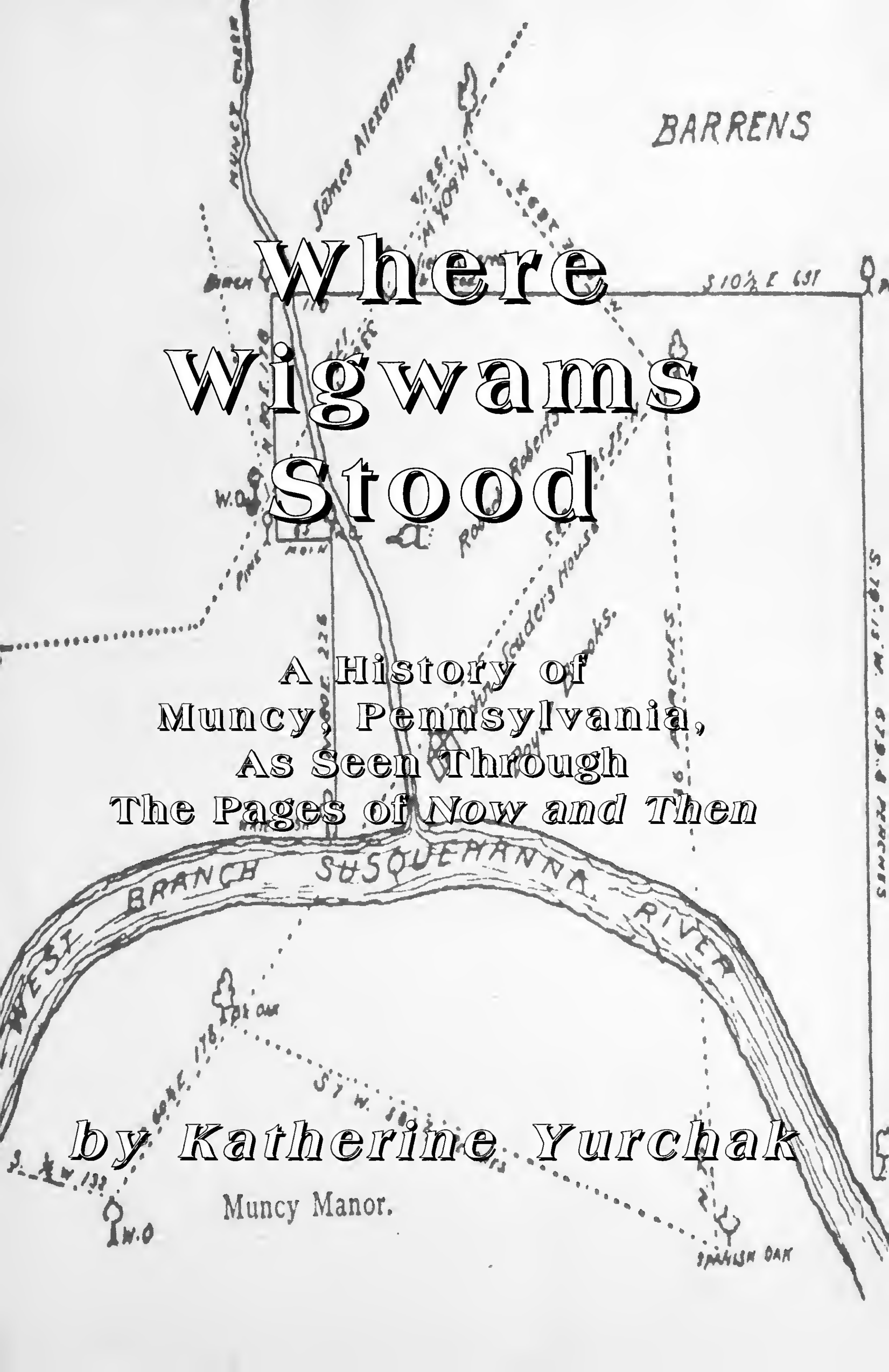
Where Wigwams Stood
A History of
Muncy, Pennsylvania,
As Seen Through
The Pages of Now and Then
by Katherine Yurchak
BARRENS
James Alexander
WEST BRANCH SUSQUEHANNA RIVER
Muncy Manor.
SPANISH OAK

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Where Wigwams Stood

A History of Muncy, Pennsylvania,
as seen through the pages of *Now and Then*

by Katherine Yurchak

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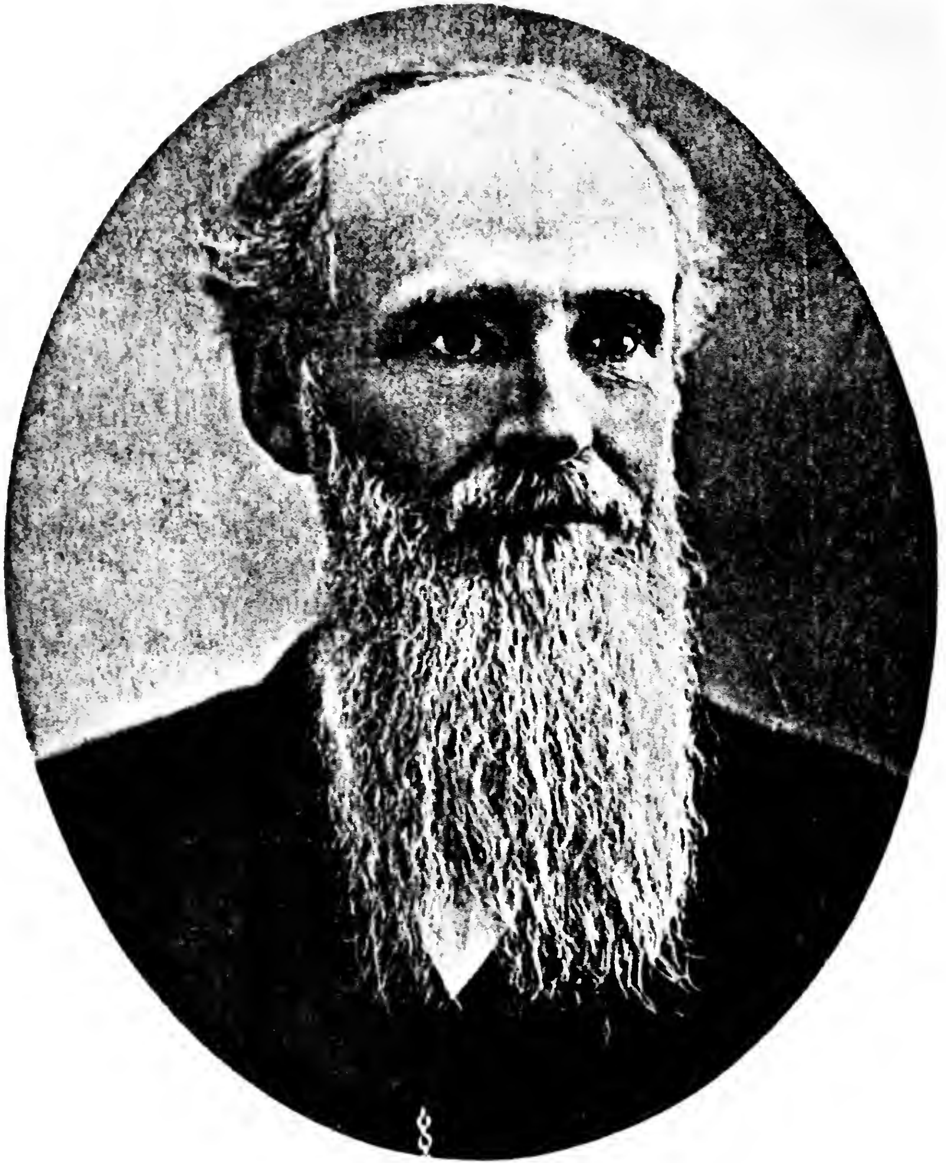
Where Wigwams Stood



J.M.M. Gernerd
(1836-1910)
Muncy, Pennsylvania

NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

Vol. 1. MUNCY, PA. JUNE, 1868. No. 1.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY.

NUMBER ONE.

The writer was a suburban, or perhaps with more propriety a provincial. His first knowledge of the metropolis was a very reluctant introduction to the Old Academy, as it was then called, and which has since degenerated into a common school-house.

Our experience continued through the administration of several of its most distinguished Professors,—Willson, Severn, Butt, and Kittoe. The first was a pedant and fop. The second in our esteem never rose above the grade of a school master. The third was a teacher, a scholar, and a gentleman. The fourth a teacher a disciplinarian, a scholar and a student. He had hosts of friends, and no lack of patrons. Our only complaint was his system of punishment. It was so summary and ignominious. The feet of the unsuspecting recusant as if by some slight of the Professors hand were found elevated to an angle of about 90 degrees, and before the frightened victim could realize his situation a ponderous ruler was describing semicircles where there was no danger of abdominal contusions. Kittoe excelled all others in this system of intellectual "in-knuckulation."

Of the several of whom we have spoken, connected with the Academy as teachers, the latter two have become distinguished in professional walks, while the former we belive, if living, are pedagogues yet.

It would be interesting to trace, if we were allowed to do so, the careers of some of the Alumni, of both sexes, of this Academy. Many followed the "Star of Empire" to the Great West, and on that theatre are playing their part in the great drama of life. Others still linger around the paternal hearthstone, and some alas—

> "The young and strong,
> Who cherished noble longings for the strife,
> By the wayside fell and perished,
> Weary with the march of life."

Here the Lyceum was organized, and held its meetings. We can remember the astonishment we experienced at the wonderful knowledge of its lecturers. Scientific experiments were monopolized by Drs. Wood, Rankin, and Kittoe; and we can see now, though we did not then, that the society could not have beeen run if the electric machine, or the Galvanic battery, had not been invented. We must not omit to mention however in justice to Dr. Butt, that he came near blowing up the audience one night in a benevolent attempt to vary the entertainment, by prematurely igniting some fulminating powder.

Lathy too expatiated eloquently on Moral Philosophy, and we are sorry to say but seldom followed his own precepts,—while Hains in Astronomy, Boal in Oratory, Ellis in Mineralogy, and Sheddon in Esthetics and Belle-letter, constituted its chief lights. Certainly to us, the rising generation, these gentlemen were "Lights shining in the darkness." We are sorry to say that with greater advantages few of us will ever reach their standard, in private or professional life.

We believe about the time of which we are speaking, a rival school was opened in a building above the present residence of Esq. Lloyd. It had been a "Wind Mill Factory." It was the principal institution for the education of young ladies. The only music we ever heard there was the occasional clatter of one of the rejected wind mills, and we belive the only professor of the fine arts was the apprentice who in former times came pot and brush in hand to paint and stripe them. The present "Muncy Female Seminary," with its able Principal, heads of departments, and its many easels and costly pianos, presents a somewhat striking contrast.

The writer remembers among the attractions of the town at this time was Mrs. Ellis's "Pyana", as the name was then pronounced. It was the only one in the town, and groups of boys and girls assembled under the window whenever its charming chords were struck. Nothing we thought in this world could equal it but Whitmoyer's musical clock, just opposite, though perhaps the "ginger cakes" might. To this estimable lady is due the honour of the maternity of instrumental music in Muncy, and we are told that her touch is yet as delicate and as graceful as a maidens.

Muncy had then as now its votaries to the Poetic Muse. On Petrikin's corner, where now stands the store of Messrs. Clapp and Smith, was a small building occupied as a millinery shop. Every thing of this kind was then called shop, for instance a Doctor shop, a Butcher shop, &c. Miss Jane Calvin was a lady of no ordinary attractions herself, and assisting her were several Misses in every respect her equals. They had of course many admirers—among them a scion of Yankee land; whose calls proving unacceptable, was treated as an indication of it, to a bowl of mush and milk. We believe he was in the employ of the late Mr. H. Noble, also from the East, a young man, and who was laying the foundation of a handsome fortune in what seemed to the people of the town a novel, and perhaps abortive enterprise—the broom corn business. The "Muncy Telegraph" a few days after the mush and milk incident thus in part narrates it—

> A broom-corn twister made a push,
> And got his pay in milk and mush;
> A friend I am to making brooms,
> But make them, Sir, in proper rooms.

Not least among the excitements of these times were Trainings or "big" and "little musters." We remember well how we all envied Tom Lloyd, (then a boy) his superior accomplishment of playing the fife,—coming into town at the head of that magnificent military pageant as it descended "Shettle Hill" from Esq. Wood's fields, where of ordering arms

> "It made a short essay,
> Then hastened to be drunk
> The business of the day."

The reputation of the Academy in time began to wane, and a select school for the Patricians—the nice young men of the town—where the Latin and Greek classics, and the higher mathematics were taught,—was opened by G. F. Boal, Esq. At the same time a school under the management of Mr. George Heightsman was in progress. An unaccountable rivalry sprung up between the schools, and the patricians displayed thier superior learning and refinement in epithetical effusions like the following:

> "Hightsman's hogs are in the pen,
> And dont get out but now and then,
> And when they get out,
> They root about
> George Boal's young Gentleman."

TEMPUS

1/Small Beginnings

In 1868, J.M.M. Gernerd, a cabinet maker and shopkeeper by trade, introduced *Now and Then* to Muncy, his beloved hometown. He described his newspaper as "a humble little serial," which it was, and published it with the promise that he would issue it only every "once in a while," which he did. Neither he, nor anyone else, could ever have imagined that *Now and Then* would be the official publication of the Muncy Historical Society.

Gernerd used an all-encompassing subtitle, "Topics of the Times," which he felt licensed him to write freely about things which he said "related to life, health, happiness, death, resurrection, and restoration." And he sincerely believed that "people of all ages, no matter what their means or education, would find interest in such things."

Gernerd's writings reveal a lively curiosity about humanity present and past, but especially about the race that peopled the Susquehanna Valley before white men invaded Muncy's wilderness territory.

For example, when a friend told him about "ancient axe-marks" seen on a pine stump left from a tree that was felled in 1830, he was fascinated to discover it had 133 rings of annual growth. By counting each ring as a spring and summer, Gernerd deduced that the axe-marks had been made about the year 1697. He then compared that data with information published by his friend John Meginness,

in his book *Otzinachson*. The historian had mentioned "much older axe-marks on an oak that was felled on the north side of Muncy mountain..." Gernerd shared this exciting news with readers of *Now and Then*, and told them that "the growths showed that the cuts had been made about 460 years before, or about the year 1466."

Continued Gernerd: "The humble natives who made these simple records certainly did not then dream that the Great Spirit would send a race of acquisitive white men who would destroy all their tribes, occupy all their vast hunting grounds, cut down their magnificent forests, level their sepulchral mounds with the plow, destroy the wildlife, build villages and cities where their wigwams stood, and yet that some of these strange beings would find so much interest in a few marks made on several trees!"

It is reasonable to assume that Gernerd, an expert in Indian artifacts, knew something about axe-marks, having collected thousands of flint arrow heads which he had carefully catalogued in his museum.

We also have to assume that Gernerd had given long and careful thought to his publishing venture before launching *Now and Then*. He already was a busy shopkeeper who dealt mainly in musical instruments, and was an accomplished violinist. He did not need the time-consuming tasks associated with journalism, since his shop was bulging with a variety of merchandise and must have needed his attention.

For his periodical, Gernerd had acquired a hand press. He was the typesetter and printer, as well as writer, editor and distributor.

The inaugural issue of *Now and Then* bore Gernerd's greeting to his readers under the title "Salutatory." He could not have made his intentions more plain. He told his readers he was not undertaking the publication for profit, although he conceded he would devote a few precious inches of space in *Now and Then* to his business interests. And he graciously extended an invitation to his readers to contribute their views for publication.

The four pages of the 6 by 9-inch paper were admittedly small as to size. But Gernerd dismissed that point with this bit of philosophy: ". . . As diamonds and rubies are not the less sought and valued because always small, we fondly hope its size need be no obsta-

cle to pleasant entertainment and valuable instruction."

Also small was the type size Gernerd used for printing his articles. The type was set 60 characters to a line, and 10 lines to an inch. Thus the editor was able to cram each page with his flowing essays. Again Gernerd offered no apologies for smallness. He explained: "Although the dimensions are somewhat of a Lilliputian order, yet, on account of the smallness of the type, each number will require a great many pages of foolscap manuscript."

The price of the newspaper was 2 cents a copy, and the number of copies of the first issue probably was no more than 100. According to Gernerd's notations, a few years later when he was "increasing the subscription to 200 copies," he told those who were requesting copies of the first issue that none were available, because he had made "far to few" of that number.

That *Now and Then* found immediate acceptance throughout the area leads to the assumption that during his generation Gernerd had filled an important communications gap. And he did so in a way that no other journalist until that time had thought to do.

He told his readers that although there were several voluminous historical books about Lycoming County available at that time, in his view average individuals did not have the money to purchase such expensive books. But he believed even busy people would find time to read about the past, if it was presented along with current events in brief and concise articles. Gernerd, therefore, had to have seen himself as a different kind of journalist, and truly believed Muncy *needed* his periodical. And since *Now and Then* was being offered so inexpensively (the price was later raised to 5 cents a copy) he knew Muncy's people could afford his newspaper.

For his brief and pithy essays, Gernerd the journalist *now* reached back in time to relate his "recollections" of life as it once was in Muncy. But *then* with charming spontaneity, he would extend his pen to embrace those immediate things, people or places close at hand.

In his early "recollections" columns, Gernerd told of his personal memories about people who had lived only three or four

decades earlier in his beloved community. Since he was in his early thirties at the time, we can assume that many of his readers could easily compare or share their own remembrances about Muncy. And they did so in letters to the editor.

In his newspaper, Gernerd showed no reticence in expressing bold opinions on any topic. And despite his appealing writing style, he managed to stir up controversy from time to time. Gernerd was unswayed. Muncy's friendly curmudgeon wrote what he pleased, and as often as he wanted to. Readers loved it. Because the paper was small enough to tuck into an envelope, relatives and friends sent their copies of *Now and Then* to former Muncians who had earlier taken advantage of America's grand rail opportunities during the 1850's. At that time, large and thriving distant cities had beckoned to young people from America's small towns and promised them prosperity. Like Gernerd, some had been educated in Muncy's Old Academy. But Dame Fortune's pull was not so strong upon Gernerd as it had been on many of his classmates.

The local editor included in the pages of *Now and Then* bits of nostalgia for those who had left their small Pennsylvania town far behind. And Gernerd's colorful writings made them homesick for what was then happening, while he also made them yearn for life as it used to be in Muncy—the little town nestled beneath Bald Eagle's Mountain.

Gernerd's skills as a communicator were effective beyond his highest expectations. *Now and Then* became so popular that his writings almost immediately were being reprinted in area newspapers. Since they'd failed to give Gernerd credit as the author of the articles, the writer had to give strong warning against plagiarism to his competitor journalists.

By the time the third issue appeared in August 1868, Gernerd gave mention to several area newspapers that had acknowledged his contribution to the journalistic scene. Among them, of course, was *The Luminary* in Muncy, where Gernerd had become a friendly rival to his editorial friend, George Painter. Other journals issued at that time were *The Miltonian, The Waverly Enterprise, The Hughesville Journal, The Watsontown Journal, The Jersey Shore Herald,*

The Clinton Republican, The Mifflinburgh Telegraph, The Popgun, being issued out of Sullivan County, and *The Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin,* where his friend John Meginness served as editor.

Although Gernerd insisted he was not publishing *Now and Then* for "pecuniary purposes," besides the bits of news of times past and present that he shared with the community, the editor reserved two or three inches of *Now and Then* to advertise "articles for ladies," which were available in his shop. He listed "fine cotton for crochet, wire for hair flowers, and oil for sewing machines."

Under the caption "For Gentlemen," another half-inch of the back-page of *Now and Then* advertised "pocket books, pocket knives, fishing rods and tackle, baseballs and bats, and supplies for fishermen."

Today when the nation is so environmentally conscious, it's amazing to discover that many yesterdays ago Gernerd led a campaign toward assuring unpolluted springs for Muncy's residents. A small advertisement promoting water filters in *Now and Then* reveals that Gernerd was aware of the community's "increasing demand for pure water."

On examining the first issue of *Now and Then,* it is reasonable to assume that Gernerd's shop, indeed, must have had a full inventory. He also held the franchise for Wheeler and Wilson sewing machines.

Moreover, as the proprietor of the only music store in town Gernerd, with understandable pride, advertised that he could "furnish any of various styles of pianos" to his patrons. Indeed, if a Steinway or a George Steck & Co. piano were to be delivered to a Muncy resident at that time, it no doubt would have had to pass through Gernerd's shop.

But of what use was a piano, if there was no place in Muncy to buy sheet music? Gernerd foresaw that need. A list of sheet music, available in Muncy only in his shop, was advertised in his paper. Imagine what good news it must have been to music lovers of the area to discover that such popular songs as "My Love We'll Meet Again," "I Wait With a Happy Heart," and "Then You'll Remember Me," were on sale at Gernerd's. And the prices were

right—from 30 cents to 60 cents each.

Gernerd also gave space in *Now and Then* to an announcement about the "Circulating Library," contained in his shop. In addition he held a priceless collection of thousands of Indian artifacts he had gathered since his boyhood days. They, too, were on display in his home/museum.

From this, *Now and Then* could be described as one of Muncy's earliest "direct-mail flyers," except that the first issues of Gernerd's periodical were *carried* to individual homes.

Although Gernerd used his newspaper as a vehicle for notifying Muncy of the things he had to sell in his shop, historian T.K.Wood later noted that the shopkeeper's newspaper "had cost him much more than it had ever brought him in profit."

Because Gernerd was the inventor and the manufacturer of a spring bottom bed, the product also was advertised in later copies of *Now and Then* . Meginness listed the mattress-making business as one of Muncy's prosperous industries, and described Gernerd's spring bottom bed as "being light, clean, noiseless, strong, durable, beautiful, and delightfully elastic."

As promised, Gernerd published *Now and Then* "every once in a while," until February 1878. During that decade, his publication was issued only 19 times, and the subscription list increased each time it was published.

When issue No. 7 appeared, the editor announced he was producing 500 copies, but promised No. 8 would be a 600-copy issue, and that there would be 800 copies available for the No. 9 issue of *Now and Then.* He told his readers he had a book that would hold 3,000 names of subscribers. But even the popular demand for his newspaper could not hold Gernerd to his journalistic post.

In February 1878, he bade a fond farewell to his subscribers only to reappear as the editor of his paper ten years later. In the revived publication under date of July-August 1888, Gernerd's first essay, "Florida Reminiscences," notifies that in the interim he had moved to Florida hoping to make it his permanent home. But apparently his love for Muncy was stronger than any benefits he might have derived from living in the South.

On his return to Muncy, Gernerd was convinced by his friend

Meginness that *Now and Then* should be revived. The new periodical had an increase in the number of pages so as to include the writings of Meginness and several other local historians.

By then the editor was 53 years old, and we could reasonably assume that he also was more mature in his ideas and interests. We find, however, that he had lost none of his curmudgeon qualities in covering topics (listed on the periodical's frontispiece) such as "history, amusement, instruction, and advancement."

An article published in 1891, for example, dealt with "the diseased minds of animals," and pointed out that "the most faithful, affectionate and intelligent dog is utterly transformed in his mental nature when he becomes rabid." And he continued: "We had an ill-shaped rooster several years ago that was a complete idiot. He knew just about enough to eat, but hardly enough to crow. He was as defective in organization as he was in mind, and was despised, shunned and abused by all his poultry-yard companions."

A review of Gernerd's later writings shows that he was still interested in "topics of the times," as in earlier issues of *Now and Then*. However, none of Gernerd's strong opinions about those topics had appreciably changed. He continued to write about such controversial subjects as "cremation," and "animal intelligence."

The newer version of *Now and Then* also had to be increased in price to 10 cents a copy because "postage charges are too expensive," according to the editor. From this it is learned that the Gernerd publication no longer was delivered door-to-door, but had become available only by mail to its much increased list of subscribers.

The tone for Gernerd's newest volume of *Now and Then*, was established with a couplet taken from "Young's Night Thoughts."

"We take no thought of time,
But from its loss.
To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man."

By 1888, Gernerd's periodical was being printed on the commercial presses of Muncy's weekly newspaper, *The Luminary*. Gernerd advertised that his old hand press was for sale. It is rea-

sonable to assume that it was with great reluctance he had decided to get rid of the press. Even so, there were no immediate buyers. The press advertisement appeared in several issues of the paper. But eventually the Gernerd hand press, with "all of its paraphernalia," found a new home in the neighboring community of Montgomery. The publisher of *The Mirror* purchased it for its antiquity.

The last published issue of *Now and Then*, with Gernerd as editor, was May/June 1892. [Vol. 3, No. 12] The publication was brought to an abrupt end. And, again, there were no apologies and no explanations. Gernerd was then engaged in preparing a book about the Gernerd family's genealogy. Perhaps that work may have influenced his decision to end his journalistic duties.

But whatever the reason for stopping the presses on his publication, his "Valedictory" reads as follows: "This number completes the third volume of the *Now and Then.* It faithfully discharges all obligations to its subscribers. And this is the last number, and this the last volume, that will be published—*Now.*"

In the reading of Gernerd's farewell, one senses a hint to a future reappearance of *Now and Then.* But that did not occur during his lifetime.

2/Getting to Know Jerry Gernerd

For an introduction to the man who began *Now and Then*, we turn to the book Gernerd published about his family's history. The genealogical search, published in 1904, had taken him six years to complete. And although he insisted his work was meant only "for his indulgent kindred," it makes enjoyable reading for anyone who is interested in knowing how the early settlers survived life in primitive America.

The original Gernerds (the name has undergone a number of anglicized spellings) were "Redemptioners" who had left the Palatines of Europe in the late 1600s to escape an oppressive government.

Jeremiah Mutzler Mohr Gernerd was born in Foglesville, Pa., on July 22, 1836. He was the only child of David and Lydia (Mohr) Gernerd. In 1839, the family moved to Muncy where David Gernerd continued his trade as a chairmaker, as was his father before him.

Jerry Gernerd was ten years old when his father died in 1846. The youngster and his widowed mother made their home with the Mohrs, his maternal grandparents, who had earlier also located in Muncy from the Foglesville area.

In writing to his relatives about himself, Gernerd candidly

revealed that he was a "sickly, nervous, wayward youngster." He wrote: "When I was a year or two old, I was so puny that Grandmother Gernert (spelling is correct for that time period) declared I would never grow up."

Gernerd would have preferred to have been allowed to be more active "in the open air and sunlight," instead of having been forced to attend school. But his father, whose formal learning consisted of but a few months during his lifetime, pushed education on to his sickly son, and often drilled into him that a formal education is "the all-essential thing to prepare a boy for a useful life."

Gernerd noted he attended our common schools until twelve years old but seldom enjoyed the privilege. Corporal punishment was standard in the classrooms of those times, and that may have helped to sour the boy's taste for formal education.

"I got too many lickings," he told his family in the book he wrote for them. "How I did hate school!" he insisted.

Then he described how "an irate and unreasoning teacher held me up by the feet and bumped my head roughly on the floor."

Apparently, a fellow student whom he described as "stout and broad-shouldered" went to Jerry's defense. Gernerd said his friend "pulled off his coat and rushed forward to turn the teacher upside down if he did not instantly desist and reverse my position."

In his first issue of *Now and Then,* Gernerd elaborated on his miseries as a student at Muncy's Old Academy, and recounted still another experience suffered at the hands of one of his teachers. He wrote, ". . . Another impatient and unthinking teacher tried to help me in arithmetic, but because I was rather dull in comprehending what he said he became greatly enraged, and gave me a terrific broadside with his big, heavy hand. It gave me the sensation for a time that either my cranium was smashed, or that my neck was broken."

Gernerd named four of his teachers (whom we assume had passed away by the time he'd told this about them in 1868) and labeled one "a pedant and a fop." Another he said, "never rose above the grade of a schoolmaster." However, a third teacher, in Gernerd's opinion had been "a scholar and a gentleman," and a fourth was considered to be "a disciplinarian, a scholar, and a student."

His formal education helped to enforce Gernerd's belief that "life is from first to last the great and real school." And so he chose not to attend college, but rather allowed life to become his teacher.

Louise C. Sieger, of Allentown, became Jerry Gernerd's wife in 1863. Within two years after he was married, the young man became a clerk in Muncy's post office. And then he went into business.

"I started out in business for myself in a small way," he wrote, "opening a music and variety store, with which I soon combined a circulating library."

The Gernerds were the parents of one child, Lydia, who was born in 1868. Unfortunately, their daughter suffered an untimely death at the age of 27. At a picnic, in August 1893, she fell from a swing. The injuries were not thought to be serious at first, but eventually internal abcesses developed, and surgery to correct the condition was not successful. Lydia died three months after the accident, in November 1893.

Gernerd told his family about his daughter's passing in his history book. He copied Lydia's eulogy which he said was "written by a friend who knew her intimately all her life." It was published in *The Muncy Luminary*, and noted that Lydia "was brought up by her parents in the most careful and painstaking manner, with every wish gratified, whether 'uttered or unexpressed,' and she repaid them with an affectionate attachment and loving kindness, manifested by her obedience and assistance as a dutiful daughter and a fondness for her home."

Lydia was her father's constant companion. She played the violin and served as organist for the local Episcopalian Church. She was remembered as a highly accomplished girl.

Lydia's father was a health fanatic and a vegetarian. In the pages of *Now and Then* we learn of his aversion to physicians, and that he was a teetotaler and an abolitionist. He was a member of the Masonic Order, and was strongly against spiritualism. He truly believed that everyone following his rules for living would enjoy long life.

In a photograph of Gernerd, taken at his home in August 1893, we see him seated with his friend, John Meginness. The editor of

Now and Then has white hair and a beard that reaches at least six inches below his chin. He appears much older than his 57 years, with eyes sunken beneath thick brows. Gernerd is lean and trim. He's wearing a well-tailored tweed suit with six-button vest. His wide-brimmed straw hat lies on the ground. The small-town editorialist appears relaxed, as he bends his body and lets the back legs of the wooden chair support his trim figure.

After the first copy of *Now and Then* was issued, Gernerd gave less time to his shop and more of his energy was given to the periodical.

The shopkeeper and journalist participated in a variety of activities. He served as school director for two terms. We don't know if he managed to abolish corporal punishment for students of that generation, but we do know that the memories of his schooldays had not entirely faded. And so in giving public voice to those sad expereriences, he may have made a contribution to changing attitudes on the part of teachers of those days. Gernerd also served as a notary public for three years, and he worked as a bookkeeper at Muncy's First National Bank for ten years.

J.M.M. Gernerd died in 1910. He was 74 years old.

T.K. Wood prepared a biographical sketch of Gernerd in which he described the fate of the historian's unique collection of Indian artifacts. The article appeared in 1936 in *Now and Then*, and states that Gernerd's will contained no disposition of his valuable pieces of antiquity. Representatives of Bucknell University approached Gernerd's widow with the suggestion that the college be named custodian. She was offered a small sum and an equally small annuity for the historical treasures.

The record notes that Professor Nelson Davis, then of Bucknell's Biology Department, had the collection placed in the Old Main Building, where he also kept a valuable collection of birds valued at $20,000, as well as numerous botanical specimens, lantern slides, and other items he'd collected over a lifetime. Unfortunately, in 1932, a fire swept through the University's wooden building. The destruction was total. Gernerd's museum of Indian History was lost forever.

According to T. K. Wood, Gernerd's business establishment

was located at 122 S. Main Street, presently the site of the parsonage of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church. Later, he built a home at 506 S. Main Street, now the residence of Scott Williams, a prominent Muncy lawyer who has offices locally and in Williamsport.

Incidentally, next door to Williams' home is the residence of Thomas Taber, a local historian who served as one of the eight editors *Now and Then* has known during its 125-year history.

The Gernerd Room on the second floor of Muncy Historical Museum displays his bed and other furniture made by editor of *Now and Then*.

Dr. T.K. Wood compiled the Gernerd writings in this home at 26 N. Main Street, in Muncy. Built by Daniel Clapp, it is presently owned by Jane Jackson, editor of *Now and Then*.

3/How Muncy Got Its Name

The editor of *Now and Then* had spent many hours pouring through history books to learn how Muncy acquired its name.

From the diaries of missionaries who journeyed into the Susquehanna Valley, J.M.M. Gernerd found records of a people whom they described as "tall and stout . . . of gigantic mould." One of the earliest evangelists who came to Christianize the Indians was Count Nicholas Ludwig Zizendorf, a Moravian who had disembarked at Philadelphia in 1742.

Late in the 1770's, George Whitefield (sometimes called "the Billy Sunday" of the eighteenth century) also believed he was called to convert the savages to the Christian religion.

From the records of historians, we find there were several Indian settlements to whom the missionaries ministered.

"About the time the Europeans were first tentatively poking the noses of their ships into the bays and estuaries of the Atlantic seabord," writes one historian, "there was living in the region later to be known as the Susquehanna Valley, a group of Indians sparsely scattered throughout the length of the great river's course."[*The Long Crooked River*, p.45]

These groups of Indians, then, were the original inhabitants of the territory later known as "the Province of Pennsylvania in America," named for a wealthy British admiral, Sir William Penn, who received a grant from Charles II, under the Great

Seal of England, on March 4, 1681.

Historians name the aborigines as the "Andastes," a people whose origins are believed to have been in Asia thousands of years ago. There is no certainty, however, as to the date when the Andastes found their way to the Susquehanna.

Historian John Meginness notes: "As early as 1620 the tribe called Andestes dwelt in the valley of the Susquehanna, but little is known of them. They are spoken of by different writers under various names, the most frequent of which are Susquehannocks, Minquas, and Conestogas." [p. 18]

This information seems to corroborate our history books which tell us that Captain John Smith, in 1608, met a party of Susquehannocks along the Chesapeake Bay.

From William Henry Engle's account of the people he calls "the aborigines of Pennsylvania," we come upon a new phrase, the "Five Nations" of Indian tribes. He says they "planted themselves on the Atlantic border," but "were soon divided and became embroiled in war among themselves." The Five Nations, Engle tells us, were comprised of the Cayugas, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onandagas, and the Senecas who had made their way through the wilderness from Canada and then New York.

But when William Penn came to Pennsylvania he met a people known as the Lenni Lenape, which translates into "the original people." They inhabited the shores of the Delaware, and made crossings over a river now known as "The Allegheny," (named for the tribe Allegewi).

From their tracings of the tribal wanderings of the Indians in our valley, Pennsylvania historians know that tribes of Indians had come East by way of Mississippi River crossings. Again, at what point in time this happened is not recorded. It is believed, however, that the tribes that migrated East were survivors of bloody wars with the Iriquois (Mengwe) tribe in America's "wild West."

Historians of the Susquehanna Valley have documented three warring tribes of the region. They were the Unamis (the Turtle); the Unalachtigo (the Turkey); and the Minsi (the Wolf).

The latter tribe has won the distinction of having been the most warlike. And this is the tribe of savages with whom Muncy's first settlers had to do battle.

Although today's residents spell the name of their town M-U-N-C-Y, through the years it has undergone a variety of transitions in spelling. Historians notify that it depended upon either the education or nationality of the early writers, as to how the name of the community would be spelled.

Beginning with Minsi, the name has become Monsey, then Munzey, Muncie, Muncee, Munci, and Munsey. But finally, we have Muncy.

However, on plaques marking our historic sites, we read, "the Monsey Indians."

The Indian tribe calling itself "The Monseys" left the Susquehanna in 1750. "They made their way finally to Indiana," Meginness notes, "and their name is perpetuated by the town of Muncie in that State, as well as by the borough of Muncy, and the creek and valley, in Lycoming County." [p.46]

Incidentally, despite the savagery of warring tribes, it is interesting to note that "the mediators between the Indian nations . . . are the women," according to Engle. He continues: "The men, however weary of the contest, hold it cowardly and disgraceful to seek reconciliation." Therefore, to keep Indian wars from being interminable, we find that it was the women who "pleaded their cause with much eloquence."

A typical effort on the part of an Indian's wife found its way in Engle's historical notes. It reads: "Mothers who have borne with cheerfulness the pangs of childbirth, and the anxieties that wait upon the infancy and adolescence of their sons, behold their promised blessings crushed in the field of battle, or perishing at the stake in unutterable torments. In the depth of their grief they curse their wretched existence, and shudder at the idea of bearing children."

The historian states: "Prayers thus urged seldom failed their desired effect."

Eventually, therefore, though "the strongest passion of an Indian's soul is revenge," we find that upon reflection, some

man of the Indian race had come to be convinced that if they were to be preserved as a nation, some one person of the tribe would have to "assume the character of a woman." That meant laying down the hatchet and smoking the pipe of peace with an enemy neighbor.

There are no Indians in Muncy today. Although they played a vital role in the community's history, only the Wolf Tribe's name on plaques and historic markers has been left to remind us of battles fought and won on Muncy's soil.

A plaque at the entrance to town announces how Muncy got its name.

4/Rose Elizabeth Cleveland

When J. M. M. Gernerd resumed the publication of *Now and Then*, in 1888, he had gained considerable confidence as a writer, as well as editor and publisher. His historian friends, and countless subscribers, had convinced him that his periodical, which had been suspended abruptly in February 1878, was an important contribution to Muncy's place in history.

His pen was loaded, therefore, when in the very first issue [July-August, Vol 2, No. 1] he defended Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, who had been a teacher at the Muncy Female Seminary.

Grover Cleveland, Rose's bachelor brother, was a notable and successful politician. He was Governor of the State of New York. Later he won election to the highest office in the United States of America—and for two separate terms. He served as the 22nd president (1885-1889), and as the 24th president (1893-1897).

Gernerd's ire was aroused by an item he had read in the *Philadelphia Press* and described it as "throwing mud at Miss Cleveland." Published anonymously, the item was as follows: "Miss Cleveland was not so popular with the 'fair Alviras' of the Seminary. She was called 'Jake' by the students and the young men who took her out buggy riding on moonlight nights."

"A vindictive slur," Gernerd retorted, and then went on to argue in defense of the former Female Seminary teacher. He

wrote that Miss Cleveland was a "sensible, prudent, and highly respected young woman."

Although he admitted they were not personal friends, Gernerd noted that he and Miss Cleveland often had encountered each other in town, during the years she had been teaching Muncy's young women at the Seminary.

Defending the young woman's honor, Gernerd noted that the item about Miss Cleveland in the Philadelphia paper was "a base and cowardly abuse of the freedom of the press." Then he continued asserting to readers of *Now and Then* that Miss Cleveland "could help herself too well for 'night hawking young men' to take her for a buggy ride on moonlight nights."

"When she wanted a buggy ride, Miss Cleveland usually sent her order to the livery," Gernerd added.

From data in local historical files, we can conclude that Rose Elizabeth Cleveland was truly a one-of-a-kind individual. She was born in 1846, the youngest of nine children to Richard and Anna Cleveland, of Fayetteville, N.Y. Her father, a Presbyterian minister, took charge of a church in Clinton, N.Y. soon after Elizabeth was born. And when she was seven years old, Elizabeth's family had to move again, when her father became pastor of a church in Holland Patent, N.Y. Unfortunately, during that same year (1853) he died.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland

Rose was educated at Houghton Seminary, and graduated as class valedictorian. An essay she wrote, entitled "Ordinary People," is said to have won the acclaim of the school's faculty for its insightful content. A search has failed to bring the essay to light, but in alluding to her graduation paper, *Now and Then* records that Miss Cleveland was not an "ordinary" person. [Vol. IV, p.101]

Since teaching was her chosen profession, Miss Cleveland was given an opportunity to remain at Houghton, where she taught for two years after graduating. Later, she became the principal of the Collegiate Institute, in Lafayette, Indiana.

Meanwhile, in Muncy, stockholders of the Female Seminary had

sent out posters which advertised their need for teachers. "To those unacquainted with the Borough of Muncy," the poster read, "it is a beautifully situated place, containing about six hundred inhabitants, and its society is as good as that of most villages of its size."

Private homes were made available for boarding teachers who responded to the poster's plea. And to Mrs. Susan J. Life, then named principal of the Muncy Female Seminary, goes the honor of recruiting Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, in 1869, to teach young ladies Greek and Latin.

About Mrs. Life (who also was the wife of the pastor of Muncy's Presbyterian Church) the historical files record that she was "struggling against tradition in an effort to give women a more generous place in the sun." And so she found Miss Cleveland to be a teacher well suited for advancing the role of Muncy's women in society.

Indeed, when Miss Cleveland alighted from the train at Muncy's Pennsylvania Railroad depot, she must have distinguished herself from Muncy's "ordinary people."

Rose was only 23 years old when she came to Muncy. She was of medium build and stature. Her complexion was fair and she had rather plain features. Rose wore her blondish/brown hair slightly curled . . . and bobbed! More than that, her skirts were short! Stylish young ladies in Muncy wore their dresses long. One thing was certain, Miss Cleveland never would have to complain, (as other Seminary teachers did), about snagging skirts on Muncy's wooden plank sidewalks.

About Miss Cleveland, Gernerd wrote: "She was hostile to fashion, and publicly declared that corsets, cottons, French heels and the like had better go, rather than to sacrifice comfort."

E. P. Bertin, a local educator who also was an editor of *Now and Then*, prepared a feature on "Illustrious Names in Muncy's Unique Educational History," and noted about Miss Cleveland that "she was a rugged individual, born almost a century before her time." [Vol. VI, No. 10, Oct. 1940] Bertin quoted one of her contemporaries as saying that "Rose's independent spirit stimulated a new confidence toward creating a dome of wider justice for her sex."

The local records note that Miss Cleveland often would walk briskly down the street with an umbrella on her arm. And usually

she carried a book with her.

T.K. Wood has this recollection about Miss Cleveland: "There is an ancient apple tree still standing in Muncy and allowed to stand (though long unproductive) because Rose Cleveland used to climb into it on occasions and blissfully read for hours." [Vol. V, p.3]

Could it be that such tomboy traits earned Miss Cleveland the nickname "Jake"?

Despite her blatant independence, Miss Cleveland impressed the staid Mr. Gernerd with the fact that she was a progressive and ambitious young woman "who always conducted herself with the propriety that is reasonably expected of an educated and refined lady."

A young woman of keen intelligence (she was a skilled lecturer and writer, as well as a teacher of Greek and Latin) Miss Cleveland apparently was well able to hold her own in conversation with most young male professionals of her day, according to historical records.

It is fair to assume, therefore, that the young woman's extraordinary intellect, and her political stand as a staunch Democrat (in a community that was predominantly Republican), must have given her many opportunities to boldly express her opinions.

Mary Jane Levan, who wrote the history of the Female Seminary for *Now and Then*, noted that in 1871 a formal reception featured "several dainty and unique refreshments that were prepared by Miss Cleveland whose knowledge of such arts the Queen of Sweden can never learn to excel." [Vol. V., p.101]

Miss Cleveland had to resign her teaching position at the Female Seminary, in 1879, to care for her ailing mother, in Holland Patent. But soon after her mother's passing, she purchased the homestead with her own earnings and then gave herself totally to writing and lecturing.

One of her more famous lectures is said to have been on "Joan of Arc." She wrote and published a textbook on the works of the English novelist, George Eliot, who was born Mary Ann Evans. Later she prepared an insightful book on the soliloquies of St. Augustine.

Muncy's former Female Seminary teacher won distinction as the hostess, at the White House, before her brother was married to

Frances Folsom, in 1886. And the locals who had known Miss Cleveland took great pride in the fact that their former teacher, at her first reception at the nation's Executive Mansion, had greeted some 2,200 international guests. It is notable that Grover Cleveland, as president, banned alcoholic beverages from the Executive Mansion. Despite that, Miss Cleveland (as we learned earlier from *Now and Then*) had a regal way as a receptionist. And, of course, local historians have described in detail that the young hostess (who hated "corsets . . . and French heels") was fashionably attired in a green velvet dress. Her long gloves have been marked in history, and so is her gray ostrich-feather fan.

While in Washington, the former Muncy teacher created no small stir, because she'd been seen attending the theatre with a lady friend, rather than being escorted by any prominent male politicians.

When the 49-year-old bachelor president married 21-year-old Miss Folsom, Rose Cleveland relinquished her role as the White House hostess to return to Holland Patent, where she resumed her life as a writer and lecturer.

Miss Cleveland was an activist in women's issues. She was a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and supported Frances E. Willard's platform regarding Women's Suffrage. After meeting Mrs. Bishop Whipple, the pair traveled extensively throughout the world. And during the First World War, they settled in Italy, where they became engaged in refugee work, which included caring for wounded soldiers, and raising funds for hospitals and orphanages.

After the war, although they had permission to leave Italy, Miss Cleveland and her companion Mrs. Whipple chose to remain overseas. Unfortunately, both were stricken with the influenza epidemic in 1918.

Their graves are prominently marked in an Italian Cemetery, in Bagni di Lucca. Rose Cleveland died November 22, 1918.

Fire destroyed the originial general store in this Main Street building belonging to the Gudykunst family. After the turn of the century it was restored and became Frey's hardware.

5/The Muncy Female Seminary

The beginning of the Muncy Female Seminary was April 17, 1840 when a State charter was granted to the Borough for the establishment of a school "for the education of Female Youth in arts, sciences and useful literature."

Within a month after the school's charter was received, the Female Seminary was provided a building separate from any local church. Prior to that time, young girls in Muncy received their education either at home or in their church.

Mary Jane Levan, a contemporary of J.M.M. Gernerd, prepared a historical review of the Female Seminary for *Now and Then*, and noted that she was taught "the art of orthography," as well as reading and writing by local Methodist preachers. Her lessons, she wrote, invariably were combined with Biblical studies.

"A peculiar feature of this Female Seminary," according to Mrs. Levan, "was its 'male boys' of which there was a large class. However, they came merely to recite."

The Seminary's first teacher was a Muncy native, Gemella Lyons. She was described in *Now and Then* as having "a great mind in a frail body." [Oct. 1940, p.270] Miss Lyons' first class was composed of 25 students. But by October of that year, the frail Miss Lyons was facing a student body of 40 pupils.

Whether from overwork, or for some other reason, Miss Lyons'

health failed. She was replaced by Susan Miller at the end of that year. Miss Miller taught until February 1841, when once again the teaching staff was in need of a replacement. So the Female Seminary had to turn to the church for help.

The Rev. S.S. Shedden, pastor of the local Presbyterian Church, not only became the school's only teacher, but he served as its superintendent as well.

The Female Seminary's campus was Muncy's Main Street, since classes were then conducted in an empty store room, which had been built in 1818 by Joshua Alder.

On April 19, 1841, two days after the first anniversary of the school's opening, a new prospectus was issued for the Muncy Female Seminary as follows:

"The Trustees of the Muncy Female Seminary have engaged the services of the Misses Anna and Emily Wynkoop who are believed to be well qualified to give instruction in the above-named branches (arts sciences and useful literature)."

The Wynkoop sisters were related to a Colonel Wynkoop, of Pottsville. They were described as "highly accomplished," of "rare intelligence," and "socially brilliant." They had been engaged to teach Latin, Greek and French. And the historical records note that they also conducted classes in painting, water colors, and dramatics.

The young ladies must have excelled in beauty, as well as brains, because Mary Jane Levan's records note the fact that soon after arriving in Muncy the Wynkoops were married to local businessmen. Therefore, by October 1842, the Seminary was conducting a search for teachers once again.

This time Mrs. C. H. Rowe, widow of a Baptist missionary to Hindoostan, was recruited to be in charge of Muncy's young girls.

"I remember her as prim in appearance and precise in manner," wrote Mrs. Levan. "She was very thorough in her teaching and decided in her views."

The widow Rowe had come to Muncy with identical-twin daughters. "They seldom appeared in the schoolroom together," noted Mrs. Levan, and so that "gave us the benefit of the doubt."

By 1844, the local church was still deeply involved in Muncy's

educational system, when the Rev. John Smalley, of the Presbyterian Church, opened his home for "a select school," for the purpose of educating Muncy's young women.

Rev. Smalley was assisted by his wife who is said to have "possessed considerable artistic ability." And at that time, notes Mrs. Levan, the young ladies of the school were introduced to "the art of making wax flowers."

The historical records note that, as strong and binding as the Borough's charter was for maintaining a school for girls, the trustees of the Muncy Female Seminary had great difficulty in locating and maintaining suitable teachers.

Mrs. Levan, in tracing the history of the educational institution, notes that in 1846, the Rector of the local Episcopalian parish had offered his church for classes for "The Young Ladies Institute."

Two sisters were hired by the Rev. C.A. Foster to teach at the new girls' school. Unfortunately, the Misses Ellen and Elisabeth Conyngton, who lived in the South, never arrived in time for the school's opening day, which was in May.

Mrs. Levan records that the Episcopalian minister advised the community: "I will take a class of six young ladies for the higher branches of education, devoting a few hours of the afternoon to their instruction."

It is fair to assume, that it must have been with some frustration that the Rector of the Episcopalian church had to give his wife the charge of the school's "ornamental department." Mrs. Levan offers no explanation as to what that department entailed.

Another attempt was made by the Presbyterian Church to maintain the chartered Female Seminary, on April 1847, when Rev. Smalley (a graduate of Lafayette College and Princeton Theological Seminary) purchased a corner property on Main and Pepper Streets. Rev. Smalley and his wife were determined to make the Muncy Female Seminary prosper in its purpose, which was to educate the local young women.

And, indeed, the school did prosper under the Smalleys. Mrs. Levan wrote that the school's success was almost solely because of the management of Mrs. Smalley.

Mrs. Levan also notified that J.M.M. Gernerd was among the

group of "male boys" who attended the Muncy Female Seminary "merely to recite," during the time she was enrolled in the school. She adds that Gernerd "had his knuckles rapped and his nose pulled by the teachers at the Seminary." From what we already know about the corporal punishment Jerry Gernerd suffered as a student, and "too many lickings" he had endured during his school days, we can assume that those experiences at the Female Seminary only had to have added to his distaste for formal education.

The Muncy Female Seminary had to be closed again, in October 1855, when Rev. Smalley and his wife "encountered difficulties," with their congregation, according to Mrs. Levan's historical notes. And although it is assumed she was familiar with those "church difficulties," the former student of the Female Seminary did not recite them for the record. However, she does note that "Rev. Smalley was much respected by all who knew him." The minister and his wife moved from Muncy to Butler, Pa., where Rev. Smalley became the principal of Witherspoon Institute.

Two more years passed before the Muncy Female Seminary opened its doors again, in 1857. The school building, which had been owned by Rev. Smalley, was purchased by the stockholders of the Female Seminary.

Then the Rev. William Life, the new minister of the Presbyterian Church, rented the school building. When classes were resumed, his wife, Susan, was named as principal of the Seminary.

That year, the purpose of the school was restated by Mrs. Life, who noted that the Muncy Female Seminary was reopening "with the design of giving a thorough education and elevating and refining the character, both mentally and morally, and fitting the pupils as far as possible with a high degree of usefulness."

One of the first things Mrs. Life did was to institute a class in oil painting, with Miss May Calder having been hired for that purpose.

Mrs. Life, a gifted musician, also selected teachers "of the finest musical talent," notes Mary Jane Levan. And the young lady singers and musicians of the Seminary often participated in patriotic parades, and held recitals at local social events.

Mrs. Susan Life is responsible for bringing to Muncy Seminary

the notable teacher, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, whose assignment was to teach local young women Greek and Latin.

In 1869, Mrs. Life also brought Miss Julia Ross to Muncy. Her distinction is that she totally renovated the old school building, having done much of the painting and redecorating. Miss Ross also gained historic notice for having instituted the Charlotte Bronte Society, which is on record as having been very popular among the young women.

Mrs. Levan has given special historical note to a teacher named only as "Miss Hastings." She was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister to Ceylon. And Mrs. Levan noted, "She was of gentle dignity and had sweet womanly ways, and soon won the esteem of all who made her acquaintance."

Miss Hastings also is named in *Now and Then* because she was the niece of Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.

Mary Jane Levan would have it known that she recounted the happenings of the Muncy Female Seminary for *Now and Then*, "with the hope that out of the great number of ladies educated at these schools, one at least may be found that will some day gain the honor that Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has attained."

This would confirm the fact that Muncy's citizens were singularly proud of having had the sister of a President of the United States on its roster of teachers at the Female Seminary.

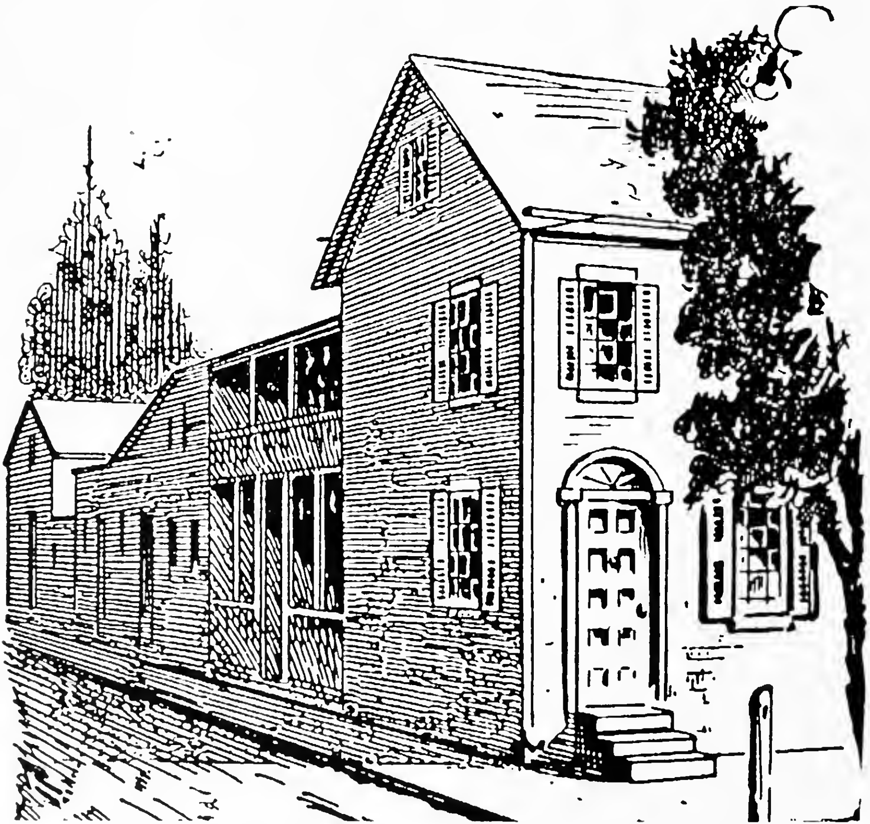
Some of the Seminary's young ladies, whose names have been recorded by local historians in *Now and Then* are: Sara Ellis, Ann Ellis, Jane Alder, Fannie Alder, Emma Alder, Margaret Petrikin, Elizabeth Bruner, Ann Elizabeth Thomas, Margaret Maxwell, and Henrietta Riebsam.

Additional names of young women who graduated from the Muncy Female Seminary are Martha Lancake, Sara Crouse, Mary Jane Cook (later Mrs. Levan) Lucretia Hawley, Ellen Montgomery, Elizabeth Montgomery, Janet Petrikin, Sallie Wallis, Elizabeth Wallis, and Emily Rankin.

We have no account of what happened to these young women after their days at the Muncy Female Seminary. But while they may not have achieved great distinction in world history, it is fair to assume that they did fulfill Mrs. Susan Life's stated purpose for

the Seminary.

Therefore, after acquiring their education at the Female Seminary, in Muncy, we can suppose that the young women were fitted "as far as possible with a high degree of usefulness," even though their training may have been put to use only among their family and friends in their home town's social activities.



The Muncy Female Seminary, at the corner of Main and Pepper Street, in Muncy, where Rose Elizabeth Cleveland taught Greek and Latin.

6/The Underground Railroad

As early as 1790—two years before the incorporation of Muncy, and while the village still was known as "Pennsborough,"— a petition was made for a road to be known as Genea-Sea.

For readers of *Now and Then*, T. K. Wood personally traced the road where it began at Muncy's Main Street, then "on to Muncy Creek and the entrance to the Shoemaker covered bridge . . . " [Vol. 5, p.125] The historian noted that the road passed on to Pennsdale, then to Huntersville into Picture Rocks and Highland Lake, and from there to the Allegheny ranges. Wood's exploration of the Genesee Road took him further on to Deer Lake into Towanda where it continued to Elk and King's Creeks. Out of Towanda, Wood followed the famous road into New York State to the territory of the Lakes, and finally to Canada.

These check points along the Genesee Road corroborate Williamsport Court House records under date of 1792, and establishes the historic pathway to freedom that changed the destiny of thousands of fugitive slaves.

At great risk to their lives, the runaways had become participants in a national network of secret shelters. At the clandestine "stations" they met people who served as their "conductors" and then lead them to the next point of refuge. This unique

piece of history has been preserved as "The Underground Railroad."

Charles L. Blockson, descendant of a fugitive slave, offers this description of the slaves' secret journeys: "The Underground Railroad was no actual railroad of steel and steam. It was a network of paths through the woods and fields, river crossings, boats and ships, trains and wagons, all haunted by the specter of recapture. Its stations were the houses and churches of men and women—agents of the railroad, who refused to believe that human slavery and human decency could exist together in the same land." [1]

Muncy played a significant role in aiding fugitive slaves. However, actual records of individual events are understandably nonexistent. Because the secrecy that shrouded the escaping of the slaves is what made the operation successful.

"A good many men here (in Muncy) helped Negroes escape into Canada," is the recollection of Frank Barnes, as quoted by Dr. Wood, in *Now and Then*, of 1936. But again, no written record of actual happenings has surfaced.

Gernerd named John McCarty as one of Muncy's "conductors," but the daring moves he made to help fugitives to freedom died with him. Profoundly religious men and women—the conductors in Muncy were Quakers who, otherwise law-abiding citizens, chose to defy the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, with the explanation that they were obeying "the higher law" of God in making freedom possible for the fugitive slaves.

The Fugitive Slave Act was a piece of legislation demanded by Southern slaveholders who believed that their "loyal and well treated" slaves were being lured away by Northern abolitionists. For the slave masters the federal machinery for returning runaways was ironclad, and provided nothing in the way of personal liberty for captured slaves. A returned slave could neither testify in his own behalf nor have a jury trial. And even if he were bold enough to speak for himself, there was little hope for the illiterate slave who had been forbidden by law to be taught to read or write.

1 Charles L. Blockson, "The Underground Railroad," *National Geographic Magazine*, Cover Story, July 1984 (Vol. 166).

Therefore if a slave had the misfortune of being captured by a slave-catcher (and countless of them were) not only was the slave doomed to be returned to the South, but the condition of that one (considered but a rag of humanity) was much worse than before the attempted escape. Little wonder, then, that a fugitive slave preferred death rather than to be returned to his owner. And so, in Muncy, kindly Quakers who had braved the wilderness frontier made it their mission to help runaway slaves flee to freedom by way of the Genesee Road to Canada.

Canada's place in the history of fugitive slaves began "as early as 1820," notes Charles L. Blockson who, after preparing the cover story for the *National Geographic Magazine*, expanded his research about the Underground Railroad and published it as a book.

Blockson, whose great-grandfather escaped to Canada from Delaware in 1856, documents the fact that Charles Stuart was then secretary of the Canadian Anti-Slavery Society, and had set aside 50-acre parcels of land at $2.50 an acre in preparation for fugitives arriving at the border. [p. 287] However, even in Canada, the plight of the fugitives was not without controversy. Runaways arriving from the United States into Canada "scorned the descendants of the Loyalist and slave Negroes in the Canadas," noted Historian Robin Winks, as quoted by Blockson in his book. Researching those events, Winks also found that "during the 1820's fugitive slaves helped make Amherstburg (in Canada) the center of a modest but flourishing tobacco culture." The reason for this was that fugitives arriving in Canada usually were without funds, and "as exiles, they remained close to the frontier for an eventual return," according to Historian Winks.

So while the Genesee Road may have been traveled by only a few daring souls at first, the Blockson historic findings note that with each decade after the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, the road became more and more heavily traveled until an estimated "twenty-five to forty thousand" were numbered as runaways. However, even these calculations are questioned because of a lack of written documentation.

The runaways entered Canada mostly from "the lakebound region lying between New York on the east, and Michigan on the

west." Historians note that so great was the number of refugees who followed the North Star across the Canadian border, that eventually a Confederation of Canada was established in 1867, for the purpose of providing shelter, food, and educational facilities for families of the fugitives.

Gernerd, in September 1872, told readers of *Now and Then*, about "a new work entitled 'The Underground Railroad'," by William Still which had just found its way into the hands of Enos Hawley, who (in Gernerd's words), "was long a devoted conductor on the Underground Railroad."

Until today, Still's book, *The Underground Railroad*, is considered a classic collection of stories about escaped slaves. And as gripping as these accounts are, Gernerd noted that, "It would require a great many large volumes like it, to give a complete record of the hair-breadth escapes and death struggles of the fugitives from slavery."

William Still of Philadelphia, a coal worker by trade, has marked his place in history as "a black agent on the line to liberty," and as "a black historian with great narrative skills." We have Still's historic records only because he hid them away in the loft of a building at the Lebanon Cemetery. And Blockson's book provides a modern reprinting of many of the narratives of fugitive slaves, as told originally by Mr. Still, who came to be known among fugitives as "the great conductor." Still served as secretary of the Philadelphia Vigilance Society, founded in 1833 by Robert Purvis who, it is said, "might have passed for white," being of English, African and Jewish extraction. Purvis, president of the Vigilance Society, was married to the daughter of James Forten, who also is named as one of the Society's founders. Forten was an influential resident of Philadelphia, as well as a veteran of the Revolutionary War.

William Still's famous account of Henry "Box" Brown has become a legend in the history of the Underground Railroad. Brown was a wretched slave in the employ of a wealthy landowner in Richmond, Virginia. He determined to escape his circumstances.

The ingenious slave had himself boxed up as a piece of freight and shipped to the Philadelphia Vigilance Society. He ordered a

box two feet eight inches deep, two feet wide, and three feet long, had it lined with cotton felt material, and provided himself for the journey with "a bladder of water and a few small biscuits." The narrative notes he also carried a boring tool to make holes for air.

Brown sent a telegram to a shoe dealer in Philadelphia, which read: "Your case of goods is shipped and will arrive tomorrow morning." Then he had himself nailed into the box, had the "freight" bound with five hickory hoops, and then sent by overland express to Philadelphia. The label, "This Side Up," was ignored as Henry was tossed and tipped enroute.

Twenty-six hours later, the Vigilance Society made arrangements to have the box picked up. Not to arouse suspicion, they hired a drunken Irishman who was given a gold piece to deliver the "freight" to the Anti-Slavery office.

William Still's narrative records that three members of the Vigilance Society were present at the opening of the box. First, one man tapped on the lid and said: "All right!" And from within the box, a voice responded: "All right, Sir!"

The men hastened to chop the hickory hoops from the box, pried open the lid, and according to Mr. Still the Vigilance Society members were witness to "the marvelous resurrection of Brown. Rising up in the box, he reached out his hand, and said: 'How do you do, Gentlemen?'."

Still's record continues: "He was about as wet as if he had come up out of the Delaware. Very soon he remarked that, before leaving Richmond, he had selected for his arrival hymn (if he lived) the Psalm beginning with these words: 'I waited patiently for the Lord, and He heard my prayer'." (Psalm 40:1)

As harrowing as "Box" Brown's escape was, the flight of an unnamed pregnant young woman (the slave of an aristocratic family in Baltimore) is another "resurrection" narrated in Still's book.

The event occurred in the winter of 1857. Her "companion," a young man, had sent word to a Mrs. Myers in Philadelphia to be prepared for "a piece of boxed freight." Mrs. Myers alerted a hackman (George Custus) to pick up the "freight," and deliver it to the residence of the local "shrouder" (undertaker). She "thought it not wise to move in the matter of the resurrection (of the freight) without

the presence of the undertaker," wrote Stills, because Mrs. Myers did not expect the "freight" to be alive.

What the two witnesses found upon opening the box was the young woman wrapped in straw.

"Get up, my child," Mrs. Myers said.

The record notes that hardly a sign of life was visible in the young mother-to-be. The ladies carried the fugitive slave upstairs to bed. A few moments later, despite her limp body they heard her whisper, "I feel so deadly weak."

The near-corpse accepted a cup of tea. But not until the third day did the young woman begin to speak, which is why Historian Still recorded this incident as a "resurrection."

Later, the young woman in describing her journey said that her greatest fear was that she would be "discovered and carried back to slavery." And she explained that she had survived the journey because she had carried a pair of scissors with her, and had poked holes in the box so as to be able to have air.

About this incident, Still wrote: "How she ever managed to breathe and maintain her existence, being in the condition of becoming a mother, is hard to comprehend."

He explained that the young woman had made her escape from Baltimore when her owner had sent her on an errand to get some articles in preparation for the Opening Ball at the Academy of Music.

As he often did with runaways, Still took the young fugitive into his own home for a few days, before arranging for her journey to Canada.

Although noted briefly here, many of the facts and information about the Underground Railroad are filled with "sufferings, trials, perils and marvelous escapes," in Still's words, so that some stories were too painful to put into print.

Elizabeth Warner, the daughter of a Quaker whose home was in Pennsdale, at the request of *Now and Then* made a record of her remembrances of a wooded area near her home that was known as "Nigger Hollow." According to her recollections, the law was always on patrol for fugitive slaves, but even so her family harbored runaways in the nearby forest, and provided them money to buy food.

According to Miss Warner's account, "the slaves generally were

received at night, or at dawn, and usually were in pitiful conditions. Exhausted and hungry, the slaves were given a place to stay overnight, and then would be set on their way for the next night's trip over the Genesee Road."

Another Warner recollection: "I remember one dark night, two strange white men convoying a parcel of negroes to our home. They left them at the hut nearby, and they came up to our house and stayed all night. I heard their voices down the pipe hole, but they left at daylight." [Vol 5, p.137]

A tap on the window in the night was the signal that a slave had arrived at a "station." The fugitive then would be buried in bales of hay and carried by horse and buggy to the next "station." Or he might be led into barns or caves, to hide out until it was safe to move on to the Genesee Road's next safety post.

It was because so many slaves were escaping that one slave-owner remarked: "There must be an underground railroad out of this place." Thus the national network of escape routes to freedom has been so registered in America's historical records.

A glimmer of light began to invade the dark history of slavery following a Union victory at Antietam, in 1862. Abraham Lincoln issued a preliminary Emancipation Proclamation, and stated that it would be put into effect in one hundred days. On January 1, 1863, "all persons held as slaves" within the areas under Confederate control were "henceforward declared free." However, not until December 18, 1865 (when Congress ratified the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution) were all slaves set free.

Mary Jane Levan provided readers of *Now and Then* [Mar.-April 1891] with an account of how a group of Muncy women from the Society of Friends, in 1864, traveled to Nashville, Tennessee to conduct the "Freedman's Relief Association."

Lizzie Shoemaker and Kate Fribley, two women of prominent Muncy families played a major role in this effort. The former was a doctor's daughter, and the other was the widow of a Colonel in the Civil War.

When the women arrived in Tennessee they had "schools, camps, and asylums" erected. And according to Mrs. Levan, "Old and young soon flocked to this relief association—old men with

wives, young men with sweethearts, barefooted children, cripples, of all shades and color and of all sizes, some singing as they came, 'De day of jubilee hab cum'."

The school the Muncy ladies had set up for educating children of the former slaves was called "William Penn School." "The great difficulty among this medley (of students)," wrote Mrs. Levan, "was the want of proper names. They nearly all had nicknames and their former owner's names." The ladies from Muncy "named the unnamed, and new-born babies. Very soon they had an Abraham Lincoln, a Horace Greeley...and even a Jerry Gernerd."

A letter describes what happened in Nashville in March 1865.

> "Yesterday the colored people of Nashville held high festival in celebration of their deliverance from slavery through the ratification by the people of Tennessee of the amendment of the Constitution abolishing and prohibiting slavery. From early morning the streets were thronged with dark and eager faces, and when the procession passed here its extent surprised me. On it passed rank after rank, in almost interminable line, proceeded by marshals on horse back bearing batons; next followed a guard of honor with muskets and bayonets, followed by a military band in an open car....Among the banners I noted the following mottoes: 'We can forget and forgive the wrongs of the past,' 'We ask not for social but political equality,' 'We aspire to elevation through industry, economy and Christianity'."

Mrs. Levan then shared her sentiments with the readers of *Now and Then*, and wrote: "These were the chattels for whom shackles had been forged to hold them in perpetual bondage."

Today, the Underground Railroad's history is being perpetuated by a 72-year-old artist in Coatesville, Pa., whose great-grandmother was a fugitive slave. The former steel worker took up painting as a hobby when he retired from the factory. Lee Carter's passion for the history of the Underground Railroad was aroused while painting a local school building. He was told the building once was a stop on the Underground Railroad, and accepted the invitation to investigate the site. In the building, the artist found a boarded up 400-foot tunnel once used as a get-away for his ances-

tors fleeing to Canada. Seeing and being in personal touch with the slaves' escape route changed Carter forever. From that time, he has been depicting the history of fugitive slaves in his paintings. So far, he has painted 35 buildings that served as secret way stations for runaway slaves.

Carter's great-grandmother was a slave in Virginia. She was freed in 1865, but she refused to talk about what she experienced during her flight to Canada.

"There were no written records kept either," says Carter, "since the Quakers, clergymen, and other families who risked harboring slaves could be fined, imprisoned, or executed."

Besides painting the history of fugitive slaves, Carter speaks in schools. He says he is dismayed by young African-Americans who show no interest in the history of the Underground Railroad.

The Carter story and his interest in the history of the Underground Railroad was reported by John Chambless for the *West Chester (Pa.) Daily Local News*, and was reprinted in the *Williamsport Sun Gazette*, June 23, 1993.

Lack of documentation may put in question the numbers of runaway slaves who passed through Pennsylvania on their way North. But there is no doubt that Muncy's peace-loving Quakers participated in the freeing of countless frightened fugitives. Blockson's book lists "Muncy, in Lycoming County...as a station where fugitives could be sheltered for a short time." [p.239]

And once on the historic Genesee Road leading out of Muncy Valley, the runaway slaves began tuning their hearts for songs of jubilee to be sung in Canada where they were free at last.

Fleeing slaves secretly met with John McCarty on Muncy's Main Street. McCarty helped them to the next "conductor" on the Underground Railroad.

7/The Shoemaker Story

Two miles east of the Borough of Muncy is a crossroad which over the years has come to be known as "The Y." At the intersection, one road leads north to Hughesville, and another east to Bloomsburg.

A commemorative marker at the crossroad hardly is noticed by people riding in the estimated 10,000 cars that daily wend their way through the treacherous intersection traffic.

But if they could find a moment to look, people would see a monument of three large millstones, and a plaque inscribed with a few details about the place that once was the site of the Shoemaker Grist Mill. It is memorialized as the "first flour mill in the valley," and was built in 1772. The present bridge is a replacement for the historic Shoemaker Covered Bridge through which, among others, passengers of the Underground Railroad made their way over the Genesee Road, and on to the Canadian Border.

The story of the Shoemakers begins in Germany, in the Palatines, a district west of the Rhine River. Shortly after William Penn had acquired land in Pennsylvania, he visited the Quakers of the Palatines and encouraged them to be part of his new colony. When, in 1683, Francis Daniel Pastorius accompanied a small band across the Atlantic, their ship docked at Philadelphia, where they settled in the area which has become known as Germantown. According to Thomas Montgomery Lightfoot, writing in the January

1941 issue of *Now and Then*, Jacob Schumacher, "a young man who scarcely was of legal age, drew lot No. 22" on Penn's land grant. Jacob later married Margaret Gove. They were the parents of four children. One of their sons, Jacob Jr., married Elizabeth Roberts.

It was the second Jacob, an American citizen, who anglicized the surname to *Shoemaker.* He was the father of five children. Two of his boys—Henry and Charles—in 1765 "took up land along the Schuylkill River," later known as Shoemakersville near the city of Reading. Charles was a tanner; Henry went into the milling business.

In Lightfoot's account, the brothers "built at first a log house, but in 1768 they built a substantial stone house which is still standing." Both brothers served as officers in the Revolutionary War, and they both married Kepner sisters. Maria Kepner was Charles' wife; her sister Barbara became Henry's bride. In 1783, a century after their grandfather had settled in Germantown, the Shoemaker boys traveled with their families to Muncy Creek. According to Lightfoot, "Barbara was a large person and had several children. One of them, Samuel, being about a year old. The roads of those days were not well developed and so Barbara and the children came across from the Schuylkill to the Susquehanna and took a canoe at the foot of Peters Mountain up the river to the mouth of Muncy Creek. Henry, with some companions, came overland with cattle and horses and joined his wife and her party at Muncy."

Godfrey Fiester, a "Redemptioner," who had come to America to escape military service in Germany, was among those in company with Henry Shoemaker. Fiester also had married a Kepner girl. Lightfoot notes that the record shows the Redemptioner "served well in the Revolution."

About thirteen years before Henry Shoemaker had come to the valley, another family also settled in Muncy. According to historian John Meginness, "some time in 1770 John Scudder moved his family from New Jersey. His daughter, Mary, was the first female child born in Muncy, May 21, 1771." She would grow up to marry Benjamin, Henry Shoemaker's son.

Henry Shoemaker purchased land from John Alward who, after settling in the valley in 1772, had built a grist mill beside

Muncy Creek, and a large dam for powering his mill. But when word came that Indians were about to invade the valley, in 1778, Alward made preparations for an escape with his family (as did all the other settlers) to the Sunbury area. (Historically, that chapter in Muncy's history is known as "the Big Runaway.") Before leaving the valley, Alward buried the gears of his grist mill. Thus they were saved from destruction, when the Indians had torched every building in the area. Those gears later were used for operating the Shoemaker Mill.

Writers for *Now and Then*, recording their recollections of the Shoemaker Mill along Muncy Creek, have related that usually a farmer's wagon would arrive with only one bag of grain. And Lightfoot's explanation for this is that "there was no way of separating the germinal portion of the grain, and since the germ was ground with other parts of the grain, in a few weeks fermentation would spoil the flour." Modern milling methods remove "wheat germ" before grinding.

The Shoemaker Mill was so prosperous that Henry had planned to build a new and larger mill, but he did not live to carry out those plans. After his passing, in 1797, Henry's son Jacob built a larger brick building for milling the local farmers' wheat, barley, and corn. But he retained the original grist mill for processing plaster. Ceilings displaying the artistry of master plasterers of those days can be seen today in a number of historic homes in the area.

Although the Schumachers of the Palatines were Quakers, their sons had married into the Lutheran faith, and so they provided land for Lutherans to build a place of worship. It is listed in historic files as the first church building in Lycoming County.

Notes made by St. Martha's Guild of the church offer this information: "The first church was built of logs in the summer of 1791. It contained a gallery on three sides and could seat 600 persons. A second church of brick was built in 1832."

In August 1868 issue of *Now and Then*, Gernerd informed readers that the "Shoemakers at the Mills" would ride to church in their "Dearborn" carriage. He added that he believed theirs was among the first such vehicles of the kind brought to Muncy.

The present church structure (known as Immanuel's Evangelical Lutheran Church) in 1869 also was built on land donated by the Shoemakers. Today, only annual services are held at the historic church building.

The cemetery adjoining the church contains grave markers that record the resting place of Henry Shoemaker and his several descendants. Among them, Mary Scudder Shoemaker (Benjamin's wife) who was affectionately known as "Aunt Polly" in the community, is marked in local history as "the first white child born in Lycoming County." The mother of nine children, she died at the age of 79, April 14, 1850.

When Jacob Shoemaker died in 1826, his heirs Peter and Charles continued the milling business until 1872. Their mill was finally dismantled in 1918. Lightfoot noted in *Now and Then* that one of the large timbers was sold for $75.00 to erect a barn, and "another piece of timber, which was of excellent grain of hemlock, was sold for use in manufacturing violins."

Gernerd cites Peter and Charles as having been among the "principal ship owners" along the West Branch Canal. [September 1868] And he informs that the capacity of their boats was "about 33 tons," and that they "monopolized most of the export and import trade to the valley." He also noted that "when their packet boats sailed, the whole community knew it." Gernerd named the chief articles of export as "wheat, hogs, leather and whiskey."

The Shoemaker name appeared in *Now and Then* again and again. For example, in mentioning the passing of "the late Samuel G. Shoemaker, Esq. who died April 1873 at the age of 82," Gernerd noted that when this descendant of the Shoemaker family "was a little boy just old enough to manage a team of horses, he assisted at hauling stones used in the construction of the foundation for one of Muncy's pioneer business places." It was The Lycoming Fire Insurance Company.

And to give an insight to some of the social habits of the Shoemakers, Gernerd in the February 1875 issue of *Now and Then.* recollects Muncy's dancing school. Apparently it had been a place bustling with activity some 63 years earlier, and the editor wrote

that "a goodly number of persons were found ready to join in dancing classes." Among the several men who learned to "trip the light fantastic toe" was Charles Shoemaker.

And again, in May 1875, Gernerd told readers of *Now and Then* that "a much esteemed fellow citizen" (whom he named as John Poust) had told him that as an apprentice builder "he helped to put up the first plank building erected in Muncy Valley, and that he also helped to put up a plank kitchen for Jacob Shoemaker, about a half mile west of Hughesville."

From these notations, and writings of other local historians, it is evident that the many members of the Shoemaker family had made their mark on West Branch Valley's society. And today, more than three centuries after young Jacob Schumacher settled in Germantown, his innumerable descendants are still a part of the area's activities.

A scan through the Muncy telephone book finds a listing of 25 families bearing the Shoemaker name. And in nearby Williamsport, where some of the children of the earliest Shoemakers made their living, the name is listed more than 75 times in the telephone directory.

Gone is the quaint covered bridge that bore the Shoemaker name. It was removed in 1923 to make way for the present concrete structure. But the more modern cement creek crossing at the "Y" still is known as "the Shoemaker Bridge."

And about 100 feet from the site where for years farmers unloaded their grain at Shoemaker's Mill, there is continued activity each day. However, nowadays pre-school children are being instructed in primary social skills at the "Shoemaker Mills Day Care Center."

The wooden covered bridge crossing Muncy Creek became known as the Shoemaker Bridge for the family who owned the nearby grist mill.

8/The McCartys of Muncy

The McCarty House, at 34 N. Main Street, is the oldest structure in Muncy. Built in 1789, it has sheltered five generations of the McCarty family. Although the building has undergone a few changes to keep up with America's different lifestyles, the original log walls have remained for more than two hundred years.

The McCartys were among Quakers from Ireland who had accepted the opportunity to form a colony in Pennsylvania. Benjamin and Margaret Walton McCarty established residence in Richmond Township, in Bucks County, where they raised their family and prospered as farmers and surveyors in their new surroundings.

At yearly meetings attended by the Society of Friends, the McCarty children had to have heard stories about "Muncy Manor," the magnificent stone mansion built by their wealthy "Friend in the faith," Samuel Wallis, who also was of Irish extraction.

Wallis was one of the original land barons in the Susquehanna Valley. From 1769, and during the next two decades, Wallis had been engaged in surveying and selling off pieces of his 7,000 acres in the Susquehanna Valley. Mainly, the land purchasers belonged to the Philadelphia Society of Friends, of which he also was a member. So, little by little, Wallis had surrounded himself with a thriving community of farmers and tradesmen in Muncy and the surrounding area.

Nor is it likely that the impressionable young sons of Benjamin and Margaret Walton McCarty could have missed the heroic stories of Muncy Valley's pioneers, whose exploits had to have been carried to the yearly meetings. Rather, it is safe to assume that on achieving manhood, the McCarty boys were not only eager to see the land for themselves, but they would match the stories of the frontiersmen with experiences of their own, as they'd push back some of the wilderness of the Valley to build a settlement there.

Again, McCartys' sons could not have missed the tragic tale of Capt. John Brady, who despite a fortified stockade which Wallis had built near his mansion estate, was killed by invading Indians during the American Revolution.

This assumption is fair, because we know that the land the McCarty boys eventually would possess originally was "the Brady tract," which the Revolutionary War hero had acquired from John Penn. And therefore, the McCartys also had to have been aware that the land was in the "burnt district," which the Indians had torched in 1778, during the "Big Runaway."

What is remarkable is that none of what they had heard could diminish the determination of the four sons of Benjamin and Margaret Walton McCarty to settle in Muncy. Rather, step by step, they planned their journey to the Susquehanna Valley.

First, William found himself a Quaker to be his bride, and in 1787, he married Mary Lloyd, of Springfield Township, in Bucks County. Their son, Benjamin was born a year later. [2]

The precise year when William and Mary "left the comforts of a well settled community to make a new home in the wilderness of the Susquehanna Valley," according to notes prepared by a descendant, is not known. It may have been 1788 or 1789.

However, it is known that the couple and their infant son were not alone on their journey. Accompanying them to Muncy were the McCarty brothers Silas, Benjamin and Isaac. Their sister,

2 Tracking the historical records of the McCarty and Walton families can be somewhat confusing, because there is an unusual duplication of names in the genealogical records of both the McCartys and the Walton families. Adding to the confusion are human errors made in reference material. To the best of our knowledge, however, the data compiled here is accurate.

Margaret, who was married to David Lloyd, was the only other woman in the frontiersmens' party.

It is possible that the enthusiasm the McCarty boys showed for making a new life in Muncy created dreams of success in the minds and hearts of young cousins on their mother's side of the family. However it came about, we find that James, Ezekiel, and Isaac Walton also were Muncy bound. There were, therefore, seven men, two women, and an infant child in the band of pioneers leaving Philadelphia for the Susquehanna Valley in 1789.

That also was the year that America was suffering from a post-Revolutionary War economic chaos. It may have been *necessary* for the young Philadelphians to seek their fortunes beyond the City of Brotherly Love, since historical records show that even their fellow Quaker, Samuel Wallis, was reeling from financial losses at that time.

Since James Walton was the oldest of the men in the party he was given first choice of the properties available in Muncy, which the Quakers had named "Pennsborough," after William Penn. Walton chose the 300-acre farm originally owned by John Scudder, father of the first white woman to be born in the Susquehanna Valley. His land was situated at the bank of the Susquehanna River.

William and Benjamin each claimed half of the 300-acre Brady tract, which adjoined the Walton's acreage on the east.

Emilie McCarty Sanders, a family descendant wrote in the July 1939 issue of *Now and Then:* "William McCarty's family needed immediate shelter and so he first built a temporary log house between Muncy Creek and Glade Run."

About 1790, timbers were prepared for the walls of the present McCarty building on North Main Street. The original plan for William's house included four rooms, an attic and an upper hall. Then he built a large stone chimney on the west side of his home. To retain heat, he made the ceilings low and the walls thick. Boards for the floors of the front bedroom were eighteen inches wide. The batten doors and original hinges William built for his house two centuries ago were treasures maintained by his descendants, and they remain in the McCarty house today.

Access to the second floor rooms was by a narrow winding

stairway. Family descendants report that although five generations of McCartys "climbed the difficult stairway, there was never a record of serious mishap."

Handhewn rafters were used for the first floor. During the time a member of the fourth generation of McCartys lived in the house, the rafters in the second floor rooms were plastered over, much to the dismay of others in the McCarty genealogical lineage.

Mary McCarty provided little Benjamin with a baby sister in 1790. She was named Margaret after her maternal grandmother.

From Emilie Sanders' historical notes, we learn that "Mary brought her treasured possessions from Bucks County, and that she began a little cottage industry in the house, with her spinning wheel. It remained in the attic for almost a hundred years."

The record also shows that "Mary McCarty wove linens, moulded candles, made soap, dyed cloth, made maple sugar and syrup." It is reasonable to assume she was joined in these tasks by other Quaker women who had settled in Muncy Valley. And they probably used the large outside oven of brick and stone which William McCarty had built for such purposes.

The McCarty House, oldest building in Muncy, on Main Street, was recently converted to a restaurant and inn.

William and Mary brought fourteen children into the world. One died in infancy. But since their thirteen living children required more space in the house, "the dimensions of the McCarty home" grew, notes one record keeper. William added a larger kitchen and pantry, two more bedrooms, and an upper hall and attic. He also built another circular stairway to access the upper hallway and attic.

A centerpiece in the living room of the home was a large fireplace with a high mantle. A reference has been made to "an old crane over the fireplace" with the explanation that it was used to "haul large logs to the kitchen door to be used in the fireplace." The original stone hearth remains in the house.

Over the years, William McCarty who had earned his living as a farmer, built barns, a carriage house and a granary on the Brady tract of land. He kept cows, not only for milk for his family's use, but in the Quaker spirit he also supplied milk for his neighbors.

"Those who couldn't afford it, received the milk anyway," wrote Emilie Sanders in her historical account of her forebears.

Members of the Society of Friends who traveled to the yearly meeting in Philadelphia often were hosted by William and Mary McCarty in their home.

Now and Then defines a sad note about William McCarty's final days as follows: During conflicts with the Indians, "a company of soldiers encamped on William McCarty's land near Muncy Creek and several were sick with an epidemic known as 'black fever.' William visited the camp on an errand of good will and a few days later (January 21, 1813) he died from the same disease. He was buried in the Walton-McCarty graveyard where a marble slab marks his grave."

His wife, Mary, was left alone to care for her thirteen children. At that time, the youngest was a two-month-old infant.

The historical record of the McCartys notes that "five of the McCarty children died before their mother. Six of her children, with their families, joined that long procession of covered wagons and found new homes in the West, where their descendants are living today. They and their children took their part in the

settlement of the West, pushing the frontiers before them, as their parents had done earlier."

William and Mary McCarty's fifth child, John, (born November 4, 1794) retained the home of his birth after his mother died in 1838. He was a blacksmith and had never married. He cared for his sister, Mary, who was retarded from birth. The benevolent bachelor was known to everyone as "Uncle John."

For those who had never met "Uncle John" McCarty, J.M.M. Gernerd provided this graphic description to readers of *Now and Then:* "He had penetrating blue-gray eyes, but they beamed so brightly with kindness and purity that no one perhaps ever felt annoyed by his gaze. His lips and chin indicate the great will power and firmness that he was known to possess, but he was in this respect so well balanced by a good heart and head, that very few men have perhaps in the same time had less trouble with their fellows.

"His good-natured and benevolent physiogonomy speaks strongly for itself. He had a good, compact, symmetrical robust figure, and what at his best was considered a fine looking man. His height was six feet, and his weight slightly exceeded 200 pounds."

Gernerd's fondness for "Uncle John" was expressed in a eulogy of the Quaker gentleman which he prepared for his readers, in the Jan.-Feb. 1850 issue of *Now and Then.* It is worthy of an inclusion here. Wrote Gernerd about John McCarty: "He was not known as a man of large earthly possessions, nor as a leader among his fellowmen; not distinguished as a man of genius, nor as a scholar; not regarded as a fluent talker, nor as a man of any decided particular talent; not rated as a 'man of society,' nor as a man of accomplishment; yet 'Uncle John' McCarty, as he was by everybody respectfully called, made, perhaps, as lasting an impression for good on all with whom he came into contact, and was as truly good, as sincerely respected and beloved, as any man on the West Branch of the Susquehanna in his day and generation. He was conspicuous for the quiet, peaceable, even temperate and unassuming life he lived; for his general good sense, manliness, honesty and truthfulness; and because he was uniformly generous

and unselfish, and too great-hearted to be a respecter of persons. There was something in his open face and cordial and unaffected manner that at once, always and everywhere, commanded respect. He was everybody's good, dear 'Uncle John,' as long as the writer knew him—about forty years."

John McCarty lived all the days of his life in the home of his birth, except for one year when he served as an apprentice in blacksmithing with his cousin David Lloyd, in Jerseytown. He was 90 years old when he died on January 24, 1884.

Gernerd wrote of him: "He loved the old home. No sum of money would have induced him to part with it." This leads to the assumption that he may have been approached, from time to time, by those who wanted to buy his home.

"Uncle John" McCarty

"Uncle John" McCarty's chestnut sorrel horse, "Salem," was as beloved by the community as was his master. A story about Salem notes that when he was 38 years old, "several ladies borrowed him to take a load of baskets with refreshments to a Sunday School picnic, on Shoemaker's island. He brought them safely home, but the instant they drove up to the stable door, the faithful old beast, without a warning symptom of illness, fell over and almost instantly gave up the ghost."

The narrative notes that the ladies were prepared to drag the horse's body to a field for burial, but "Uncle John" would not permit such cruelty. Old Salem was tenderly lifted on a wagon and hauled out to his burial place. At the grave, it was proposed to knock off the horse's shoes.

"No," interposed Uncle John, according to Gernerd "Salem must be buried with his shoes on."

"Uncle John" was not a teetotaler, as many Quakers are. His cellar was stocked with various kinds of wines—blackberry, elderberry, grape, and currant. Someone had stopped at his door, one Sunday, and asked for some of his wine. The bachelor Quaker is reported to have replied: "If you can't be employed in any better

business on Sunday than to run about to hunt up wine, you must be in a bad way, and so you can't have any of my wine."

William McCarty's brothers, in their own ways, contributed to Muncy's growth and history. For example, ten years after settling in Muncy, Benjamin McCarty conceived the idea of starting a town, in 1797. As a surveyor, he laid out lots East of what is now Muncy's Main Street. One by one, the lots were sold. And a plaque, on East Water Street, commemorates Benjamin McCarty for his contribution to Muncy's historic setting.

William, Isaac, and Silas followed their brother's example and also had parts of their properties plotted for development. Then, in 1826, after the Borough of Muncy's boundary lines were defined, an act of incorporation was applied for. Finally, the name was changed from Pennsborough to Muncy because, according to the records, "the new name would be more in accordance with the historical associations of the place, and serve to perpetuate the name of the tribe that first dwelt there."

An oil portrait of "Uncle John" McCarty hangs in the main auditorium of the Muncy Historical Society. The artist has captured a distinct feature of the benevolent Quaker. He is depicted clean shaven, but with a "ruching" (like a collar) of white whiskers about his neck.

The home "Uncle John" McCarty loved passed through five generations of his family. The exterior of his beloved home has been stuccoed, and an Old-English architecture now covers the original siding of William McCarty's building. In 1945, the deed to the property no longer bore the McCarty name, when it was transferred to the Wertmans of Muncy.

Then in 1988, Thomas and Gloria Clegg, of Muncy, purchased the property. The Cleggs, over the years, have restored several early-American homes in the historic community. In the restoration of the McCarty House, the place has become "The McCarty House and Inn." The first floor of the home is now a restaurant, and the upstairs rooms have been made available for overnight guests. William McCarty's barn has become "The Carriage House." Adjoining the restaurant's property, it now is a repository for antiques, as well as a variety of early-American arts and

crafts pieces.

After a bitterly cold night, on the morning of the 30th of January 1993, a fire broke out in Muncy's oldest house. The fire destroyed all of the contents of the second-floor bedroom which was over the fireplace. The night before, because of the cold weather, the Cleggs had been using the fireplace to heat the rooms of the Inn.

No one knows how the fire began, but only a local policeman's quick action, on seeing flames coming out of the house, prevented total devastation of Muncy's oldest home.

The Cleggs immediately repaired the damage to the second-floor bedroom and what they've named "the William and Mary Room." The beautiful fireplace, which was charred by the searing flames, also has been restored as much as possible to its original beauty.

There are many beautiful old homes in the community of Muncy. But only the McCarty House has endured more than two centuries of American history.

Because the valley has many creeks and small waterways, Muncy's pioneer families needed to build bridges from field to field.

Little has changed alongside Muncy Creek where wigwams stood during Indian days.

9/The Wallis Connection

In the January 1878 issue of *Now and Then*, J.M.M. Gernerd told subscribers about "our distinguished pioneer, Samuel Wallis." He was right in noting that "the Wallis' name figures as often as any other in our early annals." For in perusing the pages of Meginness' *History of Lycoming County*, we find that Wallis was the original owner of thousands of acres of land in the Susquehanna Valley, and anyone who planned to settle in Muncy proper first had to negotiate with Wallis about acquiring a tract of land from his claim.

The Gernerd jottings about Wallis inform that he "came to this valley from Philadelphia, where he was engaged in mercantile and commercial business. He was a Quaker, a man of large fortune, of great energy and influence, well-educated, a surveyor, and an ambitious speculator in lands."

But on delving deeper into the historical mines, a lode of information is garnered about the who and what of Samuel Wallis. For example, from the first paragraph of "A Short Sketch of Samuel Wallis' Private Life," as prepared by T. Kenneth Wood in the October 1940 issue of *Now and Then*, hints are given as to "his tragic and lonely death and burial in an unknown grave."

Further tracings of the Wallis family tree reveal that roots were established in Maryland, where Samuel was born April 21, 1731, in Elkton. His parents, Samuel and Cassandra Tolbott Wallis, origi-

nally were from England and Wales. The Wallises were prominent and wealthy members of early-American Quaker society.

Young Samuel Wallis is said to have been well-educated, and was a surveyor, but where he acquired his education is not stated. When in his early thirties, he made his way from Maryland to Philadelphia. There he found employment with a prominent Quaker firm, James and Drinker, agents of the Holland Land Company.

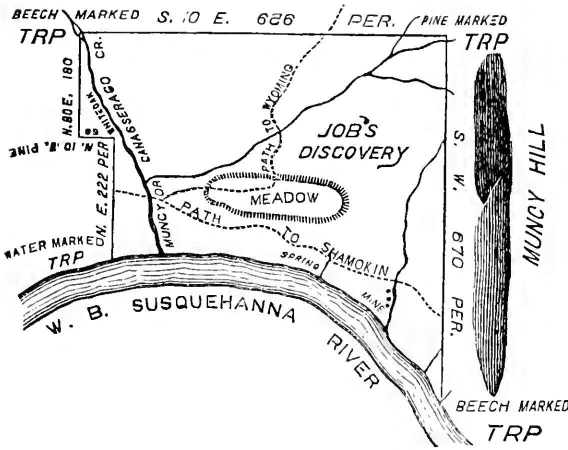
Wood's search through the Wallis files uncovered this information: "Samuel Wallis engaged in many lines of business but principally in coastwise shipping and land-jobbing." Today, Wallis would be considered a land speculator.

Additional findings lead to the assumption that Wallis was a shrewd businessman. He had become interested in Muncy Valley in 1768 which, according to Wood's notes, was because of "the Treaty of Fort Stanwix which threw open for occupation Muncy Valley."

In Muncy, Samuel Wallis had a mansion built in preparation for his marriage to Lydia Hollingsworth, in 1770. The walls of his one and one-half story stone building were three feet thick. It eventually was used mostly as a summer residence for the Wallises and their six children. Their city residence was on Arch Street, in Philadelphia, where we can assume that he engaged freely in the brilliant social activities of those times.

The Wallis estate in the valley was known as "Muncy Farm" and is said to have provided opportunity for the country gentleman to host Quaker missionaries, his business acquaintances, as well as the men of the monarchy who had been sent to govern the colonies. Historical papers also note that Wallis had relations with Indian chieftains inhabiting the Susquehanna Valley, and they also were frequent visitors to his mansion.

When Wallis entered the Susquehanna region, he came with a band of skilled surveyors. According to Wood, "He arrived in 1768, and in 1769 he had the floor of the Valley platted and staked before the Penns had a chance to make known their intention of setting these lands aside as a Proprietaries Manor (or as a Reserve) to be called 'Muncy Manor'."



During a land dispute with John Penn in 1772, Samuel Wallis had his draftsmen prepare this map found among the pioneer's papers. Wallis lost his rights to the manors depicted here.

Wood continues: "In a legal tussle with them (the Penns) Wallis lost and had to content himself with extra-manorial lands, principally lying between the mouths of Muncy and Loyalsock Creek."

Local historical files also give credit to Samuel Wallis for the surveying and plotting of the town of Wilkes-Barre. An article appearing in *Proceedings* 1990, of the Northumberland Historical Society, states that Wilkes-Barre was laid out by Wallis in a rectangular design, with a diamond (or square, as it is called) in the center, and was destined to be the scene of the bloodiest battle of the Revolutionary War—"the Wyoming Massacre."

Compiled for the Northumberland Historical group by Linda Fossler, then of Gwynedd-Mercy College, the article casts a long shadow over Wallis' patriotism during the Revolutionary War. Fossler links Samuel Wallis to one of George Washington's "most successful generals; his personal friend—Benedict Arnold."

It is reasonable to assume that as a shipping magnate, as well as a prominent member of Philadelphia's society, Wallis must have had more than casual contact with Arnold and British militarists, such as John Andre, who participated in the city's brilliant social events.

In her book, *Romantic Days in the Early Republic*, [Little, Brown

and Company, Boston 1912] Mary Caroline Crawford describes a typical all-day festival which had been held in Philadelphia, in May 1778, featuring a regatta of highly decorated ships in port. British generals and local social leaders, as well as "several fair ladies," had boarded the ships early in the day. Then in the afternoon, the music and dancing was transferred to the mansion of Joseph Wharton, where a grand lawn party continued until midnight, at which time a magnificent banquet was served.

Crawford notes that the party's guest list included Sir Henry Clinton, of the British military family, and Major John Andre, who was in love with Margaret Shippen, daughter of one of Philadelphia's proudest families.

At that time, Crawford notes that Benedict Arnold was in command of American forces in Philadelphia. Arnold, originally from New Haven, Connecticut, had earned his living as a druggist, prior to entering the military. He had lost his first wife at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. In Philadelphia, he fell in love at first sight with Miss Shippen, a Tory belle. He wooed and won her as his bride, despite her father's great displeasure. Margaret was 21 years old, when they were married; Arnold was 35 and the father of three sons. The couple participated freely in Philadelphia's high society.

At the time they were married, according to the Crawford book, "Arnold began writing to Sir Henry Clinton, in disguised handwriting and under the signature of 'Gustavus' describing himself as an American soldier of high rank, who, through disgust at the French alliance and other proceedings of Congress, might perhaps be persuaded to go over to the British, provided he could be indemnified for any losses he might incur by so doing."

Crawford notes that the replies from Clinton were penned by Major Andre over the signature of "John Anderson."

This information is in line with Linda Fossler's findings which state that "The negotiations between General Arnold and Major John Andre, adjutant general of the British forces, became known almost immediately, as the former escaped into the arms of the British and the latter was executed by order of General Washington. The identity of Arnold's most mysterious courier,

however, remained a secret for over 145 years, until the contents of the papers of General Clinton, in the British Headquarters files revealed him to be Samuel Wallis, respected Philadelphia merchant, part-time resident of Muncy, Pennsylvania, and extensive landholder in old Northumberland County."

The startling facts about Wallis's shady past, as related by Ms. Fossler, originally were expounded in great detail by noted author, Carl VanDoren, in *Secret History of the American Revolution* [1941]. VanDoren revealed that Joseph Stansbury, a Philadelphia shopkeeper, was a British spy with whom Arnold also shared confidences. And Wallis, who had frequent business dealings with Stansbury, was a trusted friend of the shopkeeper. In the personal papers Wallis kept in his voluminous files there are receipts for jugs, bottles, and china purchased from Stansbury's shop. Moreover, in the City of Brotherly Love, Wallis the Quaker businessman had earned the reputation as a "Gentleman of credit in Philadelphia." Fossler boldly wrote: "People told him everything."

Further, General Clinton's papers indicate that at one point Wallis had been useful to the British in providing information about "underwater fortifications along the Delaware River approach to Philadelphia."

Recently, quotes about the Wallis connection during the Revolutionary War were taken from VanDoren's book and published in the August 1993 *Now and Then*, by Jane Jackson, editor of the Muncy Historical Society's publication. Jackson told us: "Samuel Wallis of Muncy Manor on the Susquehanna was Arnold's agent and General Clinton's correspondent; though so stealthy in his movements, that he had not hitherto been detected. In Philadelphia Wallis went on expertly pretending to be a Whig. So long as Congress should be in power, thus, he could stand well with the Patriots. If the British forces should put down the rebellion, then he could prove he had been for a long time, a Loyalist."

For Wallis, whose wealth and influence was known in the British colony in America, it is reasonable to assume that he needed to protect his varied business interests. The records show he owned at least three ships (Betsy, Pigeon, and Hannah) and traded

extensively in the West Indies and Bermuda. It is fair to assume, therefore, that he must have had frequent communications with British tradesmen overseas, as well as with prominent colonial settlers during the Revolutionary War.

But while England was endeavoring to get a firmer hold on the colonies, the people of the new settlements wanted to be free of the monarchy. Governors, sent from London to oversee colonial businesses, wanted the newly settled tradesmen to adhere to English regulations. This brought objections from the people of the colonies, and problems for England.

The colonialists wanted freedom in political, religious, and economic activities. This philosophy ultimately was stated in the Declaration of Independence.

Where did Wallis fit in during those times in the colonies? He must have been in a dilemma. At the yearly meeting held in London in 1775, Quakers in America were urged "to remain clear of any political commotions of rebellious activities against the King."

Historians note that Wallis (the surveyor) knew the Pennsylvania frontier. Eventually he became the connection for providing maps to leaders of the American Revolution. Quaker though he was, Wallis was put in a position of having to appease various factions. He was commissioned as captain of the 6th Company, 2nd Battalion of the Militia in Northumberland County. Nevertheless, the record shows: "In 1778, Wallis and his family fled for their lives to Fort Augusta, during the 'Big Runaway,' which had occurred during the expected movement down the Susquehanna of nearly 1,000 Indians, Tories, and British, under the command of Colonel John Butler." The battle expected in Muncy never did occur. Rather, it took place in the Wyoming Valley, and is recorded as "The Wyoming Massacre," [July 3, 1778].

At that time, General Sullivan planned an expedition along the Susquehanna frontier to retaliate against British and Indian raids. His contact was the president of the Pennsylvania Council, Joseph Reed, of whom he requested a map of that area of the wilderness where the exercise would take place. Reed then asked Wallis, in February 1779, to provide General Sullivan with a map for his expedition against the Six Nations in the Susquehanna Valley.

Fossler's recounting of this incident states: "This request offered a unique opportunity for Wallis to assist the British. He would prepare a deliberately inaccurate map for General Sullivan and the American forces. Wallis would be above suspicion, because he had pledged allegiance to the Patriot cause, and his official pass described him as 'Friendly to the Liberty of America'."

"The false map scheme failed, however," Fossler continues, "because General George Washington wisely consulted several maps and various frontier experts while planning the expedition."

In the VanDoren version, Wallis clearly is connected to Arnold's act of treason. This is confirmed through correspondence between Benedict Arnold and Major John Andre, adjutant general of the British forces, whose letters have been preserved in the William L. Clements Library, at the University of Michigan.

In explaining why Arnold was planning to commit treason, the Fossler historical paper notes that though Arnold "had risen to the grade of Major General, his date of rank was set by Congress below that of political appointees and other officers whom Arnold believed to be inferior to him in leadership abilities. In addition, Congress had ordered an investigation into some of his expenses as commander and rejected some of the financial claims he had made upon Congress. This investigation eventually was referred to a military court martial which resulted in a personal reprimand from General George Washington."

Fossler notes that on August 1, 1780, Arnold was given one of the highest honors—that of commanding the cavalry which in due course would be used to engage the British army. However, Arnold although plotting treason wanted the appointment of commander to the post at West Point, because he was convinced "he was disliked by Congress." Arnold had not lost Washington's confidence, despite his bitterness toward Congress, and the General gave Arnold the West Point command on August 3, 1780.

The Fossler description of the plot by Arnold to commit treason reminds us that "negotiations were conducted through written correspondence which had to pass through several hands to reach General Clinton." And, therefore, one can imagine that Arnold must have had fears of detection, and even was aware of the dire consequences

that would befall him should he be found out. The delay in receiving a response may have caused Arnold to distrust Joseph Stansbury. And when the answer to his letter did not appear, he had to have wondered if Stansbury had delivered the message to Major Andre. The thought might have entered his mind that Stansbury was a double agent!

Such troublesome imaginings lead to the reasonable assumption that Arnold had to turn to someone else—Samuel Wallis, Philadelphia's most trusted man. Thus, Wallis became "his principal agent and messenger between Philadelphia and New York," notes Fossler.

The British files reveal that Arnold wrote a letter to John Andre dated July 11, 1780 in which he noted: "the bearer (Wallis) in whom a confidence may be placed, is charged with others and is instructed—preliminaries being first settled—to fix a plan of safe conveyance and operation." [Fossler, p.111]

The "plan" of the letters was this: That Arnold would surrender West Point to the British for 20,000 pounds of sterling. He also requested "a thousand pounds to be paid my agent (Wallis)."

According to the Fossler rendering of this episode, the capture of Major Andre and the subsequent revelation of the plot to surrender West Point ended in Arnold's escape to the British, and Andre's execution. As for Margaret Shippen Arnold, she was sent a notice on October l, 1780 by the Philadelphia Council. It read that "as the wife of Benedict Arnold, an attainted traitor whose residence in this city has become dangerous to public safety," she was given fourteen days to get of town, as noted in the Crawford book.

And Wallis, the trusted Quaker, never was suspected of participation in Arnold's treachery. VanDoren's findings in the Clinton letters uncovered the Wallis connection only because the papers at the University of Michigan were opened to scholars, almost a century and a half after the fact.

Wallis, the wealthy Philadelphian, continued to prosper in his affairs after the Revolutionary War. He remained in the city until 1782, and then took full charge of the settlements in the Susquehanna Valley. He built a grist mill in 1785 at his Muncy Farm, and gained enough prominence in local government to win an appointment as

an associate judge in Lycoming County, in April 1795.

His experience as a frontiersman and land speculator won him continued work as a buying agent for the Holland Land Company. He hired James Wilson as his legal representative. Fossler's notations say that, "as a land agent, Wallis bought land and often assumed the obligation to pay, although the title was vested in the Holland Land Company. He would then be reimbursed by the Company, whose funds were administered by Judge Wilson."

The relations between the partners began to sour, however, so that by 1798 Wallis was owed 88,500 pounds of Sterling by the Holland Land Company. He hounded Wilson for the money, but was not aware that his partner also had claimed ownership of land that had greatly depreciated in value. Wilson, too, was deeply in debt.

Wallis traced Wilson as far as North Carolina, where papers were drawn for the entire amount to be paid in cash, and delivery of the money was to be made within 24 hours. Wilson never came through with the cash. He either committed suicide or succumbed to an accidental overdose of medication and alcohol. He was found dead in his bed on the morning he was to have delivered the money to Wallis.

Dejected and penniless, Wallis, in company with a servant, made the return trip to Philadelphia. Exhaustion forced a stop in Maryland, where he took a room for the night. Too tired to complain about the used linens on the bed, he spent the night where a guest had died of Yellow Fever.

Not until the next morning did he learn that he'd exposed himself to the disease then rampant in the colonies. Racing back to Philadelphia, he demanded the services of his friend Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. But it was too late.

Samuel Wallis was 67 years old when he died at his home on Arch Street, October 14, 1798. His body was laid in an unmarked grave in a Quaker burial site.

Wallis had lost his fortune, but his stone mansion which was preserved for his widow by family friends, remains as one of Muncy's historical landmarks.

The Samuel Wallis residence is registered as Lycoming County's oldest home.

10/The Lady of the Manor

Thomas Jefferson was serving the second term of his presidency, and the American frontier was rapidly spreading westward, in 1806, when a wealthy ironworks manufacturer, from Lebanon County, purchased 7,000 acres of the land left by Samuel Wallis, in Muncy Valley. The transaction was made through the Philadelphian James Drinker, agent of the Holland Land Company.

Robert Coleman's acquisition of the Muncy pioneer's estate became the dowry for his daughter, Elizabeth, who had married a prosperous young lawyer, Charles Hall of Sunbury, in 1790. Hall already owned 4,000 acres of land in the area, so the couple's combined holdings made them among the largest owners of property in the Susquehanna Valley.

Grand as the Wallis home was when she moved into it, Elizabeth Hall directed extensive renovations for her Muncy residence. The young matron brought to the Valley the contractor who then was constructing the capitol building, in Harrisburg. And the records show that "both contracts were in progress at the same time," and that all the material used in the reconstructed former Wallis home was hauled up the Susquehanna River to Muncy by boat.

Charles and Elizabeth Hall became the parents of 11 children, while living at Muncy Farms. The focus of this writing is upon Susan Emily, their tenth child, who was born in 1814.

It is fair to assume that under the tutelage of her mother, heir to a fortune, Susan was trained in a grand and gracious manner of living. As "the lady of the manor," her mother entertained lavishly in the mansion Wallis had built in 1769, and which even then had been listed in historic records as "the oldest house in Lycoming County, and older by three years than the township of Muncy." [Meginness, p.41]

Susan Emily was seven years old when her father died. Her widowed mother left the manor in Muncy and returned to her paternal surroundings in Lancaster. Susan's brother, Robert Coleman Hall was left in charge of the family residence in the Susquehanna Valley.

Meanwhile, Susan was being nurtured by her mother and grandmother. Later, her formal education was acquired in Burlington, Vermont where she enrolled at the "Episcopal Institute," founded by Vermont's first Episcopalian bishop, John Henry Hopkins, in 1824.

Susan Emily was in her teens when she became engaged to Edward Hopkins, the Bishop's son, who then was actively engaged in a naval career. Touching on the romantic phase of Susan Hall's life, the April 1992 issue of *Now and Then*, noted: "As a midshipman, Edward was sent to Brazil. That marriage was not meant to be!" [April 1992, p.158]

John Henry Hopkins Jr.

No information is available as to why the wedding between Susan Hall and Edward Hopkins did not take place. But since Edward was gone at sea for seven years, it is reasonable to assume that either he or his young bride-to-be may have had a change of heart.

While at school in Vermont, Susan Emily's home in Muncy was being exchanged into the hands of various members of the Halls' family tree. Her brother Robert was married to Sarah Ann Watts, (daughter of Judge Watts, of Carlisle) and had made the decision to practice law in the community of his wife's family's roots. That left Muncy Manor in an abandoned state.

After her husband's passing, Sarah Watts Hall returned to Lycoming County, and her son James was given charge of her estate at Muncy Farms. At his mother's death, James Hall moved to Philadelphia and gave his only son, William Coleman Hall, Esq., charge of the family's manor.

Sarah Emily Hall

In the meantime, Susan Emily Hall's devotion to her church was intensifying. During her years in Vermont, she had taken a sisterly interest in the Bishop's other son, John Henry Hopkins Jr., and had seen him graduate with honors from the University of Vermont. He then trained at General Theological Seminary in New York City, where his career was devoted to "church journalism." Later still, John Henry Jr. was ordained to the priesthood of the Episcopalian Church.

Her friendship with the Hopkins family, incited Susan Emily Hall to have a place where Episcopalian missionaries and clergymen could rest in their journeys while evangelizing throughout the Valley. The work of the Episcopalian Church became her life.

When Muncy Manor passed into the hands of nephews, Susan Emily Hall used her share of the family fortune to acquire "Oaklands," the former summer residence of Colonel Potter, a Philadelphian who had been in the militia with Samuel Wallis. The home also was built on the Wallis tract, and had been acquired by the Colemans from James Drinker.

As her mother had done when she acquired the Wallis mansion, Susan Emily had "Oaklands" remodeled. As, "the lady of the manor" called "Oaklands" she hosted various Episcopalian church officials. Therefore, the architecture she chose had religious overtones. For example, stained glass windows in a grand hallway with a winding staircase.

One special room, on the third floor of the mansion, became "the Bishop's Room." A cathedral effect was sculptured into the ceiling's plastered design. The large mahogany bed, made especially for the chief cleric of the church, was adorned with bronze

angelic carvings on opposite posts of the headboard. Sashed windows—one facing East, and the other South—caught the splendor of the Susquehanna River Valley mornings and evenings, and brought it into the Bishop's quarters.

Susan Emily Hall dressed like a priestess. While women of those days bedecked themselves in velvets and silks, and beads and feathers and lace, Susan Emily only wore long black gowns. The same black ruffled material trimmed the neckline, with only a slim sliver of white fabric adorning the collarline. The plain-faced maiden lady wore her long hair parted in the middle and pulled tightly away from her face.

Although she grew up in prim and proper surroundings, and all her lifetime had associated with churchy people and things, Susan Emily Hall had a feisty personality. She exploded when exasperated with the indecisiveness of people around her.

For example, one of her special gifts was in the art of embroidery. She used her gift to create altar vestments for her church. The exquisite embroidery was mostly her own design. For her needlework, Miss Susan used embroidery silk of a special quality, acquired from a specialty shop in Philadelphia. Usually, "the lady of the manor" would have the silk sent to the "Oaklands" estate. However, this time she happened to be in the city, and went personally to the shop to purchase the special silk thread. The clerk had difficulty finding the product on his shelves, and searched and searched for it.

"We don't sell much of it," he said. "Only that old Susan Hall up at Muncy uses it."

"Well, I'm that old Susan Hall," responded the unexpected patron. "So hurry up and find it."

The Episcopalian zealot had her dander aroused once again when she learned that the vestry of her church (St. James Episcopal) had settled plans to tear down the old brick church and would replace it with another brick edifice "of rather nondescript architecture."

Describing this incident for a centennial event, *The Harrisburg Churchman* [Mar. 1938] reported: "On hearing this,

Miss Susan exclaimed 'Nonsense. I won't hear of it. We will build a proper Episcopal Church, Gothic and of stone'."

The protests of the Vestry were to no avail, even though an architect already had been hired for the proposed new *brick* church. Anyway, the type of church Miss Hall wanted was beyond the congregation's budget.

But Miss Susan remained firm: "I said we will build a proper church, and *Gothic*, and *stone* it will be. It is all arranged. The first thing you will do is pay the present architect, and then tear up his plans."

Miss Hall then enlisted the help of her friend John Henry Hopkins Jr. who had studied architecture, in New York City. Among his friends were masters of architectural art, among whom was Renwick, designer of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Later, he had become associated with Richard Upjohn, architect for the reknowned Trinity Chapel, in Manhattan's financial district. At Susan Emily Hall's request, Reverend Hopkins secured Upjohn's architectural services to draw plans for her Gothic and stone Muncy church.

Ida Jane White, a Muncy resident and member of the Episcopalian Church, prepared a paper about the woman she calls "Aunt Susan" for the Muncy Historical Society. [Dec. 1985] Mrs. White noted that Susan Hall found a family in Montomery (a town across the river from Muncy) to agree to provide stones from their quarry. The stones were readied and hauled to the banks of the river. Then in winter, when the river was frozen over, Susan Emily Hall gathered together the women of the parish. And while the men with ropes and sleds hauled stones across the ice, the women served hot meals and coffee to keep the workers warm. They worked through the night to get the job done.

Wrote Mrs. White: "And so, Muncy's St. James Church was built just exactly as the indomnitable Susan Emily Hall had wanted. The result is our lovely Gothic stone church."

The historical data notes that the original brick church structure was removed in 1856. The cornerstone for the present building was laid in August 1858. It was completed debt free.

The cost: $9,000.00. The dedication services for St. James Episcopal Church, were held November 15, 1859.

Muncy's historic St. James Episcopal Church is the "mother church" of Christ Episcopal Church, in Williamsport, where Reverend Hopkins was named rector. The Episcopalian Church of Muncy also has historic "sister churches" in the surrounding area. They are the Church of Our Savior, in Montoursville, and the Church of the Good Shepherd, at Fairfield Center. Both churches were built during the time Susan Emily Hall and the Reverend John Henry Hopkins Jr. were active in the local religious community.

Susan Emily Hall's friend, Reverend Hopkins, during his lifetime composed a number of hymns, chorales and poems. Most notable is his composition "We Three Kings of Orient Are," a part of America's Yuletide songfests.

In 1891, J.M.M. Gernerd, a member of the local Episcopalian Church, sought information about Muncy's first Sunday Schools. Susan Emily Hall, then 77 years old, was ailing from a diseased heart. She wrote a letter to Gernerd, who published it in *Now and Then*. Her personal jottings grant glimpses of Miss Hall's life and help to piece together the fabric of the unique character of this woman of faith.

Susan Emily Hall wrote: "Mrs. Elizabeth Hall (her mother) removed from Sunbury to the Muncy Farms in April 1821, her husband having died about three months previous. Mrs. Hall had then three grown daughters, under twenty years of age, named Ann, Catharine and Margaret, and they felt prompted to give some instruction to the children of the neighboring families who were growing up without much chance (of Sunday School training). I was myself one of the scholars, not being quite seven years old. At that time, there was no church edifice in or near Muncy, except the old brick church on the road to Hughesville, and the Friends' Meeting House, in what was then called Goosetown." [*Now and Then*, Sept.-Oct. 1891].

The next paragraph of Miss Susan's letter mentions "an Episcopalian clergyman named Hopkins," who had held services at "the old brick church on the road to Hughesville." The Episcopalian clergyman, who is named with such deference by Miss Hall, is none other than her longtime friend Dr. John Henry Hopkins.

Returning to the letter to Gernerd, Miss Hall writes about her

brother Coleman Hall, whom she names as "a zealous churchman," and notes that he was "principally instrumental in building the St. James Episcopal Church, in Muncy." She gives emphasis to the fact that he "walked to church every Sunday to teach Sunday School."

However, this was not always so, because a finding in the August 1868 issue of *Now and Then* records that Gernerd, as a boy, was deeply impressed by the unusual mode of travel used by the Halls when they attended church. He refers to the years after 1836, when "about this time the 'Dearborn' wagon or carriage was brought to the country. When Hall's carriage drove up to the church door, we boys almost held our breath. We never expected the owners of so magnificent an establishment to condescend to notice the ragged brigade who *footed it* to church, and scattered on the mud sidewalk as the cavalcade approached."

To continue with Miss Hall's letter concerning Muncy's church history, we find that she refers to herself in the third person, and writes the following: "Mrs. Hall (her mother) had an unmarried daughter, Susan. Miss Hall found her time hanging heavy on her hands, having always been accustomed to church and Sunday School, and in imitation of her elder sisters, invited a few little girls to come to her every Sunday to be taught. She began with nine little girls, who took great delight in their Bible lessons, and were a source of great pleasure to their teacher."

In this unusual practice of speaking of herself as though she lived in the distant past, Susan Emily Hall reveals a practice of many early-church personalities whose lives were saturated in hours of quiet meditation and contemplation of the Sacred Scriptures. To Gernerd she continues: "Miss Hall was not familiar with the routine of Sunday Schools, and did not know what books to use, but after a variety of efforts, settled down upon simple Bible readings and explanations. Miss Hall's object in combining the prayer-book with the Bible instruction was to enforce the truth, that nothing was important but the Word of God, and that every line in our book of worship was in full accordance with the Holy Scriptures; if not, it was of little worth."

The inclusion of these paragraphs is to demonstrate the zeal Susan Emily Hall showed for her religion, and to help in under-

standing the kind of life she lived after the plans for her marriage to Midshipman Edward Hopkins did not materialize.

Ida Jane White's findings about Susan Emily Hall include the information that she often would take long rides in the country with her horse "Dobbin." Mrs. White wrote: "It was said that once Miss Susan made up her mind about something, no one or nothing could stop her—except her horse. On those long rides to the country churches she and Dr. Hopkins had founded, sometimes Dobbin had to stop and rest. Or he wanted something to eat along the way. Miss Susan would plead with him or take a whip to him, but the horse wouldn't budge. He never went on until he was ready to go. During those struggles with her horse, Susan Hall would take out her Bible and read, until Dobbin made up his mind to be on his way."

Another story Ida Jane White collected for her presentation to the Muncy Historical Society came from a woman whose parents worked for Miss Hall. It reveals how conditioned the horse, Dobbin, was to his owner's church habits.

"Sometimes my parents were allowed to borrow Miss Susan's horse and buggy for the day," is the story told to a local historian. "When they would ride up Main Street past the Episcopalian Church, Dobbin would suddenly stop. He refused to go any further. Someone in the buggy had to step out and open the church door—wait a few moments—and then close the door of the church, and walk back to the buggy. Dobbin then would glance around. Upon seeing the passenger's foot touch the step of the carriage and again was seated, the horse knew it was time to move on. And that Dobbin would do, trotting briskly on his way."

"Oaklands," Miss Susan's manor, perfectly suited her need for quiet and rest during her later years when a failing heart curtailed her activities. During those years, she gave herself almost entirely to her gifted art of embroidery, and created altar pieces and vestments for her church.

After Miss Hall's death, her mansion was passed to a niece, Elizabeth Ashurst. With a new resident-owner, the house was given a new name—"Ashurst Manor."

The continuing history of the manor includes the purchase of the property, in 1915, by a state senator—Charles W. Sones. Sones was

unmarried and lived in Williamsport, and used the manor only for entertaining his friends. After the Second World War, Sones subdivided the 240-acre tract of land he owned. Thirty-five acres, including the manor house, then became the possession of the Ulmer family, who converted it to a tavern and inn.

The religious heritage of Miss Hall's mansion was revived in the early 1960s, when the property was purchased by the Audio Bible Society, of Williamsport. This time the name of the place was changed to "Muncy Terraces." Extensive building took place on the grounds, as it became the hub of religious conferences. A dormitory, an activity center, and an assembly hall were built on the grand estate which once was Susan Emily Hall's home.

Again, in 1968, the manor took on a different character when the Csehy Summer Music School moved from Indiana to Muncy, to provide a six-weeks studies program during the months of July and August, for aspiring young musicians. While the surroundings of the Valley echoed with sounds of orchestral themes, the management of "Muncy Terraces" was soliciting financial help. To ensure that the property would be maintained as a Christian conference center, a group of local businessmen and pastors acquired the property in 1971.

Later, "Muncy Terraces" was acquired, in 1986, by Lakeside Youth Services, of Willow Grove, Pennsylvania. Robert Parker, a Muncy resident, was hired as manager of the complex.

Perhaps Susan Emily Hall, who died in 1895, would find pleasure in the fact that her beloved manor continues to exist as a center for religious-theme activities.

The remains of "the lady of the manor" are resting in the Hall family's cemetery plot, a short distance from Miss Hall's majestic manor. The beautiful monument marking the Hall family's grave site was designed by the man who helped create the plans for Muncy's St. James Episcopal Church—John Henry Hopkins,Jr.

The home of Susan Hall was named and renamed several times. On the Wallis Tract, the building houses Muncy Terraces today.

11/A Hero Is Remembered

More than 200 years after his death, the telling and retelling of Captain John Brady's heroic exploits continues to echo across the Susquehanna Valley. A Revolutionary War hero and fearless Indian fighter, Brady (1733-1779) is honored with memorials at several sites in Muncy.

An historic marker is at the northern entrance to the borough, where a shady nook creates an idyllic setting for a natural stone monument. The tablet of bronze, mounted in a stone pillar, abbreviates the heroic frontiersman's life in these few words: "Capt. John Brady was ambushed and killed by Indians near this spot." In the Muncy Cemetery, a 30-foot-high cenotaph honoring Captain Brady was made possible through a local campaign spearheaded by J.M.M.Gernerd while he was editor of *Now and Then.* It was dedicated in October 1879, and stands as a reminder to the community of Brady's heroism.

In sifting legend from truth, one thing is clear: While he lived, Captain John Brady was a threat to the Indians. He was a marked man, because the frontiersman was as familiar as they were with the rich hunting and fishing territories of the West Branch Valley. But more than that, Brady had usurped the Indian warrior's hallmark—victory in battle.

In the words of Frederic A. Godcharles, a Pennsylvania historian, "Captain John Brady had taken such an active part in the

efforts of the settlers to subdue the Indian atrocities, and his daring and repeated endeavors had so intensified their hatred, that they determined his capture above all other efforts."

This was that period in Muncy's history about which J.M.M. Gernerd had written—the time when "the humble natives had not dreamed that the Great Spirit would send a race of acquisitive white men who would destroy all their tribes, occupy all their vast hunting grounds, cut down their magnificent forests, level their sepulchral mounds with the plow, destroy the wildlife, build villages and cities where their wigwams stood."

In his confrontations with Indians in the wilderness, Brady had bested them. He had eluded and humiliated them so often that accounts of these events had to have brought retaliation from vengeful chieftains who were after Brady's scalp.

Brady was of Irish parentage, the second son of Hugh and Hannah Brady. He was born near Newark, Delaware, and taught school in New Jersey, before moving to Pennsylvania with his parents. Local history books do not record which subjects Brady taught, or the date when he became a Pennsylvanian. But it is fair to assume that the young schoolmaster's students were gathered in a one-room schoolhouse, and that Brady was interested in at least teaching his pupils to read and write.

At some point in his own education, Brady learned surveying, the work that provided the frontiersman ample opportunity to know the cunning wiles and ways of the Indians whose wilderness trails he had criss-crossed so often, while platting tracts of land in the Susquehanna Valley.

In 1754, he married Mary Quigley, whose Irish parents had also settled in Delaware. The couple had 13 children, eight sons and five daughters. Two sons and one daughter died in infancy. Brady's eldest son, Samuel, born in 1756, would also carve a notable place for himself in Muncy's roster of heroic frontiersman.

The outbreak of the French and Indian War, stirred John Brady's patriotism to the extent that he enlisted in the military, and was commissioned as captain on July 19, 1763. He served in the Second Battalion, under the command of John Penn, who later became governor of Pennsylvania.

History notes that the English colonists were eager to fight since they didn't agree with the expanding French empire.

Although they lacked organization, the colonists and the British had far greater population and resources in America, outnumbering the French 15 to 1. Also, the French had an enormous wilderness area to defend, stretching from Quebec to New Orleans, but it was populated by only 90,000 colonists.

Having served the Province of Pennsylvania admirably, Brady was granted a parcel of land of his choosing, something John Penn had granted to all his officers when they left the battalion. Brady's choice was a site near Lewisburg which gave him access to the river and forests to provide for his growing family. But the Brady settlement at Lewisburg was only temporary.

Historian John Meginness notes that Brady was moved by the "restless mysterious impulse that molds the destiny of the pioneers of civilzation."

Brady, for another little while, made a home for his family at Juniata. There, on July 27, 1768, his wife presented Brady with

"Silver Lustre," 3-piece tea set once was owned by John and Mary Brady. His descendants gave it to J.M.M. Gernerd.

twins—Hugh and Jane. Hugh later became a major-general in the U.S. Army.

In the summer of 1769, the Brady family was on the move again, and returned to the Lewisburg area where they built their cabin beside the Susquehanna River.

During this period, Brady intensified his interests in surveying. According to Meginness, when the young frontiersman's work took him to Muncy, he was so impressed with "the beauty of the location, the richness of the land, and the charming surroundings," that he decided to settle there permanently.

Hardly a year earlier, John Penn had been informed about the fertile Muncy territory by Job Chilloway, an Indian guide who had been befriended by the Quakers of the Valley. Penn had had the land surveyed (perhaps by some workers in the Samuel Wallis company) and on November 5, 1768, John Penn signed a treaty with representatives of the Six Nations, acquiring about 40,000 acres of land for $10,000. Later, on February 3, 1769, 24,000 acres of the Susquehanna Valley was opened for settlements.

Shady glen at entrance to Muncy features a stone monument that marks the place where John Brady, Revolutionary War hero, was shot by Indians.

Historical files note that when John Penn opened the Land Office on April 3, 1769, making 300-acre parcels of land available to each applicant, nearly 3,000 requests were received in a few weeks. John Brady was one of these, and took up "squatter's rights" in what is now the center of Muncy, where he built a log cabin for himself and his family.

J.M.M. Gernerd noted in *Now and Then* that "Brady's log house and stockade fort was the first improvement on the site of our town." [July 1877] The Samuel Wallis mansion (built in 1769) predates Brady's cabin, and is marked in historical files as "the oldest home in Lycoming County," but its location is about two miles west of the borough.

Because Brady, the frontiersman, was as watchful of the Indians as they were of him, he stockaded his property. And for good reason. He was aware that the Monseys already had bathed the area's hills in blood, during their engagements with the French. And to make matters worse, at the time Brady settled in the Valley, word had circulated that some Indian tribes were in conflict with those tribal groups who had signed away their territories to John Penn. The transaction, they insisted, was invalid. Their response was to drive the white settlers from the land.

To preserve their lives, the men were never without their rifles. And so Brady's Fort was prepared not only to protect his own family, but it had become a place of refuge for any others in the community of settlers who wanted safety from marauding savages.

Not only were the pioneer families taunted and stalked by the Indians, but Great Britain was creating divisions in the settlers' communities. There were those who still pledged loyalty to the King, and others who were revolutionaries, determined to fight for the independence they'd sought when they left Europe.

Brady had joined the Revolutionary Army in the Spring of 1776, and was appointed first major of a battalion headed by a Colonel Plunkett. And soon afterwards, when regiments were formed by Colonel William Cooke, Brady was commissioned captain of one of the companies. The 43-year-old soldier was with George Washington's army when the troops were engaged in battle with England's General Howe at Brandywine.

Two of Brady's sons also were there. His eldest son, Samuel, and fourth son John, Jr. also fought in the war. Though he was only 15 years old, John "had gone to the army to ride some horses home, but noticing that a battle was imminent, insisted on remaining and taking part." [Meginness, p. 165] John Brady Jr. was killed in battle by a shot in his mouth. While at Brandywine that frigid winter, Captain Brady contracted pleurisy and was sent home to Muncy to recuperate. He was not able to resume military duty until two years later. But on his return in September 1778, the officers of the Twelfth Regiment already had been mustered out. Brady's orders from Washington were to return to the Susquehanna Valley, and help Hartley defend the frontier. He did so, and participated in Hartley's expedition to Tioga.

Between 1777 and 1779 no one dared venture beyond rifle range from Fort Brady. Sometimes they were duped by the Indian's imitation of a wild animal. Pioneers who left the stockade, believing they would return with a supply of meat for their families, were either killed or taken prisoner.

Many repeated attacks convinced Colonel Hartley to request permission to have a large stockade built near the Samuel Wallis manor. But despite the dangers of the Valley, and even as Fort Muncy was being built, increasing numbers of settlers (mostly from New Jersey) moved into the West Branch area to stake their claims from John Penn.

It is ironic that while the attacks on the settlers were unrelenting, at the same time the Monsey and Seneca tribes were in conflict with the Delawares. And because of such tribal wars, Brady sensed it might be a good time to try to negotiate a treaty with the Monsey and Seneca tribes.

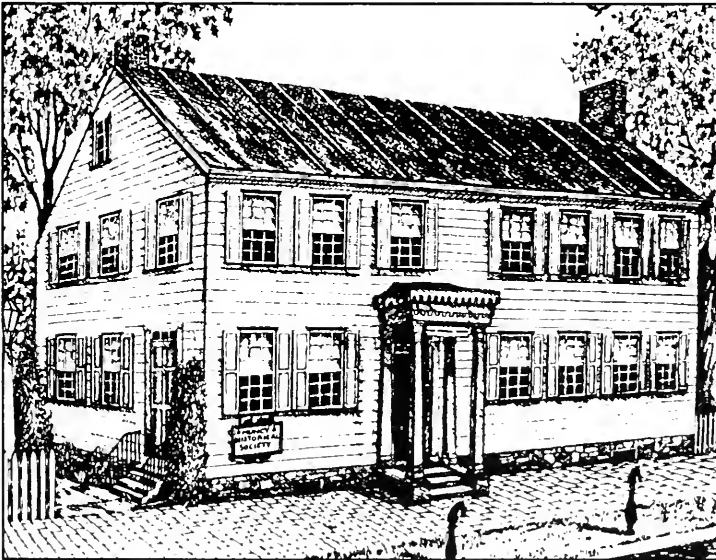
The Indians agreed to meet with Brady and representatives of the settlers at Fort Augusta. It was the summer of the "Big Runaway" and Muncy's families had fled to Sunbury with only the shirts on their backs.

The Indians who arrived at Fort Augusta appeared in their war costumes, apparently prepared to take a leadership role in the bargaining session. But because the settlers were destitute, they could offer nothing of value to trade with them. The Indians, therefore,

retraced their steps up the trail from Sunbury to their Muncy Valley haunts, determined more than ever to hold on to every inch of their territories.

Brady suspected that on their return the Indians probably would make their usual stop at Derr's Trading Post, along the river at Lewisburg. Derr kept whiskey by the barrel at the post, and the Indians always stopped there for their "treat." Brady believed it was unconscionable for any settler to offer the Indians whiskey when they were so unwilling to be at peace. He quickly rode up the trail to the trading post. There, an open barrel of rum was near the door. Enraged, Brady overturned the whiskey barrel. The Indians, just as enraged, watched the precious brew spill over the ground.

One day, very soon after that episode, the fields of corn that the Indians had planted in Muncy Valley suddenly were chopped down. Although the plants had not yet produced ears, the Indians had torn down their crops in preparation for a retaliatory strike against Brady and the Muncy settlements. For months, the Indians had disappeared. No one is certain where they went, although



Sketch of the Muncy Historical Society by Judy Tomagno, Muncy's artist in residence.

some historians have speculated that maybe it was the bitter cold winter of 1778 that had kept the Indians in their underground caves in the hills. When they did return, it was during the harvest season of 1778. Peter Smith (still grieving from the loss of several members of his family) found himself surrounded by a community of helpers, ready to assist with the gathering of the grain from his fields.

In the meantime, Colonel Hartley who had managed to get the stockade built at Fort Muncy also provided troops from the militia to protect the harvesters from the Indians. Among these soldiers was James, son of Captain Brady. He was directed by Colonel Hartley to be the sentinel for the reapers.

That early Saturday morning (August 8, 1778) the mists from the river had enveloped the valley with a thick fog. Eager to finish the harvesting, the reapers had set their rifles against nearby trees. They were bundling their sheaves when a band of Indians suddenly encircled them. James Brady, the sentry, was captured first. He was wounded with a spear, and then scalped.

Incredibly, despite his wounds, the young soldier rose to return to the Fort, and asked to die at his mother's side. Mrs. Brady, who with the other settlers had fled to Fort Augusta that night, had the sad duty of meeting the canoe that bore her wounded son. He lived a few days, dying August 13, 1778. He was 20 years old.

What a remarkable trophy the Indians had! Historians note that the young, Irish soldier had long, bright red hair. To the bloodthirsty Indians, it was a prize—especially because it belonged to a member of the Brady family.

This tragedy brought Peter Smith and Captain John Brady close.

Brady's family returned to Muncy from Sunbury in the Spring of 1779. With so many people in the Fort, Smith and Brady needed lots of provisions.

The record notes that the men were returning to the fort with a wagon full of supplies. Brady was on his horse, and Smith had been walking beside the wagon. Less than a mile

from Fort Brady, a fork in the road offered them a shorter route that followed a small stream.

Turning toward the stream and its wooded banks, Brady remarked to Smith that the spot would serve as a good hiding place for Indians. The words were hardly out of his mouth when rifle fire sounded three times. Brady fell dead instantly. His horse, frightened by the shots, made a leap. Smith grabbed the bridle, mounted Brady's horse, and raced to the Fort.

Mrs. Brady, and others in the fort, having heard the rifle shots, ran in the direction of the sound. They met Smith on the road. He led them back to where Brady had fallen. His body had not been moved.

Apparently, the Indians had realized that being close to both Fort Brady and Fort Muncy, there were many men armed and ready. And so they raced away. The Meginness account notes that Brady's scalp wasn't important to them, because "it was glory enough to know that they had slain the man they all hated and feared."

Mary Brady was 15 years old when her father was killed. She reported later that her father had been shot twice in the back. Though Brady had carried a gold watch, it wasn't taken by the Indians. Nor did they take a green sack Brady wore around his neck. The sack contained the parchment that marked his having received his commission as captain in the Continental Army.

Also a captain in the Continental Army was Brady's son, Samuel. He was on his way to Western Pennsylvania when word reached him that his brother, James, was murdered at harvestime by the Indians. When he arrived at Fort Pitt, he was given word that his father also was killed by the Indians. He vowed he would avenge their deaths. And his later exploits in the wilderness, as recorded by historians, note that he kept his vow.

While the editor of *Now and Then*, Gernerd conceived the idea of building a monument to Brady. He insisted that the money be raised through $1 voluntary donations. He raised $1,600, and on October 15, 1879 (the centennial year of Brady's

murder) the monument was dedicated in Muncy Cemetery.

On April 9, 1888, the *Williamsport Daily Gazette and Bulletin* noted: "Had it not been for Gernerd's disinterested efforts in this direction, it is doubtful if a cenotaph would have been reared to keep the memory of the gallant Brady green in the hearts of the people of this section of the West Branch Valley." [July-August 1888]

The Brady Memorial in Muncy Cemetary was made possible by $1 individual subscriptions, a campaign spearheaded by J.M.M. Gernerd in *Now and Then*.

12/Prisoners of Hope

The editor of *Now and Then* described them in 1891 as "a class of white servants that formed a notable phase of civic life in the early settlements of this country." History has named them "Redemptioners."

They were the thousands of people who migrated from the Palatines to Pennsylvania in the early 1700's. Although unable to pay their own fare for the Atlantic crossing, their desire to escape the horrors in their homeland was so great that they dared to brave unknown hardships in America. Of their own free will, they sold themselves into servitude four to seven years in order to get shelter, food, and to be trained in a vocation. At the end of their service, they received a suit of clothes and, if it had been stipulated in their contract, a horse, a cow, or some land." [*A Modern History of the United States*, p. 24]

Robert Sutcliff, a merchant from Sheffield, England, kept a diary of a 10,000-mile journey he'd taken through the Eastern Seaboard states during the years 1804-1806. Although he did not live to see the work published, in 1812 a copy of the merchant's book was obtained by J.M.M. Gernerd, and portions were excerpted in *Now and Then.*

The Sutcliff diary described these Redemptioners perfectly as

> "people in low circumstances, who, being desirous of set tling in America, and not having money to pay their passage, agree with the American captains of vessels to be

> taken over on condition of hiring for a term of years, on their arrival in America . . . "

The following points out Sutcliff's impression of Redemptioners he'd met in his journey:

> I noticed two female servants employed in the family. Both had been lately hired from on board a vessel lying in the Delaware, and which had recently arrived from Amsterdam with several hundred Germans, men, women and children, of that description of people called in America *Redemptioners.*
>
> One of them had two children with her in the family, who were quite young. This woman had lost her husband about the time of their arrival on the American coast; and the husband of the other, being a seafaring man belonging to Holland, had, as I understood, lost his life and property by an English ship of war. Although these two females had obtained a settlement in a country enjoying many privileges beyond that which they had left, yet, I think, no feeling mind could behold them thus circumstanced, placed amongst strangers of whose language they were almost wholly ignorant, and habituated to customs very different from those to which they had now to conform, without sensations of compassion; and it was very pleasant to me to observe that the general deportment of my relations toward them was respectful. I noticed many families, particularly in Pennsylvania, of great respectability both in our Society and amongst others, who had themselves come over to this country as Redemptioners, or were the children of such. And it is remarkable that the German residents in this country have a character for greater industry and stability than those of any other nation. [Vol. 2, p. 123]

In the January-February 1891 issue of *Now and Then,* Gernerd noted that some men, women and children among these "term slaves were worse in some cases than the bondage of the negro..." [Jan.-Feb. 1891]

But it also is a fact that some of America's white bond servants had been arrested for petty crimes in their homeland. When

released from jail, they either were tricked or kidnapped, taken to seaports, then were forced to be in servitude to cruel shipmasters.

Samuel Wallis, one of the chief landholders in the West Branch Valley, was responsible for having brought more Redemptioners to the Muncy area than anyone else, says Gernerd.

The process Wallis used for obtaining the indentured servants is explained by Gernerd: "It worked somewhat like the modern employment agency. When Wallis needed white farm hands, artisans, or house servants, he went to the shipping agents in Philadelphia, and contracted for the type [of people] he wanted. He then brought or sent them up to his estate at Muncy." Between the years of 1772 and 1796, upwards of fifty or more Redemptioners were contracted for by Wallis to serve him on Muncy Farm.

One example of a Redemptioner's contract is that entered into by John and Dorothea Betz on April 22, 1788. The couple bound themselves as servants to Samuel Wallis, as farmers "to service him four years, to have Ten Pounds 10 shillings apiece and Sixteen Spanish Dollars each in lieu of their freedoms, a cow & calf and a sow and pigs."

Another Betz placed himself in service on April 22, 1788: "Wilhelm Betz, with his father's consent, bound himself servant to serve eleven years, to be taught to read English, to have Ten Pounds in Lieu of the New Suit."

Since Gernerd's heritage included indentured servants, he took a keen interest in the history of the Betz family, one of Muncy's earliest Redemptioners. Writing about a hundred years after they'd been contracted for by Wallis, Gernerd revealed that the family name of Betz had been anglicized to Betts. The history writer noted:

> John Betts is the oldest man now in this neighborhood. He was born in the autumn of 1786, and is therefore in his 89th year. His parents, Johannes and Dorothy Betts, came to this valley from Germany, soon after the War of the Revolution, and were among our early settlers. John was born on the Wallis Plantation.

Gernerd's keen interest in this pioneer family often was shared with his readers. He told that the former Redemptioners had lived "in a cabin near the Big Spring on Wolf Run." And most Muncians

were familiar with the spot. He mentioned more than once that John's mother, Dorothy, would "go over the ridge to the Big Spring for water, and return with the filled bucket balanced on her head."

He also recorded this bit of folklore about Dorothy Betts to the readers of *Now and Then:*

> While at work one morning for Ben Shoemaker, a total eclipse of the sun came on, and was the occasion to these old folks—as it was to thousands of others—of the most serious alarm. The unusual darkness was a phenomenon they did not understand. However Johannes concluded that the darkness foreboded the dissolution of the world, and he whispered to Dorothy that 'the Day of Judgment has come.' 'We will go home to the children,' said Dorothy, 'and then we will all be together when we die.' So to their home they went, to wait for the world's great catastrophe. But by and by the heavens seemed less threatening, and then Dorothy thought of her almanac. In a moment she exclaimed, 'Oh, der tuifel, Johannes, it's notting but a clipse'. [Dec. 1894]

Gernerd made note that Redemptioners bound to Muncy's most notable landowner were not abused.

To maintain his band of indentured servants, Samuel Wallis kept a teacher in his employ, in order that the children of his "free willers" (as Redemptioners also were called) could be taught to read and write English, and to learn mathematics "as far as the Rule of Three."

Mathematicians know this to be the method of finding the fourth quantity in such a relationship when three are given. For example: 2 is to 6 as 3 is to X. [2:6::3:X]

The wealthy Quaker also made himself responsible for providing clothing and food to his several servants. And when they or their children became ill, he also had to be certain they were cared for. Wallis was often away from Muncy, due to his extensive business interests, and usually had assigned men he trusted to supervise his holdings in the Susquehanna Valley. The files of Muncy's illustrious pioneer again prove that a number of contracts for Redemptioners were signed by Stephen Hollingsworth, brother-

in-law to Wallis, and by Joseph Jacobs Wallis, his half-brother.

Since Wallis had owned several thousand acres of the Valley, it is fair to assume that all of the German immigrants bound to him were living as "prisoners of hope" in the small log dwellings they built for themselves on the Wallis tract.

Gernerd felt only compassion and understanding for these Pennsylvania "term slaves." This prompted him to publish in the February 1891 issue of *Now and Then*, an essay entitled "The Redemptioners and Their Bonds." Because his ancestors had escaped the Palatines and had begun life in Pennsylvania as indentured servants, Gernerd wrote:

> "The great majority of Redemptioners were merely poor, cultured or unfortunate people who wanted but a fair chance in life to prove that the blood in their veins was by nature as good, pure and noble as that which coursed through any other human veins."

There were thousands of these voluntary servants, and they came from nearly all the countries of Europe. Today their blood flows through the hearts and brains of millions of Americans, and their descendants are among the best and most honored citizens in the land. Many of the Redemptioners themselves, after honorably and faithfully serving their term of indenture, lived to gain comfortable and respectable positions in society.

Gernerd's pride in his ancestry is further expressed when he stated that "no country furnished this portion of the new world so many Redemptioners as Germany."

In the case of the Betz family which began life on the Wallis plantation as "term slaves," Johannes and Dorothy Betz "never accumulated a fortune," according to Gernerd. But Dorothy distinguished herself in the local community "as a noted cook and baker." Gernerd wrote, "In her best days there were few funerals and weddings in the valley at which she did not do the cooking and baking. And she often was sent for by citizens of Williamsport."

Redemptioners had been engaged in every area of colonial life. They were the ones who had farmed the land and harvested the crops for wealthy landowners. Bondslaves cared for their horses.

Blacksmiths, in servitude, kept the horses of their masters well shod. The horses' harnesses were produced in livery stables where Redemptioners busied themselves from early morning to late at night. And the women, working beside their indentured husbands, milked the cows and sheared the sheep belonging to their owners. The bread from wheat ground at the local grist mill was prepared by bonded servants. The Redemptioners' children also had faces whitened with the flour. They had to help their indentured mothers in the master's bakery. Hunters were vital to colonial society. The animals of the forests provided meat for the master's table, as well as for their own. Bondsmen tanned the deerskins that provided leather for shoes and clothing ordered by their masters. The fur of foxes and rabbits were tailored into coats and hats for the owners of the land on which indentured servants hunted. The fats of the animals were melted down by Redemptioners who used the grease that provided the candles that lighted their masters' banquet halls. Lumbermen in bondage to the landlord cut and hauled logs, then chopped the wood that fueled the fireplaces that warmed their master's home.

Redemptioners had to build their own log shelters for housing their individual families, even though they knew they would have to leave their cabins when their time of servitude would expire. Colonial furniture makers, while serving wealthy men like Wallis, honed their skills during their years of bondage.

We would not be wrong to assume that during their term of servitude to Wallis, the Betz family often remembered the circumstances that had surrounded them in the Palatines, and which had made them willing to become bondslaves to a wealthy landowner in Muncy. And we can imagine that the Betz family had kept a close watch on the calender, counting one month after the other, until their four years of servitude had ended. It is fair to assume that, while in their log cabin, they maintained a lively hope that they would survive life in the wilderness.

They eventually fulfilled their contract with Wallis and found a place of their own on the Benjamin Shoemaker farm. Gernerd notified his readers that they moved "from the ridge . . . to occupy a cabin on the main road, close to Wolf Run."

Historian Andrew J. Mellick Jr., who had traced the lives of Redemptioners and their masters noted that many well-to-do immigrants who brought bondsmen to America often lost the "prestige of their affluence" because they were unable to maintain their rank and influence in their new homeland. However, the servitors who knew how to endure hardships and were undaunted by the difficulties of colonial existence, after serving their time through diligence, acquired a parcel of land and built their homes on them. Wrote Mellick: "Thus it was not uncommon in the second generation to find the Redemptioners, in every way, taking precedence to the children of the master who had owned their time during their first years in this country."

In the fields beyond this gateway a fort was constructed by Samuel Wallis as protection from Indian fighters.

In Gernerd's time, Muncy's streets were unpaved, and wooden planks served as sidewalks.

13/Life on the Frontier

That there were any survivors of the hazardous sea journeys is a marvel. Masses of humanity, filled with hope for a new life, had been huddled in small ships from six to eight weeks, depending on the temper of the sea. Even the most hopeful had to have wondered if the seemingly interminable journey would ever end.

Gottlieb Mittelberger, having made the trip from Germany to Philadelphia in 1750, in a letter to his countrymen who were contemplating escaping by sea to America, wrote: "The people are packed into big boats as closely as herring. The bedstead of one person is hardly two feet across and six feet long, since many of the boats carry from four to six hundred passengers." [*America, A Modern History of the United States,*, p. 24]

Such information should have discouraged would-be travelers. But so burdensome were the impositions of the Palatinate government at that time that the people chose the discomforts and dangers of long sea journeys, and the hope of ultimately knowing a brighter future and freedom, than to remain in Europe. In 1688, the French had murdered more than 100,000 people in Northern Bavaria (the Palatines) and were threatening to annihilate thousands more.

Mittelberger tells us, "During the journey the ship is full of pitiful signs of distress—smells, fumes, horrors, vomiting, various kinds of sea sickness, fever, dysentery, headaches, heat, constipation, boils."

Even so, all that was but the beginning of hardships for the

German pioneers who, after having planted their feet at last on American soil at Philadelpia, then inched their way through the wilderness to settle along the Susquehanna.

First, the forests and fields had to be cleared to make a dwelling of logs. In the meantime, every able-bodied person prepared the cleared soil for planting grain crops (mainly corn and wheat) to insure long-term survival, while Indians threatened destruction of their homes and fields.

Moreover, nature often added misery to their daily tasks. Historians document that "clouds of mosquitoes and flies harassed both man and beast; chickens fell prey to raccoons, weasels, and minks; rabbits helped themselves to turnips and cabbage; and squirrels and crows made merry in the cornfield." [p. 32]

But despite the rigors of life on the open frontier, German settlers in Pennsylvania have become reknowned for their ability to overcome hardships.

"So productive were the German farms," noted historian Louis B. Wright, "that it is said that Pennsylvania alone could have fed the rest of the colonies." [*The Cultural Life of the American Colonies 1607-1673*, p. 62]

Of course, not every farm family had achieved wealth. Gernerd's great grandfather, a German pioneer, provided only a meager list of belongings in his will for his heirs. "In the name of God, Amen," he left, "the garden and the firewood, and the hay. Three cows, apples, beef, pork, bushels of corn and buckwheat."

In the book J.M.M. Gernerd wrote for his family's descendants, he noted:

> Farm life was one continuous drudgery. The early settlers had few comforts and conveniences, and knew little of labor-saving machinery. To have a horse, wagon, plow, one or two cows, a saw, axe, a few tools, as augers, a draw-knife, square, etc., and a hundred broad acres, more or less, made the stout-hearted and ready-handed German pioneer feel as independent and contented as the most flourishing farmers are now with all their cleared lands and modern conveniences."

Now and Then's first editor took great pride in his heritage. He keenly sensed the "freedom and novelty and pleasure" that his

ancestors had found in their new life on the Susquehanna Valley's frontierland. He noted, "They rejoiced whenever they thought of the restraints and despotism from which they had escaped."

After clearing enough land, the frontiersman had to build a log cabin, then pound its dirt floor smooth and hard. Later on, the floor probably would be laid over with planks. The cabin's temporary roof was thatched with branches or straw. But later boards or shingles would make it weatherproof. There were no windows in the cabin, so as to keep the heat inside. The door was made of heavy wood. Strong and heavy, too, were the door's hinges to prevent men or beasts from intruding.

The frontiersman's cabin, says Gernerd, probably had "two rooms on the ground floor, and a half-story loft above, where the children slept when old enough to climb up the stairs, or ladder."

And we are reminded that the beds in the cabins were "supported by four stout rustic posts, each post cut with a fork. They were well elevated to protect sleepers from rattlesnakes and copperheads, which were so common that it is said that the hogs were fattened on them." [July 1872]

More information on the structure of cabins of wilderness days comes from a manuscript by Thomas Cooper, of Dublin, dated 1794. He describes a log house owned by a tenant of Samuel Wallis. He notes that it was "about 36 feet by twenty, sashed windows (implying glass) carelessly finished within, one story high. The logs of his house were all raised and fixed in one day. One man at each end of every log, as it is raised, knotches it, while other logs are ready to be handed up."

Muncy's historian notifies us that by 1772, "there were not more than eight or ten houses on the Susquehanna west of Muncy Hills. There was unbounded forest, the deep silence of which was only disturbed by the occasional yell of the lingering savage, or by the howling of wolves, the cry of the panther, or some wild animals." [July 1872]

As for the pioneer woman, when not working in the field with her husband or caring for her children, she spent her days in the kitchen before a huge stone fireplace. Her cooking kettles were suspended on an iron crane over a hot log fire, which had been started by sparks from flint which had first ignited pieces of

straw, and then had enflamed dry sticks, and finally gave fire to large logs. Trained in cleanliness in her native country, the woman pioneer probably swept her earthen floor with a broom made of hickory saplings.

Gernerd tells us that women "burnt hog's lard, or the fat of some wild animals, in little boat-shaped iron or tin lamps; or perhaps at first used pitch-pine knots and splinters to make light."

Food for America's frontiersman consisted of whatever was edible and at hand. "For coffee they substituted roasted beech nuts, chestnuts, peas, rye or corn," Gernerd wrote about the eating habits of his forebears. He noted, "No time was lost in planting an orchard. And as soon as they had apples, then came the greatly esteemed luxury of cider, apple-butter, dried apples, and apple pie."

Apples were a fruit that could be enjoyed all year long. They dug storage holes deep into the ground at the end of the Fall season, and the fruit stored there was reclaimed when snow and ice covered the terrain. Every German family made apple butter. And later on, when a community of families formed villages in the opened wilderness, the close of the apple butter season was celebrated with music and dancing.

The importance of the apple tree and its fruit to the pioneer is recorded by Gernerd in a brief essay entitled, "A Remarkable Tree." He notified his readers that the tree was on the farm of Ebenezer Walton (one of Muncy's earliest settlers in the Susquehanna Valley) and noted that the trunk of the tree, "several feet above the ground, measured eleven feet and seven inches in circumference. This giant tree is about one hundred years old, and is probably the oldest apple tree in Lycoming County." (The same method of counting rings to estimate the lifetime of trees is used even today by local foresters.) Gernerd named the brand of apple from the Walton's apple tree as "water core," and family members had told him that the apples made "the most elegant cider." The historian added, "At the height of its bearing season, the tree's yield was about seventy bushels of apples."

Root vegetables (turnips, for example) were the main fare on the frontier family's table, along with potatoes, brought to the

Valley by the Scotch-Irish immigrants. Nor did settlers fail to borrow agricultural tips on how to plant corn from the Indians. Gernerd wrote: "Old-fashioned farmers used to say, 'It's time to plant corn when the dogwood is in bloom.' But the Indian women would say: 'It's time to plant corn when the shad come up the river'." This is because when Indians prepared holes for corn seed they dropped a small fish from the river in each hole to fertilize the planting.

And so corn mush and milk became a mainstay in the pioneer family's cupboard. Then, after the wheat crop was harvested, the early settlers took delight in their buckwheat pancakes. Proud of his German ancestry, Gernerd says with authority that "sauerkraut was regarded as being very nearly one of the necessities of life." Although the editor of *Now and Then* claimed Horace Greeley, one of America's leading journalists and politicians, as an acquaintance, he took no offense when the noted American newspaperman contemptuously termed sauerkraut as "pickled manure."

Of course, there always was an abundance of game in the forests of the Susquehanna Valley. Every settler was as familiar with his rifle as he was with his axe. This insured a good supply of meat for the table. "Wild pigeons were so plentiful that they could sometimes be brought down with stones, or even with a club," notes Gernerd. More than that, shad from the river was bountiful, and the creeks and streams offered lots of trout and panfish. Turkeys in the wild weighed between 30 and 40 pounds, and there were also squirrels and crows in abundance too. Deer visited "the fields in herds to brouse on crops that the needy settler could not well spare." We can assume, therefore, that the pioneersman's gun was always handy and loaded, while working in the fields and forests.

But in the early years, the settlers' rifles were readied for still another reason. "The Indians frequently lurked about the settlement during the dark and bloody era of 1777-1779," writes Gernerd, "and it was sometimes extremely hazardous for anyone to venture beyond the range of their cabins. The savages resorted to various devices to decoy and entrap the settlers. Often they

would imitate the cry of some wild animal and try to draw the unsuspecting settlers into ambush."

Water for drinking and bathing was readily accessible and usually was drawn from the log cabin's adjacent streams or springs. Later, a well would be dug when the family was able to build a permanent home.

With the passing years, lifestyles changed dramatically for the frontiersmen and their families. They built homes fashioned after the larger homes they'd left in Bavaria. Windows (usually with 12 panes of glass) brought the beauty of the Susquehanna Valley's natural panorama into their homes. But every window was also fitted with shutters to keep the winter's frigid winds outside.

Sleeping quarters were eventually built on the second floor, and winding staircases would lead weary field workers to their bedrooms. Heat rising from the giant fireplace in the room below helped give warmth to human bodies nestled beneath heavy handmade quilts.

Besides their hand quilting, women who had formed home industries wove blankets and rugs, and linsey-woolsey fabric for furnishings and clothing. These were created on looms that used wool shorn from their own sheep. And the wool had been spun on large home-made spinning wheels.

Lamps now illuminated the darkness of the night because they had woven cotton flannel wicks and embedded them in lard. And every community had its candlemaker who provided candles for chandeliers the tinsmiths had fashioned.

The men and women of the frontier may have begun their time in the settlements tilling the soil and building their own cabins, but the many necessities of those days produced craft workers whose unique skills often branched out into shops that supplied their towns and sometimes increased their personal wealth.

For example, after having the wheat ground at the local grist mill, the best bread and cake bakers opened shops for the needs of the villagers. The milk which provided excellent butter and cheese for a particular family, in time was in demand by others

of the community, at a central dairy. One farmer's fine smoked hams and barrels of pork meat may have become the supply center for a small group of people at first, but as towns grew everyone became acquainted with the local butcher.

Male members of the settlement built chests and cabinets, tables and chairs, and washstands for the kitchens and bedrooms of their permanent dwellings. The cherry, walnut, and pine lumber used for this furniture had been seasoned during the planting and harvesting seasons.

Usually the woodworking shop was in the huge barns raised by every willing helper in the community. In those barns, skilled carpenters made their own wagons. Older men with innate mechanical skills taught younger male members of the community to mend their plows and to forge implements of iron needed for successful farming.

Every pioneer community had its own weaver, leather worker, and clock maker. Someone created buckles for shoes, others made pipes to smoke the tobacco. A craftsman was needed to make rope for the local boatbuilder. Wooden staves for barrels may have been made in a farmer's barn at first, but as communities grew so did the stave maker's shop. Glass blowers practiced their craft in shops along lakes and rivers where sand was plentiful. And every community had a potter for making crocks and dishes.

Countless apprentices served their time in barns and small shops in the Susquehanna Valley. Eventually, when they had sufficient means, the apprentices opened their own shops and created competition for their master craftsmen.

Inevitably, conflicts developed between established shopkeepers and artisan farmers. Some wealthy craftsmen (who, no doubt, had first begun in a small way in a small shop) complained that well-to-do farmers were meddling with their businesses.

Today, samples of the pioneers' handiwork are highly prized when found at antique auctions. And for those who are able to detect the mark of years on pieces of early-American crafts, there is a vast field from which to search for treasures,

because everything the pioneer family needed to survive had to be made by hand.

Sometimes it is not so much for their dollar value that early-American crafts are appreciated, but for the fact that they witness to the heroic acts of survival experienced by the pioneers who gave themselves so willingly to the wilderness of the Susquehanna Valley.

All log cabins of pioneer days have been destroyed. This one, along Muncy Creek, was built in the 20th century.

14/The Revival of *Now and Then*

When the publication of *Now and Then* ended abruptly in the Summer of 1892, the 56-year-old editor noted, "This is the last volume that will be published—now."

The tone of J.M.M. Gernerd's statement hints that the journalist believed sometime, somehow, *Now and Then* would resume publication. But when? Gernerd could never have imagined that a young doctor with a passion for history was waiting to receive his mantle.

However, more than three decades would pass before new life was to be breathed into *Now and Then* by Dr. T. Kenneth Wood. He was thirty-three years old when he attended Jerry Gernerd at his death in 1910.

We do not know if patient and doctor had ever discussed the future of Muncy's historical publication. But we do know with certainty that Dr. Wood loved Muncy, its history and its people. He was perfectly suited to be Muncy's chief historian.

T. Kenneth Wood was born Christmas Eve 1877. He had been a frail baby and was not expected to live. But his family spent summers in Eagles Mere where his mother set her ailing infant outdoors in a clothes basket. On sunny days, the child lay naked soaking in nature's warmth.

"The sun and the milk made him grow up strong," his mother

explained years after her son had grown to be a healthy adult.

T.K., as he came to be known, was graduated from Muncy High School, attended Pennsylvania State College, and later trained at medical schools attached to the University of Pennsylvania and the Harvard School of Medicine. He was fourth in a line of Muncy physicians whose combined local service totaled 140 years.

The Woods of Muncy trace their origins to England in the 1600s, and had originally settled in the Carlisle area. The first Dr. Thomas Wood began practicing medicine in Muncy in 1803.

Continuing the family tradition, T.K. Wood opened his office in Muncy, in 1903 on Washington Street, in a house he purchased for $6,000 from Daniel Clapp. Later, when the Clapp family's larger homestead at 26 North Main St. became available, Dr. Wood moved his practice and living quarters there.

The doctor loved beautiful things and surrounded himself with the best he could afford. For example, after setting up residence and his office on Main St., Dr. Wood hired Carl Welker, a noted architect, to restore the house. One of its distinct features is a glass-enclosed alcove facing the south. There, the doctor often sat and read or gazed upon his lovely wrought-iron enclosed garden, the centerpiece of which was a rare and magnificent bronze beech tree which still adorns the place. The back yard of the Wood home also boasted a large playhouse built for his only daugher, Eleanor. The playhouse still stands.

Dr. Wood's patients, it is reported, were either aghast or entertained by the sight of a large human skeleton which the local physician kept in a glass chamber in his office. The young surgeon had a thriving practice. His specialty was tonsillectomies and appendectomies.

Having purchased two homes from the Clapps, Dr. Wood kept a close association with the family. This later would prove to be the key for the establishment of Muncy's Historical Society, since T.K. Wood maintained a lively interest in local historical lore while practicing medicine.

Apparently, Dr. Wood's keen interest in Muncy's history had not entirely overshadowed his professional duties. For we find that he was a key figure in the establishment of Muncy Valley Hospital, in 1922. His name is first on a list of twelve doctors recorded as being the

hospital's founders who contributed $1,000 each toward the hospital's beginnings. That was a time when a doctor's "fee bill" was $ 2 per visit.

Dr. Wood also is responsible for starting Muncy's first nurses' training school, where doctors served as teachers to high school graduates.

The small-town doctor's spacious Main St. home was a perfect setting for spending leisure hours exploring Muncy's past. At some point in his study of the Gernerd publication, Dr. Wood determined to revive the historical paper and then appointed himself the new editor of *Now and Then.*

We know that the young doctor greatly admired Gernerd. This is sensed in a biographical sketch T. Kenneth Wood prepared about the late editor for the people of Muncy, when the publication of *Now and Then* was resumed in 1929.

Dr. Wood noted that when he sat down to write about Gernerd he could not help taking "detours" to describe people and places of Muncy's past that they both had known. Dr. Wood explained, "It was as if someone resolutely set out to write of a favorite professor of his college days and then found himself continually thinking of and extolling his alma mater."

One of the first things Dr. Wood did, after deciding to bring *Now and Then* back to life, was to compile all of Gernerd's historical writings and have them reprinted. That selfless task has made it possible for all original issues of *Now and Then* to be preserved in bound volumes.

But the work was not easy. Gernerd's essays had been published without numbered pages, and with no table of contents. Dr. Wood indexed all of Gernerd's work according to date and content.

"Seldom has anyone before seen so small a volume carrying so large an index," wrote the new editor when he presented his work to the people of Muncy in 1929. "That it is so is at one and the same time both an embarrassment to me and a matter of pride. Embarrassment because so few perhaps will consider the collection of historical jottings worth the effort and expense. Pride, in having done the job so thoroughly."

Indeed, the historian's work was thorough. He managed to lay

down a simple foundation upon which subsequent editors of *Now and Then* have been able to publish their presentations of Muncy's history.

However, Dr. Wood was wrong when he wrote that few would find his efforts worthwhile. Local historians treasure their rare copies of the early *Now and Then* publications.

Dr. Wood had the advantage of being able to draw from his family's rich social and professional contacts, while serving as editor of *Now and Then*. He called upon those whose roots were deep in the soil of the Susquehanna Valley to contribute scholarly essays about Muncy's unique place in Pennsylvania's history.

Dr. Wood had been recording pieces of Muncy's past for about seven years when Muncy became one of several towns in the Susquehanna Valley that was inundated by the Flood of 1936. Dr. Wood's home and office were devastated by the flooding Susquehanna.

Only a few doors from Dr. Wood's residence on Main Street, the Daniel Clapp family's small ancestral home built in 1820 also suffered such extensive damage that Mrs. H. Forrest Clapp, who held the deed to the house, was considering abandoning it. But then she had an idea.

Bearing a soggy small sack in one hand, she walked a few houses up the street to Dr. Wood's large home to notify him that she would donate her property to Muncy, but only for the purpose of housing a Historical Society and Museum.

The record notes that Dr. Wood, then coping with flood damage to his own residence, took little interest in Mrs. Clapp's offer of her family's ancestral home which the flood had overrun. But then he asked, "What do you have in that sack?"

Opening the flood-soaked sack, the weary woman showed Dr. Wood a collection of brass knobs she and her sons had just removed from the doors of the Clapp house.

"You can have the brass door knobs, but only if you accept my offer to establish the Muncy Historical Society in the house," bargained Mrs. Clapp. "Otherwise, I'll call the wrecking crew and have the house demolished."

Dr. Wood's passion for ancient things alerted him to Mrs. Clapp's magnanimous offer. Then as editor of *Now and Then*, he used the peri-

odical to appeal to a growing list of subscribers. Eventually, a small group of members was gathered for the proposed Muncy Historical Society.

The project took on additional momentum when Dr. Wood addressed the Muncy Rotary Club to ask the service group to help educate the community about its historic treasures. Soon afterward, the Pennsylvania State Historical Commission began conducting archeological excavations on the Fort Muncy site on the Wallis estate. That put Muncy on an eligibility list for federal funding. Mrs. Clapp transferred her deed to the Borough of Muncy which was given a 99-year lease on her family's property. The house was restored at a cost of $9,000. Of that amount, 80 percent was borne by the federal government, and the remainder by friends and members of the Society.

A dedication ceremony of the Muncy Historical Society took place in 1938 in the auditorium at Muncy High School. That same year Dr. Wood, in his eleventh year as editor, also initiated the Muncy Garden Club whose members keep the grounds beautifully manicured.

T.K. Wood relinquished his duties as editor of *Now and Then,* and also retired from medicine, in 1957. That year his editorial post was passed to Marshall Anspach who practiced law in Williamsport. He was married to Dr. Wood's daughter.

Dr. Wood died in 1958. He was 81 years old.

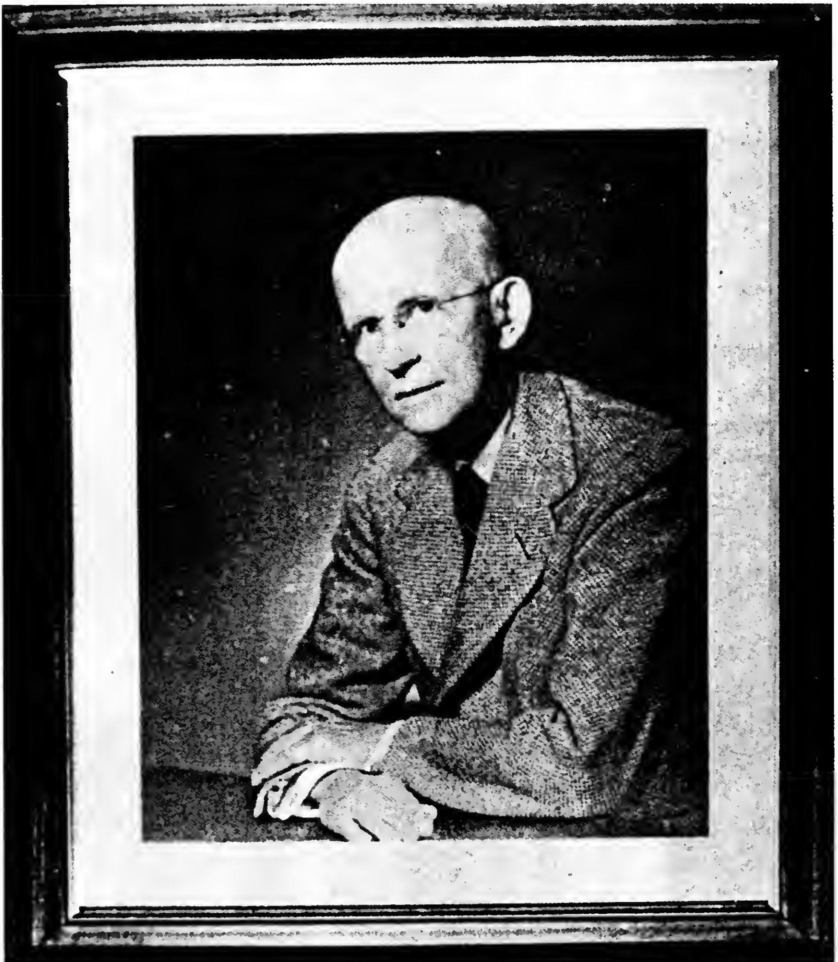
Anspach, Wood's son-in-law, continued as editor of *Now and Then* until 1962. Only five other names have had the distinction of appearing on the mast of *Now and Then* since the paper was introduced in 1868. The following have been editors of Muncy's official historical paper: Eugene P. Bertin (1962-1977), Bonnie Troxell and Coleman Funk (1977-1980), Thomas Taber (1980-1989).

Jane Jackson, who has been editor of *Now and Then* since 1989, lives at 26 North Main St. in the house that once belonged to Dr. T.K. Wood and Daniel Clapp before him.

Tall, lean and plain-faced, Dr. Wood has a portrait

Antique hitching post.

prominently displayed in the main auditorium of the Muncy Historical Society's building—the gift to Muncy from Mrs. H. Forrest Clapp.



The portrait of Dr. T.K. Wood hangs in the Muncy Historical Museum. Dr. Wood was responsible for the revival of *Now and Then* ten years after J.M.M. Gernerd's passing.

Gernerd and Greeley

J. M. M. Gernerd was 21 years old when he made his first contact with Horace Greeley (1811-1872) one of America's most famous journalists. Greeley was founder and editor of the *New York Tribune,* which became one of the most powerful and influential magazines in American history, and also of *The New Yorker,* one of the nation's most popular literary magazines. Both publications, under Greeley, became molders of public opinion during the 19th Century.

In 1872, Greeley was nominated for the presidency by both the Liberal Democratic and Republican parties. During that campaign, Gernerd, who idolized Greeley, described him as "the head of the journalists of the land, nobly battling the foes of liberty with his mighty pen." [September 1872] Greeley lost that election to U. S. Grant, running for his second term. Soon after the election, the famed journalist died. In an obituary, Gernerd shared with readers of *Now and Then* a letter from Greeley he had received 15 years earlier. In response to having been named an honorary member of the Hiawathans, one of Muncy's most prestigious societies, in April 1857, Greeley had written:

"Though the name of your Association has an Aboriginal sound, I presume its members do not wear tomahawks as a part of their ordinary uniforms, or at least do not use them on the person and visages of the Honorary associates. (I only approve the use of this implement on border savages or Border Ruffians.) With this

understanding, I gratefully accept the membership you proffer. Yours, Horace Greeley."

The editor/publisher of *Now and Then* sent one of the first copies of his publication to Greeley. They kept in touch through their writings. Greeley was one of the first editorialists to support the Republican party. And Gernerd, a staunch Republican, gained strength from Greeley's bold editorials which promoted the rights of labor and equality for all persons. It is fair to assume that this public support by Greeley and Gernerd for the abolition movement gave courage to the local "conductors" of the Underground Railroad to continue aiding slaves escaping to Canada.

Greeley's influence was felt in Muncy as many young people from the community's pioneer families left the area to push back the western frontier. The phrase, "Go west, young man" was made popular by *The New Yorker* after an article by John Soule, of Indiana, appeared in the magazine. The young and unemployed were encouraged to take advantage of opportunities in America's western states. Those Muncians who had traveled there were kept abreast of local happenings through Gernerd's *Now and Then*.

Living in the House That Wallis Built

Brian Barlow, now of Maine but formerly a resident of the house that Samuel Wallis built in 1769, chronicles what it was like to live in Lycoming County's oldest home. Born in England, he came to America as a boy during the Second World War.

At that time, the Wallis home was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brock. Barlow notes: "The history of the house came full circle when the Brocks, who had no children, decided to take one large family of war evacuees from England for the duration into their home."

While preparing for the children to come to America, Mr. Brock was suddenly stricken ill. He died while in Philadelphia, in September 1940. He was 54. But Mrs. Brock went ahead with their plans to evacuate an English family. By the end of September 1940, four Barlow children had become residents at Muncy Farms.

Notes Barlow: "The four of us—my sister and I were twins of 12 years; my next sister was 11, and my youngest brother had just turned 5—found the house inviting, despite its historical importance."

He remembers the night he arrived. "After spending nights in the London blitz in a house with blackout curtains," he says, "the house in Muncy seemed a dazzling sight with its many lights in the windows."

Mrs. Brock made the four children feel at home by arranging an English dinner for them. And then each of the four children was free

to choose his or her bedroom which was furnished with a fireplace.

"I chose a third floor bedroom in the East wing," Barlow notes. "That suited me fine, because it didn't get visited very often."

On their first Christmas in Muncy, the four English children helped select a tree from the farm.

"It was tall enough to reach the third floor," Barlow remembers, "and was framed by a circular staircase. Mrs. Brock decorated it after we had gone to bed. We each received a new sled, and so four English children spent Christmas morning 1940 enjoying the deep snow in Muncy."

The living-room of the Wallis home with its hundreds of books was known as "the library," when Barlow lived there with his brother and sisters. He recalls that "local artists visiting Muncy were invited by Mrs. Brock to perform before the large fireplace. The house was always full of visitors, neighbors and friends."

Barlow describes a formal parlor in the East wing of the house as being decorated with Chinese handmade paper which dated back to Clipper ship days. And in the West wing of the Wallis home, was a formal dining-room with a table that could be extended to seat twenty guests.

"Every inch of the house was lived in," Barlow reminisces. "The swimming pool and tennis court were always in use. Most of the neighborhood children learned to swim there."

The four Barlow children, who had been brought to America "for the duration of the war," never did return to England. Mrs. Brock invited their mother to come to America and they became close friends. (The father of the Barlow children had died during the war.)

Upon her passing, Mrs. Brock left Muncy Farms to the four Barlow children. Their mother is buried next to Mrs. Brock in the family cemetery at Hall's Station, near Muncy.

On an unusual note: Brian Barlow's younger brother married a woman from a Philadelphia family. She is a descendant of Lydia Hollingsworth, the wife of Samuel Wallis.

The Last Raft

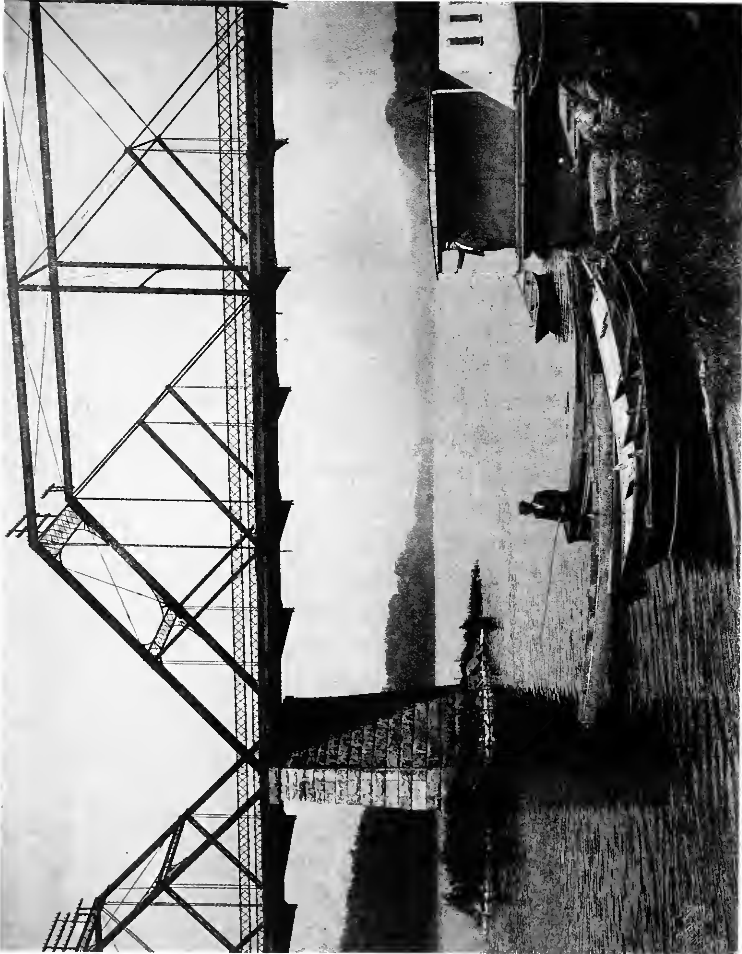
An event planned as a project to recall the days from 1840 to 1890, when lumbering and rafting were the area's main industries, has been marked in local history as one of the worst tragedies ever recorded in Muncy.

It was noon, Sunday March 20, 1938, when thousands of people rose early to line the banks of the Susquehanna. Some, with cameras in hand, swarmed atop local river bridges to capture for history "the last raft's" passage through Muncy.

The 112-foot long raft had been launched earlier in the week at Clearfield. It was to pass through Muncy as part of a 200-mile river route to Harrisburg. Because the Associated Press had detailed every step of the project, the imagination of the nation had been captured. Universal Newsreel had assigned W.C. Proffitt, one of its most respected camerman, to the raft. He considered himself fortunate to have been selected as one of only 48 passengers allowed aboard the raft.

That Spring morning, the cold waters of the swollen river at Muncy were moving swiftly. By the time the raft approached the highway bridge, the rear and forward oarsmen had to struggle to maneuver pass the pier. The raft did make it through, but not without scraping the abutment.

That minor bump shifted the raft from its course. It was reported that seasoned lumbermen, piloting the rear and forward ends of the raft, were in disagreement about which channel to follow.



The Reading Railroad Bridge crossing the Susquehanna River in Muncy was where the "last raft" struck the stone pier and capsized.

Meanwhile, the raft moved diagonally across the swift current. Then, with thousands watching in horror, the unrelenting river carried the raft toward the Reading Railroad bridge.

"It crashed with fatal force against two piers," reported the *Williamsport Sun* the next evening. "The impact shattered the collapsible cabin, and crew and passengers were thrown off balance."

Among those aboard the raft were two young Sea Scouts. They helped saved several people from drowning by encouraging them to hang on to pieces of lumber. A man, who happened to be following the raft in a boat, helped some others to safety. However, ten passengers did not survive the disaster.

A boy with a box camera, viewing the incredible event from the railroad bridge, captured the scene for posterity. His photographs were published in *The Luminary* a few days later.

Witnesses reported that W.C. Proffitt, Universal's photographer, was still turning the crank of his newsreel camera when he disappeared into the frigid waters of the Susquehanna River.

Despite the tragedy, the trip to Harrisburg was resumed after several days. On March 14, 1938 crowds gathered to meet the raft on its arrival in the capital city, but out of respect for those who died in Muncy there was no formal reception. As for the last raft, it was donated to a Harrisburg sawmill.

THE NOW AND THEN.

J. M. M. GERNERD, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Entered at the Muncy Post-Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

MAY AND JUNE, 1892.

Valedictory.

This number completes the third volume of the NOW AND THEN. It faithfully discharges all obligations to its subscribers. And this is the last number, and this the last volume, that will be published—Now.

We regret to suspend the publication. It has been, to us, a source of great pleasure, It has revived old friendships, and made us new friends. It has brought us many delightful letters. It has gathered and preserved many things of interest that would otherwise have been forgotten.

Other engagements have not allowed the time that we should have spent on some of its contents. It was attempted merely for pleasure, and for an occasional useful pastime. But, many thanks to twenty-five highly valued contributors, and many correspondents, its columns contain a great deal that is original, instructive and valuable. For whatever is enunciated in the articles without signature we alone are responsible.

Four years have passed like a dream since its revival. Nearly fifteen hundred golden days have rolled by,—gone, forever, into the boundless ocean of eternity,—yet so rapid has been their flight that it seems but a day or so since the first number was issued. The whole natural life of man is in fact, as the Scriptures affirm, like a vapor, a shadow, a weaver's shuttle, or as the flower of the field.

Yet these fleeting days bring many pleasures, and are bright with hope. True, they constantly admonish man of his vanity and his mortality. But, they also give joyful expectation of better things, of a more glorious life, "nigh at hand."

We part expectant, with a word of cheer. There is a bright side to all things. It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die. To the wise, the world abounds with the proofs of wisdom. To the pure, all things are pure. To all who value life, life is valuable. Man is only a brute when he lives like a brute. He need not forever perish, as the beasts perish. He can be more, if he will, than "of the earth, earthy." He may, if he choose, "also bear the image of the heavenly."

Pity the misanthrope who says "life is not worth living." It is more than worth living. It is worth all its sufferings. It is worth all man's sacrifices, love, thought and care. To believe that the human race will make continuous advancement, that truth will some day prevail, that right will triumph over wrong, that there is a grand purpose in the plans and beauties of nature, that it is profitable to obey the laws of life, that it is wrong to take or imperil life, that the greatest thing in this world is love, that there is a God of Love, that it was for human life that the God-like Christ and many noble martyrs and patriots gave their lives, that the dead shall be raised immortal, that the "meek shall inherit the earth," is to be assured of the inestimable value of human life.

This faith in Life, in Truth, in Love, in Nature, in Universal Progress, in the Now, in the Then, in God, made NOW AND THEN, to us, a source of pleasure, and, we trust, a source of comfort to its readers. Glad indeed would we be, therefore, if circumstances favored to continue these humble efforts to entertain, instruct and advance. In this sense, and in this spirit, may all that we have said be understood.

We cannot say what we may hereafter be led to decide upon,—we still have historical data and notes that we had hoped to hand down to posterity in this fitting form, and there are still many things that it seems the NOW AND THEN ought to say,—but at present we have no positive thought that we shall ever again revive the little magazine. We, therefore, now most sincerely thank you, kind readers, one and all, for your friendly support and sympathy, and for your kindly indulgence, and bid you—FAREWELL.

To Our Exchanges.

Many thanks to our *Exchanges* for their kindly reciprocations. Among the reasons why we should be glad to continue the publication of the NOW AND THEN, is the visitations—daily, weekly and monthly—of a number of much esteemed and very regular *periodical* friends. But, the best of friends must part sometime, as we all know, and so we must now part with our friendly *Exchanges*. Many thanks to our brethren of the quill, also, for the kindly notices given from time to time to the NOW AND THEN.

"OWE no man anything,"
Not even—NOW AND THEN.

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NOW AND THEN.

A Journal Devoted to the Topics of the Times.

Vol. 1. MUNCY, PA. JUNE, 1868. No. 1.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MUNCY.

NUMBER ONE.

The writer was a suburban, or perhaps with more propriety a provincial. His first knowledge of the metropolis was a very reluctant introduction to the Old Academy, as it was then called, and which has since degenerated into a common school-house.

Our experience continued through the administration of several of its most distinguished Professors,—Willson, Severn, Butt, and Kittoe. The first was a pedant and fop. The second in our esteem never rose above the grade of a school master. The third was a teacher, a scholar, and a gentleman. The fourth a teacher a disciplinarian, a scholar and a student; He had hosts of friends, and no lack of patrons. Our only complaint was his system of punishment. It was so summary and ignominious. The feet of the unsuspecting recusant as if by some slight of the Professors hand were found elevated to an angle of about 90 degrees, and before the frightened victim could realize his situation a ponderous ruler was describing semicircles where there was no danger of abdominal contusions. Kittoe excelled all others in this system of intellectual "in-knockulation."

Of the several of whom we have spoken, connected with the Academy as teachers, the latter two have become distinguished in professional walks, while the former we belive, if living, are pedagogues yet.

It would be interesting to trace, if we were allowed to do so, the careers of some of the Alumni, of both sexes, of this Academy. Many followed the "Star of Empire" to the Great West, and on that theatre are playing their part in the great drama of life. Others still linger around the paternal hearth-stone, and some alas—

> "The young and strong,
> Who cherished noble longings for the strife,
> By the wayside fell and perished,
> Weary with the march of life."

Here the Lyceum was organized, and held its meetings. We can remember the astonishment we experienced at the wonderful knowledge of its lecturers. Scientific experiments were monopolized by Drs. Wood, Rankin, and Kittoe; and we can see now, though we did not then, that the society could not have beeen run if the electric machine, or the Galvanic battery, had not been invented. We must not omit to mention however in justice to Dr. Butt, that he came near blowing up the audience one night in a benevolent attempt to vary the entertainment, by prematurely igniting some fulminating powder.

Lathy too expatiated eloquently on Moral Philosophy, and we are sorry to say but seldom followed his own precepts,—while Halus in Astronomy, Boal in Oratory, Ellis in Mineralogy, and Sheldon in Esthetics and Belle-letter, constituted its chief lights. Certainly to us, the rising generation, these gentlemen were "Lights shining in the darkness." We are sorry to say that with greater advantages few of us will ever reach their standard, in private or professional life.

We believe about the time of which we are speaking, a rival school was opened in a building above the present residence of Esq. Lloyd. It had been a "Wind Mill Factory." It was the principal institution for the education of young ladies. The only music we ever heard there was the occasional clatter of one of the rejected wind mills, and we belive the only professor of the fine arts was the apprentice who in former times came pot and brush in hand to paint and stripe them. The present "Muncy Female Seminary," with its able Principal, heads of departments, and its many easels and costly pianos, presents a somewhat striking contrast.

The writer remembers among the attractions of the town at this time was Mrs. Ellis's "Pyana", as the name was then pronounced. It was the only one in the town, and groups of boys and girls assembled under the window whenever its charming chords were struck. Nothing we thought in this world could equal it but Whitmoyer's musical clock, just opposite, though perhaps the "ginger cakes" might. To this estimable lady is due the honour of the maternity of instrumental music in Muncy, and we are told that her touch is yet as delicate and as graceful as a maidens.

Muncy had then as now its votaries to the Poetic Muse. On Petrikin's corner, where now stands the store of Messrs. Clapp and Smith, was a small building occupied as a millinery shop. Every thing of this kind was then called shop, for instance a Doctor shop, a Butcher shop, &c. Miss Jane Calvin was a lady of no ordinary attractions herself, and assisting her were several Misses in every respect her equals. They had of course many admirers—among them a scion of Yankee land; whose calls proving unacceptable, was treated as an indication of it, to a bowl of mush and milk. We believe he was in the employ of the late Mr. H. Noble, also from the East, a young man, and who was laying the foundation of a handsome fortune in what seemed to the people of the town a novel, and perhaps abortive enterprise—the broom corn business. The "Muncy Telegraph" a few days after the mush and milk incident thus in part narrates it—

> A broom-corn twister made a push,
> And got his pay in milk and mush;
> A friend I am to making brooms,
> But make them, Sir, in proper rooms.

Not least among the excitements of these times were Trainings or "big" and "little musters." We remember well how we all envied Tom Lloyd, [then a boy] his superior accomplishment of playing the fife,—coming into town at the head of that magnificent military pageant as it descended "Shettle Hill" from Esq. Wood's fields, where of ordering arms

> "It made a short essay,
> Then hastened to be drunk
> The business of the day."

The reputation of the Academy in time began to wane, and a select school for the Patricians—the nice young men of the town—where the Latin and Greek classics, and the higher mathematics were taught,—was opened by G. F. Boal, Esq. At the same time a school under the management of Mr. George Heightsman was in progress. An unaccountable rivalry sprung up between the schools, and the patricians displayed thier superior learning and refinement in epithetical effusions like the following:

> "Highterman's hogs are in the pen,
> And dont get out but now and then,
> And when they get out,
> They root about
> George Boal's young Gentleman."

TEMPUS