

MEMORIES AND RECOLLECTIONS
OF
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YORK COUNTY PENNA.
FIFTY (50) YEARS
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My knowledge of York County, Pa. begins in the spring of 1857 on the removal of our family from Ashland Co., Ohio to the second or south Andrew Fortenbaugh farm in Fishing Creek Valley, York co. Having removed to Ohio ten years previously by canal required sixteen (16) days, we returned in 1857 by the Pennsylvania Railroad in sixteen (16) hours. We landed in Goldsboro and the first thing then was to look up and down the railroad to view its boundaries, the river on the east, the hills on the west. The transition from western monotony in the Mississippi Valley to the hills on the Allegheny slope was not assuring.

Goldsboro was then a prosperous lumber town which began about 1850. Its leading spirit was Isaac Frazer whom I heard say was 37 years of age. He died in 1900 in his 81st year. The houses of Goldsboro were constructed of wood with several exceptions. It contained two saw-mills and a number of rafts were brought there daily. The river at this season of the year was well up and rafting was in progress. The men who brought the lumber were known as "Yankees" probably from the fact that northern Pennsylvania had been settled by New Englanders. They were a different class to the people of York County who were known as "Dutchmen".

Strictly speaking this cognomen applied to Hollanders only known as low Germans, probably because their country was on low ground. However this epithet was given rather as a mark of contempt.

Goldsboro on first sight did not have much room for expansion owing to the surrounding hills. However with the decadence of the lumber industry, happily such obstacles did not stand in the way. The old river school house in which so many stirring revivals had been held and in which in 1825, Lorenzo Dow, the eccentric evangelist had preached to large audiences, is still standing to the north of the town. To the west of the town is what was known as the Goldsboro "Cut". At its foot flowed the placid Fishing Creek. Still farther westward along its banks was the waterpipe hill. In fact the country to the quarry Fortenbaugh farm was densely wooded and rolling. The red rock in many places cropped out in large areas, making the soil there sterile and forbidding. The buildings were few and far between and in most cases old and decadent. The first of these was that of Joseph Fritz beyond the Goldsboro "Cut". These buildings after almost a half century later have become almost uninhabitable, this is the case with many others.

The soil in this section to the south of the Fishing Creek is sterile and yields up its productions grudgingly. Its inhabitants are busy and industrious and practice rigid economy, but their income and their out-goes keep their finances largely in a state of equilibrium. Farms seldom change ownerships, unless to heirs. The old saying in this community is "You can buy a farm but you can't sell it". It would seem however the valuation on the tax list is excessively high, which may flatter the taxpayers.

To the west of Joseph Fritz laid the farm belonging to William Reeser, a resident of Liverpool, now known as Manchester. He was reputed to be the owner of 1500 acres, mostly poor land. His brother, an elderly man, lived on this farm. He had what he termed a withered foot which he alledged was brought about by the black art of certain wandering gypsies in revenge for having denied them certain tributes, which they longer for but were refused. They threatened dire vengeance which Mr. Reeser believed were put in force. Mr. Reeser was the father of Mrs. Hiram Prowell of Yocumtown. He was no austere man, of self will and determined opposition to anything that threatened what he believed were his interests.

Mrs. Robinson still living near Newberrytown, now about 85 years of age, kept house for the tenant farmer Reeser. She at this time has great-grandchildren living, so rapidly do the wheels of time move onward in this slow going world. The writer was taught a lesson by her when a boy, in going down the hill in front of her house he picked a bunch of unripe grapes, she shrilly called out in Pennsylvania Dutch "Loss sie tseitich wera". The wrong doer of course was vexed but acknowledged the justice of the reproach and took occasion to send her word to that effect a year or two ago. A can of seed thrown upon fertile ground.

We passed over primitive roads with our friend Fritz who hauled stone for the quarry. He was a whole souled genial man who murdered the English language horribly. He used such terms as "Sthanding up in the morning and going to bed and schlepping right". In which was truly a literal translation from one language to the other. His wife was of a reserved disposition, and friend Joseph acknowledged that he was "largely under petticoat government". He had two horses, the offside one known as Lion who he said was firey and worked ahead. Friend Joseph went barefooted as early as the weather permitted. He rode the saddle horse and "digged" him in the ribs unmercifully with his bare heels to make him do his best. He generally hauled from 14 to 15 ft. of stone from the quarry over the poor roads. In one instance he was loaded up at the quarryment to the amount of 25½ cubic feet, counting 160 pounds to the cubic foot, this would foot up over two tons. The rule was to allow one inch any way for each stone for dressing which was not counted. This would make the load weigh considerably more. He expressed himself--"Tsis raly tsis bad" (It is really too bad.)

Passing on we come to the house of Henry Kohler. This was a stone house and later being enthused with the art of masonry it afforded me great opportunity for studying the abrenvoirs or joints made by the masons. An old fashioned log barn stood just above the house. Mr. Kohler attended Quickle's Church once every year on sacramental occasions. On one occasion his daughter Eliza fell into the hands of the revivalists at Goldsboro. He came and took her home from meeting, being remonstrated with by the preacher and invited to come to the bench himself, he took occasion to do some plain speaking and said "He wouldn't belong to a church like this, which gave him the victory as well as his daughter to take home."

A little farther on lived Henry Brubaker, a brother of Mrs. Peter Fortenbaugh who is still living at Goldsboro, hale and hearty at the age of 86 years. He took things pretty easily. He and

his wife attended sales in the spring running a huckster table, selling ginger cakes, peanuts, candies and oyster. They had a large connection and commanded a large patronage. They had opposition in the person of old Mrs. Katie Zerger who lived at Prowell's Mill, she first introduced the luscious sugar cakes. She had hosts of friends. Her friendly demeanor, her care and cleanliness served her in good stead. These people have long been among the departed and the places that knew them once will know them no more.

Directly north of Henry Brubaker's was "Butcher Hill" on which lived John Hayes, whose family is still living at Newberrytown. His wife died a few years ago at the age of 92 years.

At Henry Brubaker's in 1858, the following year, in company with the well known Samuel Groom we attended a wedding serenade in the fall of the year during the appearance of the Great Comet. The occasion was the reception of William Groom and his wife who was Henry Brubaker's sister and Webster Willis who was married to Henry Brubaker's daughter. No less than 500 people were present. Yocumtown and vicinity was there in full force and panoply. Newberrytown had a western delegation and were driven from the field pell mell through the stream by the Yocumtowners. The boys were hilarious which was one largely the result of landlord John W. Creep's whiskey which was drawn from his receptacles at Yocumtown into a demijohn carried by John Willis, the shoemaker, who in that day was a man with dark flashing black eyes, long beard and wearing a long overcoat. He carried a demijohn that he humorously termed the "crockeryware". When it was emptied he cast it up as high as the house, in its descent it came in close relation with Ambrose Brubaker's (son of Henry) head, "but a miss he said was as good as a mile." Married men in middle life traveled with the boys on these occasions and gave them vim and enthusiasm. Being the first serenade I ever witnessed and no noise being spared, the occasion was memorable and one never to be forgotten.

Many of the boys went to the front, others drifted away and still others have become venerable citizens who now couldn't be induced to carry out such "jamborees".

To the west of Henry Brubaker's lived old Michael Strominger who owned two adjoining farms. These had the reputation of being so poor that the kill deers couldn't live on them. His son Jacob lived on the lower one. Jacob was a sort of horse trainer. A balky horse seldom prolonged a dominant idea for any length of time in his possession. He either built a fire under him or placed a chain around his jaw and then hitched two others to the chain and Mr. Horse came "Nolens Volens".

Jacob Strominger was succeeded by Mr. Jessop, a son-in-law who for many years lived in Goldsboro. Old Mr. Strominger was a matter of fact man and didn't believe in any frills. He had a shrill piping voice and to repeat an assertion in Dutch "Won ich brod un wasser hab--b-ab ich b-l-e-n-d-y". He had two daughters Barbara and Mary and a son Reuben. All except Reuben and Susan Jessop are dead. The house in which they lived burnt down, but was replaced by another. The farm has now become in possession of a willow company. The highland is almost wholly worthless and is perhaps devoted to rabbit hunting.

To the north of Strominger's the land sloped upward making Paddletown and Newberrytown visible. The land was mostly of the same character. From what is now Paddletown Cemetary and Church a fine view of Fishing Creek Valley is visible. To the east Round Top in Dauphin County is also visible, in fact the view at certain times of the year was enchanting. This Valley lies entirely in the new red sandstone formation. The roads in this section were rough and hilly and were hard to travel by vehickle. Fifty years ago the mode of locomotion was mostly horseback, or by walkers' express or Shank's Mare.

The law then was for every man to keep the road in order so far as it adjoined or transversed his land. This was only changed by the Legislation in the face of considerable opposition. The roads then improved very considerably. Very few buggies were to be seen in this country before 1860. Since then they have become numerous and it must be confirmed that they wear out rapidly on the roads of the country.

We next arrive at the entrance of the quarry farm and take note of our surroundings. We are truly in the valley that is a veritable solitude walled in by what may be with courtesy termed mountains. Before the days of the North Central Railroad, this fully obtained (pertained). The same fact obtained in Cumberland Valley. If people sought to go abroad they traveled in company or numbers on horseback. The old taverns were then a necessity, these did not abound in Fishing Creek Valley. Newberrytown, Lewisberry and Yocumtown had these then indispensable caravanseries to minister to both man and beast. These were the halcyon (calm) days of three-cent whiskey or five-cent brandy with sugar in it, four cigars for a cent, and a pie for a fipor (fippeny-1/16th of a dollar), a dinner for a levy (or a shilling). Those were the good old times.

The quarry gate entrance was a good point from which to view the Valley. The most conspicuous boundary encircling the Valley were the Horseshoe Mountains which were a study with many interesting reflections. They were named after their iblong roundish shape by some staid sturdy reflective friend who had cast his lot in these solitudes. Strictly speaking they were outlying spurs extended from the well known South Mountains. To the north they were known as the River Mountains and as is usual were steeper on the side toward the east or on the slope from the ocean. To the native they appeared very formidable until he left home for other interior regions.

This mountain extended down to the river until it reached a point opposite the Hill Island which probably formed part of it in the remote past. The floods probably detached the island from the main land before the advent of the oldest white inhabitant. Probably still earlier it formed an unbroken connection with the Furnace Mountains between Dauphin, Lancaster and Lebanon Counties. We recall no hill or elevation of equal magnitude. The outline of this mountain became more conspicuous after a snow-fall. Roads were constructed across it from Stone Church to New Cumberland and another by way of Marsh Run, frequently called and known as the "Mash" just as the name Swartz often is known as "Swatts". We know an individual whose correct name was Pritz but he was called "Bridge" by the multitude Nolens Volens (willingly or unwillingly).

To the west the Valley was bounded by a number of knobs connected continuously by a much lower elevation, the most north-westerly was one behind which the sun was supposed to set especially in the long harvest days of summer. The declination to the south was classically known as "Pitch Gut" and review as a boundary to civilization. In fact the novelist of the future may possibly draw upon this locality for some of his striking cases in the future. This locality had the reputation for being full of fight and woe betide ones who went there on social or religious visits.

The next mountain to the south was the Danny Rutter mountain near where lived the proprietor of a sandstone quarry. Near here lived a certain Mr. Keller who kept an 8 x 10 general store for the accomodation of the region. Coming to the next mountain we have the Beshore Mountains which at its base had roads leading into Redland Valley which was also surrounded by similar mountains interesting to trace.

The Newberry mountains were next which also left open gaps on its flanks to enter Redland Valley by devious ways. These mountains and connections had many iron stones scattered over them--one place just below Newberrytown being called Roxberry. In fact these ridges and mountains marked as trap eruptions extending and protruding through the new red sandstone formation. The same may be said for the rocky historic heights of Gettysburg and adjacent localities.

To the north of the Valley we had the elevated ground, which forms its highest boundary slope and extends westward into the Ball or Bald Hills with its ravines and other striking contrasts.

All through this northern portion numerous evidences of prosperity asserts itself. Brown stone ridges are still visible which were made fifty (50) years ago after the opening of the quarry on the Andrew Fortenbaugh Farm. These efforts were all dis-appointing. In fact the new Red Sandstone formation is very largely now a dis-appointment as regards a paying body of sandstone for higher building purposes.

Could we have ascended in the famous balloon of Claisher, who ascended to a height of 37,000 feet in 1867, when the barometer stood between 7 and 8 inches at a height of nearly or quite seven miles. The outline presented to us of the well known Valley would have been most interesting and enchanting. A narrow ribbon-like meandering silvery line representing the Fishing Creek would have been noted making its way through the middle of the Valley, emptying itself in the river below Goldsboro.

The Fishing Creek arises from tributary mountain springs and streams in the region of "Pinch Gut". In crossing this country from Milltown years afterwards and seeing the smoking chimneys of Yocumtown afar off, one could not but feel with Burns in viewing a similar phenomena in Scotland. A pathos that the homes which contained them were filled with so much worth and domestic virtue.

The country to the west of the quarry and Yocumtown contained a large population. Among the names found were the Stromingers, the Heathcotes, the Spars, Strines, Basehore, Wolf, Taylor, Burger, Fizer, Hollinger, Gross, Mills, Fager, Wickersham, Kauffman, Baer, Hykes, Jones, Fortenbaugh and many others who lived in the south of the Fishing Creek.

The quarry had been opened by Thomas Symington of Baltimore. After carrying it on for four or five years under the management of Thomas Little, he leased to a certain Englishman known as Dick Siddall who lived then with his family. Siddall was supposed to unite the tilling of the farm with the business of the quarry. Like others of his calling and countrymen, he was thriftless and shiftless and a gay sport. At last he gave big bail to his creditors and never was heard from more. He had sown his corn broadcast. To clear up his farm and put it in fertile and tillable condition was the work set for George Betz and his family, in addition to the business of carrying on the quarry. The farm had some good level land on the quarry ridge. The soil was sandy and productive as the first crop of wheat showed with the addition of guano which then cost 65.00 dollars per ton.

The country had a good deal of timber, but none of it dense or heavily covered. Some smaller streams ran through the country all of which were tributaries of Fishing Creek.

Tobacco was much cultivated in the 1850's. In fact in Newberrytown and vicinity almost every house had its cigar makers. The town itself had a number of shops. Cheap cigars were mostly made of Pennsylvania or home tobacco--this was before the days of revenue taxation. Cigar makers as a rule were not people of the highest social standing. They were a roving class going from place to place, this did not apply to those in domestic households. Gardner Byran was reputed to have rolled 1600 cigars in a single day. It must be admitted that a good many poor cigars were made and sent away. York County later raised as many as 12,000 acres of Tobacco and Lancaster County 18,000.

York County has long been in the lead as manufacturing more cigars than any other county in the union. Tobacco raising requires experience, care and attention. One man is supposed to attend one and a half acre to 80 acres of corn. The raising of tobacco is a fascinating occupation, we tried it but lack of experience soon subdued our enthusiasm.

Peter Fortenbaugh lived on the adjoining farm. He had a family of sons and daughters and had been twice married. His last wife was a daughter of Conrad Brubaker below Yocumtown. He had a son Andrew and a daughter married to David Kister by his first wife. To his second wife he had Henry, Martin, and John, also daughter Harriet later married to Joseph Updegraph, Mary married to John Prowell, Susan married to Hays Epply. Peter now resides in Goldsboro and John in the west.

Peter Fortenbaugh was a man of great memory relating to dates and facts and would have been invaluable to the chronicler of facts in that day or now were he living. He was a shrewd far seeing man, he was favorable to education only to a limited extent. He believed in work bringing up boys. He had hauled all the stone for the quarry farm house which was erected in 1817. By industry and rigid economy he had amassed a competence and loaned out a good deal of money. He was well informed on money matters. He was born in 1800 and died in 1876 and was buried in the Christian Miller graveyard on the road leading from Smoketown to Yocumtown. This is one of the oldest graveyards in Fishing Creek Valley. Here his father was also buried.

Peter Fortenbaugh was often visited by my father, and I listened to his conversation for hours since he was very entertaining and was up to date on local information, mostly relating to the past regarding events and people. He was a man kindly in disposition, not given to boasting or vain and idle disputation. In fact he never argued at all. He had little confidence in other business aside from farming and looked upon business men with distrust. He always looked upon certain men with doubt and events after a long time proved his suspicions were well founded. He was looked upon as a patriarch by a large circle of relatives and acquaintances. He was genial and hospitable and his family was visited by large numbers of young and old. He was somewhat inclined to despondency at times and received the sympathy of those who were acquainted with his troubles. He was a good neighbor, a kind friend and his sympathies were very human. He made an impression upon his neighborhood and the community in his way that remain lasting.

We say this much of him since we were earlier, more fully acquainted with him than any other resident of the community. He had a brother, Samuel who lived at Yocumtown and engaged in storekeeping and butchering up to the time of his death in 1866. He had a son Abraham who after a long career as a merchant at Yocumtown and Halifax, now resides in Harrisburg. He was a good business man, A Mason in high standing and President of the Halifax Bank in which he figured in grappling with one of the robbers who sought to overpower the man in charge of the institution.

The "Hollow" of the quarry farm south of Grapevine Hill was inundated by a flood in 1817 according to Peter Fortenbaugh, who saw the cellar covered by water showing that the hollow must have had a second deluge. This was the year of the great York Flood. Tradition records that the flood of 1780 ran through what now are the streets of Goldsboro. However this was almost repeated by the ice gorge of 1904 by the water approaching the low lands between Middletown Ferry and Goldsboro. The "Hollow" was watered by Laurel Run. The rear of the Peter Fortenbaugh Farm was touched by Fishing Creek. He also opened a stone quarry there on its banks. Much of his farm bordered on Fishing Creek by steep banks.

Peter Fortenbaugh had several tenant houses which were occupied by Peter Hoffstodt, who was a matter of fact man whose remarks were to the point as a matter of course. The house on the north side of the farm was occupied by John Shisler whose occupation was that of a tailor, becoming despondent he suicided by hanging himself on the banks of the stream. A man by the name of Jack Berger, who had been raised by Peter Fortenbaugh, also suicided on the bank of the same creek on the Bryan farm east of Fortenbaugh.

Mrs. Byran was a widow and a sister to Peter Fortenbaugh. Her sons Gardner and several others, whose names escape me, all entered the Union Army and done good service in its ranks.

The farm where Mrs. Bryan lived had become much run down and the buildings were decadent. The farm was old, part of it was bought by Henry Fortenbaugh, who also bought his father's farm after his death. The remainder of the land was bought by Samuel Conley who is still living. He erected new buildings and improved the land. Just above him lived the well known William Cramer

who was an ardent church man and one of the leaders of the Smoketown Bethel Church and Sunday School. He had a number of daughters. The whole family pursued cigar making. During the war he collected the county tax, carrying a revolver to protect himself against those who were not in sympathy with the necessity of this tax. He expressed himself strongly and was ready for anything that might turn up. His daughters and sons were married in the community.

Just above Mr. Cramer's there was a large mill-dam which was a great resort for swimming and in which several drownings occurred. The old mill which is still standing was a very early landmark. It had many millers, among them whom was David Snavely who kept store in Yocumtown over fifty years ago, but failed in business. He later removed to Big Spring in Cumberland County, Pa. to the old "Coffer Mill". Later he entered the cavalry arm of the service in the Union Army. Still later he married Mrs. Clara D. Hall Stauffer, who in early life had been an episcopalian and a teacher, but she married the venerable John Stauffer and became a "Tunker". Both it is believed are still living in Middletown, Pa.

At the head of the dam or cross-roads lived old Dr. Warren a practitioner of reputation among the people. He later removed to near the Joseph Berger School house near Goldsboro. Still later he removed to Gettysburg and died there some years ago at an advanced age. His sons Everett and Lucius studied medicine at the close of the war and graduated at the University of Maryland in Baltimore. His son Everett now practices in Goldsboro and Lucius in Lancaster, Pa. Old Dr. Warren was a man of commanding presence and physique, of courtly address and manners and inspired great confidence among his patrons. His memory has not by any means died out to this day.

Directly to the East on the Smoketown Road lived Joseph Strickler, who was a minister of the River Brothern. It was the custom to hold meetings at the houses of these people alternately as often as every two weeks, great crowds attended the evening services. On Sunday the hospitality was extended to all comers.

Joseph Strickler was a mechanic and made a straw-cutter for George Betz, which the writer used a great deal in those early days to make chop feed for the stone teams of the quarry. He (the writer) also became adept in tying his hame straps, then in use, as well as the application of the intricate methods in applying chains to stone preparatory to raising them by the cranes. The writer believes that after a period of almost fifty years he could without new instruction apply the same complicated process.

To the west of the Strickler buildings stood a lone house which had been occupied by Hiram Prowell and Rev. William Kellar of the Church of God and many others. It was at the head of a very steep hill, too steep for hauling from the east. The Strickler buildings were built against a hillside and were said to have been built very unhandily for use. Directly east laid the buildings of the farm, They were occupied by Christian Miller. He was a member of the "Tunker" persuasion which differs very materially from the River Brothern. After Rev. Joseph Strickler removed to Lancaster County he was succeeded by his Henry who lived there till after the death of his father when the farm was sold to Mr. Detwiler in 1867.

He (Mr. Detwiler) had a large family who intermarried with persons in the neighborhood. The descendants live in the community to this day. They were River Brothern. They first introduced the well known Montgomery Pies which were named after their native county.

MONTGOMERY PIE-- courtesy of Samuel F. Conley

Bottom Part:

to 1 grated lemon
add 2 C. brown sugar
2 eggs
1 pint water
2 tbsp. flour

Fill: prepared pastry shells
Yield: 3-4 pies
Bake: in a hot oven

Top Part:

mix 1½ C. sugar
¼ C. butter
2 eggs
1 C. sour milk
1 tsp. baking soda (heaping)
Flour--enough to make a stiff dough

Smoketown still farther to the East was composed of several graveyards, a church and a number of houses built along the road at intervals. The well known John Berger and family lived here. Farther north east laid Possum hollow and proceeding down the road we come to where the former Eppers Tavern stood, but was taken away in 1904 with the widening of the tracts.

The Eppers Hotel had an interesting history. The post-office which was removed to Goldsboro still retains the name of Eppers, owing to the term Goldsboro being similar to a town of that name, Gouldsboro, named after Jay Gould in Lackawanna Co. Pa. This was a noted stopping place for changing horses during ? days. The pike continued along the river before the construction of the railroad, after that the route diverged here for a short time leading through Fishing Creek Valley proper. Charles Dickens passed along the river route on his journey from York to Harrisburg in 1842.

The Epper building was built for a hotel probably as early as 1838 by Henry Epper. He died ten years later. It was a well known point for crossing the Susquehanna River by his ferry. The court yard surroundings were wierd and lonesome and rumors were in circulation that many persons were lost trace of in this region. Others did not hesitate to assert that the river bottom was the resting place of many and that the surrounding region or its fastness entombed many others. The floors it was alleged contained blood stains that could not be erased. Even old fashioned ghosts were alleged to have walked at dead of night. All these are traditions well or ill founded which can no longer be verified or the reverse. Things are very quiet in this neighborhood now-a-days. The railroad and changed conditions have modified everything.

To the south of Eppers laid the Rev. Kister farm. He was later in life a minister of the Church of God, and later still removed to Shiremanstown. It was the correct thing, especially during the sixties for couples to go from Fishing Creek Valley to enter the bonds of matrimony. How many couples he joined to-

gether is unknown, but the number must have been very large. Reports said his work was a rule enduring. He was the father of Mrs. Isaac Frazer, Mrs. Augustus Free, Mrs. O.T. Everhart who died early also John, Henry and Washington, the latter of whom was long in the mercantile business. He was a local preacher and bore the reputation of being an upright man.

On the road leading from the latter residence of Christian Miller, the buildings of which are now in ruins, we passed the residences of Peter Hoffstodt, Peter Lefever and John Mathias, later or during the war occupied by John Waggoner. On the latter's farm Henry Brown of Harrisburg opened a stone quarry, which however proved a failure. Mr. Waggoner had two sons who enlisted in the 130th P.V. He also had a daughter Mary who was quite a belle among the young men of the region. Peter Lefever was a wag in his way and often related some amusing stories of the thrifty people of the country. The wife of Peter Hoffstodt in a fit of aberration of mind ended her life. In looking over the county, the buildings of Peter Fortenbaugh were the most conspicuous. The Horseshoe Mountains and the hills and elevations of Newberry and Paddletown were also conspicuous.

Henry Etter kept the well known Ferry a little above the curve in the railroad. Here the well known Middletown Ferry house stood which was demolished by the Great Ice Follid of 1904. Between this and the distillery of Free Brothers along the railroad near the tavern buildings stood several houses in one of which a noted tragedy occurred, the murderer it was alledged suicided at York the night before his execution. Just above in the mountain fastness, George Willis had suicided during the war. A white house stood near the distillery which had the reputation of being haunted, whatever that may be. The distillery was erected in 1856.

This embraces the country east of Yocumtown and northward as far as the Smoketown road. We have not considered that part of the valley south of Goldsboro, embracing Hay Run.

To the west of Yocumtown we have such residents as Andrew Hykes, Michael Kister and his son Napoleon, who married Lydia, a daughter of David Fisher. Still farther up lived Joseph Wickersham whose name was a household word over all the country. He was a very intellectual man, he was descended from the Friends, had been a teacher and patron of all the reforms.

Joseph Wickersham's ancestors were among the early settlers of York County. Friend Joseph was an enthusiastic patron of education. He was president of the school board for a number of years and held district Institutes which were largely attended by the public. He aroused great interest in the public schools. During the 50's the teachers of Newberry were mostly supplied by the lower end of the county, but later all this became changed.

Among the teachers at and during the war were Miss Edith Wickersham, Miss Rebecca Culmery and Miss Merb B. Brooks, among the males were Samuel Groom, Jesse Kirk, Samuel P. Staley, Tempest Drawbaugh, S.B. Kurtz, David Miller, Edward Burke, Alex Frazer, Israel H. Betzand others whose names are not just recalled. Lewisberry had A.W. Berkstresser.

Friend Joseph Wickersham was an energetic public speaker and

thoroughly enthused those who came under his influence. Joseph Wickersham had a large family of sons and daughters, all of whom occupy a respectable place in the world. He died some years ago at the age of 80 years. His farm was bought by the late Joseph Prowell of Goldsboro. More than fifty years ago the writer attended a serenade for Joseph Prowell who married Beckie Kister, daughter of Samuel Kister of Yocumtown. She lived at the home of Mrs. Beckie Wickersham, the mother of Joseph Wickersham. Mrs. Wickersham was well known and far advanced in years. She seldom went away from home. At her request she was buried in the Base-hore Mountain not far from her home. Near the Wickershams lived Elizah Garritson who earlier in life had been a merchant but failed in business and become reduced in circumstances. He was an intelligent man with a large family of daughters, who were socially very popular and intermarried with residents of the neighborhood. He was always loaded up with a speech and was interested in public schools. He has long since passed away.

The late Andrew Hykes, who died a few years ago past 80 years of age was a resident of the community for more than 60 years. He left a family who still remain in the community.

Samuel Groom, one of three brothers who were stone masons, lived in this community. He and his family like many others who could be named have long since become extinct. In fact, tuberculosis here as in many other localities has swept away and exterminated numbers of families just about as they stepped upon the threshold of an active life.

The Baer's who lived in this area furnished three sons to the Union Army. Two of the younger ones were members of the 107 P.V. and done good service from the Peninsula to Appomattox.

Many other families well known in the Valley lived just beyond the defines. Here may be mentioned the Millers, the Brubakers, the Brintons, the Huttons and many others who belonged to Redland Valley. Fishing Creek Valley is embraced in both Newberry and Fairview Townships. It is probable that both Townships have declined in population from the fact that York and Harrisburg, Steelton, Mechanicsburg and Carlisle have afforded outlets. Moreover of late years the trolley facilities have afforded means of communication with the outside world. The Harrisburg and York markets are at a distance of ten to fifteen miles. Such towns as Newberry, Yocumtown, and Lewisberry are at a standstill and have been for almost a century. Yocumtown was started in 1817, Goldsboro in 1850, and Newberry in 1792. The cigar industry has vanished and nothing has taken its place.

Lime must be hauled away from the cars at Goldsboro, as from Mt. Wolf, New Market or Dillsburg. It formerly cost 8¢ per bushel at the New Market kiln before the Civil War and 6¢ was paid for hauling to the quarry farm. This made it expensive to not productive soil. The redrock it had been surmised, might be a fertilizer, a belief ill founded. Its color was owing to sesquioxide of iron, really iron rust. Its material was a shale which is sterile. An immense amount of labor would have been necessary to clear the land as a whole in the southern part of the Valley. Still a young man of persistence and perseverance for a life time might have cleared the Jonathan McCreary farm and until old age have made a competence. The farm was covered with loam sandstone

from beneath which the stems of grain and Indian corn sought their way towards sunshine.

When iron stone prevailed, their disposition then was not so evident. Great excavations for burial would have been necessary which required too much labor in the eyes of the average man for the prospective returns. Since the day of the stone crusher all this has changed. Stony ground is generally a good soil whether iron stone or sandstone prevails. Sassafras trees are generally found in sandstone formations. Pine trees are found among iron stones. These are generally an indication of secondary soil, unless fertilizers are added.

Slate lands and redrock soil should have frequent rains for their crops. The rains speedily percolate the soil and may make their exit at a distance in the farm springs, whether for domestic purposes or the supply of streams and creeks. Thus the efforts of the husbandman are thwarted. The grain berry in favorable seasons is larger than in more productive lands and may be of a better quality. But wheat and oats stands thinly on the ground. Potatoes do not yield largely but the quality is superior on their soils just as quantity and quality are superior in vergin soil.

The hay crop as a rule is a light one and on some farms during dry season may be hauled in on the wagon bed. Clover seed yield is better owing to the fact that an esculent growth makes the top rather than seed. The same will apply to the potato crop. The corn crop on the better soil was exceptionally heavy during a wet season like it was in 1866. During the Civil War owing to the scarcity of sugar and molasses sorgum, sugar cane was raised. Isaac Taylor had a sugar mill for the manufacture of this cane into syrup. It was not made into sugar such as that which was obtained in northern Ohio.

I have spoken of the old graveyards in the eastern part of Fishing Creek Valley, I have also mentioned that at Paddletown. At the east end of Newberrytown there is a very old burying ground belonging to the Friends, close by stands the original meeting house of the sect, which meeting was formed as early as 1740-50. It was sold about 1810 and was succeeded by another house in Redland Valley which was built in 1811 and has been lately renovated. Another of these meeting houses stands near Wellsville and another at York. Still another which is regularly occupied at Fawn in the extreme southeastern part of the county. Graveyards are found at all these meeting houses.

More than a century ago there were no less than 2000 Friends in the upper end of the county. The Conawego Creek was the dividing line between the English and German settlers. Many families have become extinct among the Friends and others removed elsewhere. The churches of Redland and Wellsville have been renovated and have occasional yearly meetings held within their walls.

Other denominations are given permission to preach in them. Yocumtown contains a Union Church which is open to all orthodox congregations. Newberrytown also has a Church of God. The Bald Hills has a Lutheran Church, Paddletown has an Evangelical Church. Goldsboro has a Church of God built in 1857. A former Methodist Church was built but burnt down and not rebuilt. A Lutheran Church was built at Goldsboro and also one at York Haven. Lewisberry

was an early Methodist stronghold. As a rule the greatest following is probably among the United Brethern, The Church of God, and the Evangelical. The United Brethern built the Salem Stone Church as early as 1844. Since then they have erected churches at New Cumberland and York Haven.

The name John Mills must not be omitted among the residents to the south of Yocumtown. He was an intelligent man who conducted a nursery of fruit trees. He was a constant reader of the weekly New York Tribune which he carried thoughtfully home under his arm. He had a number of sons of whom two died in the Union Army. One of them, William died in the hospital after his three years term of service had expired. His body was brought home for burial. Thomas was in Anderson's Troops and died of Typhoid fever. Reuben died in Adams county. Charles moved west, Mary became a teacher, and later married a Mr. Ort and lives near Zion View, York Co.

Mr. Mills' ancestors settled where Conrad Brubaker lived, later below Yocumtown. Here they erected a stone house, one of the earliest in the Valley.

The Potts family lived close by, there were four sons and one daughter. They were an intellectual people and much given to reform ideas, they accepted vegetarianism, Spiritualism, Water Cure and later became exponents of Faith Cure. They later removed to Harrisburg and Mechanicsburg. The father, Joseph, died some years ago. One of the daughters married David Miller. The matter of Spiritualism agitated this region in the 50's but while it had a number of persons who were interested in the subject, has almost if not entirely died out. Vegetarianism had but few adherents. The people of the community are very conservative in their habits and not much given to change in their modes of living or thinking.

English is the language used, very little Pennsylvania Dutch being used although very many are able to understand it.

The people of Fairview and Newberry Townships give republican majorities, they were exceedingly loyal during the Civil War. Eighty-seven men left Newberry township in one day and enlisted in Rev. Captain Charleton's Company in March 1865. The 130th, 107, 93, 166, 16th and 12th Reserves and other regiments had many members from Fishing Creek Valley. They maintained good discipline and rendered good service during the war. After peace was declared they returned and resumed their place as good orderly citizens.

During the summer of 1863 this community narrowly missed being the battlefield between the opposing armies. Much of the stock had been taken across the river. Many of the household valuables were secreted or buried. The firing on the second evening at the Battle of Gettysburg was distinctly heard on the quarry grape vine hill. This was the famous charge of the Louisiana Tigers on Cemetery Hill which took place at dark or later. The cannonading was continuous and multiple. The reports of small arms was continuous. At other times during the three days engagement reports were heard, but not so distinctly as on that evening. A drenching continuous rain occurred after the battle which lasted for several days. The haying and grain cutting owing to the absence of teams and persons and the general excitement had been delayed or abandoned. Much of the hay and grain went to waste owing to delay and rainy weather. But this was war and rumors of

war at our own doors and it was borne with as a matter of course. There was a scarcity of help and the number of available men was largely diminished. Women, who are ever heroic and ready to make untold sacrifices in time of need, suffering and warfare, took their places in assisting in the duties of the farm. The country was determined to uphold the integrity of the Union. No sacrifices were too great and when death came to those in the camp or the battle it was borne by father, mother, sister, brother and friend with stoicism and fortitude. When the climax of the rebellion was reached in the assassination of Lincoln, the loss of whom - - - that of a friend and as personal. Homes in out of way places were spontaneously decorated in the habilments of mourning. Old people walked great distances to funeral services that were help memorially. The countenances of the people appeared as though the bereavement were domestic. Never did a people display a more heartfelt patriotism. Almost every household had representatives in the army and many had an aching void in the midst. Never were a people so possessed by a dominant idea as that of the preservation of free institutions, where the people rise in the might of their power, the results is overwhelming in grandeur and results. The end came and it was as though the sun had risen at midnight.

One previous excitement had made an impress upon the people of the valley, that of the Millerite excitement. It is related that on a certain day in 1843 some of the faithful encamped on the Hill Island ready to meet the Prince of Peace at the auspicious time set. It is related that in Lancaster County a storm arose and some chimneys were demolished. It is said that some of the skeptics were just on the point of admitting that there might be something "to it", when the cloeds broke. Some of the disappointed were mortified and were laughed at for their pains. Some of them became unreasonably skeptical ever afterwards, others still hoped the "end" would come sometime.

The great Comet of 1858 was the largest that had been visible for a long time. It created little alarm. In more recent times some of the irreverent mockingly said that comets were owing to Slim Sarah Barnhart throwing her gloves at sundown. Three hundred years the practical joker might have been punisher for irreverence.

The Fishing Creek contained but few colored people. The Bald Hills had the well known Ezekial Baptiste whose sale on his retirement amounted to oved \$4,000. The people of the region were intensely democratic and believed in work and were not ashamed to be seen doing it.

Between the Free Distillery and Goldsboro was fought with bare knuckles the famous prize fight on a bitter cold forenoon in January, 1867, between Sam Collyer and John M. Glade for the lightweight championship. This was for \$2000. a side and was won by Collyer in 47 rounds and 55 minutes. A rougher crowd was never gathered together on the soil of York County. The pugilists from Baltimore who shouted themselves hoarse for their townsman Collyer who then were in full force. They produced consternation in the quaint little town of Goldsboro when their lawless proceedings such as looting, picking pockets, and highway robbery. About 2000 people it is estimated were drawn to the place. Scuffles and drawn knives and revolvers were used on the grounds. Collyer came off the victor. McGlade had been a sailor, and was beyond

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the useful pugilistic stays and had become stale. Both men had been well trained. The affair was well timed coming off the same day as the gubernatorial inauguration at Harrisburg. The authorities were out but considered themselves unable to stop the proceedings. The location was well planned in case of interference it would have been possible to adjourn to the adjacent County of Dauphin without trouble. Such notorious sports as Harry Hill from New York and "Kit" Burns, the rat pit man from New York and Squire McMullen from Philadelphia were present.

Just opposite from Goldsboro lies the well known Shelly's Island. On this island were born the brothers Austin and Vincent Bierbower, both graduates of Dickinson College, Carlisle, in 1860. Austin had the reputation of being the brightest student from Dickinson for a long time. He is now a noted lawyer in Chicago, the author of a number of ethical books and a writer for radical journals. Vincent died a few years ago as Lieutenant Governor of Idaho. Both were nephews of the Shellys. Both were of Methodist ancestry. The Shelly Island came into possession of John Shelly during the 60's. Later it passed into the hands of Joseph Prowell. The ice floods of 1904 almost wholly covered it. A formidable ice barrier lined its shores after the gorge broke. The ice gorge done great damage on either side for some miles in the neighborhood. Below York Haven the ice was piled up to the eaves of some houses a mile away from the river. The ice remained for several months.

Here at Shelly's Island were the famous shad fisheries in the first half of the century. People came from distant sections for loads of shad. After the building of the Columbia dam the business came to an end almost wholly. The toothsome characters of the shad taken here are yet recalled by the old inhabitants.

York Haven came into great prominence after the beginning of the last century. The canal around the "falls" was first to be built in the United States. The town was very thriving for a time but the railroads caused its decline. The Hotel was famous in its day; many people of note of note stopped there, among them being Lewis Ean (?), General Lee Fayette, Charles Dickenson and others. The river here had a fall of 19 feet which has now been increased to 29 feet. The town from 1840 to 1870 had gone into decline, but it again revived after the Paper Mills were established. The Electric plant has added to its importance.

York Haven then and is now like Steelton, a great outlet for the working class for the country extending above and beyond the Bald Hills. Two things particularly have militated against Fishing Creek Valley. The first was an outlet other than the Northern Central Railroad; the stage service being indifferent. The second was productive industries. After the hand industries ceased at Lewisbury in the 1840's there remained but little to occupy the people beside farming and cigar making. Lime-burning, wood-chopping, or the making of machinery, shoe-making, small shop-keeping, seasonal butchering, or days work of very hard character was the only occupation at the hands of the laborer. Most of the people of families owned their own homes. Under such regulations had to pay their debts to maintain their credits.

On the whole as a body the people were industrious and fru-

gal yet withal generous and hospitable. They had no sympathy for those who lived by their wits or sought to shirk their work. They did not believe in "drony" or "gentlemen of Leisure". Modern extravagance found no resting place among them. Low prices were yet prevalent and high priced things were viewed as extravagance.

They were people as a rule whose word was as good as their bond. Strict Sabbatarianism did not prevail in this Valley, probably the impress of the English and the Germans at an early day put its seal upon habit and customs. The roads were not lined upon Sundays as a rule by the many as regular churchgoers where churches were inaccessible or at a distance. The people however, were as good citizens and from a moral standpoint compared with any others.

Schools at an early day were more popular among them than the Germans of other sections of York County. Quite early the school books brought were of a former generation. Pike, Smiley and other arithmetics were still brought to the schools. What was venerable was still considered better than the "New Fangled Ideas". School books were then expensive and their provision was onerous and burdensome among those of limited means who had large families to provide for. However, when the necessity for them was once impressed upon the understanding of the people this matter changed. The school then in the 50's was a period of four months, which passed away too soon. Some very well to do people kept their children home, claiming they were needed to help do the work. For a man to have hired help and send his children to school was viewed as great extravagance. In fact, some young men of that day confessed they attended but eleven days of school in a winter.

The school houses in early days were small with little furniture and poor accommodations. This has now given away to tasteful and ornamental buildings, showing progress.

The name of Jesse Linebaugh, a staunch friend of education must not be omitted in this connection. He was a man of liberal mind and of considerable information. He lived between Yocumtown and Newberry. He loaned the writer such books as Rupps History of Lancaster and York Counties, History of Slavery, and the History of the World which were read with great interest. He had two sons, John who is a farmer and lives in Ohio. Henry who later became a physician and resides in New Cumberland.

The newspapers read in this Valley were mostly weeklies, among them were the New York Tribune, the Baltimore Clipper, the Harrisburg Telegraph, The New York World, the United Brethern Religious Telescope and the Church Advocate of the Church of God. At Goldsboro the Baltimore Sun, the Baltimore Daily American, and Daily Harrisburg Telegraph were read, some few read the New York Independent.

The ministers of the Church of God mostly resided at Goldsboro. We recall Revs. Carlton Price, J.S. Seabrooks, Rev. Charlton, Rev. Meixell, Rev. Kister, Rev. Keller, Rev. Winebrenner and others. The United Brethern preachers who preached at Salem were Rev. J.C. Smith, Lencock, Hummelbaugh, Eberly, Dickson, Hutchinson, Smith and others. They mostly resided at Yocumtown or York Haven.

They were obliged to keep teams to go to their various charges or rely upon the officers of the various points. The amounts received for their services were very modist. Their sacrifices were great but were made with cheerfulness for the upbuilding of their denominations.

The physicians of Fishing Creek Valley may be traced back beyond the Revolution, Lewisbury and Yocumtown have mostly been the points where they located. Doctor Nebinger, the elder, was long in practice at Lewisberry. He was succeeded by his son William Nebinger. The elder had several brothers who became noted physicians in Phila., Penna. One of them, Andrew was a noted catholic, incidentally. Newberry never was a point for physicians for any length of time. Drs. Mengel, O'Neale, Myers and perhaps others were there for a time.

Few Catholics were found in the Valley, except David and Ellen Gibbons of Yocumtown and Mr. Bryan near Smoketown. No Unitarians or Universalists were known as such. Some Tunkers and River Brethern were found.

Doctor Swiler came to Yocumtown in 1857, the same year as the writer. He was a native of Hogestown, Cumberland Co. He practiced (Robert D. succeeded him) for a period of eleven years when he removed to Harrisburg. York Haven for some years had a physician in Dr. Murphy. The upper end has not been as prolific of physicians as the lower end of the county. Those already mentioned with the Hetricks of Lewisbury, Stern and later Harding sum up the number. Others who occasionally came into the Valley are medical men from Manchester, New Cumberland or York.

The Valley as a rule is healthy, fevers and dysentary have prevailed epidemically, to these may be added the grippe, diptheria, etc. About a half dozen cases of consumption occurs yearly.

Dr. Gorgas of Yocumtown became infected with Milleriteism.

The well known Christian Long of Shippensburg in the 40's heralded the Gospel of Temperance in the historical old school house at Yocumtown. The doctrine was unpopular. It was believed that liquor had its uses, but that incidentally it also had its abuses which couldn't be helped. Long aroused great opposition and made his exit out of a rear window and never again shook the dirt from his feet as a preacher of temperance there. He was a man of fertile resources and could adapt himself to many callings. His story reads like a romance and has been elsewhere written. Times changes and men changes with them, this is termed progress.

The people of Fishing Creek Valley as a rule to which there are few exceptions, never been a ? people. The law is a luxury that under any circumstances is for those who "have money to burn". It is true that Justices of the Peace were elected, but did not have a superabundance of business. Squires Martin Burger of Goldsboro, Henry Fortenbaugh and a few others whose names we do not recall were in office. Constable Byers, a crippled man was long in service. This office did not necessarily require a man of physique since the powers of the state were behind him. Not many office holders or aspirants were noted. Judge Hays of Newberrytown was an associate Judge, Henry Forten-

baugh was candidate for Sheriff, but of course being a republican his chances were hopeless. Daniel Reiff and M.M. Hays were elected as representatives.

The Rebellion offered the first outlet for young men to go away from home, others occasionally went west. As a rule emigration to the west was not popular before the days of machinery. Some went to Cumberland Valley to assist in harvesting and hay-making, peeling bark or wood-chopping or sawing timber at a distance was engaged in by a few others. Not many natives worked in the quarries, Welshmen, Englishmen and Scotchmen who had learned the trade in the old country were employed. These men had, with their ancestors, been in the business for generations. Some few served on the railroad as engineers, firemen, brakemen, and conductors.

Very few of them enlisted in the regular Army. On the whole not many men, compared to the whole number of enlisted yielded up their lives during the great rebellion, we do recall such names as Lyman Brubaker, Haman Miller, William Reynolds, Elmer Wise, John Fisher, Sanford Waite Fisher and others less readily recalled. The Valley was pretty well drained of available men during the Rebellion. Not enough would have been left to fill the forthcoming draft just before the war ended. Not many wounded men returned. Martin Fortenbaugh and Thomas Numbers and some others were among the number. Some returned home to die from the exposure of the service. So far as we can ascertain no prisoners were confined at Andersonville or any other of the other noted prisons from this Valley. Many of the soldiers who enlisted in the service from the valley are still living forty (40) years after. But many have removed elsewhere.

A noticeable fact must be stated that the patronage of the dentist has not been as large here as in some other localities. This presupposes good constitutions and perhaps better and more careful habits of living. Good teeth preserves good constitutions if carried till late in life. The use of glasses has never been as prevalent here as in other localities, making allowances for their non-use which the necessity still exists, yet the restricted amount of sewing and reading may have been somewhat responsible for their non-use. Undoubtedly they are more frequently resorted to now than formerly. The modern tendency to myopia seems to be rapidly increasing all over the country.

The custom of having firearms has not prevailed largely in this Valley. The scarcity of game in a thinly wooded country is undoubtedly responsible for this fact. In northern Ohio where heavy timbers prevail, the rifle was found in every home. Here firearms if used were shot-guns. They are sometimes used by sportsmen from larger towns in hunting partridges after harvest. However the trespass notices have considerably interfered with this sport. "The squirrel hunters of Ohio" who responded to the Ohio governor's appeal for men to save Cincinnati from invasion would not have been a possibility in Pennsylvania. 50,000 old and younger men appeared. The available men had already entered the ranks previously.

Athletic and other sports have never been in vogue among the people of the Valley. Life has been too practical and real to

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permit diversions. Horse racing has never had any patrons whether by running or trotting. As a rule no fancy stock has been bred. Fancy farming has never obtained.

Farming for revenue only by old standard approved methods has found place. Men who traveled too far ahead of their neighbors were termed as visionary or impractical. Methods have changed and machinery accepted only when its usefulness had been fully and overwhelmingly approved. Tramping out grain was in vogue almost up to the Civil War. Shovel drilling was not long in use after drills were elsewhere in general use. Oxen here were never in use for farming or hauling purposes.

It remains to consider the northern part of the Fishing Creek Valley which is often spoken of as the Valley proper. If the Valley basin or vale is alone considered as extending from Rutter and Knox mountains on the west of Middletown Ferry and Eppers Old Hotel and the river on the east. Of course the River Mountain is the boundary on the north with some farms cleared out on its southern exposure as well as on top.

This embraces among the smoothest and best land in the whole entire Valley. It is almost wholly in Fairview township. It earlier belonged to Newberry township. It was in part settled at a very early day and its population has not changed much in character during the last century. It is true that the generation which was on the stage of life has almost wholly disappeared with very few exceptions. In the meanwhile many of the names have been changed and some of the descendants have changed their names through marriage. New people have come in and intermarried with the prevailing stock. This community was largely settled by the Fichers and the Prowells and their descendants forty (40) or fifty (50) years ago they were very numerous. Many of them have removed and of others the descendants remaining have greatly diminished by death or removed. It is true that a number of the Prowells lived on the south side of the Fishing Creek. If this process of death and removal continues for fifty (50) years longer a new list of names will prevail in Fishing Creek Valley. Even now the grave-yards must be our resource in the studying of the personality of the Valley. Many new names appear on the tax lists that were not found fifty years ago. Many are not found now which were noted then.

The names of persons in the towns of Yocumtown, Newberry, Goldsboro, and Lewisberry have been revolutionized in Christian names wholly in in surnames largely. Fifty years ago the names of Herman, Hays (Jesse is now perhaps the only surviving member of his generation of that family and lives at Mechanicsburg), Brinton, Meredith, Yinger, Simmons, Bear, McCreary, Shupp, Byers, Shelly, Sipe, Crull, Kister, Updegraff, Epply, Wolf, (whose son is a West Point graduate and Captain in the 7th Infantry), Kich, Beard and others were found in Newberry and its immediate surroundings.

In Lewisberry were found such names as Stair, Hammond, Strominger, Kirk, Sutton, Frankelberger, Foster, Frazer, Miller, Wickersham, Garretson, Nebinger, Epply (who was a physician), Hutton and others.

In Goldsboro were found Frazer, Kister (Webster, Andrew, and Isaac), Bierbower, Peter Jones, Moses Shelly, John and Wendall

Shelly, Crown (late of Sheppardstown, Cumberland Co.), John K. Willis, Reuben Shetter, Martin Burger, M.B. Noss, John Livingston, Charles Zigner (Still living), Samuel Etter and son Henry Etter, Dr. O.T. Everhart, Mrs. Schoch, Henry Millard, Washington and John Kister, Samuel Gross the Miller, Shelly the pilot, who dressed in broadcloth and silk hat, Michale and Henry Dugan, Samuel McFadden, J. Stout, Michael Wise, Rev. James Dunlap, John Palmer, E.K. Frazer and many others.

The undertakers were William Willis of Goldsboro and later Aaron Zeigler, in Newberry was Jacob Yinger. The funeral services were conducted in a plain and becoming manner.

The York County Fair commenced in 1853 and was visited by large numbers every year from Fishing Creek Valley. Other days like July 4th, Whitsuntide (50 days after Easter), Easter, Christmas and New Year were not much observed. The later holidays so many in number did not then exist. Apple-butter boilings and butchering were domestic occasions that were matters of note in the neighborhoods. Apple parings were in vogue, also Singings as an outlet for social gathering were in vogue. Sunday School "Celebrations" so-called were held. The dinner of sweet stuff and lemonade were in evidence. Public School "exhibitions" so-called took place at the close of the school. Spelling bees were frequently held, such events in the view of only being occasional were topics of conversation and interest for a long time afterwards. Owing to the lack of methods of conveyance for commingling communities were what might be termed clannish and held aloof from each other and in some cases a state of rivalry existed. Sleighing parties were numerous.

In our description of Fishing Creek Valley in the north, commences at its eastern boundry at the Susquehanna River, Snoketown, Foldsboro and the Ferry. Eppers Hotel and Possum Hollow have already been noted. We will begin at Kreiger farm which belonged to the owner of that name, a son-in-law of Jacob Fisher. The buildings are now in a decadent condition. Mr. Kreiger was killed on the railroad a short distance above the ferry. The farm was somewhat hilly and very rocky.

A little above his farm stood a small house tenanted by a very aged man named Kautz, fifty years ago. He was a venerable patriarch. In his younger years we heard from his own lips that he was somewhat wild. He was much given to going over the County to public gatherings. In some of these gatherings the purpose was fun and mischief. On one occasion he went to Prowell's school house near the mill where a revival was in progress, in company with others their purpose was disturbance of the meeting, however while in the midst of those actions he related that a something overcame his muscular system that made him powerless and he became alarmed and ended up only by his going to the bench and becoming converted. He ever afterwards remained steadfast and becoming a man of one book. All through life his walk and conversation was unexceptionable. He was poor in this world's goods, but his family was eminently respectable. Some of his children were Mary, Lizzie, and Daniel. He died at an advanced age.

The distance from Goldsboro to Stone Church was five miles. To Jacob Fisher's Schoolhouse was three miles. The road leading from Kreiger's to Prowell's Mill was a straight line before diverging

West from Kreigers lived Martin Baer, to the south lived Mr. Lefever. Moving west we come to the farm of Samuel N. Prowell which was one of the oldest farms in the Valley. He was married to a daughter of Wm. Reeser of Manchester. His second wife was a daughter of Joseph Willis of Yocumtown. His oldest son Andrew read medicine with Dr. William Swiler of Yocumtown, graduated at Long Island College Hospital and commenced practice at Manchester. He made a high record as a physician and surgeon very early in practice. He died of phthisis (tuberculosis) very early in his career. He was married to a daughter of John Burger, his family is still living, William became a physician and resides in Steelton, George graduated at Millersville Normal School and Wooster University and has attained a high rank as an educator, a writer of histories and an organizer of the Historical Society of York, Pa. The mansion farm was bought by his son Silas Prowell who was married to Ellen, a daughter of Samuel Fortenbaugh. He is a citizen of prominence in his neighborhood, others of the family are living in different places in the county. Samuel Prowell died at an advanced age.

The next farm is that first purchased by Gotlieb Fischer in 1783. It like the Prowell farm is one of the oldest laid out tracts in the Valley dating back to 1735. Gotlieb Fisher found or built a log house, traces of which are still visible today. This farm descended to his son David Fischer in 1796 and later to his grandson Jacob about 1827 and to his son Jeremiah in 1877. Viewed from the gate of the quarry farm entrance aforesaid, the house and buildings appeared as though set in the midst of an enchanted garden, in fact a veritable poets dream. Jacob Fisher was very proud of this farm and was exceedingly anxious it should remain in the Fisher name. The land was then in a high state of cultivation and Jacob Fisher maintained it so during his lifetime. He had been early in life a teamster to Baltimore for his Father. David Fisher erected the present buildings about 1816, after the war with Great Britain. The genealogy of the Fisher Family has been fully tabulated and written by William Seward Fisher a great-great grandson of Gotlieb or Godlove Fischer as then spelt. His son David Fisher had a large family, his sons being Jacob, Samuel, David, John, and Daniel and also Abraham, all of whom lived within a few miles of the place of birth. The daughters were Nancy, who married John Weitzel, Mary, married to John Hursh, Elizabeth married to Frederick Koch, Barbara married to Michael McBarren. They have now all passed away except the widow of David who is still living on the homestead where she lived for the past fifty years. For a woman of her age (87) she is enjoying very good health and her mental facilities are serving her well.

David Fisher laid off a graveyard at the lower end of his farm along the highway. In it are three generations buried, Gotlieb Fischer and his wife Ursula, David Fischer and his wife Barbara, who survived him until 1848, Jacob Fisher and his wife Mary who lived on this homestead farm.

David Fischer also erected the buildings on the farm later owned by George Lichtenberger, now owned by John Eichinger who was married to Mahala, a daughter of George Lichtenberger. The Fisher and Prowell School house of early days stood to the south of the road at or near the house now occupied by the family of Daniel Fisher.

The family of Gotlieb Fischer and certainly the family of David Fisher were all born in the log house before the present stone house was erected. During the occupation by Jacob Fisher a long porch extended along the whole front of the house. The spring house is still standing.

David Fischer was a man of considerable means in that day, he died comparatively early in life attaining but fifty (50) years. His widow survived him many years. The Fishers were an industrious people but did not aspire to positions of trust and honor. They were of Lutherans originally, but later identified with the United Brethern Church, others united with other churches.

Daniel Fisher was the youngest of the family, three of his sons entered the Union Army and two were killed. The other sons lived on farms several miles westward. Just when the George Lichtengerger buildings were erected we do not know as no date is found on them, but it must have been between 1816 and 1817.

The Fisher and Prowell School house has at present the fourth building, three of them on the same spot on the highway, the second was a frame building, the third was of yellow sandstone, and the fourth of brick. The first near the Daniel Fisher house was probably built of logs. The school was never very large. It would be interesting to trace the teachers from the first to the last. We recall Harry Prowell alone, Miss Caldwellader has taught it for a number of years very satisfactorily we believe.

It is probable that the Fisher and Prowell families are descended from a single ancestor. The fisher's progenitor begins with Gotlieb, but his early history connections, emigration and early history are thus far involved in obscurity.

The Prowells have a history traced back earlier, they were probably of Welsh origin and were Friends or Episcopalians. The earlier Prowells were buried in an early graveyard to the north of the buildings now occupied by John Prowell who lives above Stone Church. They were an intelligent and public spirit people and made a strong impression upon the community in which they lived.

West of the Lichtenberger farm we come to the farm once owned by Moses Driver now owned by David Fisher and occupied by his son Cornelius. Here we attended a public sale in 1857 and witnessed a game Corner ball in the barnyard, the most active player was John Shuler who was then about twenty-five (25) years of age. He was one of the most agile men we had ever seen as an amateur, he could evade a ball and could jump above it when it was thrown at his body. Later in life he claimed he couldn't do it. He was always a hard working man which makes its demands upon the physical system. Moreover, if we don't wear out we will rust out. Drivers removed from the neighborhood.

David Fischer was married to Miss Katherine Prowell who died some years ago. Just opposite on the road that leads south lived

the father of David Fisher whose Christian name was Samuel. After a time he removed to a farm on the road leading to New Cumberland several miles above Eichinger's mill. Later he removed to the old home and lived there until the time of his death. His daughter Mahala now lives there. We do not know the dates when these buildings were erected. All buildings should have the dates inscribed upon them, in fact every family should begin to rescue its history before it passes into oblivion. The day will come when it will be highly prized.

Following the road from here to the south we come to the residence of John Fetrow the elder who died about 1859 and was buried in what has since become the Fetrow Cemetery, which is now an incorporated cemetery. Many of the residents of the Northern part of the valley are now being buried there. The elder Fetrow and wife attained a large competence for that day. They had a son John who by inheritance became the wealthiest man in Fishing Creek Valley. At his death he was able to leave each of his children one or more farms with money besides. His sons were Samuel, Ambrose, Jacob, John and Henry and a daughter Mrs. Mathias Eicholtz.

The farms he owned were mostly adjoining. The Fetrows were thrifty people and industrious.

Going back to the George Lichtenberger farm a road leads south to the Snavely Mill, in the hollow many years ago stood very old buildings which were occupied by Polly Warner and her mother. After her death Polly made the grand rounds over the county. She was a welcome comer at all these places. She made her home at John Sweney's above Eichinger's Mill. She was quilting when she was not otherwise engaged. She said in reply to a question as to the purpose of her getting such things together, "it would make her sales bigger." She was amiable and industrious and was liked and assisted by the neighborhood. It is said that the music of the coffee mill was music to her ears and caused her to croon an old ditty. She enjoyed the pleasure of the table. When Sweney's farm was sold she drifted to the Carlisle Poor House where she died. Who will say that her life was a failure? Every neighborhood contains similar individuals, but not always as amiable and good-hearted and lovable. Peace to her ashes and memory.

The next house above on the valley road was occupied by Lawyer John Prowell. He was a scholarly, eloquent man. We heard him make some of the most brimful eloquent speeches we ever listened to. He had a daughter Ellen and a son who died early in life. The farm is now tenanted, but the buildings are in a decadent condition as are so many others over the country, although this is a marked case. The house has no date stone but is probably over one hundred (100) years old.

We next come to the home of Michael or Squire Baylor as he was familiarly known. He taught school for many years mostly at the school house near Eichinger's Mill. He was an intelligent man and possessed critical faculties. He had several daughters who died of phthisis on the state of womanhood. His son Robert lives on the Weizel-Shuler farm. Samuel was killed in the west. The wife of Michael Baylor was daughter of Samuel Prowell Sr. His pupils sometimes spole of him as "Cony Michael." The Baylor house burnt down several years ago, but was re-built.

We come now to the brick house of Michael Shuler which he built about 1859. It was tastefully built and situated admirably. Mr. Shuler was earlier from the County about Quickel's Church. He was originally a blacksmith. He bought the Weitzel farm about 1847. He erected a house in front of which is still standing. This farm after he retired from the farm was farmed for years by his sons John and Harrison. Mr. Shuler had another son Michael who died in the army. He had a number of daughters who all married. The oldest Anna M. to Wm. M. Fisher, Henrietta to James Grimes, Mary to Levi Coble, Ellen to John Soulers, Amanda to John Hale, Adaline to Frederick Bahn. Mr. Shuler paid a dower on the Weitzel farm for nearly fifty (50) years. The farm was a good fertile one.

Coming to the cross roads we find Mrs. Nancy Weitzel who lived there since the sale of their farm to Michael Shuler in 1847. She was a daughter of David Fisher, was married to John Weitzel probably of Dauphin Co., born in 1797. He was married to Nancy Fisher in 1823. He died in 1844 of fever, two of his younger children dying about the same time. He was aged 47 years at death. He was a godly man and with David Fisher and others took an active part in building the Salem Church in 1844. He was the first person to be buried in its burying grounds. The Rev. John Fohl then a young man officiated at his funeral. The loss of John Weitzel was a great loss to the church and community. Previously he and David Fisher had been captains of the militia who drilled at the Conrad Brubaker house below Yocumtown.

The Weitzel family was presumably from Dauphin Co. The father of John Weitzel was probably John Weitzel, his widow Christina Marsh Weitzel was born in 1777 and died at the house of Mrs. Nancy Weitzel in 1853 aged 73 years. John Weitzel and Nancy had ten (10) children. David was the oldest and was born in 1824 and died in 1894 aged 70 years. Henry was born in 1826 and lives at York. Mrs. Fetrow lives at Steubenville, Samuel in Decatur, Ill., Mrs. Strickler born in 1829, at Hellam, and Mrs. Betz at York. Mrs. Weitzel was born in 1829 and died in 1893 and she was universally respected. She lived a quiet life, but in her later years she lived with her daughter Mrs. Strickler at Heistand where she died. The property where she lived was sold to Michael Shuler and later to Ira Schell who has improved and remodeled it. It is admirably located and a most desirable place to live.

The Fishers and Weitzels were originally Lutherans. The Rev. John Fohl came through the County as an evangelist holding meetings at the Prowell School house in 1842. He then lived at Shiremanstown and was a United Brethren Minister. He was instrumental in raising an organization and building a church. The church was built in 1844. The church cost about \$1000.00 although much of the hauling and other work was done by the members without charge. A Sunday school has always been held. The graveyard was much enlarged some years ago and many tasteful monuments have been erected. Here are buried the Fishers, Weitzels, Millers, Prowells, Baylors, Rudys, Hoffstodts, Brubakers, Wickershams, Betzs and many others. Such ministers as Rev. J.C. and W.O. Smith, J. Dickson, Hummelbaugh, Eberly, Quigley and many others have preached to the congregation. The graveyard is not wholly desirable on account of low ground.

Down the road from Mrs. Weitzel lived her brother John Fisher

who had a large family, three sons and four daughters. He met his death from being kicked by one of his horses in 1866. His farm is now in the hands of his son William. His son John K. Fisher lives at New Market. Samuel died several years ago at Highspire, Pa. His oldest daughter Sarah was married to Charles H. Shuler, and died a few years ago in Decatur, Ill. but was brought east and buried in Mt. Kalmia Cemetery, Harrisburg, Pa. Lucinda was married to Wilson Danner and is living in Highspire, Pa. Barbara was married to Wm. Gruver and is living in Muncy, Ind. Mary was married to Benj. Kauffman. John Fisher was a man of high integrity and was universally respected.

Near John Fisher lived Samuel Miller, a brother to Mrs. Samuel Fortenbaugh and also to Mr. David Fisher's first wife. He had three sons, David already noted, Samuel who was preparing for the ministry but died before completing his course. Herman enlisted in the 130th P.V. and was killed at the battle of Antietam. Three of his daughters died of phthisis in one year several months apart. Margaret died some years ago and is buried at the Salem Stone Church. Mrs. Jesse Hays and Mrs. Henry Kohler are still living.

Below towards Yocumtown lived the Yingers, who had sons Charles and John and daughters Anna, Rebecca and several others whose names I do not recall. A little above lived Samuel Roop who had several daughters. Lower down was the mill carried on by Jacob (B) or Plymyer. Of course some parties are omitted and individuals of families as this is but a general and not a particular genealogical sketch.

Above the church we come to the stone house and farm now occupied by John Prowell, this was long the home of venerable Grandpap Brown who was one of the most prominent citizens of the community. He died at an advanced age, his wife was Nancy Wagner of near York.

A graveyard of the Prowells was located above the house on the hill where all the older generations of Prowells were buried. Some of them served in the Revolution. The next building was the historic school house, part of which was devoted to other uses and is still standing.

Coming to the next place we have the mill and the mill house and the farm of Samuel Prowell, son of Samuel Prowell Sr. They later removed to Shreve, Ohio where they died. Their son Robert lives in New Cumberland. Others of the family are still living. The Mill was built more than a century ago, it is no longer in operation. Phoebe daughter of Samuel Prowell was married to George Lichtenberger near Manchester. Vera lives in Ohio and Wilson at New Cumberland.

The next place up the Harrisburg road from Prowell's Mill is that of John Sweney which passed into the hands of John Fisher who farmed it for years, but later moved to New Market.

Up the road live the Conleys. Still above them the Snyders. Still farther on was the farm of Samuel Fisher who died some years ago. The farm passed into the hands of his son Samuel, who now occupies it. It is nicely located but the surrounding country is very stony. The place of the Hartmans close by is a marked example.

We overlooked the Cross Roads, a well known locality on the west several miles above the Stone Church. It contains a school house and a United Brethern Church. The Prowells also live in this locality.

This pretty much exhausts the personnel of this part of the Valley. The families detailed have been large in number, but not as fully as could be desired were this an exhaustive paper on the personnel of the Valley. For a general sketch it is exhaustive, covering fifty (50) years. The record will be invaluable for contrasts and comparrisons. What changes futurity may bring about we don't know.

That the history of the Valley will be more striking than the 175 years is hardly to be expected. Discoveries may be made and improvements in unexpected directions may be made, but we can hardly see how a superior class of citizens to those of the past can arise in the future. Men may come and men may go but the course of events will move on forever. Deposits of minerals or other products sometimes make a very poor County enormously rich like the kill-deer farms of western Virginia and Pennsylvania which the past did not expect, but the 19th century brought to light.

Robert Burns' AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne.

Chorus.

For auld lang syne my dear
For auld lang syne
Will take a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

JOHN ANDERSON

John Anderson my Jo John
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent,
But now your brow is bald John;
Your locks are white as snow.
But blessings on your frosty brow,
John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson my Jo John,
We climb the hill together,
And morry a canty day, John
We've had one anither.
Now maun totter down John,
But hand in hand will go,
And sleep together at the foot
John Anderson my Jo.

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE OLD PLACE" by Richard W. Gilder

There's no time like the old time when you and I were young,
When the bud of April blossomed and birds of springtime sung.
The gardens brightest glories by summer suns were nursed,
But oh, the sweet sweet violets the flowers that opened first.

There's no place like the old place where you and I were born,
When we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn.
From the milk white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms
that bore,
When the dear eyes glistened o'er that will look no more.

There's no friend like the old friend that has shared our morning
days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise.
Fame is the scentless sunflower with gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing on with sweatness in every fold.

There is no time like the old time, they shall never be forgot,
There is no place like the old place more dear than the green
old spot.

There are no friends like the old friends, may heaven prolong their
lives.

There are no loves like the old loves.

There is no place like the old place
The one that I miss not the one that I was--yet truly
No one but I ever knew the youth who departed--
And the youth who departed still lives in the elder returning,--
In whose bosom revive the days that forever are gone,--
The old loves and the old sweet longings;
The old love for the old place, that deepens as age comes closer,
And the heart keeps sighing and singing;
There's no place like the old place.