

A HISTORIC SKETCH
OF
MOUNT JOY, PA. and VICINITY
FROM
ITS EARLIEST SETTLEMENT
TO
JULY 4, 1876

By: Adam Sheller, M.D., citizen.
of
Mount Joy, Pa.

Published: Mount Joy Star. Thur. July 6, 1876.
L.M. Gallagher, Editor and Publisher.

THE MOUNT JOY STAR.

L. M. GALLAGHER, Editor and Publisher.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, AND LOCAL AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

TERMS: \$1.50 per Year, Strictly in Advance.

VOL. IV.

1776.

MOUNT JOY, PENN'A., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 6, 1876.

1876.

NO. 9.

A HISTORIC SKETCH AND

REMINISCENCES

MOUNT JOY

AND VICINITY.

IN LANCASTER COUNTY, PENN'A.

FROM ITS EARLIEST SETTLEMENT TO
JULY 6, 1876.

By A. SELLER, M. D., a Citizen of Mt. Joy.

The citizens of Mount Joy requested me to prepare and furnish something to be read at the celebration of the Centennial Birth-day of our Nation. In compliance with their request, the Resolution of Congress, and the President's proclamation, that at this Centennial anniversary of our independence: each town or county, should furnish a His-

toric sketch of their place. I feel that at this place a numerous band of Indians, known as the "Arroquois" (probably by the Iroquois) had their Headquarters, and that a day's journey in a canoe down the Great River to the mouth of a stream he called Canadaga (no doubt the Conestoga) (probably Conestoguis or Conestoga Indians) had their home. This tribe claimed that the dividing line of their hunting grounds, was the creek that emptied into the Big River, near the "Big Ores," which in their language means the Big Rock, and now known as the Chiquis rock. He stated that up this stream a short distance from the river, it divided into two branches, meaning the Big and little Chiquis.

Creeks that the land or territory lying between these creeks or streams, was once the cause of war and much blood shed, between these two tribes, owing to the misunderstanding respecting the proper boundaries.

They parted as friends, wishing each

of their land (now Big Chiquis) was called or named after the daughter. The streams at their junction, and from that to the river, was named by them, Chiquisaw Ollinga, abridged by our people to that of Chiquis. Hence the name of our creek Chiquisaw.

This small band increased rapidly from that time, but after Penn's treaty, the pale faces came into the country, made settlements near them; they did not love these settlers, but rather than fight them, left their home, their delightful head quarters, their "Ores" (Wyann), to seek better hunting grounds, they emigrated towards the setting sun, and united with the Chickasaws.

The old chief, the Fifteenth successor, claimed to have what is above set forth as being regularly handed, from one Chief to another, as Indians keep their record. Mr. Bender says the meeting was a pleasant and interesting one. They parted as friends, wishing each

to be carried on a horse and there semi-anthropic did the Post Man stop to deliver letters on his western trip. During the war, he was anxiously looked for, and the day on which he was expected to pass made it quite a busy place. Old men women and children, from the country around, far and near would be there to get the news and read their letters to each other, which was generally of a sorrowful kind, for their letters told, who had fallen in battle, who were wounded and who taken prisoners. All how often were hearts made sad, and bright hopes crushed, for many of the men who went from this neighborhood never returned.

Their bones, day long bleaching on many a lonely hill, were the head quarters of the old time warriors. The old time warriors, who were brave and true, and as the battle of Brandywine and the march of Pauli, a part of General M'Kee's army came this way, and encamped very near our town, on the banks of our Little

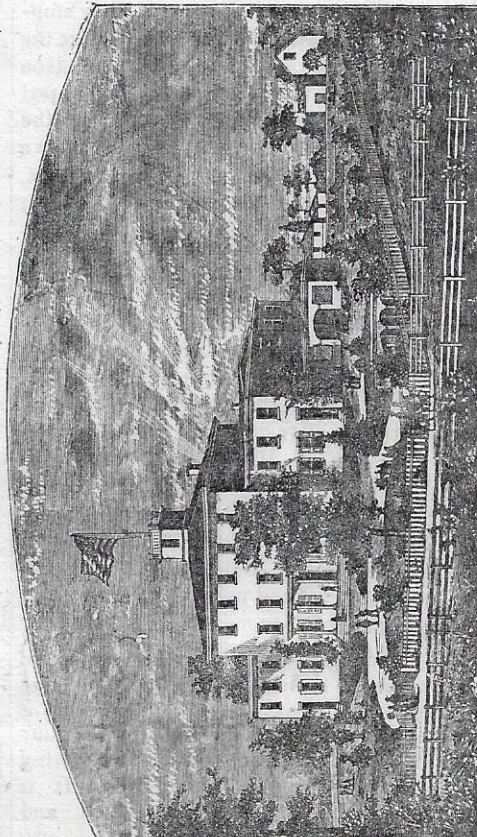
we had the famed "Orestes" wagon, and five and six horse teams; they are seldom seen now. I have counted as high as fifty of these wagons, quartered at the two taverns at one time. When they would take up their line of march, on the cold winter mornings, the ground covered with snow; the music made by the jingling of the revolvers, the rattling of the bells on the whips, the whistle and song of the teamsters, the shouting and shouting of the men, it was truly a beautiful sight to see so many of these which covered wagons, on these teams of such valorous men, and marching to such a noble cause. It was not only a sight to see, but a sight to feel. The old time warriors, who were brave and true, and as the battle of Brandywine and the march of Pauli, a part of General M'Kee's army came this way, and encamped very near our town, on the banks of our Little

composed by one of the worst. I feel sorry that I can give you only the last two lines. I heard my grandmother, my mother and aunts sing it when I was but a little boy, the lines are:

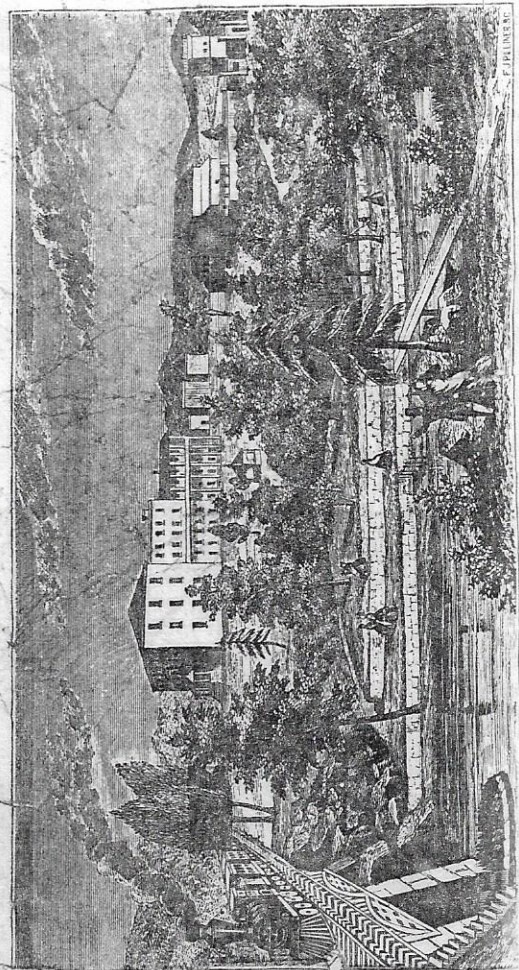
"Fine Dittany our words adorn
The girls shall cut and dry it.
And now for something about our own Mount Joy. Though not an old place but at the west end of our borough there stood an old tavern house, which was burned down some years ago. It was there in Revolutionary times, on the Old Continental Highway. It was known as a great place all over the country, and in good old Ireland too.

There was always a "Coke" house, and it was still known by that name. It was the stopping place of a Irish Emigrant, Pauli, a part of General M'Kee's army came this way, and encamped very near our town, on the banks of our Little

we had the famed "Orestes" wagon, and five and six horse teams; they are seldom seen now. I have counted as high as fifty of these wagons, quartered at the two taverns at one time. When they would take up their line of march, on the cold winter mornings, the ground covered with snow; the music made by the jingling of the revolvers, the rattling of the bells on the whips, the whistle and song of the teamsters, the shouting and shouting of the men, it was truly a beautiful sight to see so many of these which covered wagons, on these teams of such valorous men, and marching to such a noble cause. It was not only a sight to see, but a sight to feel. The old time warriors, who were brave and true, and as the battle of Brandywine and the march of Pauli, a part of General M'Kee's army came this way, and encamped very near our town, on the banks of our Little



MOUNT JOY SCHOOL



CEDAR HILL SEMINARY, MOUNT JOY, PA.

claimed east towards the Canadagas claimed the setting sun, all the led by the west stream. and tribes about this, continued long, but led by a pitched battle, junction of the two creeks, following manner. Each warrio of each Tribe, to y Bravers, or warriors, as there were days in some 700 men with their ders, set there, on a clear of the fear. The battle once at sunrise, and cont, and the party that in the ned master of the grounds, red conqueror, and hold territory. was a fearful and terrible party yielding, at the close ere remained but seven of and five of the Canadagas, was renewed, and aer a seven Arroquas drove agas from the ground, the and the disputed territory Arroquas. This battle about one hundred years ty of Penn, under the Delaware at Philadel-

his talk, and said that of the Arroquas, about a battle, had a dream or h it was made manifest to departed spirits of the the battle, contending ed ground, could not be, and without reconcilia- d not be allowed by the to enter the delightful ls of the Spirit World, and eciliation could be accom- the despued ground, to es, whose lives were spared ble. In accordance with the Chief of the Arroquas, es together, and formally to them, and their posteri- full title, to the before and.

ive had taken possession g ground, they fixed their at the 'Oses' or Rock e west stream, not a fourth ey from the Great River. was long known to the ow known as the Cave, and half a mile from Mount

elve cast lots for a Chief. one of the Canadagas; before, taken to himself a ul young maiden of the tribe still known in history. of the creek on which the where they lived, called in honor of their Queen, his great the Queen

prosperity and happiness, and all the

After these Indians left, other India s roamed over the country, and became very troublesome, especially in the Paxton settlement, which was then the western township of Lancaster County. Murder after murder was committed, many of their families had suffered by the Indian tomahawk. These Paxton men were goaded on to desperation. A deadly animosity was raised against all of Indian blood. They formed themselves into a band, called themselves 'The Rangers,' and determined to protect themselves, even if it cost the life of every Indian.

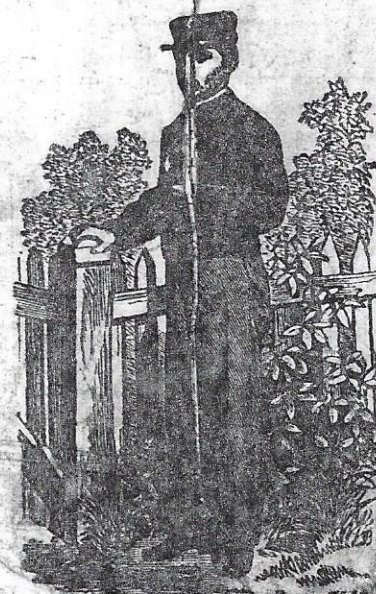
They had traced some of the murders or hostile Indians, to the friendly Indian ment at Canestoga, and knew that they were the. They were determined to destroy them, they passed through this place to Canestoga, and under cover of the night, reduced the place to ashes, mounted their horses, and returned to Lancaster, heard that one of the Indians concerned in the recent murders was there in safety. The Indians were kept in the prison for safety. The Paxton boys broke open the doors. The Indians were left without life. Two of the Indians killed in Lancaster, were recognized as murderers.

After this was done they returned to their homes, it gave quiet to the frontiers, for no murder of the inhabitants happened in that region again. I know that they passed this way, for I often heard my grandmother talk about the Paxton Boys, some of them near relatives. They stopped on their return at my grandfather's the 'Big Chiques tavern.' In conversation with one of them, she said, she hoped he was not among the number, in the bloody and unjustifiable act, he spoke not, but put his hand into his coat pocket, drew out an Indian scalp, held it up for short a time and then returned it.

They were 'Scotch Irish,' and at the opening of the Revolution like the Donegal people sought the ranks of the army to fight for their country. The German emigrants who came some what later in the last century, with the exception of the Lutherans, were nearly all non-resistants. Only a few of the decedents of the Scotch Irish now remain, here and there a solitary family. The decedents of the Germans, fill up the places they left, and inherit the language, the farms, and the thrift and industry of their forefathers.

On the grave stones, in the grave yard at the old Donegal Church, or meeting house, may be seen, many of the names of former occupants of this section of our country. I must here say something about this old Donegal Church. It is but a little distance from this place, and in it in olden time, many of those who worshipped there, were from our immediate neighborhood.

that tree joined hands, and loudly declared, their unity, and their posterity, impelled them, to exert themselves to the utmost, to secure freedom to the country, which they solemnly pledged to do, or die in he attempt.



(From Paul's Pennsylvania's Soldiers' Orphan School.)

The tree encircled by their hands to the vow. How was it that so many pledged to do, the men went forth to battle such as could bear arms, the old men, and the women and children labored at home, to support themselves, and raise provisions for the army. Coats, shirts, stockings, and everything that they could make, they took pleasure in making for the soldiers.

And now for other incidents connected with this old settlement.



(From Paul's Pennsylvania's Soldiers' Orphan School.)

The old Tavern House, on the Lancaster and Middletown Turnpike at the west end of the Bridge, where it crosses the Big Chiques along creek, and always known as the Big Chiques Tavern, was my Grandfather's, and was kept by my Grandmother during the whole time of the Revolution, for my Grandfather Hugh

Chiques, and on the North side of the said. Happ in the history, makes the encampment North of Elizabeth wn. This I know to be wrong for my grandmother pointed out the place to me, said she was often on the ground to visit the poor suffering soldiers, and assist in supplying the army with provisions, clothing, and other comforts. The place was selected because there was plenty of water, beautiful springs, and no lack of wood, and but a little distance from a smith shop, where guns were taken and fixed up for the army. The blacksmith shop was on the Manheim road and about one hundred yards west of the creek.

During the time the army remained here, General Washington visited it, and with a number of the officers, held a meeting in the 'Big Chiques Tavern' It was a secret one, the minutes were carefully sealed up, placed in my grandmother's hands, for safe keeping, and sometime after my grandfather's return from the army, he placed them in a cavity, of the partition of one of the rooms, where it was completely enclosed by the laths and the plastering. The owner of this Tavern when repairing the house some years ago, tore down the partition and found the papers, they were sent to a Masonic Lodge in Lancaster.

In old revolutionary times they were very strict in the military companies. To pay such fines as they paid then, for being absent would make any one wince now. I have in my possession a receipt that a member of a company paid for fine and costs for three days, fifty two pounds, shillings. This in Pennsylvania at that time was equal to one hundred and forty dollars.

Before closing the sketch of the Times of the Revolution, I must bring to the front something to show what the women of this neighborhood done during the time that tried mens souls. Say what you please about 'womens rights', and what they should do; we generally find that they get on the right side, and do right.

Their general character is to do good. They, like our Fathers were aroused to resent what was considered as insults to their natural rights; they would not tamely submit to the galling yoke the mother country determined to impose, and to prevent it, peaceably as they generally are, they argued that it was right in these terrible times to draw the sword for Liberty and their Country. They held Public meetings, and were as patriotic as the men. Their cry was 'To Arms! To Arms! We will do what we can in the glorious cause. We will remain at home to do the work, and help so far as we can to support those who are suffering in the common cause. They did raise money, they furnished clothing and provisions, and all they could to assist in securing our liberty. Yes they vowed to be slaves. They held their 'tea Parties' but that kind of Tea, that Ireland wanted them to

The citizens of Mount Joy requested me to prepare and furnish something to be read at the celebration of the Centennial Birth day of our Nation. In compliance with their request, the Resolution of Congress, and the President's proclamation, that at this Centennial anniversary of our Independence, each town or county, should furnish a Historical sketch of the place, from it's formation of beginning, and also to state it's progress up to the present time.

To do this work, you might have selected a better hand to gather up and furnish things of interest than myself. But I must enter upon the task, whether interesting or not.

At any rate, this place well deserves some little note. The country around is beautiful, but a vast wilderness when the first white settlers came. Inhabited by Indians, and in many of them not very friendly.

These settlers were principally from the north of Ireland, and known here as "Scotch Irish", most of them were Presbyterians. These first proprietors, came early in the eighteenth century, they chose it for their home, because of the beauty of the country, and it's supposed fertility. Their churches and townships they named after persons and places. In good old Ireland, and England for instance. Donegal, Derry, Rapho, and Mount Joy. The Germans that came in later preferred the hills to the limestone valleys, and made their settlements in the northern part of the county.

What we have of the history of our country, especially the early history is traditional, yet not withstanding true and some of what I intend giving now although traditional, is not to be found in any of our published histories, it comes from a source entitled to credit.

A former resident of our town, and well known by many of our citizens, left this place with his family many years ago, and sometime in the year 1855 got as far north west as Sheboygan County Wisconsin. A very common man, whose whole and sole aim was to get to the truth of everything. Such was Aaron Bender, the man from whom I have what I here relate from which you will learn, that not very far from this, and long before it was settled by the white people, one of the hardest fought battles, that ever was fought on the continent of America took place.

In his letter to me he said he put up his Log Cabin near an Indian settlement and was not long there, until the "Old Chief", who heard that I was from the land of the good old Penn., towards the rising sun, he sent me word that he wanted to see me. I went to see him, he was well on in years, but sprightly, appeared to be well pleased, and very friendly, and in his broken English gave me a hearty welcome. Said I was the first smokey or pale face he had ever seen, that was from the land of the good old Penn., and wanted to have a talk with me.

He said his ancestors and predecessors came from that land, and that their home was on the Susquehanna River. He drew out an old Parchment or Hieroglyphic chart, and traced out and named every brook and creek, along the whole course of the river, from the head waters to tide.

At the mouth of a stream that emptied into the Susquehanna which according to his map, is the Swatra Creek, he said that at this place a numerous band of Indians, known as the Arroquas (probably the Iroquois) had their Head Quarters, and that a days journey in a conoe, down the Great River, to the mouth of a stream he called Canadoga (no doubt the Conestoga) at which place a tribe called Conadaga's (probably Conestoga Indians) had their home.

This tribe claimed that the dividing line of their hunting grounds was the creek that emptied into the Big River, near the "Big Osres" which in their language means the Big Rock, and now known as the Chiques Rock. He stated that up this stream, a short distance from the river, it divided into two branches, meaning the Big and Little Chiques, that the land or territory lying between these creeks or streams, was once the cause of war and much blood shed, between these two tribes, owing to the misunderstanding respecting the proper boundaries.

The Arroquas claimed east towards the rising sun as far as the east stream, Big Chiques. The Canadagas claimed west, towards the setting sun, all the territory bounded by the west stream. Their contentions and strifes about this disputed ground, continued long, but was finally decided by a pitched battle fought near the junction of the two creeks, got up in the following manner. Each Chief or Head Warrior of each Tribe, to select as many Braves, or warriors, from his tribe, as there were days in twelve moons.

These armies some 700 men with their Chiefs and leaders, met there, on a clear day in the fall of the year. The battle was to commence at sunrise, and continue until sun set, and the party that in the evening remained master of the grounds, was to be declared conqueror, and hold the disputed territory.

The battle was a fearful and terrible one, neither party yielding, at the close of the day, there remained but seven of the Arroquas, and five of the Canadagas, and the fight was renewed, and after a short time, the seven Arroquas drove the five Canadagas from the ground, the fight was over, and the disputed territory awarded to the Arroquas. This battle was fought about one hundred years before the Treaty of Penn., under the Big tree on the Delaware at Philadelphia.

He continued his talk, and said that Prophet of the Arroquas, about a year after this battle, had a dream or vision, in which it was made manifest to him, that the departed spirits of the Braves slain in the battle, contending from the disputed ground, could not become reconciled, and without reconciliation, they would not be allowed by the Great Spirit to enter the delightful hunting grounds of the Spirit world, and that their reconciliation could be accomplished by giving the disputed ground, to the twelve braves, whose lives were spared in the great battle. In accordance with the vision, of the Chief of the Arroquas, called the Braves together, and their posterity for ever, a full title, to the before mentioned ground.

After the twelve had taken possession of their hunting ground, they fixed their head quarters, at the "Osres" or Rock Wigwam, on the west stream, not a fourth of a days journey from the Great River.

This place was long known to the hunters, and now known as the Cave, and only about half mile from Mount Joy borough.

Here the twelve cast lots for a Chief, the lot fell to one of the Canadagas, he had shortly before, taken to himself a wife, a beautiful young maiden of the Chickasaws, a tribe still known in history, and the name of the creek on which the cave is, and where they lived, called Chicquesaw, in honor of their Queen. A year after this event, the Queen gave birth to a daughter, and called her Ollinga, and the creek on the east boundary of the land (now Big Chiques) was called or named after the daughter.

The streams at their junction, and from that to the river, was named by them, Chiquesaw Ollinga, abridged by our people to that of Chiques. Hence the name of our creek Chiquesalunga.

This small band increased rapidly from that time, but after Penns treaty the pale faces came into the country, made settlements near them, they did not love these settlers, but rather than fight them, left their home, their delightful head quarters, their Osres Wigwam to seek better hunting grounds, they emigrated towards the setting sun, and united with the Chickasaws.

The old Chief, the fifteenth succession, claimed to have what is above set forth as being regularly handed, from one chief to another, as Indians kept their record. Mr. Bender says the meeting was a pleasant and interesting one. They parted as friends, wishing each prosperity and happiness, and all the good things they could think of.

After these Indians left, other Indians roamed over the country, and become very troublesome, especially in the Paxton settlement, which was then the western township of Lancaster County. Murder after murder was committed, many of their families had suffered by the Indian tomahawk.

These Paxton men were goaded on to desperation. A deadly animosity was raised against all of Indian blood. They formed themselves into a band, called themselves "The Rangers", and determined to protect themselves, even if it cost the life of every Indian.

They had traced some of the murders or hostile Indians, to the friendly Indian settlement at Conestoga, and knew that they were there, they were determined to destroy them, they passed through this place to Conestoga, and under cover of the night, reduced the place to ashes, mounted their horses, and returned to Lancaster, heard that one of the Indians concerned in the resent murders was there in safety. The Indians were kept in the prison for safety. The Paxton boys broke open the doors. The Indians were left without life. Two of the Indians killed in Lancaster, were recognized as murders.

After this was done they returned to their homes, it gave quiet to the frontiers, for no murder of the inhabitants happened in that region again. I know that they passed this way, for I often heard my grandmother talk about the Paxton Boys, some of them near relatives. They stopped on their return at my grandfathers the "Big Chiques tavern". In conversation with one of them, she said, she hoped he was not among the number, in the bloody and unjustifiable act, he spoke not, but put his hand into his coat pocket, drew out an Indian scalp, held it up for short a time and returned it. They were Scotch Irish and at the opening of the Revolution like the Donegal people sought the ranks of the army to fight for their country. The German emigrants who came some what later in the last century, with the exception of the Lutherans, were nearly all non-residents.

Only a few of the decendants of the Scotch Irish now remain, here and there a solitary family, the decendants of the Germans fill up the places they left, and inherit the language, the farms, and the thrift and industry of their forefathers.

On the grave stones in the grave yard at the old Donegal Church, or meeting house, may be seen many of the names of former occupants of this section of our country. I must here say something about this old Donegal Church.

It is but a little distance from this place, and in it in olden time many of those who worshipped there were from our immediate neighborhood.

When Philadelphia was in possession of the British Army under General Howe, the Continental Congress left their in a hurry for Lancaster, and from there to York. It was supposed that that band of Rebel signers of the Declaration of Independence, would be followed by the British Army. The old church, a strong stone house, was to be fitted up as a fort, and the people ready and anxious to give them a peppery reception, but they did not come this way.

Near the northeast corner of the church, stands a very large white oak tree, that is still called the "Covenant or Witness tree", Woodman spare that tree, harm it not, let no randal hand touch it, let it stand there for ever when a stripling it was dedicated to Liberty, and stands sentenial, guarding the dust of nobel ones who toiled, fought, and died in Freedoms cause. Concerning that tree I will give the incident as near as I can recolect. I had it from the lips of my grandmother who was one of the party. After the signing of Independence, there was great excitement everywhere, it was the all absorbing theme.

The Donegal folks were excited. Drums, rusty halbert, and guns were brought forth and fixed for the on coming contest.

At this old church on a certain Sabbath morning, after the serman, and before the congregation separated for their respective homes, all old and young, except the Pastor, formed themselves into a circle around that tree, joined hands and loudly declared that at this period, their duty to their God, their country, themselves and their posterity, impelled them to exert themselves to the utmost, to secure freedom to the country, which they solemnly pledged to do, or die in the attempt.

The tree encircled was their witness to the vow. How well was the solemn pledge kept, the men went forth to battle such as could bear arms, the old men, and the women and children labored at home, to support themselves, and raise provisions for the army. Coats, shirts, stockings, and everything that they could make, they took pleasure in making for the soldiers.

And now for other incidents connected with this old settlement. The old tavern house, on the Lancaster and Middletown Turnpike at the west end of the bridge, where it crosses the Big Chiquesalunga creek, and always known as the Big Chiques Tavern, was my Grandfather's, and was kept by my Grandmother during the whole time of the Revolution, for my Grandfather Hugh Peden was an officer and with the army. This tavern on the old continental highway over which the mail was then carried on a horse and there semi-monthly did the Post Man stop to deliver letters on his western trip. During the war, he was anxiously looked for, and the day on which he was expected to pass made it quite a busy place. Old men, women, and children from the country around, far and near would be there to get the news and read their letters to each other, which was generally of a sorrowful kind, for their letters told, who had fallen in battle, who were wounded and who taken prisoners. Ah! How often were hearts made sad, and bright hopes crushed, for many of the men who went from this neighborhood never returned. Their bones lay long bleaching on many a battle field.

That old tavern was the head quarters and sleeping place for the army officers. After the battle of Brandywine and massacre of Paoli, a part of General Mayne's army came this way, and encamped very near our town, on the banks of our little Chiques, and on the north side of the road. Rupp in his history, makes the encampment north of Elizabethtown. This I know to be wrong for my grandmother pointed out the place to me, said she was often on the ground to visit the poor suffering soldiers, and assisted in supplying the army with provisions, clothing, and other comforts. The place was selected because there was plenty of water, beautiful springs, and no lack of wood, and but a little distance from a smith shop, where guns were taken and fixed for the army. The blacksmith shop was on the Manheim road and about one hundred yards west of the creek.

During the time the army remained here, General Washington visited it, and with a number of the officers, held a meeting in the "Big Chiques tavern", it was a secret one, the minutes were carefully sealed up, placed in my grandmother's hands, for safe keeping, and sometime after my grandfather's return from the army, he placed them in a cavity, of the partition of one of the rooms, where it was completely enclosed by the laths and the plastering. The owner of this tavern when repairing the house some years ago, tore down the partition and found the papers, they were sent to a Masonic Lodge in Lancaster.

In old revolutionary times they were very strict in the military companies. To pay such fines as they paid then, for being absent would make any one wince now. I have in my possession a receipt that a member of a company paid for fine and costs for three days, fifty two pounds ten shillings. This in Pennsylvania currency at that time was equal to one hundred and forty dollars.

Before closing the sketch of the times of the Revolution, I must bring to the front something to show what the women of this neighborhood done during the time that tried mens souls. Say what you please about "womens rights", and what they should do, we generally find that they get on the right side, and do right. Their general character is to do good. They like our Fathers were aroused to resent what was considered as insults to their natural rights, they would not tamely submit to the galling yoke the mother country determined to impose, and to prevent it, peaceably as they generally are, they argued that it was right in these terrible times to draw the sword for Liberty and their country. They held public meetings, and were as patriotic as the men. Their cry was, To Arms! To Arms! We will do what we can in the glorious cause. We will remain at home to do the work, and help so far as we can to support those who are suffering in the common cause. They did raise money, they furnished clothing and provisions, and all they could to assist in securing our Liberty. Yes they scorned to be slaves. They held their tea parties but that kind of tea, that England wanted them to pay tax for, they would not use. These meetings generally wound up with a song composed by one of the women. I feel sorry that I can give you only the last two lines. I heard my grandmother, my mother and aunts sing it when I was but a little boy, the lines are.

Fine Dittany our woods adorn,
The girls shall cut and dry it.

And now for something about our own Mount Joy. Though not an old place but at the west end of our Borough there stood an old tavern house, which was burned down some years ago. It was there in Revolutionary times, on the Old Continental Highway. It was known as a great place all over the country, and in good Auld Ireland too. That house from time immemorial was kept as a public house. There was always a cross roads there and still known by that name. It was the stopping place of the Irish emigrants on their way to the Donegal settlement. Their usual enquiry on their way, was for the place they called, the Three crosses, The cross roads, Cross Keys, and Cross Land Lady.

At that place for a long time, the military trainings were held, at one of these trainings, during the Whiskey Rebellion several persons spoke loudly in favor of the insurgents, declaring themselves ready to go to their assistance, and urged all to join them. A few days after these men were arrested, and taken to Lancaster, but had the matter quieted by pleading that they were on a spree, that had they been sober, their conduct would have been different. In that old house there was many a jolly frolic dance and fight.

The eastern part of the town was laid out in 1812 by Jacob Rohrer, who was long a justice of the Peace in this place. The lots were disposed of by Lottery, and called Mount Joy, but often called Rohrer's town for a long time. Richland, in the west end of our Borough, was laid out, in a few years after, and disposed of in the same way, and the intervening ground at intervals since, and all now comprise the Borough of Mount Joy.

It was a small place when I first came here but child as I then was, I remember it very well all the houses, the woods and frog ponds, in the plot of ground now comprising the Borough. There were but twenty houses, two taverns, one at each end of town, two blacksmith shops, one store, one tailer and one shoemaker shop, but neither schoolhouse nor church. The only place where public worship was held occasionally, was in a house put up by the Leaders from the Presbyterian Church, and called "Log Hall". It stood near the bank of the Little Chiques creek and met one hundred yards from the turnpike bridge where it crosses the creek. It was also our school house. After the last war with Great Britian, when Peace was proclaimed, we had a jolly time here. Every house in town front and back streets, and wherever there was a window large and small, up and down, back and front all was lit up.

To make the illumination complete and cap the climax, a scaffold suspended by chains, high up on some trees, very near to where the Presbyterian Church stands. The floor of the scaffold was well graveled and sanded, a large tar barrel with tar in it, placed on it and fired up. It was a beautiful sight, sending it's light all over the town. It was the grand center of attraction and place of gathering together of all the people. A grand gathering it was for all that could get to town, from far and near, old and young were in to see the sight. This neighborhood, furnished their quota of soldiers for the army.

At that time we had no locomotives on cars to look at or anxiously expect every day, no railroads. We had the turnpike and stage coach to carry the mail and passengers.

To carry produce from the country to the cities, and return, laden with goods we had the famed conestoga wagons, and five and six horse teams, they are seldom seen now. I have counted as high as fifty of these wagons, quartered at the two taverns at one time. When they would take up their line of march, on the cold winter mornings, the ground covered with snow, the music made by the singing of the revolving wheels, the jingle of the bells on the horses, the barking of dogs, cracking of whips, the whistle and songs of the teamsters, forming a band and procession that we all admired. It was truly a beautiful sight, to see so many of these white covered wagons on their line of march on our turnpike, and marching to such music. It was soul enlivening and holy need wonder that many thought that rail roads, would run the country.

Nearly all the dwellings in the place then, were small, and log cabins generally were the palaces of our farmers round. The "Latch Strings", how ever were always hanging out, a hearty welcome was given to every one that would call, and a treat with the best the house could afford.

From that time on the progress of our town in population and business, was not as rapid as some other places, and might be called slow, but always up to requirements and is still on the onward move.

As the population increased, school houses and churches were built. Very near the eastern boundry of our Borough and a short distance from the splended rail road bridge, where it crosses the Little Chiques creek, is the well known Cedar Hill Female Seminary. The building is a very large and commodious one, was put up in 1839 by the Rev. N. Dodge, and conducted by him for a long time. The reputation of the school was such, that parents from all parts of the Union sent their daughters there to be educated.

The building is now used as a boys and girls boarding school conducted by Prof. D. Denlinger. In it the common and higher branches are taught. It is a beautiful place, and all the sorroundings, such as to make it a very pleasant place for a school, having facilities of communication too, by rail road, with every section of the Union, that very few schools can boast of.

Mount Joy Institute a boarding school designed exclusively for boys, was started in town very soon after, by Mr. John H. Brown a Philadelpian, it too was a noted school, his scholars were from every part, even from the extreme south. It was continued for several years, when Mr. Brown left, the Mount Joy Academy was erected, a large stone building, also for a boys boarding school, in it the higher branches and languages were taught, conducted by Mr. E.L. Moore, in short everything done to make bright scholars. The school was continued by Mr. Moore until after the war to put down the rebellion was over. Then bought by Hon. Jesse Kennedy and fitted up for a school for the Soldiers Orphans. Changes were made in the main building and other buildings put up as needed, to accomodate all the scholars. At present the number is 250, one hundred and fifty boys and one hundred girls. The sight is a beautiful one, suitable for such a school, and under Mr. Kennedy's management, with a good corps of teachers has brought the school to rank, as one of the very best of the Soldiers Orphans School in the State. The citizens of Mount Joy, of the past and present age deserve credit for the time,

money and labor spent by them to secure good schools. After numerous trails at the elections, they finally succeeded in getting the Common School System in operation. Now all from the age of six to twenty one, can attend school. It will be their own fault if they fail in getting an education that will fit them for business and usefulness. The people always loved education, they favored schools and valued them.

Finally in 1874 a very large and beautiful brick building was erected, with all the modern improvements and fitted up for our schools, so that we can now boast and say, that for educational purposes Mount Joy still stands at the head, in advantages to secure a good education, both for home population and strangers.

The number of teachers employed in our Public Schools during the term just closed was seven. Two males and five females. A male superintendent to teach the advanced scholars, also to have under his care and control, the assistant teachers and their scholars. The term was eight months, and number of scholars three hundred and seventy five. Superintendents salary \$80 per month, Assistants, one at \$40, three at \$35, and two at \$28 a month.

For patriotism Mount Joy is noted. During the Southern Rebellion, a number of our young men enlisted for the three months service, they were some where in Virginia with General Patterson, but did not get as far as Bull Run, to get into that fight. After the three months were over, they enlisted again, and during the war at least one hundred left this place to fight for their country. They were in many battles east and west, quite a number with Sherman, in his triumphant march to the sea, and all continued with the army until the close. Some were wounded, some killed and some suffered in prison.

Just before the battle of Antietam, in september 1862, our town was all excitement. The rebels were making their way toward Pennsylvania, the citizens met, and at a very short notice, or in a very short time between eighty and ninety men were mustered, armed and equipped, placed themselves under the command of Capt. L.D. Gallager. They armed themselves with the arms that were stored in the armory at the west end of the town, were soon on their way, and ready to serve in any way to stop the progress of the rebels. They did not get to Antietam, they were quartered in and near Hagerstown, could hear the firing of the cannon while the battle was going on, when no longer needed they were dismissed and sent home, having served seventeen days. The next year and just before the battle of Gettysburg, we had another exciting time. This time the rebels had got into Pennsylvania and on their way for our county, the people from York and Cumberland counties, left their places in a hurry, took their stock and everything else they could conveniently take, made for the Susquehanna river to cross it. The bridges at Columbia and Harrisburg were used as they never had been before, a constant stream of people, horses, wagons, vehicles of every kind, horned cattle, hogs and sheep, and this continued for a day and night. Many left their homes but a few hours, before the rebels came, and thus saved themselves and their property, our roads were lined with their live stock. A long train of Army wagons and horses passed through the town to keep away from the enemy. Here too everyone seemed to be on the lookout to take care of themselves, many things were put away in secret places, especially

valuables. The cars too were running all the time, train after train, in quick succession. day and night, taking away for safety, the machinery, in all the work shops from Altoona on to Middletown.

When the Columbia bridge was burning, we could see the fire, the excitement quieted down, for all felt satisfied that the rebel army would hardly be able to cross the river. The bridge was burned on Sunday evening, next morning excitement was at its highest pitch again. A messenger from Bainbridge came into our town on horse back in full gallop, to tell our people that the rebels were seen in great numbers on the opposite side of the river, and no doubt seeking a place where the water would be shallow enough to cross. The news spread from house to house in a hurry. The Rev. N. Dodge of Cedar Hill Seminary an old man of three score and ten was in town, hastily wrote an article for the citizens to sign, and with his papers in his hand, took to the street in a public place, soon had a crowd around him, urged all to go to the rescue and keep the rebel army away. The effort was a success, between seventy and eighty signed the paper, chose L.D. Gallager for their Captain, and were armed equipped and on their way in wagons to Bainbridge and Mr. Dodge with them, and all this done in the short space of four hours. They arrived in Bainbridge the same evening, distance twelve miles. Here they remained one week, guarding the places in the river, where the water was low enough to cross over, during their stay they took five rebels as prisoners. The rebels after burning a few of the small bridges on the opposite side of the river, cleared out, and the company came home and were dismissed. Many of our citizens were on the Gettysburg battle ground a very short time after the battle was over.

To put down this terrible rebellion was the desire of our people, they were willing to aid the government, and did do so by furnishing more than their quota of fighting men. Fifty thousand dollars was raised by Borough appropriations and donations to pay our volunteers as an encouragement to enlist, so that those having families need not suffer during their absence.

The women too were patriotic, they did not neglect the soldiers, their work was a glorious one, day and night did they labor, they furnished and sent to different places, hospitals. shirts, drawers, slippers, socks, mittens, sheets and comforts, blankets, quilts, pillows, fans, towels, muslin, pantaloons, vests, handkerchiefs, lint, stationery, books, and news papers, wines, butter, dried beef and hams, and many other things, that they thought could be used, and be of service to the sick, wounded and suffering, or to others sadly in need. Two thousand dollars would not pay for all that they sent. All honor to our women.

When the news came that the war was over, what rejoicing was here, every heart was glad, many eyes were lifted up in silent gratitude to Heaven, and many prayers to God, that no dark clouds should ever again hang over the future destiny of our country. But how soon was our joy turned to sadness. The news came by telegraph from Washington, early in the morning of the 15th day of April 1865, that our much loved President Abraham Lincoln had been murdered the night before. Many tears were shed, the news was so appalling that when persons met, they could not speak to each other without shedding tears.

The first settlers in this neighborhood were chiefly "Scotch Irish", among them occur the names of Temple, Patterson, Mitchell, Hendricks, Spear, Galbraith, Anderson, Scott, Lowery, Peden, Porter, Sterrett, Kerr, Boggs, Lytle, Clark, Campbell, Cook, Whitehill, Pate, Hayes, Jones, Cunningham, Mills, and others.

Names of German and other settlers, Erisman, Mumma, Strickler, Hassler, Forry, Brenneman, Stehman, Kauffman, Heistand, Brubacker, Herr, Shirk, Garber, Witmer, Eshleman, Burkholder, and all called neighbors although scattered over a territory of ten miles square.

These people here in early times were noted for their sprightly and convivial spirit, at all their social meetings, and especially at weddings, they had music and dancing, the violin was the musical instrument, and the dance their crowning pleasure. The meetings closed in harmony, all wishing for another meeting of the same kind. As time passed another class of people appeared on the stage. The character of these jovial meetings changed, there was another element there that nothing would satisfy but a big spree, and every year they had a frolic immediately after harvest, they called it a fair. Not such as fairs should be, there was nothing on exhibition or for sale. There was generally a gathering of every sort. Fairs of the same kind were held in all the villages around, not all at the same time, but far enough apart, that the same persons could attend several. All these places had their fighting bulls, they always attended, and after two or three days frolic dance and drunkenness, they would close the affair with more minor fights. The propriety of holding these meetings became so glaring that they were abandoned altogether about the year 1869.

Another of the old time amusements in this neighborhood, in fact all over the country was bullet throwing, called "long bullet", in this game two, three, or four could play, each one had his own cast iron bullet, weighing from 12 to 16 pounds, the one that could throw the farthest in three successive throws, was the winner, but the game was not completed, until he had won twice before any of the others. There were great gathers at these games and the best players around had a chance to test themselves with each other. It was like the baseball of the present age, the results however did not get into the newspapers, but it took men too, from their employment and not improve their morals. It was not as expensive as baseball for the players did not have to provide themselves with a grotesque equipment. In these good old times, even up to 1825, travel from place to place, and paying visits, or to church, was almost always on horseback by ladies as well as by gentlemen, and just as rare a sight then, to see a lady in a vehicle of any kind, as to see one on horseback now.

Mount Joy, Richland and intervening parts, by an act of the Legislature in 1851 was incorporated into a Borough to be called Mount Joy.

The location is a beautiful one, in the great Limestone Valley of Lancaster County. The general surface of the country around is that of a gently undulating plain. A mile or two north and north east of the town, are some beautiful elevations, affording grand and imposing views of a valley, which because of it's fertility, and productiveness has given to Lancaster County the name she is entitled to. The Garden of the State.

The plot of the town is a Reelangle or Parallelogram, from east to west one mile in length. Area about 450 acres. It is but little distance west of the Little Chiques creek, on the Lancaster and Harrisburg turn-pike, 12 miles west of Lancaster, and 24 south east of Harrisburg. There is also a good pike from the town to Marietta, on the Susquehanna river, five miles south of Mount Joy.

The Harrisburg, Portsmouth, Mount Joy and Lancaster rail road passes through the town. The road was completed in 1836, with the exception of the tunnel near Elizabethtown which was finished in the year after. The road is now in the hands of the Penn'a R. R. Company, and in the Great R.R. route, from the east to the west, through Chicago on to San Francisco. It is the route that a large majority of passengers take in going to and coming from the west.

At present the travel over the road is so great, that very long trains of cars filled with people, pass through the town almost every hour of the day, some of them at the rate of 40 miles per hour, affording the facility of getting letters and newspapers, in a very short time from great distances.

Telegraph lines too, pass through the town, so that we may truly say that with the rail road, and telegraph, we get the news of the world, in as little time as any inland town in the Union, and can leave here in the morning for Philadelphia, transact business there and be at home in the evening.

According to census returns the population in 1860 was 1,729. In 1870 it was 1,896, and now 1876 supposed to be 2,200.

The population is double what it was in 1851. Property has steadily increased in value. The assessed valuation in 1876, \$509,416.

The officers of our Borough are a Burgess, and six councilmen. Burgess at present time, H. Shaffner, councilmen at present time, S.N.Eby, J.B.Shelly, and Samuel Kurtz, East Ward. Peter Helman, Henry Stager, and Henry Garber, West Ward.

Number of Freeholders, 311. Tennants, 154. single men, 65. number of voters, 420.

Two banks each with a capital of \$100,000. First National Bank, H.B.Reist, President. A.B.Garber, Cashier. Mount Joy Union National Bank, J.G.Hoerner, President. J.R.Long, Cashier. The officers are kind and obliging, very attentive, and with the directors, manage so as to do a very safe business.

Large and extensive buildings, in the east end of the Borough, were put up many years ago, to carry on the business of manufacturing agricultural implements of all kinds, but principally for making Mowers and Reapers, passing on through several firms, it is conducted at present by Marsh & Comp, making reapers and mowers is their principal work. The article they put up, is an 'Improved Valley Chief' known far and near as among the best reapers and mowers now in use. Their machines are sent to almost all parts of the country.

We have another agricultural manufactory on a smaller scale by Wolgemuth & Geyer, where some reapers are also made, they put up threshing machines, corn shellers, and do quite a good business. Quite a large establishment, a plough factory carried on by Root, Son & Co., where ploughs of every kind are made, also harrows, and cultivators, the articles are sent away almost every day in the cars, and many sold to the farmers nearer home.

These three establishments have foundries, where castings of every kind are made.

Next comes our Coach Factory by A.B.Landis, where vehicles of every kind are made, and in such credit that he receives orders for carriages, from almost every part of the Union.

We can boast of a large Steam Tannery kept going by Kurtz and Strickler. In addition to their manufacturing, and keeping a supply of leather on hand for the town, country around far and near, they export leather to Europe.

Cabinet or Furniture making is quite a business here, goods of the finest as well as the common kinds are made and kept for sale in these establishments. H.S.Myers, East Ward. David Engle, West Ward. Geo. Way, West Ward.

We have two very handsome Drug Stores, one in the East Ward by P.A. Pyle, the other in the West Ward by J.C.Groff.

P.Frank of our Borough has a very large building in which quite a brisk business in making Malt and Beer is carried on. A Steam Flouring mill by J.M.Brandt and mill by water power but a few rods distance from the Borough line by J.A.Snyder. Those mills do a large business, not only to supply the town and surrounding country, but are constantly sending quantities of flour to other places. The coal yards, by the firms of Schock and Hostetter, and E & W.W.Cassel. At these yards all kinds of stone coal are kept. Lumber yard by Flowers & Son.

Four Dry Goods, and Grocery Stores, where everything in that line of business is kept on the move, by S.N.Eby, J.Bowman, Brenneman & Longenecker, and Raber & Son.

Two Hardware Stores, one by H.Stauffer, the other by B.F.Eberly. Two notion and ladies furnishing stores by Mrs. J.McFarland, and the Misses C.J.Moore. In these stores, ladies can get almost every thing needed in the dress line, besides these there are a number of smaller stores, in which the Millinery and Mantua making is carried on, they to, keep trimmings of every kind needed in their business. Two merchant tailors, Messrs. Culp and Greiner, one Gentlemans Furnishing Store by G.W.Walton.

Three shops where saddle and harness making is carried on and the goods manufactured and kept for sale. Two places where tinware of every kind is made and kept for sale. A carpet and coverlet weaving establishment, doing a good business, by Stager & Son. Wagon making by D.Bouce. Five shoe stores, in each of which boots and shoes are made as well as kept for sale. In this business are the names of W.Dierolf, Speh, Wenger & Son, Miller, Buckius, and some shops where custom work alone is attended to. One Lock and Gunsmith shop, by Wm. Kuhn. Town well supplied with butchers and dealers in meats.

Five licensed taverns to entertain strangers and travelers. A number of restaurants, and tobacco, and candy stores, Bakery and ice creameries. One Jewelry store by H.C.Kern, where watches and clocks are repaired as well as kept for sale, with jewelry of every kind. Hat store and hats made by L.Ricksecker.

In the preservative of art ours, we have two newspapers, both weekly, in politics both Republican. The Mount Joy Herald, started in 1852 by J.Stauffer, taken in hand by his son, F.H.Stauffer, now

the great novelst, and who was born and educated in this place, in 1854, and sold by him in 1864 to the present owner and editor J.R.Hoffer. Size of paper 22 x 34 inches. In addition to this Mr. Hoffer has in the same building quite a large variety store, or goods of many kinds for sale. The Mount Joy Star was started in 1873, is owned and edited by L.M.Gallagher, size of paper 24 x 36 inches.

The town is not behind in philanthropy and benevolence. There are five organizations all benevolent and beneficial.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

United American Mechanics.

Improved Order of Red Men.

Patriotic Sons of America.

Knights of Pythias.

Seven churches, their houses all substantial brick. Lutherans, G.H.Trabert, Pastor. Number of members 40. Presbyterian, W.B.Browne, Pastor. Number of members 70. Methodist, J.Dungan, Pastor. Number of members 76. Church of God, D.A.Laverty, Pastor. Number of members 175. New Menonites, recently established. These different churches all have good sabbath schools, none yet in the New Menonites.

There are at present in the town four practicing physicians, all Allopathists. They commenced practice here as follows. A.Sheller M.D. 1834. J.L.Zeigler M.D. in 1844. A.M.Hiestand M.D. in 1857, and W.M.L. Zeigler M.D. in 1875. One Dentist, S.S.P.Lytle in 1873.

Our Justices of the Peace, Martin McFadden, and Zeller are good conveyancers. One of them J.H.Zeller in addition attends to surveying.

To mention everything that is made here and the business of all with their names would take up time and space, and perhaps not make us any more worthy of notice, sufficient is it to say, that all that is needed in town or country around, is made here, and if not brought here, and when necessary profitable to branch into a new business some enterprizing person will go into it.

We have many beautiful houses in our town, many of them with the modern improvements. The front yards and gardens, decorated with many varieties of flowering plants, the front windows especially during winter are perfect shows of flowers.

The town is supplied with water from the creek. The works were erected in 1874, and 1875, cost \$40,000 and increased since. The water is forced up through pipes to a reservoir on Cemetery Hill, by water, and by steam when the water power is not sufficient. It is carried from the reservoir in pipes to every part of the town, distance to town three fourths of a mile, and the arrangement such that should a fire occur, a signal can be sent to the pump rooms, and by some little change, a force can be applied in a very short time, which in putting out fires, will be equal to ten or twelve good Fire Engines, nothing needed but plenty of hose, hooks, ladders, etc., a matter of great importance, and one that makes the people feel much easier on fire account than formerly.

The view from the Reservoir and Cemetery Hill is sublime, taking in parts of Lancaster, Lebanon, and York counties, it will be hard to find anything superior. The R.R. Company talks of changing the passenger Depot, and to put up a new building for that purpose in another part of the town. How soon this will be done is hard to tell, and if built,

will it better present conveniences. Another of the great business places here, is the Rail Road Freight Warehouse, and Depot, where the cars are loaded and unloaded, quite a number of hands are kept busy, not a day passes, but quantities of goods arrive, and cars are loaded every day with grain, flour, implements of every kind, cattle, etc., the business is attended by Mr. J.E.Cassel, long a resident of this place.

So much for Mount Joy as it is, but before I close I cannot help contrasting it's present appearance of what it was in my early childhood, when a wild desolate looking place, more than one half of our front street on each side a dense woods. Some ponds, plenty of frog music, very few houses, and quite different from what we have now, then only two or three small houses in Mount Joy and Donegal streets, and but a few small ones besides the Tavern at the west end and scarcely any of the conveniences that we are blessed with now. The first settlers, what hardships they endured, the toils and struggles of our revolutionary ancestors. Oh how great.

The poor dreaded Indians too, all gone, and now known only in story. But their home and head quarters, the stone wigwam is still with us, to call our thoughts back to the time, when they were prosperous and happy, when the whole tribe grotesquely clad in skins, decked out in paint, beads and shining ornaments, assembled there, around a blazing fire, with the starry canopy of Heaven glittering above them, working their pow wow spells, performing their savage rites, singing the war songs, dancing the war dances, boasting of their deed of valor, and making the whole forest ring with their screams and shouts.

What a change, the howling wilderness with here and there a small log cabin, now thickly dotted with towns and villages, stately farms and farm houses, mills, churches, seminaries, academies, school houses and manufacturing establishments of various kinds.

Instead of the blazen path, we have furnpikes, rail roads, telegraph lines, the land cleared and cultivated, the wild animals all gone, and news from every part of the country daily. Our farmers too in all this region have beautiful mansions of brick and stone, instead of the humble log cabin.

Instead of a little shed or pen to house their cattle in, they have large splended barns, and where once a little patch of ground was cultivated they now have field adjoining field, and ripe and waving grain ready for the harvest, and so many of them that the old and slow process of scythe and sickle has of necessity given way to the reaper and mower.

The contrast between the past and the present is so great that we may say, the first was a day of small things. An inversion of the microscope on the past would show something of the present. I mean in comparison. And of this day, a sacred day to us, here met to commemorate or call to remembrance what happened one hundred years ago, when the glorious Declaration of Independence was signed by the immortal fifty-six. The signing of which gave a new impulse to everything. The generation that then lived and took part has passed away, not one survives. They have been gathered to their fathers, and we now enjoy the blessings their labors secured. The results have surprised the world, and never since man united in social union, has there been such continued prosperity

recorded upon the annals of time. With such a beginning and such results and so to continue, imagination in its wildest vagaries cannot picture what will be the returns of the celebration of the next centennial. Will our descendants enjoy the same peace, and freedom and happiness? Heaven alone can foretell.

In this land a new Paradise has been opened up and an active, hardy and industrious population have made their home in it, and all over the western states and the Rocky Mountains, even unto the Pacific Ocean. God grant that at the next Centennial Celebration the Star Spangled Banner may still wave over an undivided Republic, and the motto still be, One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny.

This writing is from the Thursday July 6, 1876 edition of the Mount Joy Star newspaper. Written by the Dr. A. Sheller M.D.. A citizen of Mount Joy of his reminiscences of Mount Joy from it's earliest settlement to July 4, 1876.

The article was salvaged from a badly deteriorating Mount Joy Star newspaper by Charles Michael Maurer Jr. of Mount Joy, December 1982. And will be placed in the Archives of the Mount Joy Area Historical Society for preservation of our history.

