

CUMBERLAND County History

Winter 2001

Volume Eighteen
Number Two

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Description

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This publication has been generously underwritten by Edward K. and Sarah Masland.

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CUMBERLAND COUNTY HISTORY

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Association: Carlisle*



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Contributors

Richard D. Rowland, is a civil engineer, who lives in Lower Allen Township, contributed a brief history of the village of White Hill to this Journal in Volume XI (1994). His paper on the Yellow Breeches Creek was prepared for the Yellow Breeches Watershed Association in August 2001.

John F. Otstot, a lifelong resident of Carlisle, made a scale model of the center of the town, which he has given to the Cumberland County Historical Society. His talk on that occasion, October 5, 2001, is presented here.

Christa Bassett Hess is librarian of the Cumberland County Historical Society.

History of the Callapatschink / Yellow Breeches Creek*

Robert D. Rowland

The first known occupancy of the Central Pennsylvania area was by the Susquehannock Indians and predated the arrival of the white man from Europe. Some evidence has been found on the West Shore area to confirm their presence, but not enough to confirm specific locations or activities other than burials.

With the demise of the Susquehannocks in the mid to late 1600s, the Shawnee Indians began moving from the south and west into Maryland and Pennsylvania. This was with the permission of the Penn family and the Delaware Indians. By the 1720s the Shawnees had established a village on the north side of the mouth of the Yellow Breeches. Little physical evidence has been found but their presence is well documented in various records.

Other Shawnee villages along the Susquehanna River were south of the Yellow Breeches at an undefined location, and on the north side of the mouth of the Conodoguinet Creek, which was documented in property surveys as late as 1737. It was also reported that the Shawnee lodges could be seen on the bluffs opposite John Harris' place.

The Indians had a burial ground approximately two miles upstream along the Yellow Breeches on Rich Hill at a loop in the Yellow Breeches. Rich Hill no longer exists due to a quarry operation. The property owner was of the opinion that there were also lodges there. There are also some undocumented reports of Indian villages further upstream and in the western portion of Cumberland County but no specific locations are known. Other than the obvious use of the Yellow Breeches for fishing and transportation, there is no known other use by the Indians. In 1728 the Shawnees departed the local area and headed out to western Pennsylvania and joined forces with the French to fight against the English.

In 1732 the three Lancaster jurists wrote a letter to the Shawnee chief in an enticement to get the Indians to return, offering them a 7,500 acres manor

*Prepared for Yellow Breeches Watershed Association, August 2001



Aerial Photograph of Yellow Breeches Creek at the mouth of Cedar Run showing Eberly Mills and Hempt Quarry, 1973. Photo by United States Department of Agriculture. Courtesy of the Author.

along the Susquehanna River in what would later be known as Lowther Manor. Their description of the boundary included the "Shawna Creek" on the south side, the name by which the Shawnees knew the Yellow Breeches.

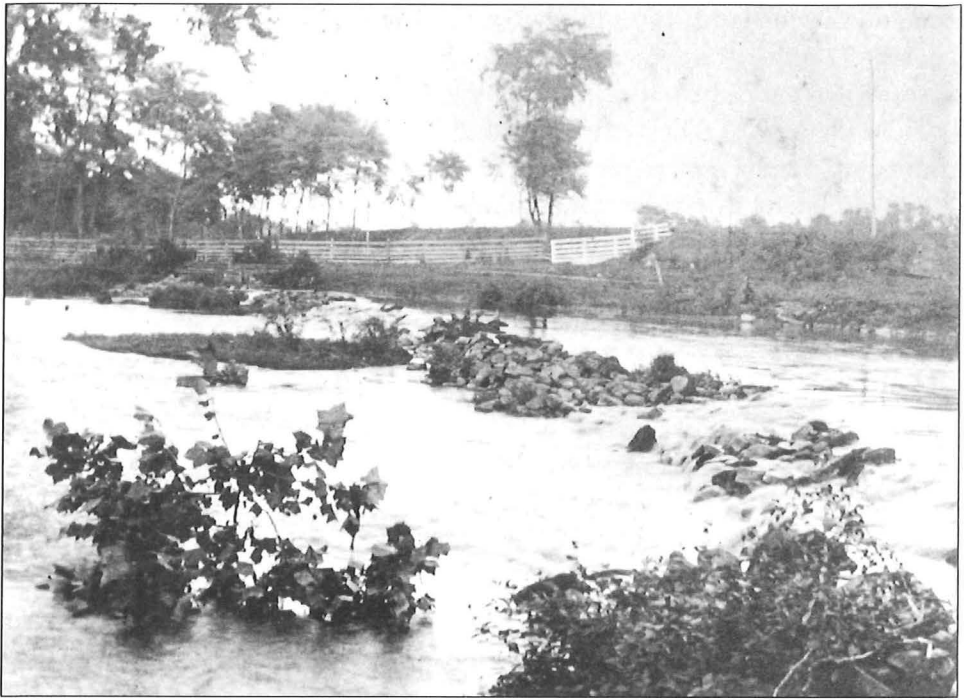
The only Indian that lived near the Yellow Breeches and left his mark in history was Peter Chartier (1700–1759). He was the son of Martin Chartier, (–1718), a Frenchman from Canada and a noted Indian trader and interpreter. Martin's wife, Peter's mother, was a Shawnee. Peter Chartier established a trading post about a mile north of the Yellow Breeches along the Susquehanna River and competed with John Harris. Chartiers place or Chartiers Landing was located just off the river between 15th and 16th Streets in New Cumberland. While he departed with the Shawnees in the late 1720s, he frequently returned and he did obtain a deed to this property in 1739. As a Shawnee chief he was frequently involved in negotiations with the Penn government, some of which took place at the mouth of the Yellow Breeches.

There are many opinions about the source of the name, Yellow Breeches, but no conclusions. The earliest recorded use of a variation of this name that the author has found is in the Blunston's Licenses first issued to David Priest on May 2, 1734, for 200 acres of land on the south side of the "Yellow Britches" Creek. It is repeated as "Britches" in nine other licenses issued between 1734 and 1736, according to the transcription by Mrs. Harry Royes and published by the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania. Local historian Robert G. Crist indicated that it was spelled "Breeches" in the Blunston Licenses. Smout's survey of 1736 included the name "Yellow Breeches". It appears that after 1737, the name "Yellow Breeches" was used, e.g., Peter Chartier's 1739 deed to his tract in New Cumberland Borough.

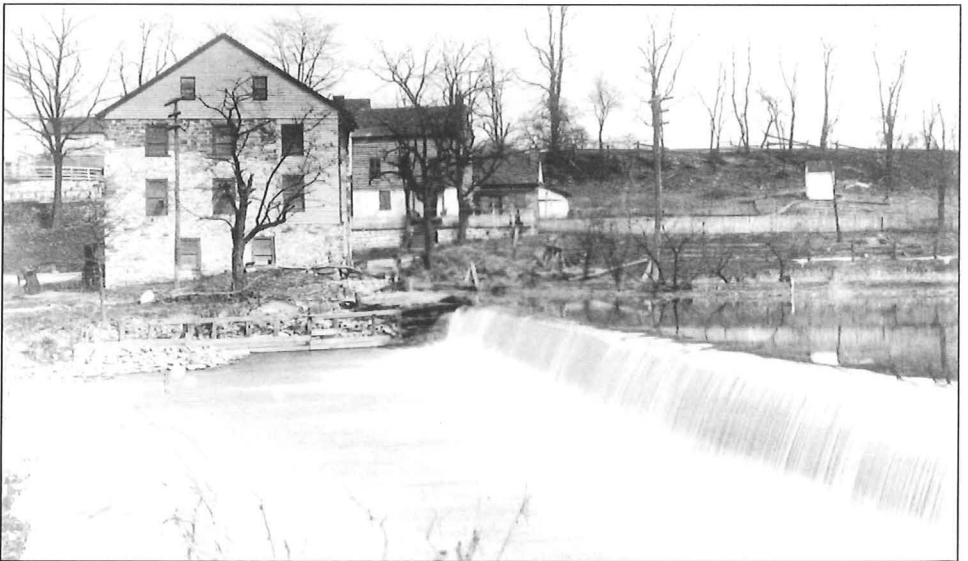
One story is that some settler in the early days washed his buckskin breeches in the creek and yellowed the water. Another story is that the name is a corruption of "yellow beeches," from the great number of trees of that species that grew upon its banks. The presence of beech trees is confirmed in the 1740 survey of Peter Chartier's tract which started at the mouth of the Yellow Breeches at the Susquehanna River, "...beginning at a beech tree on the banks of the Susquehanna river...." The name is reflected in an old song:

"Yellow Breeches,
Full of stitches,
Mammy sewed the buttons on:
Daddy kicked me out of bed
For sleeping with the breeches on," (4)

The Indians used a variety of names including: Callapus-Kinck, Callapus-Sink, Callapatscink, Shawna and Shawnee Creek. Use of the later names would have been limited to 30 years or less during the Shawnee occupancy.



A view of the dam at Island Grove, ca. 1875. The fences in the background lined the gravel walkway to reach Island Grove Park, built by the Ahls to generate business for their new railroad.



The dam at New Cumberland at the Ross Mill, copied from a ca. 1910 postcard. The mill is now incorporated into the Pennsylvania American Water Company treatment plant.

The land on the west side of the Susquehanna River was not opened legally for settlement until the mid-1730s. When negotiations with the Indians were approaching completion, the Penns authorized the issuance of a temporary warrant called Blunston's Licenses. These were issued for four years until October 1736, when the Penns repurchased the west side of the Susquehanna River from the chiefs of the Five Nations. The land office then began issuing warrants for the west side.

The Blunston Licenses were issued by Lancaster County officials, who at that time had jurisdiction over the new territory on the west side of the Susquehanna. As mentioned, the first license issued along the Yellow Breeches was to David Priest of Lancaster County. It included 200 acres and was described "to be bounded on the East with the River, on the North side with Yellow Britches Creek, to the west with Richard Ashton's tract" Ashton's license was issued the same day. The 1736 survey of "The Proprietary's Mannor" (Later named Lowther Manor) by Edward Smout located the Priest and Ashton cabins on the south side of the Yellow Breeches. The hills to the south of the Yellow Breeches were later named the "Priest Hills" in Scull's 1770 map of Pennsylvania.

With the rapid settlement of the west banks of the Susquehanna River, the need for improved government developed. York County was established in late 1749 and several months later in January 1750, Cumberland County was formed, both being carved out of Lancaster County.

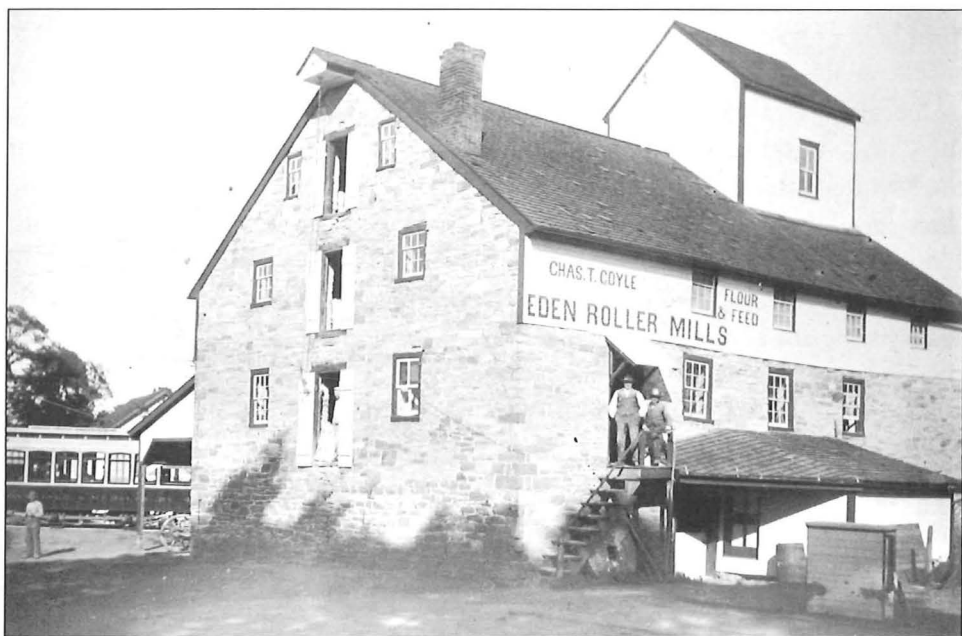
The enabling legislation provided for representatives from the two counties to meet and establish the common boundary line. A dispute quickly arose as the Cumberland County representatives wanted the line to start at a point of the Susquehanna River opposite the mouth of the Swatara Creek and run along the ridge of the South Mountain, while the York representatives claimed it should follow the Yellow Breeches Creek. The issue was settled by an act passed on February 9, 1751 which established that the line shall follow the Yellow Breeches from its mouth at the Susquehanna River to the mouth of Dogwood Run and thence by a straight line to the ridge of South Mountain.

The new settlers needed lumber to build homes and mills to grind their grains. The Yellow Breeches was an obvious source of power for new mills. Since building permits and stream encroachment permits were not required, there are no records of when the first mills were constructed. Tax assessment lists were usually the first record of each mill. The first such records in Allen Township, Cumberland County, are for the year 1766. Five property owners are listed as owning mills:

John Anderson	fulling mill
William Hammersley	saw mill
Hugh Laird	grist mill & saw mill



The Hoerner Woolen Mill was located along the Yellow Breeches Creek downstream from Craighead. It was operated by the Hoerner family from 1847 until ca. 1903.



The Eden Roller Mills was located where the Holly Pike crosses the creek. Established by the Moore family in the mid-18th century, it was last operated by Charles T. Coyle, as shown in this ca. 1910 photo.

Robert Rosebury
Ralph Whiteside

grist mill & saw mill
grist mill & saw mill

Legend has it that William Brooks, who came from Ireland in 1740 and squatted on 180 acres along the Yellow Breeches in what is now Lower Allen Township, built a house and mill between 1745 and 1750 on land that he did not have title to until 1794. Although he had made the improvements, the Proprietors compelled him to pay the improved valuation when it was conveyed to him. This explains why he was not on the 1766 tax lists.

Further upstream the following were known to have mills in about the 1760s or earlier: Glen Allen Mill/ Lantz, Roger Cook, Craigshead, Michael Ege.

The earliest known mill information pertains to a corn mill on the Cedar Run just above its mouth on the Yellow Breeches in what is now called Milltown or Eberly Mills. Benjamin Chambers, founder of Chambersburg, was granted a "corn mill and a plantation of 300 acres" by Thomas Penn for providing the leadership that stopped Thomas Cresap and the Marylanders in their intrusion into Pennsylvania. In one version, Chambers, a millwright, offered to build a corn mill, but since Penn offered him title to the land and mill, it must have then been existing in 1736. The Land Office later denied Chambers' claim to the land. This mill was located in Lowther Manor, which was not legally opened for settlement until 1767.

Another confirmation of early mills in Milltown was contained in John Armstrong's survey of Lowther Manor in 1765. The plan notes "Mill seate" on proposed lot #11, which contains Cedar Run and its mouth on the Yellow Breeches. Surveyors record the facts observed on their field surveys and do not speculate about future land use.

In his paper *Callapatscink* by John R. Miller, read before the Cumberland County Historical Society in November 1909, there are identifications of 60 mills that existed at various times along the Yellow Breeches with detailed chain of ownership and type of mill for many of them. They include mills in York and Cumberland counties. Some of these mill buildings still exist and are used today as warehouses, residences; the Brooks mill is used by the Mechanicsburg Water Company as a water filtration facility.

The mills are identified by Miller for the following uses:

Grist	13	Furnace	1
Saw	10	Plaster	1
Forge	3	Chopping	1
Oil	4	Iron Works	1
Fulling	3	Unknown (probably grist & saw) ...	20
Clover	3		
Forge	3		

Locating mills by a given name is difficult because they frequently changed names as the property was sold or the owner died. Many of these mills had dams along the Yellow Breeches or its tributaries to improve the flow through the mill. These initially were wooden or log dams using rock cribs, until concrete was introduced in the late 1800s. The Department of Environmental Protection, Dam Safety Unit lists twelve dams under open permits along the Yellow Breeches. Others are permitted dams on the tributaries. Those on the Yellow Breeches are as follows:

Permit 21-007

New Cumberland, 6' high concrete gravity dam built in 1911 for the West Shore water supply and power for pumping. Constructed for Riverton Water Company. It was located immediately downstream from an old mill dam. Still in use.

Permit 21-022

Green Lane Farms, 9' high concrete dam built in 1915 to run the grist mill on the north bank. Constructed for Yellow Breeches Milling Inc. It was located immediately downstream from an old crib dam built by Etter & Shanklin in the late 1800s. No longer in use.

Permit 21-021

Brook's or Spangler's Mill, 8' high gated concrete dam rebuilt in 1911, for power for grist and saw mill. Constructed for Spangler Flour Mills Inc. Replaced crib dam. No longer in use.

Permit 21-004

Boyer or Miller dam, 10' high concrete dam built in 1908 for water supply. Constructed for Mechanicsburg Gas and Water Company. Still in use.

Permit 21-070

Lisburn, dam built about 1904 for power for flour, grist, cider and saw mills. Probably rebuilt for Jacob and James Kunkel.

Permit 21-077

Rosegarden dam provided power for grist mill and electric lights. McCormick was the 1919 owner.

Permit 21-083

Williams Grove, a 2' high dam was built in 1919 for improvements of the spring.

Permit 21-086

Brandtville, an old rubble stone dam for generating electricity.

Permit 21-002

Boiling Springs, rebuilt in 1950 for electric generator.



Boyers Bridge, built in 1858, is seen here from the Lower Allen Township side of the creek. The Mechanicsburg Water Company intakes water at this site and filters it in the old mill building on the York County side. 1933 photo.



Ege Bridge at Boiling Springs, a three-arch stone bridge built in 1854 near the Ege Iron-works. 1933 photo.



Craighead's Mill at Craighead was built by the Craighead family in the mid-18th century. This photo shows how the mill appeared ca. 1875.



Barnitz Mill, on the Pine Road at Barnitz, was known in its early days as Weakley's Mill, named after the family that built it in the mid-18th century. This mill was recently stabilized and is now part of Stuart Park in Dickinson Township.

Permit 21-089

Monroe Mill dam #1, rubble masonry dam for flour and grist mill.
Owner: Leising.

Permit 21-003

Bucher Estate, rubble dam, formerly owned by Boiling Springs Light and Power. Used to divert water into Children's Lake. In 1998 dam was reported as "breached" and in disrepair. South Middleton Township. Considered rebuilding dam for wetland and bird sanctuary in 1997.

Permit 21-029

1 mile north of Mt. Holly Springs, rubble dam used for flour mill of J.E.Martin.

At a number of places along the Yellow Breeches creek the flow splits and then rejoins, creating islands of various sizes. About a mile and a half upstream from Boiling Springs one of the island's known locally as Island Grove, being a little downstream from Craighead. This island had a very dense undergrowth, affording great shelter for escaped slaves and was used as one of the important depots of the Underground Railroad. Slaves were harbored here until opportunity was afforded to move them on northward. One of the houses in nearby Boiling Springs was also used as part of the Underground Railroad.

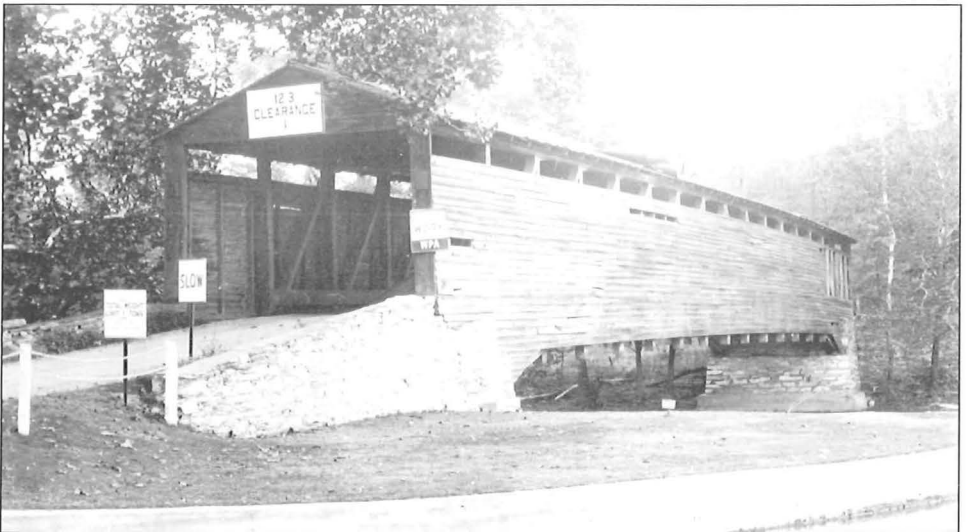
As the population increased, towns and villages began to develop along the Yellow Breeches. Working upstream, they are identified as follows, with the year of beginning when known.

New Cumberland	Cumberland	1814
New Market	York	
Lisburn	Cumberland	1765
Bowmansdale	Cumberland	
Grantham	Cumberland	
Williams Grove	Cumberland	
Boiling Springs	Cumberland	1845

Thus the need for drinking water and later sewage disposal was provided by the Yellow Breeches. At the present time there are two dams with water intakes for domestic purpose along the creek. The Boyer Mill Building and dam (10' high concrete structure) are utilized by the Mechanicsburg Water Company. A modern filter plant is located within the old mill building, which is located in Fairview Township. Further downstream is a 6" high masonry structure which impounds water for the Riverton operation of the American Water Company. The plant is on the south side of the Creek in Fairview Township.



Lisburn Bridge, ca. 1928, a Cumberland-York joint bridge, built in 1837–38 and stood around 90 years until replaced with the current metal structure.



Spangler's Mill Bridge, Lower Allen Township, as it appeared in 1936. The bridge was built in 1850 and partially burned in 1963, after which it was replaced with the current steel bridge.

As the quality of life improved, there was increasing need for bridges to replace the stream fords. Some small bridges were erected in the 1700s by townships, such as the Huntsdale Bridge in what is now Penn Township. During the Bell vs. Drawbaugh hearings in 1883, there was testimony about a foot bridge at Etters Mill being washed out in the spring floods of 1875. There were probably many foot bridges across the Yellow Breeches but they were of short duration.

The first recorded bridge over the Yellow Breeches was a wooden bridge connecting New Cumberland with York County. The records are not clear whether the bridge was built in 1792 or in existence at that time. Gilbert W. Beckley, the New Cumberland historian, was of the opinion that this first bridge was located close to the present railroad bridge. By 1815 this bridge was replaced.

The county in 1795 for the first time began utilizing county funds for building bridges which initially were of the stone arch type. The first county bridge to be built on the Yellow Breeches was a five arch stone bridge aligning with Market Street in New Cumberland in 1815. This bridge had a much longer life than the first wood bridge, which was washed out in 1889. Since that time there have been a third (iron) and the present (fourth) bridge.

Three other stone arch bridges were built on the Yellow Breeches by the county during the nineteenth century. All three are still in use at this time. They are:

Boyer Mill Bridge, four arches, 1859;

Bryson Bridge, four arches, 1857;

Boiling Springs Bridge, three arches, 1854;

After the New Cumberland bridge, the next four erected on the Yellow Breeches were wooden covered bridges, during the period of 1828 to 1850. During the 1850s several uncovered wooden bridges were erected. Several wood-covered bridges were erected on the Yellow Breeches during the 1860s before the County Commissioners took a interest in iron bridges. All the early iron bridges had to be replaced in their first decade except for the Givler's Bridge on the Yellow Breeches. The next wave of iron bridges was more successful with some still in use today (Etter's, Bishop's, and Gilbert's).

Attached to this report is a listing of known bridge sites, utilizing the map and identification prepared by Richard Meads in 1935. This basically covers county built bridges and does not include Commonwealth-built bridges on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, the interstates, and state bridges, but not private bridges. Railroad bridges, of which there are several, have not been inventoried.

On the banks of the Yellow Breeches on the Hempt property, was an early vacation complex. There were 12 cottages in a line along the stream that were built by people from Harrisburg. Two of these cottages would become year-

round homes. They would lease the site from the Hempts' and build their own cottage. A little removed from the line of cottages was another cottage called the Steelton Club, which was used by the young men of Steelton. Next to the Steelton cottage was the ball field that was used by the Church of God team. The ball games were considered popular local events and drew large crowds. The park had a wooden chute that had water running down it, and the kids would ride sleds down the chute into the Yellow Breeches. There was a swimming area and diving board, a picnic area, a dance pavilion with a nickelodeon for music, but no bands. There was also a dressing and shower building and a refreshment stand.

The author's former secretary told about taking the street car with her girl friend from Harrisburg to the White Hill stop on Hummel Avenue and then walking down 18th Street and Creek Road to the Hempt property to spend a weekend. The area at the end of the loop in the stream was also a popular camping site. One of the cottages was relocated from the stream to Lisburn Road opposite the Cedar Road School and still exists, though expanded. Expansion of the business and the Second World War brought an end to the recreational use of the site.

The Yellow Breeches creek in the last century, and presumably always, has been noted for its water quality and aquatic life. The fish are only part of the system of fauna that includes 150 kinds of birds, reptiles, amphibians and mammals. Numerous favorable factors in addition to the fauna contributed to the Yellow Breeches Creek being designated in 1993 as part of Pennsylvania Scenic Rivers System. The reach of 5+ miles from Spanglers Mill to the Susquehanna River is classified as "recreational area" and the upstream portion is classified as "pastoral," meaning that the views from the banks are primarily farm land.

Sources:

Beckley, Gilbert W.	1973	<i>New Cumberland Frontiers</i>
	1975	<i>The Sampler from Seventy Six</i>
Crist, Robert Grant	1957	<i>The Land in Cumberland called Lowther</i>
	1969	Manor on the Market
	1993	<i>Lower Allen Township</i>
DEP Dam Safety Unit		Dam Permit Files
Egle, W.H.	1883	<i>History of Dauphin County.</i>
Flower, Lenore Embick	1961	<i>Blunston Licenses And Their Background</i>
Gill, Paul E.	1992	"...Drive the Road and Bridge the Ford..." Published by Cumberland County Historical Society
Kent, Barry C.	1984	<i>Susquehanna's Indians</i>
Miller, John R.	1909	Callapatscink, <i>The Yellow Breeches Creek</i>
Royes, Mrs. Harry	1932	Blunston's Licenses, Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania, Publications. Vol. XI, 1932



Etters Bridge in Lower Allen Township was built in 1890 and is still standing and listed on the National Register of Historic Places. 1933 photo.



Bishops Bridge in Upper Allen Township is an iron pin truss bridge built in 1898 and still in use. 1933 photo.

Rupp, I. Daniel	1846	<i>History and Topography of Dauphin, Cumberland....</i>
Thomas, Evelyn H.	1981	Tracking the Crossings of the Yellow Breeches Creek
Wing, Rev. Conway P.	1879	<i>History of Cumberland County</i>
U.S. Circuit Court	1886	American Bell Telephone Co. vs. Peoples Telephone Co.

CALLAPATSCINK

I romp'd on the banks in my boyhood
 I bathed in thy pure silv'ry stream
 Where the birch bark canoes of the red man,
 Once flash'd, in the bright rosy beam,
 Of the sun, on the swift flowing waters.
 While the wild deer would come there to drink;
 Yes,-I've dream'd on the banks of the maidens
 Who were wooed on the Callapatscink.

Here the brave of the past had his wigwam,
 Here he sleeps his last sleep on the hill,
 With his bow and his stone-pointed arrows,
 His wampum and beads with him still,
 Yet the waters on which he disported,
 In search of the deer on the brink,
 Roll on-singing dirges of sorrow
 For the braves of the Callapatscink.

On the hill 'neath the boughs of the thorn-bush
 The bones of the red men were laid,
 Yet the spirit moans out on the night wind
 A response to the sighs of the maid
 That he loved, wooed and won by the camp-fire-
 As her cheek flushed the tints of the pink.
 They are gone! and the places that knew them
 Are here,-on the Callapatscink

Yes, the red man has gone, and thy waters
 Still laughingly rush to the seas,
 And he that he gave thee- forgotten,
 With the lithe dusty maidens, and trees

That shaded the banks, when they roved here,
And gathered bright flowers on the brink,
Now the white man has harness'd thy waters
No longer the Callapatscink

The white man enslav'd the swift rapids
And has forced them to work in the mill-
But thy braves were not conquered,- but broken-
And their dust is at rest on the hill;-
While their spirits-reposing in cloud-land-
Gazing sadly down over the brink
Of the storm clouds that hover above thee,
Wave adieu to the Callapscink.

Now, the sons of the whites who enslav'd thee,
Are searching thy shores for a trace
Of the homes ,-and the deeds,-of a nation
That here was the dominant race;
But the story is sunk in tradition,
We find here and there a short link
Of truth,-mong the many last fragments
Of the tale of the Calapascink

We find here a stone pointed arrow,
A thorn-bush that marks a lone grave,
A cave in the rock with crude tracings,
And the stone ax of some warlike brave;
The wigwam's long fallen in ruins,
On its site we can ponder,-and think
Of the squaws and the braves, and the children,
Who once lived on the Callapatscink.

By Dr. W.B. Bigler
of Dallastown, Pa.
Published 1909

A Train Ride Through Carlisle in 1920: A Reminiscence and Description

James L. Otstot

Today we will board an N-gauge passenger train in Harrisburg and travel through Carlisle 20 miles west of Harrisburg. This trip will be illustrated by using this 3' by 7' model of 1920 Carlisle. In 1920 tracks for Cumberland Valley Railroad passenger trains ran in the center of Main Street, now called High Street. These tracks were laid in 1837 and were in continuous use until 1936. The passenger station was located on the northwest corner of Main and North Pitt Streets.

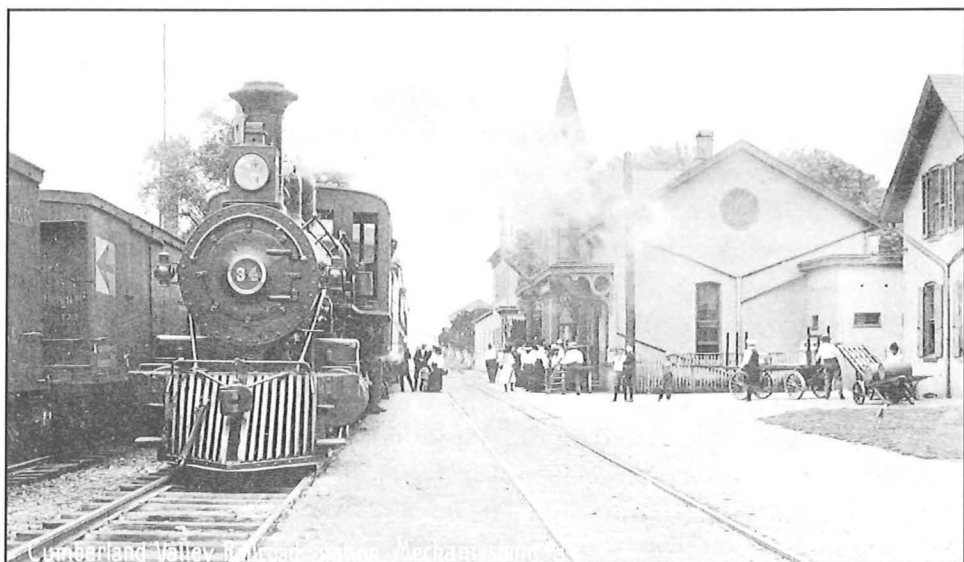
Trains leaving from Harrisburg to Carlisle and points south would cross the Susquehanna River on a concrete arch bridge that is still in use today. The train engine on the model is the *U.S. General* with four-drive wheels, which would have been similar to the steam-powered engines that made the run in the 1920's. The train made stops in Mechanicsburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, and Chambersburg before going farther south into Virginia. In addition to boarding at regular stops, a prospective passenger could flag the train down at places like Middlesex, Plainfield or Entlerville.

The model was started in January 1993 and completed in the spring of 2000. The original purpose of the project was to show the passenger train tracks running through the center of Carlisle on Main Street in 1900. During the early stages of research at the Cumberland County Historical Society, I discovered that Carlisle in 1900 was very different from the Carlisle I remembered as a child. At that point my plan changed. I decided to show the streets of Carlisle in 1920, instead of 1900. The model covers the area from East Street west to College Street and from Louthier Street south to Pomfret Street.

The buildings on the model have 8317 windows, all painted with a three-bristle brush. At first, in an attempt to save time, I experimented with a rubber stamp, but this method failed to produce a satisfactory window. The entire model, including research and construction, required approximately 650 man-hours over a seven-year period.



Excursion Party at Mechanicsburg Station, ca. 1905. Photo Collection, CCHS.



Cumberland Valley Railroad Station, Mechanicsburg, ca. 1910 Photo Collection, CCHS.

My research started at the Cumberland County Historical Society with the Sanborn city maps used by fire insurance companies to establish rates. These maps are updated at ten- year intervals. The maps used for this model were dated 1923. They indicate building size, number of stories, roof style and materials used for construction. The scale chosen for the model was one inch to 100 feet. This scale is close to the N-gauge railroad train used for the model.

Now, to get back to the reason we are gathered here today: to take the train trip to Carlisle in 1920. We will board a three-car passenger train in the Harrisburg station. I remember my first ride on the train from Carlisle to Harrisburg in 1928, when I was about six years old. My aunt, whose husband worked on the railroad, had free passes to ride. For a six-year-old in 1928, a 20-mile train ride was quite a treat. Did any of you have the chance to go by train to or from Harrisburg any time before 1930?

On the train we head west over the Susquehanna River on the concrete arch bridge. The train makes *a* stop in Mechanicsburg to discharge and pick up additional passengers. As we near the east end of Carlisle, the tracks run on the north side of The Frog & Switch Company, where an S-curve, first left, then right, brings us along a ramp over the site of present-day Weis grocery store building and parking lot. Between Spring Garden Street and East Street, a grade elevates the tracks approximately ten feet above East Street. In the last 150 feet before East Street, the tracks are carried on trestles of stone and wood timber. Generally trestles like this were all stone or all wood. The East Street trestles alternated: stone, then wood; stone, then wood. An underpass was provided at East Street for cars, small trucks, horse and wagons, as well as pedestrians. This underpass, with its low clearance, could be dangerous for anyone standing in the bed of a small truck. A family friend riding in a truck struck his head on the support beams and never recovered from the concussion.

From East Street to the west, the railroad bed is carried on fill between a limestone wall on both the south and north sides. The rail tracks blend into the street level east of Bedford Street. On each side of the roadbed is room for one lane of traffic and space for parallel parking along the curb.

As our coach approaches East Street, we can see the Letort Hotel, a stone building on the southeast corner. The Letort is one of the six hotels in the downtown area of Carlisle in 1920. Just across the intersection we can see a large Mail Pouch sign painted on the east wall of the corner grocery store. For those of you who do not remember Mail Pouch signs, these were tobacco ads painted on buildings, mainly barns. The tobacco company painted that side of the building free and gave the owner a small fee. This particular painting was uncovered less than a decade ago when the building was being renovated.

As our eyes turn to the right, we can see the Lydia Baird Building, the second structure from East Street. This building, erected in the late 1800's, was the first hospital in Carlisle. The Lydia Baird was, for many years, used to house low-income older ladies. Each resident had one room as a combined living room, bedroom, kitchen and eating area. The shared bathroom was at the end of the hall.

In the early 1930's my spinster Aunt Mary lived at the Lydia Baird in a second floor front room. From her window I often watched trains passing on the elevated tracks. Sometimes the engineer would wave to me. What a thrill to see the big train and hear the steam and smoke escape!

The ladies at the home economized in a way that sounds strange to most of us today. My father used to tease Aunt Mary about sharing soup bones. One resident would buy a soup bone from the butcher for ten cents. She would boil it for broth, then pass it along to a neighbor. The second woman would boil it for a few more minutes before passing it along to a third woman. To put this into perspective, you must realize that this was during the Great Depression, and soup bones were a good way to make broth for some inexpensive soup. The cost of a good soup bone in those days may have been five or ten cents.

At the other end of this block, on the corner of Bedford Street, we pass the Cumberland Hotel. This building is on the northeast corner of the intersection of Bedford and Main Streets.

The castle-like hotel on the other corner of this intersection is the old Cumberland County prison. This building, built in 1854, was in continuous use until a replacement was built east of Carlisle late in the twentieth century. The old jail building is now used for the Cumberland County Transportation Department. The outside face of the building has remained the same as the original jail.

Although I was never an inmate at the "hotel," I did visit several times to present a religious program with a church group. Some of you may have seen the inlaid *Last Supper* picture I made. I used that picture to present a church service for the prisoners on two occasions in the small octagonal room on the second floor. The "hotel" guests were separated by sexes, with the males on one side and the females on the other. If you have never been in the old prison, try to go. Tours can be arranged.

Fred Mentzer, Cumberland County sheriff in 1900, used to talk about the hangings that took place in the courtyard of the prison and at the point between route 641 and 74, where the Hess station is now. According to stories he told when he was in his nineties, the last hanging took place at the point just a couple of years into the twentieth century.

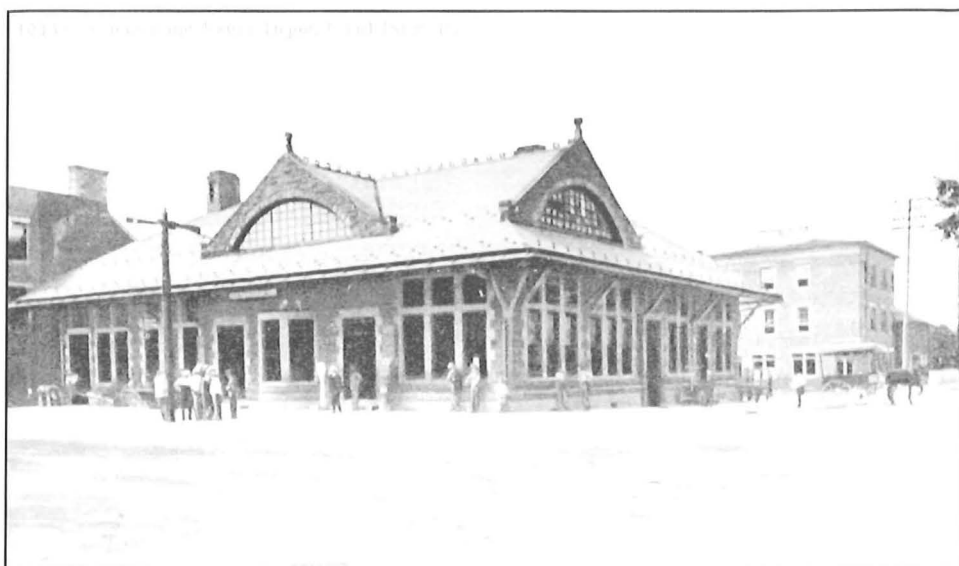
On our left on the corner of Bedford and Main Streets, we admire the very beautiful Italian Renaissance church building, built in 1900. The First Lutheran Evangelical congregation that built this church was founded in 1765. Their first meeting site was a log church building on South Hanover Street near the present-day house number 144. They shared this log building with the Reformed Church congregation. In 1807 the Lutheran congregation built a church on the west side of North Bedford Street between Louther Street and Mulberry Alley. According to their church history, the money for this building was raised by lottery. In 1851 this church building was destroyed by fire, but a new church was rebuilt on the same site. This building is still standing today.

The building that we see now was constructed in 1900 at a cost of \$96,000, which was paid off in 14 years. The steeple is 135 feet high, five feet higher than the 130-foot steeple on the Reformed Church on Louther Street, built in 1835.

Part of the original Lutheran congregation split off in 1854 as the Second Evangelical Lutheran Church. The members of this new congregation asked for a “peaceful release” from the First Evangelical Lutheran Church located at the southeast corner of East Main and South Bedford Streets so that they might continue to worship and study using the German language.” This group built a new church on the northwest corner of Bedford and Pomfret Streets. They remained at this location until 1899, when they moved to Louther and West Streets. In 1920 the Pomfret Street building was being used by the Salvation Army.

As we continue westward on our journey through Carlisle, the Wellington Hotel is on our right halfway down the block between the prison and the square. This hotel was a popular place to meet and dine. As our train arrives at the square, a hard look to the right brings into view the houses of Irvine Row, built in 1845. Today most of this row of houses, which is convenient to the courthouse, is used for attorneys’ offices.

On the northeast corner of the square stands St. John’s Episcopal Church. In 1755 there would have been a log church building on the site. A small stone church, built in 1761, met the needs of the congregation until 1825. The present building was consecrated on July 8, 1825. The original structure had the tower on the east end. As part of an 1861 remodeling, the steeple was positioned on the west end of the building. In 1885 the one-and-half story “chapel” was built on the south side. It is interesting to note this is the only church on the model with a congregation meeting at its original site.



Cumberland Valley Railroad Station, Carlisle, ca. 1910. Photo Collection, CCHS.



Cumberland Valley Railroad Station, Carlisle, ca. 1910, Photo Collection, CCHS.

The congregation of the First Presbyterian Church, which we see on the west side of Hanover Street, originally met at Meeting House Spring along the Conodoguinet Creek. The building that we see in 1920 and today was built in 1757. Originally the three entrance doors were on the south side of the building. During a major renovation in 1827, the three doors were relocated to the east end; the pulpit was moved from the north wall to the west wall; and the chapel was constructed on the west end. For fifty years Dickinson College held its commencements in the church. This is also the place where men of the Carlisle community gathered in 1774 “to confirm support of the defiance of Great Britain by the state of Massachusetts.” President George Washington worshiped here on October 3, 1794, when he was in Carlisle during the Whiskey Rebellion.

The southwest corner of the square also played a role in historic events. The first courthouse in Carlisle was built in 1765-1766 facing north, with the side of the building along Courthouse Avenue. This building was destroyed by arson in March 24, 1845. The building that we now call the “Old Courthouse” was constructed in 1846, facing east on Hanover Street. During the Civil War shelling of Carlisle on July 1, 1863, the second column was nicked and still shows the scar.

On the courthouse yard area along Hanover Street, we see a Fireman’s Monument, showing a fireman in full uniform carrying a lantern and a small child. This cast iron monument was donated in 1909 by Jacob Livingston and his wife in memory of their daughter, who died in a fire. In the 1920’s it had one watering hole for people, two for horses and four for dogs around the base. In 1929 the monument was moved to the Cumberland Fire Company on East Louthier Street. In 1986 it moved to the Cumberland/Goodwill Fire Company on West Ridge Street. The monument was refurbished in 1999 for \$46,000. On the north side of the courthouse lawn is the Civil War Monument, dedicated in 1870.

When Carlisle was laid out in the middle of the eighteenth century, the town fathers set aside the southeast corner of the square as a market place. In the early years sales were in the open, followed by the construction of an ell-shaped shed-type roofed building open on all sides. The very special Carlisle market house we see in 1920 was built in 1877, using bricks from five different local brick makers. The 75-foot clear height to the roof was supported by slender wooden posts, approximately ten inches square. The slender supports are possibly part of the reason for the market’s being considered unsafe by the mid-twentieth century. Because of this safety problem it was demolished in 1952.

Even after the building was condemned in 1952, the contractor experienced considerable difficulty in taking the wall down. The cupola from the market house can still be seen at the Hertzlers' property near Meadowbrook west of Carlisle. It was taken down by crane and erected in their yard as a gazebo.

During the 1920's there were many vendor stalls both inside and around the outside of the market house on all four sides. Farmers would arrive at 5 o'clock in the morning for set-up, to be ready for sales at 6 o'clock. I remember walking from our home on Franklin Street to the market to carry the market basket home for my mother. Later, when I was a teenager, I rode my bicycle down to the square and hauled the basket home full of peaches, corn, and other vegetables. Other boys went to the market with their little red wagons to haul produce for a tip, probably a nickel or a dime. That was one of the few ways to earn a little money during Depression days.

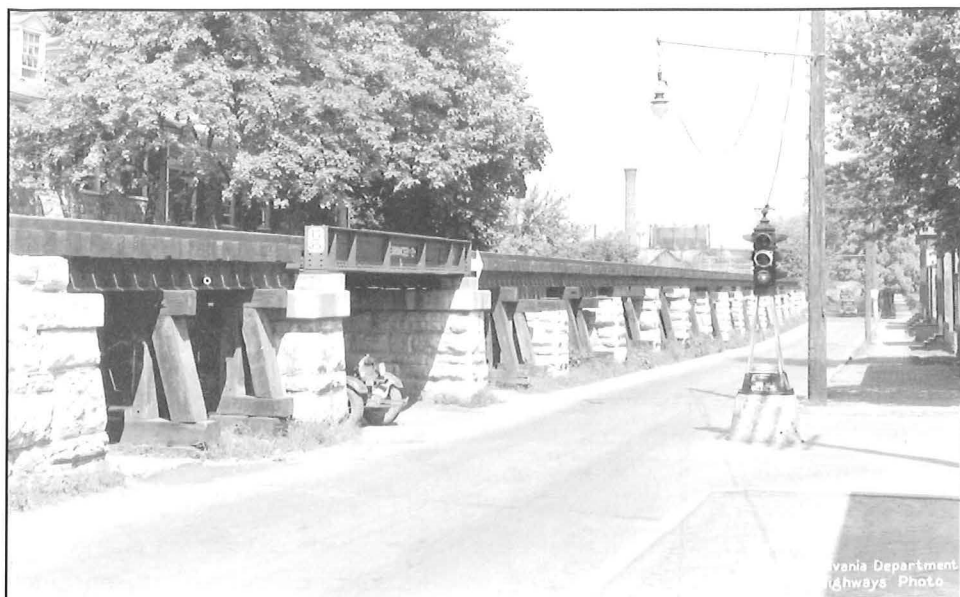
Along the north side on the inside of the building was an elevated floor for the borough offices, where we paid the water bill; there were no charges for sewer in 1920. In the northeast corner was the police station with the entrance door facing north. On both the northwest and the southwest ground-floor corners were restaurants that were open six days a week.

The Molly Pitcher Hotel, located south of us in the first block of South Hanover Street, was a hotel until about 25 years ago. In various ways it makes front-page news even today.

Across the street from the Molly Pitcher at the site of the current Comfort Inn, we see the largest and most complete department store in downtown Carlisle, Bowman's department store, which was destroyed by fire December 9, 1962. Many of you who lived in Carlisle in the 1960's remember that fire and the destruction of Bowman's. The alarm went in at approximately 11:30 Sunday evening, and firemen were there in a matter of minutes. As a member of the Empire Hook and Ladder Fire Company, I was stationed on the roof of the Kronenberg building, using a hose to cool the fire. The entire store area was a mass of white-hot heat. The next morning, when I finished, my face was bright red, burned worse than it might have been if I had spent the day at the beach.

During the 1920's Bowman's sold men's white shirts at low cost. At one point the store had one table of shirts marked \$1.00 and another table of identical shirts marked ninety-nine and one half cents. Employees claimed that many more shirts were sold from the "lower cost" table.

Bowman's store had a vacuum tube system for making change. The customer's sales slip and money would be transported to a central area where the change would be made and the container returned to the sales area. In the J.C. Penney store on the east side of the first block of North Hanover Street, the change was moved to and from the central area on a cartridge that traveled by cable.



Railroad Trestle at High and East Streets, Carlisle, 1936. Photo by Pennsylvania Department of Highways. Courtesy of CCHS.



Railroad Trestle at High and East Streets, Carlisle, 1936. Photo by Pennsylvania Department of Highways. Courtesy of CCHS.

In that time many families did their shopping in downtown Carlisle on Saturday nights. One Saturday night when I was four, my parents walked away while I was gazing at a display in Bowman's window. Each of my parents thought I was with the other. When I realized that I was lost, I began crying. A helpful passerby took me into Bowman's. Mr. Shambaugh, a neighbor who was working there, offered to keep me until he finished his workday. Meanwhile my parents had realized I was missing. Panicked, they rushed to the square where the police were at the square on their sidecar motorcycles. My parents finally did find me, or else I would not be here today.

When we arrive at the square, we might encounter an electric trolley car waiting to cross Main Street north to the Carlisle Indian School, now Carlisle Barracks. Trolleys were first used in Carlisle in 1895 and were in service until June 21, 1930 when the last trolley went to Cave Hill. In 1920 you could take a trolley to Mt. Holly, Boiling Springs, Mechanicsburg, Harrisburg, Newville, Cave Hill or the Barracks. At the square there was a crossover, but the trolleys on Pitt Street did not cross the railroad tracks. You can read more about the electric trolleys in Old Carlisle in an article in the *Cumberland County History*, Volume 18, Number 1.

In 1920 there were three banks near the square. On North Hanover Street across the avenue from the Episcopal Church was the Carlisle Bank, which was renamed the Carlisle Deposit Bank in 1921. The Farmers Trust Bank was west of the Presbyterian Church across the avenue. The front exterior of this building was very unusual in that the windows and doors were covered with iron bars just a couple of inches apart. These bars were painted a dark brown. The third bank, across the street from the Farmers Bank, was named the Carlisle Trust Bank. I will not attempt to tell you the present day names of these banks. The names of the banks are changing so fast that you are better than I am if you can keep them current.

As we travel further west on Main Street, we can see the entrance to the Orpheum theater, a small movie theater showing black and white films in the mid 1920's for an admission price of ten cents. I remember seeing some Tom Mix westerns there. Do any of you remember going to this theater prior to 1930?

Part of the arched entrance way of the Orpheum can still be seen on the east side of the courtyard of the Cumberland County Historical Society.

A second, larger theater was around the corner on Pitt Street between the historical society and the north side of the Hamilton restaurant property. This theater would have been called the Opera House in 1920 and later the Strand Theater. After this theater burned, the Cumberland County Historical Society

purchased the property. The entrance to the theater from the lobby was near where you are sitting today.

Another interesting stop on the south side of the first block of West Main Street in 1920 was Horn's drug store. The store was located east of the present Carlisle Theater property. The drug store was operated by an old druggist named Wilbur Horn. He did not have a computer, but he knew what he had and where it was. I am sure no one else could find a thing. It was the most junky, crowded place you could possibly imagine. Apparently when he would receive a shipment, he would open the box somewhere on the floor, and that is where the goods would stay. Traffic through the store was one-lane only.

I can remember being sent to Horn's for "water glass" for my mother. Water glass was used to preserve eggs before refrigeration was common. Mother would place the water glass in a crock and then place the eggs in the solution. Is there anyone here today that recalls using water glass?

Finally our train comes to a stop near West Street and our passenger car near the Pitt Street crossing. Samuel Line meets the mail car. In the 20's he had the contract to shuttle the mailbags between the post office and the trains.

The post office, built in 1910, was located on the southwest corner of Louther and Pitt Streets. In the 20's we bought penny postal cards and three-cent stamps for first class letters. Mailmen delivered mail twice a day. The post office remained at that location until it moved to its present site on the first block of West Louther Street. At that time the post office property was sold to the Reformed Church.

The Reformed Church began in Carlisle in 1761 or 1762 on South Hanover Street as a German-speaking congregation. They were the worshippers who shared the building with the First Lutherans, as mentioned earlier. In 1808 the Reformed congregation relocated to the South College building on the Dickinson campus. Their next move, in 1828, was to the southeast corner of South Pitt and West Main Street, the scene of the major fire in December 1999. In 1835 the Reformed Church dedicated a new building on the first block of West Louther Street across the street from the present post office. This church had a 130-foot steeple, the highest steeple in town until the building of the First Lutheran Church in 1900.

In 1924 the congregation built a new facility at 30 North Pitt Street, where the congregation remains today with its name changed to First United Church of Christ. I have a rather special interest in that building since my father was the job superintendent for its construction. In the area above the ceiling in the sanctuary and the roof are heavy timbers. Some of these are 12 inches by 16 inches and 40 feet long, which would make them very heavy. My mother used

to tell how my father would be awake at night planning the next day's work. In those days there were no cranes and lifting devices to do this heavy work.

The railroad station where our train stops is located on the northwest corner of Pitt and Main Streets. The building was used for both passenger ticket sales and baggage handling. In 1936 after 99 years, passenger trains moved to the north side of town to the new passenger station near West and Penn Streets. When the original station building was demolished, the brownstone was used in the building of the Kitzmiller apartments on the southeast corner of Parker and West South Streets.

A visitor to Carlisle in the 1920's could make a phone call through either the Bell System in the 100 block on the south side of West Main Street or the Home Phone System located in the first block of North Hanover Street on the second floor of what we now know as the Woolworth building.

The first hotel a traveler would see was the Argonne Hotel across the street from the train station. Later this building was named the James Wilson. One reference indicates that this hotel may at some time have been called the Railroad Hotel. This hotel was used for dining and hotel rooms until about 25 years ago. My wife and I had our wedding day lunch in the dining room in December 1944. In its day this hotel had a good rating for food quality. More recently it is known as the James Wilson Safe Harbor.

If we stay on the train as it travels west toward Chambersburg, we will pass one more church building, the Allison United Methodist Church on the southwest corner of West and Main Streets. This church, constructed in 1891, was destroyed by fire January 20, 1954. The Allison Methodist congregation started in 1792 in a 20-foot wide church located on South Pitt and Chapel Avenue. It moved to Church Avenue in 1815. In 1835 the church relocated to the building at the corner of Pitt and Main Streets. They also worshipped at the Emory Chapel at West and Pomfret Streets before building the church on Main Street. In 1958, four years after the fire, they dedicated the church on Mooreland Avenue, where they are to this day.

Diagonally across from the Methodist Church is Denny Memorial Hall, a brick and brownstone building, the only major building of Dickinson College that is not faced with native limestone. What we see on this trip is actually the second college building on this site. The first Denny Hall was completed in 1896 at a cost of \$40,000. This building burned to the ground March 3, 1904. Historical records state that it was rebuilt "in a grander style." The new building was dedicated on June 6, 1905 at a cost of \$63,000. Near this intersection President George Washington assembled his army to move west during the Whiskey Rebellion.

When we look on the John Dickinson campus of Dickinson College on the next block, one of the most impressive buildings is Old West, which was first used in November 1805. The structure, built of native limestone with brownstone trim, is 45 feet by 150 feet. The original building had classrooms, dormitory rooms, a dining room, and a chapel, with a kitchen and oven adjoining. When it was first named, it was called New College until Old East was built.

The East College building, completed November 5, 1836, also included both dormitory and classrooms. The structure was divided into four units with firewalls between. The eastern end served as a residence for the college president until 1890. A 1924 renovation included the removal of the outside stairs that led to each unit. This building was completely rebuilt in 1968–70. The original building had eight dormers on the roof. After the recent reconstruction it had only five.

The Tome Scientific Building was completed in June 24, 1885 at a cost of \$25,000. The interior was rebuilt in 1958 when the planetarium was added. This year it is again undergoing a remodeling.

The old gymnasium, a gift from Clemuel Ricketts Woodin, was completed in 1885 at a cost of \$7,500. This was the first location of a central heating plant for the college, which allowed the small wood and coal stoves in all the buildings to be removed, reducing the risk of fire. This was used as the college gymnasium until the Alumni Gym was built in 1931. The old gym then became a social, recreational and banquet hall. After a wall collapsed in 1953, the building was torn down.

The building on the northeast corner of College and Main Streets, the James Williamson Bosler Memorial Library, was completed June 23, 1886, at a cost of \$68,000. The brownstone building served the college as library, assembly hall, and chapel until 1941 when it was refaced with limestone and converted to library use only. After the completion of the Spahr Library in 1968, it was adapted as a fine arts building.

The small structure at the corner of College and Louthier Streets was built in 1899 by the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity. The college bought the building in 1931 and remodeled it for the Department of Education. In 1958 it was turned over to the Music Department.

The building on the south side of Main Street across from Old West in 1920 is the South College building, which was purchased in 1835 from the German Reformed Church. The building burnt in 1836. When it was rebuilt, it was, according to a document of the time, “larger and more noble.” On the roof an observatory was constructed as part of an 1887 renovation. This building also served as a grammar school for the community until it was demolished in 1927 to make room for the Alumni Gymnasium.

When the president moved from the east end of Old East, his residence was in the red brick house to the west of the Allison Methodist Church. The home has been enlarged and changed from one-and-a-half stories to two-and-a-half stories. When the church was destroyed by fire, the college acquired land to enlarge the yard area.

As our train leaves Carlisle, we enjoy a view of the Moore estate on the left between College Street and Mooreland Ave. A herd of deer grazes in the open yard area. In 1920 an eight-foot-high fence surrounded the park to keep the deer contained. A small boy could amuse himself by peering through the cracks between the boards at the deer. This property was owned by Johnston Moore, a sportsman from the Dickinson class of 1829. The twelve-acre plot was acquired by the college in 1932 after the last of Mr. Moore's daughters died. This part of Dickinson College is now called the Benjamin Rush Campus.

As our train gains speed, we pass the freight station building and the "turn table" in the freight yards of Carlisle. We leave behind our memories of Carlisle as it was in 1920, the train on Main Street and the market house that our children and our grandchildren will never see. Have a safe journey on your next train trip!

Note:

The author wishes to acknowledge assistance from the Cumberland County Historical Society, the Carlisle Sentinel, the churches of the downtown area for the use of key records, Lewis F. Gobrecht, and family and friends who have loaned pictures and shared information.



James L. Otstot at the presentation of his model of downtown Carlisle to the Society, October 5, 2001. Photo Collection, CCHS.

A Traveller in the County, 1840

James Silk Buckingham

James Silk Buckingham (1786-1855), an English journalist, lecturer, reformer, and sometime Member of Parliament, was a tireless traveler and the author of books on observations and experiences in the Middle East, Europe, and America. He spent four years in the United States, producing a total of eight stout volumes on the Northern or Free States (3v., 1841), the Slaves States (2v., 1842), and the Eastern and Western States (3v., 1842). The last-named work contains several pages on the Cumberland Valley, with special reference to Carlisle, Dickinson College, and a Methodist revival that astonished the author. The extracts reprinted here are from Volume One, pages 506-36.

The Editor

From Harrisburgh we paid a visit to Carlisle, in Cumberland County, to which we went by railroad, a distance of 18 miles west, and passing through the small town of Mechanicsburgh, about midway, reached Carlisle in two hours, the fare being a dollar each. We put up at the best hotel in the town, which we found to be a very bad one; the rooms dirty, the beds ill-furnished, and the fare coarse and disagreeable; though the house was kept by a Colonel Feree, and one of his waiters was a Major! Having several letters of introduction, however, we were soon surrounded by a number of agreeable persons, who were very obliging in their attentions, and evinced a disposition to do everything to make our stay agreeable. Among the number of these, was Commodore [Jesse D.] Elliott, of the United States Navy, who had commanded the American squadron in the Mediterranean, and visiting the coast of Syria and Palestine in the *Constitution* frigate, had made an excursion through the Holy Land; so that we had a topic of mutual interest, and our exchange of reminiscences was reciprocally agreeable.

The town of Carlisle was settled in 1750, by English and Scotch emigrants, of whom some were from Cumberland county, in England, and these gave the names to the county and town, which have been ever since retained. It is, there-

fore, older than Harrisburgh by about twenty years. It was then the most western settlement in all Pennsylvania, and the few inhabitants who first planted here were in continual dread of the Indians, scarcely ever sleeping without their arms by their side, and with sentinels and patrols by day and night to apprise them of any threatened danger. It has now attained to a population of about 6,000, and is gradually, though slowly, increasing.

Its plan is quite regular, its area a level plain; the streets are broad and straight, and cross each other at right angles. There is a fine open market-place, a good town-hall, a public building for general meetings, called the Hall of Equal Rights, and no less than 6 churches; 2 Presbyterian, 1 Episcopal, 1 Methodist, 1 Lutheran, and 1 German Reformed. The railroad from Philadelphia passes right through the centre of the town, and goes on farther west to Chambersburgh, a distance of about 40 miles, from whence the stage route commences, over the Alleghany mountains to Pittsburgh, and the western extremity of the State. The occupations of the people in and around the town are chiefly agricultural, the lands being remarkably fertile and of high value; though it is said that the passage of the railroad so far west, has already diminished the market price of land in this quarter, by the facilities thus created for going further west, where lands are cheaper. New settlers prefer going further on, and thus obtaining more extensive tracts for the same sum that they could purchase here, where land in the best situations was worth, 30 years ago, 200 dollars an acre, and can now be had for 60; while farther west, equally good lands are to be had for 20 dollars cleared, and for 5 dollars uncleared, and these the first settlers generally prefer.

There is a small carpet manufactory in the town, and in the neighbourhood are several flour mills; but it is never likely to become a manufacturing district, as there is no coal in this region, though it abounds at Pottsville, about 100 miles distant to the north; nor is there any large river nearer than the Susquehannah, 18 miles off, though they have some smaller streams, within a less distance, one of which is called by the undignified name of the Yellow Breeches. The situation of the town is very pleasing, being almost surrounded by hills of about 1,000 feet in height, encircling a rich and beautiful plain, in the centre of which Carlisle is placed, this forming the commencement of the great Cumberland Valley.

The principal object of interest at Carlisle is its College, which was founded in 1786 [1783], just ten years after the Declaration of Independence; and as its principal patron was the then Governor Dickenson, it bears his name, and is called Dickenson College. It was originally built by voluntary contributions, and being a substantial edifice constructed of stone, in two separate piles or blocks of building, it cost upwards of 100,000 dollars. It has, however, been twice burnt, at different periods, and twice rebuilt. On these occasions, assis-

tance was obtained from the funds of the State. Though the first cost of erection was thus defrayed, the fees received from the pupils educated here, have never been sufficient of themselves to sustain the professors and faculty, and pay the ordinary current expenses of the College, so that it has been several times suspended for want of means, and only enabled to go on again by assistance from the State. It has no lands, funds, or other endowment, on which to fall back, and the voluntary system has not yet been found sufficient for its support. The reasons assigned for this by the president and professors were these: the demand for education is less in Pennsylvania than in almost any other State in the Union, and particularly in the interior countries. A large portion of the population are German, who do not value education sufficiently to think it worth paying for at all, and many even would think it loss of time to obtain it gratuitously. They bring up their children to agricultural or mechanical operations and pursuits, and for this they think mere reading and writing sufficient. Among those of English or American descent, the great majority are intended for some active profession—merchandise, medicine, or the law; and these are so eager to enter the world soon, that they will not remain at college longer than four years at the utmost, often indeed only three, and unless the expense is very moderate, they will not afford to go to college at all. The average number of students here is about a hundred; the pupils remain in the preparatory school attached to the College for three years, from 12 to 15, and then another three years in the College, from 15 to 18; though four years is the regular period of the College course, but the students generally cut this short, and enter into their intended business or profession before it is closed.

We were accompanied by Commodore Elliott, the president, and the professors, over every part of the building, and inspected its philosophical and chemical apparatus, its libraries, and its cabinet or museum, all of which were better than the financial history of the institution would lead one to expect. The cost of education at the College for the students, including board and lodging, as well as tuition, ranges from 150 to 200 dollars, or from £30 to £40 sterling per annum; and it was thought that if it were made £10 a year more, half the pupils would leave. In this College, as in most others of America, there are two rival literary societies, formed out of the pupils, each of which has its separate library, each its separate hall of business, which is like a Masonic lodge, inasmuch as there is a secret form of initiation, secret signs and pass-words, and oaths are administered, and solemn pledges given, that what is said or done at their secret meetings, shall not be divulged. So far from this being objected to by the president and faculty, they told me they thought it beneficial in keeping alive the spirit of rivalry and emulation. Each society was ambitious to have the best library, the greatest number of members, and to surpass its rival in every other

mark of distinction; and no evils had yet been perceived to spring from the secrecy in which their proceedings were involved.

The libraries of these two societies included about 3,000 volumes each, and the books were generally useful and valuable, though mostly modern. A third library, to which all the students had access, belonged to the College as a body; and this was formed principally of old works. It was first collected in donations of books from learned men, and public institutions in England, favourable to the encouragement of education in the colonies; and since augmented by occasional purchases of old books in England, whenever their funds admitted. Among them were many valuable folios, containing the writings of the Fathers of the church; many old Bibles, in Latin, Dutch, German, and English; a Vulgate of 1569; and a German version of 1679; besides several manuscript works on theology, in Latin, beautifully written. This collection comprised about 4,000 volumes.

Among the philosophical apparatus was a large and powerful electrical machine, manufactured at Philadelphia; a fine air-pump from Hamburgh, in Europe; and the burning lens which belonged to Dr. Priestley, who died not far from hence, in the interior of Pennsylvania; this last was of large diameter, and of sufficient power to fuse a mass of silver, by the rays of the sun, in four seconds of time.

In the collection of fossils are several large bones of the mammoth, including joints and sockets, and some of the vertebrae, and besides many fossil shells and plants, one of the most perfect fossil trilobites probably ever found, every line and articulation in it being as perfect as if the animal were alive. Commodore Elliott has also enriched the cabinet with many interesting relics from the Holy Land, as well as collections in natural history made in his various voyages, Carlisle being his native place, and this the college at which he graduated, previously to his entering the navy. He has still further benefited his native country, by the introduction into it of the breed of Syrian broad-tailed sheep, which are multiplying fast, and thriving; as well as a stock of Andalusian hogs, which he brought from Spain at the same time.

* * *

During our stay at Carlisle there was a great religious revival among the Methodist body, their large church there having been crowded every night from sunset to midnight, as full as it could hold, for 15 nights in succession, without a single intermission; and such was the fervour which still manifested itself at those meetings, that it was thought they might last for 15 nights more. Never having yet been present at such a meeting in this country, I went on the evening of Tuesday, the 11th of February, about nine o'clock, when the church was full,

and the enthusiasm of its occupants at its height. Every seat was filled, the males sitting on one side of the house, and the females on the other; while the aisles were as thickly crowded as the pews. It was some time before we could get more than a few feet in from the door; but by patient watching of the opportunities that presented themselves for advancing, we were at length enabled to reach the body of the church.

The scene which was here presented, it would be difficult to describe; and the sensations with which it inspired me, would be still more difficult to explain. They were a compound of surprise, awe, sorrow, pity, and terror. It was like being in an assembly of maniacs. The pulpit was unoccupied, or had been abandoned. The revival minister—a young man—was on a platform underneath the pulpit, with a number of young men and boys, some mere children, nine and ten years of age, on his right and left. He was addressing the audience, calling on them to come out this night or never—this moment, which might be their last, from the hell in which they already were—to save themselves from that deeper hell to which they were all rapidly hastening; they were, he said, but a few feet from the very brink of the cataract, over which they would soon be carried into the lake that burns for ever with fire and brimstone. He then pointed to the youths on his right and left, as brands saved from the burning, 40 or 50 of these having become converts during the present revival. On the front bench, before the platform, were young females, occupying what is called “the anxious seat,” most of them in convulsions; and from every part of the upper half of the church, near the platform, were proceeding loud and discordant sounds, amounting almost to yells. At least 20 different persons were all engaged in loud prayer at the same time, some on their knees, and some standing, with their arms extended upward, and vociferating at the top of their voices; the females alternately sobbing and groaning; and the mingling of so many discordant sounds, with the general agitation that seemed to pervade the whole assembly, produced impressions on my own mind which I shall never forget.

That all the persons engaged in this scene were really sincere, for the moment, I did not then, nor do I now doubt. The leaders appeared to be under the impression that they were doing their duty faithfully, in exciting the terrors of those whom they addressed; and the terrified subjects of their appeals, seemed to be truly stricken with horror and affright. This was more apparent in the women and children, some of whom were not more than eight or nine years of age; but even the few elders affected, evinced no symptom of insincerity in their groans and cries. Admitting all this, however, and granting that many open profligates are, by such revivals, drawn from a sinful life, and become reformed characters; it is to be apprehended, from the falling back of many when the

effervescence of this excitement is over, that some injury is done to the cause of religion, which counteracts the good effects produced in the first instance; and that, on the whole, these revivals are not productive of so much permanent benefit to the cause of religion and morality, as the more steady and orderly proceedings of religious worship conducted in a more moderate manner.

As to the exhibitions themselves, however habit may lead the people of America to look upon them with comparative indifference, I must say that they appeared to me most extravagant. I had seen the Howling Dervishes in Turkey, the Faqueers and Pilgrims in India and Arabia, the Santons in Egypt and Syria, the Ranters and Jumpers in England, and the Shakers in America; but among them all, I never witnessed more of convulsive excitement, and religious frenzy, than at this Methodist revival in Carlisle, which must leave most camp meetings in the shade.

The weather, during our stay here, was extremely variable, in alternations of thick fog, heavy rain, piercing cold, and bright sunshine. The snow had now been on the ground for six weeks, and sleighing was practicable all over the country. Many parties came into Harrisburgh in sleighs, from distances of 60 and 70 miles in one day, going, with one horse, at the rate of 10 and 12 miles an hour over the hard smooth snow. The solidity of the ice on the Susquehannah had also attracted skaters up from Philadelphia, one of whom, an amateur of great skill and taste, drew crowds of admirers round him every morning, to see his graceful evolutions on the ice; and his popularity was not a little enhanced by the fact of his using silver skates edged with steel, said to be of the value of 100 dollars each. It is not only here, however, but farther south, that the winter has been most severe....

* * *

This excessive cold renders traveling across the Alleghany mountains from hence to Pittsburgh not only disagreeable, but even dangerous at this time of the year, as the whole route from Chambersburgh must be performed in stages, and the roads are steep, the precipices deep, and the snow-storms and fogs, dense and frequent. We resolved therefore to go by way of Baltimore and the Cumberland Road to Pittsburgh and the West, as by that means the passage of the loftiest parts of the Alleghanies is avoided. There is a route across these mountains through Pennsylvania, by canal and railroad in connexion; but the canals are now all frozen up, and the railroads, which go by inclined planes and stationary engines over the mountains, were dismantled, and would not be equipped again until the canals are opened. A new survey has been recently made, however, by Mr. Stocker, an engineer officer, educated at West Point, and employed by the State, for a new line of railroad across the mountains from Harrisburgh to Pittsburgh, and he has been successful in finding a route over a

pass through the mountains, at an elevation of only 1,000 feet above the level of the adjoining plain, and 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Here, in the ascent and descent from the plain to the summit, and then down to the plain again, the whole distance to be traversed will not exceed 26 miles, and the grading through that distance will not be more than 45 feet to the mile. Over this, therefore, the locomotive engines will possess sufficient power to draw the train at a rate of 15 miles an hour, without the necessity of having recourse to stationary engines, and little doubt seems to be entertained but that this line will be ultimately adopted.

* * *

From Harrisburgh we returned to Lancaster, and passed nearly a week there very agreeably; having pleasant rooms at Mr. Hubley's excellent hotel, and a greater enjoyment of quiet and comfort united, than we had for a long time experienced, as here we enjoyed the rare luxury of private apartments, and could therefore sometimes be alone, which, after the noisy bustle and drunken revelry of Harrisburgh, was peculiarly refreshing and agreeable.

Lancaster is one of the largest and oldest of the interior towns in the State, and is peculiar both in its aspect and population. It was originally settled about a century ago, 1730, by a few English settlers, under the Colonial government, Governor Hamilton being the proprietor, and letting the lands at an easy ground-rent; but the extremely rich lands and fine farms which abound in this neighbourhood, soon attracted the attention of German agriculturists; and these drawing others of their countrymen after them, the population became rather more German than English. At the period of the Revolution, and soon after, many American families came here to join them; and from that time onward there has been a gradual increase of English, and decrease of German descendants, though there are still many of the latter both in the town and the surrounding neighbourhood.

The plan of Lancaster is of the usual regularity of American cities, the streets crossing each other at right angles, the breadth ample, the side-walks paved with brick, and the houses generally constructed of that material. In the centre of the town, in an open square, is a large and well-built court house, surmounted with a turret; and near to it is a large Masonic Hall, a Mechanics' Hall, and the public offices of the city. Among the streets are King Street, Queen Street, Prince Street, and Duke Street, names given, of course, before the Revolution, but not since changed for more democratic names, as they were in the larger cities on the Atlantic coast.

The population of Lancaster is estimated at 8,000, of which about one-fourth are of German birth or descent; and among these, German is as much spoken as English. Most of the signs over the doors of shops are in both languages, and as

you walk the streets, the physiognomy and costume of the German part of the population are easily perceptible.

There are 7 newspapers published in Lancaster, 5 of which are in the English, and 2 in the German tongue. They are, as usual, all party papers, neutrality in politics being here almost unknown. The names of the English or American papers are, the *Intelligencer*, *Herald*, *Examiner*, *Union*, and *Old Guard*;—and of the German, *The True Democrat*, and the *Friend of the People*.

There are 7 churches in Lancaster, 1 Episcopal, 1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist, 1 Baptist, 1 Lutheran, 1 German Reformed, and 1 Catholic. The Episcopal church was built by funds from England before the Revolution; but it has the smallest congregation in the place. I attended it, with my family, during the Sabbath we passed here, and heard a strictly Episcopal sermon, on the rites of baptism and confirmation, preparatory to the approaching visit of Bishop Onderdonck, the brother of the Bishop of New York, who presides over this diocese, to hold a confirmation. The Roman Catholics are very numerous; but, on the whole, the Lutherans have the largest church and largest congregation. Their church, indeed, is a very fine one, equal in size and beauty to most of those in the large cities. Its spire is 196 feet in height, the loftiest in the State, except one recently erected in Reading, in Berkshire county, about 30 miles north-east of this; where, from mere rivalry and determination to excel, they have built a Lutheran church with a spire 204 feet high. It is said that a subscription was recently opened here to build a new church in Columbia, a town of 4,000 inhabitants, about 10 miles south-west of this; and that many of the wealthy Lutherans gave their donations towards it on the express condition that the spire should not be built higher than that of their church at Lancaster! In this church the service is performed once a day in English, and once in German. I attended the latter in the afternoon, when the congregation was very thin, and composed chiefly of old people and new comers; but to these, its devout pastor, the Rev. Mr. Baker, delivered a most animated discourse on one of Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians.

The market of Lancaster is perhaps one of the best in the country; and nowhere in the United States had we seen finer-fed beef, larger or more tender poultry, in turkeys, geese, ducks, and fowls, good potatoes, and excellent butter; all produced on the rich farms, for which this county is so famed. Add to this, the bread was among the finest and best that we had ever eaten, and the water was delicious. This last is procured from a small river, or creek, as it is called here, with the Indian name of the Conestoga, from whence the water is forced up by waterwheels and pumps, as at Fairmount in Philadelphia, to a reservoir, 150 feet above the level of the stream, and from this the houses in the town are supplied by pipes.

The old-fashioned town-crier going through the streets with his bell to announce an auction, and stopping to begin his address with the words—"Oyez! Oyez!" which here, as in England, he pronounced "O! yes, O! yes!" reminded us of home; as did the watchmen of the night, calling their hours of "Past twelve o'clock, and a star-light night!"—neither of these appendages to towns being very general in America.

The wealth of this county of Lancaster is thought to be greater than that of any merely farming district in the United States. The lands are among the richest, and are worth now, on the average, 100 dollars an acre; though here, as at Carlisle, the railroad runs right through the town, and draws off many purchasers farther west. It was computed by one of my informants, well fitted to judge, that the surplus produce of the county for the present year, in grain and cattle, to be exported from the State, after all its own wants were supplied, would amount to 2,000,000 dollars, though prices are by no means high; wheat of the best quality selling at 1 dollar to 1 dollar 25 cents per bushel, good fat oxen at 40 dollars per head, and all other farm-produce in the same proportion. With this annual increase of wealth, and the economical and prudent habits of the farming population, they grow speedily to be men of substantial property.

I delivered my courses of lectures in the three towns of Harrisburgh, Carlisle, and Lancaster. In the first we had an audience of about 200, composed principally of the members of the legislature; our sittings being held first in the Court House, then in the Presbyterian church, and lastly in the Baptist. At Carlisle, they were given in the Hall of Equal Rights, where, though the population is less, the audiences were larger. But in Lancaster, the number was much greater than both united; and though the population is not more than 8,000 persons, we had increasing audiences of 600 and upwards. This obliged us to change from the Hall of Mechanics' Institute, in which they were commenced, to the largest church in the town, the Lutheran, which, on the last two evenings, was nearly full, and the German portion of the population seemed to feel as deep an interest in hearing of Egypt and Palestine, as those of English or American nativity.

Book Reviews

Cumberland Justice: Legal Practice in Cumberland County 1750 – 2000 by the Cumberland County Bar Association. Carlisle, PA: Cumberland County Bar Association, 2001. Index, hardback. \$39.95.

The great Scottish novelist and poet Sir Walter Scott, one of the most successful converts from law to literature, reflected on his abandoned profession in his novel *Guy Mannering*, published in 1815. In it, an Edinburgh advocate muses, “In civilized society, law is the chimney through which all the smoke discharges itself that used to circulate through the whole house, and put every one’s eyes out – no wonder, therefore, that the vent itself should sometimes get a little sooty.” In *Cumberland Justice*, Dickinson Law School archivist Mark Podvia and a committee representing the Cumberland County Bar Association take it upon themselves to perform a thorough inspection of our local societal chimney. They find sootiness, true, but they also find heroism, humor, and much else besides.

The first one hundred and seventy years of the law, taking the reader to 1920 and the founding of the bar association, are covered in five chapters written by Mr. Podvia. Photographs and illustrations of notable people, places, and documents are plentiful and, for the most part, relevant. Brief biographies are woven into the tapestry of events, touching upon those who found a larger stage in life (James Wilson, John Bannister Gibson) and those who left colorful local legends (James Hamilton, John McClintock). Extended quotations from original sources and the occasional sidebar of another perspective create a closeness and an accessibility to these people and events of long ago. Some images travel across the years so vividly as to be alarming, often for different reasons: Judge Brackenridge riding naked in the rain, Chloe the slave girl facing two murder charges for girls under her care, Henry Stahm slain by his best friend and awaiting justice in the snow and mud of a woodlot. Many absorbing stories of passion and vengeance arise in these pages. Great names in county history find their places and claim a story or two, names such as Reed, Hays, Trickett, Sadler,

Biddle, and Kast. The reader will be sorry to see Mr. Podvia exit with the Roaring Twenties.

The rest of the book is a crowded schedule of offices, history, reminiscences, and summaries thrown over the twentieth century like a fishing net. The rationale for this break between the two sections, a recognition of living memories and increasing complexity, is unconvincing. Emphasizing the awkward nature of the book's structure is the placement of Mr. Podvia's lengthy endnotes immediately after his chapters. The endnotes themselves are a bit of a problem in another way. Sometimes they are little gems of comment and guides for further research; other times they are mysteriously banal, as in the careful noting of Sir Martin Gilbert as the source for what started the First World War. Mr. Podvia's seventy-two pages of illustrated text ends up with six hundred and forty endnotes, surely a case of legalistic caution out of control.

Having survived the thicket of Mr. Podvia's citations, the reader encounters dozens of short essays by the rest of the energetic committee that created the book. The essays are usually quite good: succinct, well-edited, and to the point. Some are dry, and a few are merciless in their technical legal language. The "Historical Cases and Events" and the "Reminiscences" chapters revive the spirit of the nineteenth century in their storytelling gusto and unapologetic sense of drama (or humor, as the case may be). Here is found the sad case of the Market House in Carlisle very well told by James D. Flower, the shocking courtroom shooting death of John D. Faller, Jr., interesting memories of Judge Biddle by William F. Martson, and an invaluable guide to "Families of Lawyers" by Charles H. Stone.

Lawyers beyond the magnetic destination of the county seat are featured as well. Brief and useful essays on New Cumberland, Camp Hill, Mechanicsburg, Newville, and Shippensburg lawyers are slipped in before the appendices. The long final chapter with the intimidating title of "Summaries of Minutes of the Meetings of the Cumberland County Bar Association" turns out to be quite fascinating and brilliantly edited. The raw material of future histories follows in formal documents, rosters, by-laws, and association class pictures. A professionally thorough index blesses the close of the book, a feature so often needed in local history and so rarely supplied.

The Scottish lawyer in *Guy Mannering*, contemplating his beloved library of classics in the best editions, says to a friend, "A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these, he may venture to call himself an architect." *Cumberland Justice*, despite its idiosyncracies of structure and style, should be appreciated as a generous gift from the Cumberland County Bar Association to all people interested in gripping human drama, to all people interested in detailed county history, and to

all historians in the never-ending pursuit of an understanding of the past. It is a notable contribution to the foundations of our history and our literature.

Carlisle, Pa.

Jeffrey S. Wood

John Bloom. *To Show What an Indian Can Do: Sports at Native American Boarding Schools*, Sports and Culture Series, vol. 2. (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2000) 151 pp. Illustrated. \$24.95. Hardcover.

Although the culture of the Carlisle Indian School may be well known among historians, the popular sports media's history has perhaps a more selective memory for the football, track and other competitive teams for which Native Americans ardently participated before the 1950s. Recent commemorative sport shows for "millennium athletes" seemed to be covered with more modern-day athletes with few of the early parts of the twentieth century (as many commemorative efforts are apt to do). However, there were many great Native American athletes and teams in the first half of the century in scholastic sports as *To Show What an Indian Can Do* displays. Though sports such as football were introduced by Native American boarding schools as a method for assimilating students into mainstream white culture (and erasing their native heritage) – something one may expect to have caused a lethargic lack of participation in the activity the sports instilled immense competition and pride among its students (p. xii). The main drive of Bloom's book is to explore how Native American students not only excelled at these sports, but participated in them out of pleasure and as a way of formulating an identity for themselves as their native heritage eroded away (p. xii). Parents, who were often the most resistant to their children losing their native heritage through attendance at these schools, discouraged attendance at first, but by the Great Depression encourage it, simply because life for their children would be better away from the reservations' wretched conditions. Another focus of ... *What an Indian Can Do* is the coverage of Victorian ideals at these boarding schools. Boys were encouraged to compete in team sports, show individualism and be energetic, while women students were to rest, be at home, be quiet, and participate in more physical education "activities" (rather than team sports). These ideals not only limited competition for women, but speak volumes of boarding school administrations' enforcement of Victorian ideals well into the twentieth century as a way of life.

Bloom concentrates his study on the sports at the Carlisle Indian School, the Haskell Institute in Lawrence, Kansas, and Chilocco Indian School in northern Oklahoma. The former two in particular, played a key role in the establishment

of sports programs at Native American boarding schools by using their winning teams as good public relations and fund-raising tools. Carlisle's success alone – even against teams from all-white schools and the perennial powerhouses of the day – encouraged other schools to adapt to the same formula, and one that Haskell, dubbed the 'Carlisle of the West,' instituted. Bloom devotes a large part of his book to the homecoming game and construction of a new stadium at Haskell in 1926. He notes that this homecoming game displayed for administrators the success in their minds of the boarding school program since it exhibited Native Americans (who were often depicted as savages in white American society) as gentleman, who controlled their aggressive behavior, using it only on the football field. But despite all of their athletic glory, most boarding schools did not provide much of an education, as it prepared most graduates for blue-collar work rather than any advanced study.

The author also follows through the decline of sports at these schools into the 1930s, when a transformation takes place: boarding schools shift their emphasis from football to boxing, and shift their emphasis from assimilation to building student cultural identities. Native American culture was embraced in this new wave of ethnic individualism, as the federal government encouraged different ethnic tribes to express their unique heritage and often profited from it with the selling of native crafts and performances for white audiences. But by the 1950s, boarding schools reverted to their pre-1930 form of short hair, English language, and assimilation until they were eventually phased out altogether.

These trends regarding a dark period in U.S. history are fascinating to study, and Bloom provides a good avenue for discussion. The contradiction in the mind of Carlisle Indian school founder Richard Henry Pratt concerning football at Carlisle is most fascinating. He wavered publicly in his opinion of the sport from what he regarded as its unfavorable violence to the pride he had in developing the best team on the field. But possible reasons for this wavering, whether financial, administrative, or national exposure, are not offered and more elaboration would have been interesting to share on such a stark contrast, particularly as it reflected on the athletes themselves. Also, Bloom may perhaps over-generalize when citing trends concerning boarding schools, as he could use more examples that show an overall application. Are these trends really true for all schools? His perceptions may in fact be correct, but some more examples in what is a short monograph, certainly could have been implemented, as well as mention of any variations or deviations from the norm by some schools.

The author scratches the surface with this work and future study of relations between students of different tribes at these schools, both on and off the field, would be an interesting study, especially any competition *within* these teams.

Further study is also warranted regarding women and sporting activities at these schools and Bloom provides background from which to start. Bloom closes the book with a discussion of a dominant culture's perceptions of another culture they dominated and conquered. He suggests that the Native American stories he presents allows members of the dominant culture (i.e. white European Americans) to feel better about their own nation's history (or feel as though they are helping the conquered group), a topic which would be wonderful to expand upon in later work regarding sports or mainstream American culture.

The book draws upon images and research done at the Cumberland County Historical Society and other repositories, but also relies a lot on government publications, oral histories, serial publications concerning Native Americans, newspapers, and even Pratt's papers at Yale University. Bloom uses a wonderful tactic in incorporating oral histories in his work, since oral tradition is such a large part of Native American history; despite the fact that these events took place only around 100 years ago they are also documented through written evidence. Bloom devotes the entire last chapter to oral history interviewing with Native Americans and the scholarly criticism of sports history and writing, which although well written and a fascinating discussion, seems out of place with the remainder of the book. Regardless, many historians ignore oral history and its reliability, but Bloom incorporates the written and spoken word well in *What an Indian Can Do*. The author has created a great narrative that is a joy to read and highlights many interesting facets of Native American athletics, educational theory and boarding school administration, presenting some wonderful points and discussion.

New England Historic Genealogical Society

Chad E. Leinaweaver

Louis Auchincloss, *Woodrow Wilson*. (New York: Viking, 2000) 128pp, hardback, \$19.95 (ISBN 0-670-88904-0)

Inspired editorial decisions, like directors casting against type, have led to brilliant but unlikely choices for the new series called Penguin Lives, of which this book is one. Sir John Keegan, whose genius is for putting the reader in the shoes of the common soldier, has been asked to write on Sir Winston Churchill; Garry Wills, liberal Catholic and American historian, writes about Saint Augustine of Hippo, whose *Confessions*, says Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, would join the Bible as his desert island reading. Louis Auchincloss, retired Wall Street attorney and life-long Republican, was assigned the biography of President Woodrow Wilson. Auchincloss as historical essayist has addressed the world of Henry James

and Edith Wharton; his collection *The Vanderbilt Era*, including sketches of Henry Adams and J. P. Morgan, should be read for style as well as substance. This brief life of Wilson is a sympathetic but not sycophantic introduction to a man whose political career often intersected the life of Cumberland County.

On Thursday, 29 August 1912, Woodrow Wilson, then governor of New Jersey and fresh from the Democratic National Convention, launched his campaign for the federal presidency with a speech at the Grangers' Picnic at Williams Grove, Monroe Township. The organizer of the fair, Mechanicsburg newspaper owner Robert Thomas (a Republican), was ever eager to book prominent speakers, and he welcomed the publicity of such a national speech, however much he would have preferred Theodore Roosevelt. Thomas conveyed Wilson in his automobile, and on that hot day, Wilson left in the car his handkerchief. It was for many years the prized possession of the Thomas family but is now in the Cumberland County Historical Society.

Twice this Journal has featured articles on local associations with Woodrow Wilson. In the Winter 1987, issue, Robert J. Smith presented excerpts from the diary of John A. Smith, a Democratic politician from Penn Township, who had a role in bringing Wilson to the Grangers' Picnic. In the Winter 1992, issue, LeRoy W. Toddes looked at the correspondence of Wilson and Vance McCormick. Amongst other business interests, McCormick owned and developed vast acreage in East Pennsboro Township; he served as mayor of Harrisburg, and was in 1914 the Democratic candidate for governor of Pennsylvania. John O'Hara based his novel, *A Rage to Live*, on McCormick and his circle in old Harrisburg.

Louis Auchincloss is perhaps best known as a novelist in the tradition of O'Hara, and his friends have included such insightful yet idiosyncratic critics of American culture as Walter Lippmann and Gore Vidal. Auchincloss should please the teachers of writing; he writes about what he knows. In his case it tends to be the world of lawyers and bankers in Manhattan, thus providing balance to a city so well portrayed in fiction by Bernard Malamud and E. L. Doctorow. Auchincloss is also a devotee of French literature, and his novel on Louis XIV he dedicated to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, to whom he was related by marriage. In a similar spirit, one gauges, Auchincloss dedicates this biography of Wilson to New Deal historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., adviser to the Kennedy Camelot and author of *The Imperial Presidency*.

The presidency Wilson sought that day at Williams Grove had known aggressive innovators and restrained administrators. Wilson had, as a professor of political science at Princeton, made no secret of his admiration for the innovators. When in 1922 G. K. Chesterton visited America, he was struck by the odd

mismatch of titles and functions; he observed that while the King of England is expected to preside but not act, the President of the United States in effect reigns as an elected monarch. Wilson, then in retirement, preferred to think of the president as analogous to a prime minister. To his profound regret, he had not reckoned on a loyal opposition led by another Ph.D., Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

Auchincloss captures well the duel between these two proud and fastidious men, so different in background and outlook. Here Auchincloss the novelist is in command, deftly painting the conflict over the League of Nations. The chapter on Lodge is really a biography in miniature, a portrait within a portrait. Despite this book's brevity, it does not degenerate into simplicity. Auchincloss is aware of the immense if not insoluble problem facing those statesmen: Do new nations have a right to exist? "It might be noted here," he pauses to say, "that the principle of self-determination is as difficult to apply in our day as it was in Wilson's." Shrewdly Auchincloss muses, "It may be well to remember of our two most revered presidents that Washington fought a war to affirm that doctrine, and Lincoln one to deny it." While citizens still debate the merits of the Confederacy, it may be rash to expect swift and rational ends to strife in Bosnia or Israel.

Wilson's private life also comes into view, notably his medical history and the devotion of his second wife, Edith Galt. Wilson had throughout his adult life suffered small strokes, each one sharpening flaws in his character. He grew increasingly obstinate and self-righteous, seeing his opponents as satanic agents. As Wilson suffered worse strokes, his new wife took it upon herself to shield him from critics and hide him from colleagues. Auchincloss in his novels and essays has depicted many strong ladies, and it is worth recalling that his novel about Queen Anne he dedicated to the versatile historian Barbara Tuchman. Still, Auchincloss has little respect for Edith Wilson, and he asks persuasively whether blame for American absence from the League falls more on her protective guile (aided by the presidential physician) than Lodge's isolationism.

In Woodrow Wilson this nation had her King Lear. Wilson was a man clinging to an ideal of his own making (a rare dream of world peace, akin to Lear's impossible demands of love), a man, as Auchincloss says, who "wouldn't accept second best." With an attorney's pragmatism Auchincloss asks, "but wasn't second best a good deal better than nothing?" Auchincloss, born in 1917, fought in the Second World War and lived through other dire results of the European war Wilson vainly sought to avoid and then salve. Auchincloss's temperament and experiences provide a stimulating skepticism in this refined profile of a smart but sick president no student of American (or world) history can ignore.

Latrobe, Pa.

Daniel J. Heisey

Nicholson Baker, *Double Fold: Libraries and the Assault on Paper* (New York: Random House, 2001) xii, 371, index. Hardback \$25.95 (ISBN 0-375-50444-3).

We've all been hoodwinked, bamboozled, and flimflammed! Librarians for the past fifty years have waged an unnecessary war against so-called brittle books and newspapers, generating rolls upon rolls of microfilm of dubious quality, all in the name of preservation. As a result, countless original paper copies of microfilmed print materials have been needlessly discarded when they could simply have been warehoused at minimal expense. At least, that's what Nicholson Baker would have us all believe.

Baker first drew the attention of librarians in 1994 with his article in the *New Yorker* titled "Discards," an article which lamented the destruction of the physical card catalog in favor of the computerized, virtual version. In his latest examination of the library world, Nicholson Baker takes issue with the practice over the past several decades of preserving the content of original printed works (particularly newspapers) by microfilming them and then discarding the originals to save space. By his math, we could have saved a lot of money and a lot of valuable research material by building warehouses to keep all of the originals, rather than by creating microfilm that is often badly made, is always inconvenient to use, and is generally less valuable for certain types of research. Baker takes particular aim at the Library of Congress and other major research libraries for their apparently irresponsible actions and utter carelessness with our published heritage.

While I agree that decisions have undoubtedly been made which, in retrospect, were not the best preservation solutions (lamination is one glaring example), I also understand that only in retrospect do we become aware that today's problems are generally a result of yesterday's solutions. More importantly, though, while Baker's arguments demand our attention, the problem that he identifies is really not the central issue; in short, far more is at stake than he seems to realize.

If we accept the fact that all the newspapers and books of the world are still only a small portion of the universe of publications, paper records, objects, sound recordings, visual images, and other tangible links to our past, then it seems to me rather misguided to treat the printed word in a vacuum, completely independent of any preservation concern for other forms of information. With only finite resources, not everything can be saved. (And even if infinite resources were available, I would argue that not everything should be saved.) What is unfortunate is that Baker fails to recognize that his concerns are only a

small part of a much more complex issue—namely, how we, as a society, define what is important to us. What is worth preserving and what is best forgotten? What can be saved and what may have to be discarded (even if begrudgingly)? These are conscious decisions—indeed, very difficult decisions—that all of us have to make.

Readers of *Double Fold* will note that Nicholson Baker's writing is generally quite entertaining, even if his arguments are often overstated and based on little more than anecdotal evidence. Still, his emotional appeals do succeed in eliciting emotional responses. I would suggest, however, that rather than weep for the things we may have lost, we should focus our energies on what we may yet save.

Dickinson College

James W. Gerencser

Recent Acquisitions

A Pennsylvania German Reader and Grammar, *Earl Haag*, 1982. 299pp; hard cover. \$35.50. Available from Whistlestop Bookshop, 129 West High Street, Carlisle, PA. 17013. Phone (717) 243-4744. Donated by Harry Goldby.

The American Kitchen: 1700 to the Present, From Hearth to Highrise, Ellen M. Plante, 1995. 340pp; hard cover. \$32.95. Available from Whistlestop Bookshop, 129 West High Street, Carlisle, PA. 17013. Phone (717) 243-4744. Donated by Carolyn Ford.

Dating Fabrics: a Color Guide 1800-1960, Eileen Jahnke Trestain, 1998. 206pp; hard cover. \$24.95. American Quilter's Society, P.O. Box 3290, Paducah, KY. 42002-3290. Phone (800) 626-5420. Donated by Vivian Leidy.

EVIDENCE! Citation and Analysis for the Family Historian, Elizabeth Shown Mills, 1997. 124pp; hard cover. \$16.95. Genealogy Publishing Company, 1001 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, MD. 21202-3897. Phone (800) 296-6687. Donated by Charles Vanasdalan.

Fraktur: Folk Art and Family, Corinne and Russel Earnest, 1999. 192pp; hard cover. \$49.95. Available from The Heritage Center Museum of Lancaster County, 13 West King Street, Lancaster, PA. 17603. Phone (717) 299-6440. Donated by Mary Mumma and Lois Wirz.

Guide to the State Historical Markers of Pennsylvania, George Beyer, 2000. 456pp; paper. \$15.95. Available from the Cumberland County Historical Society Museum Shop. Phone (717) 249-7610. Donated by the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission.

Into the American Woods, Negotiators on the Pennsylvania Frontier, James H. Merrell, 1999. 463pp; hard cover and paper. \$27.95/\$14.95. W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY. 10110. Phone (212) 354-5500. Donated by Robert Levon and Jan Reynolds.

The Lincoln Trail in Pennsylvania: a History and Guide, Bradley R. Hoch, 2001. 296pp; hard cover. \$28.00. Penn State University Press. 820 North University Drive, University Support Building 1, Suite C, University Park, PA. 16801. Phone (800) 326-9180. Donated by Bradley R. Hoch.

Lost in Pennsylvania? Try the Published Pennsylvania Archives, Christine Crawford-Oppenheimer, 1999. 20pp; paper. \$5.95. Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania, 215 S. Broad Street, 7th Floor, Philadelphia, PA. 19107-5325. Phone (215) 545-0391. Society Purchase.

The Mid-Appalachian Frontier: A Guide to Historic Sites of the French and Indian War, by Robert B. Swift, 2001. 128pp; paper. \$17.95. Thomas Publications, PO Box 3031, Gettysburg, PA. 17325. Donated by Thomas Publications.

One Good Regiment, The 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry in the Civil War, 1861-1865, Harold Hand Jr., 2000. 302pp; paper. \$21.95. Trafford Publishing, Suite 6E, 2333 Government Street, Victoria, BC V8T 4P4, Canada. Phone (888) 232-4444. Donated by Jan Reynolds.

Plain Women: Gender and Ritual in the Old Order River Brethren, Margaret C. Reynolds, 2001. 191pp; hard cover. \$29.95. Penn State University Press. 820 North University Drive, University Support Building 1, Suite C, University Park, PA. 16801. Phone (800) 326-9180. Pennsylvania German Society membership.

Shadow of Freedom: Slavery in Post-Revolutionary Cumberland County, 1780-1810, John Alosi, 2001. 170pp; paper. \$12.95. Shippensburg University Press. 1871 Old Main Drive, Shippensburg, PA. 17257-2299. Phone (717) 477-1420. Donated by John Alosi.

The Three Mountain Road, Hayes R. Eschenmann, 2001. 62pp; paper. \$10.00. Available from the Shippensburg Historical Society. 52 West King Street, Shippensburg, PA. 17257. Phone (717) 532-6727. Donated by Hayes R. Eschenmann.

Underground Railroad in Pennsylvania, William J. Switala, 2001. 216pp; paper. \$19.95. Stackpole Books, 5067 Ritter Road, Mechanicsburg, PA. 17055. (800) 732-3669. Donated by Lois Wirz.

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Christa Bassett Hess, Librarian

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