

Early Industries on the Moran,

(Continued from page 204.)

At the meeting of the Lancaster County Historical Society, held in the Iris Club rooms, on the seventh of January last, I had the pleasure of submitting a paper on the past and present industries of the East Branch of the Octorara and its tributaries, from its many sources along the Mine Hill divide and including the entire region drained by this stream, as far south as Steeleville, which hamlet reposes on the Chester county side of this inter-county water line. Progressing southward from Steeleville, along a continuation of the Brosius Hensel road, the valley of the East Branch suddenly expands, by the recession of the bounding hills, until it is one-fourth to one-half a mile wide, without gorge or defile, for a distance of eight miles, near to Pine Grove, where the junction with the West Branch is effected.

In all this region traversed by the historic Octorara only fertile meadows, sometimes guarded by abrupt hills, greet your view. These meadows, during the grazing season, furnish in abundance luxuriant pastures, fully appreciated and appropriated by the many herds of sleek, fat, contented kine, which, after cropping the nutritious herbage during the early morning hours, retire to the cool, inviting shades of friendly groves, and there, prototed from the heated rays of the summer's sun, chew their cud in silence and repose, until aroused from their quietude by the familiar voices of the rosy-cheeked dairy maids, each summoning their charge to the scene of the evening milking.

Half a mile south of Steeleville a stream of considerable volume, known as Annan's Run, enters the East Branch from the Lancaster county side. This brook rises on the Wm. Borland homestead and, flowing somewhat south of an easterly course through the farm of David J. Jones, effects its confluence with the absorbing stream.

This Jones property is part of a tract of land deeded by the Penn Proprietors of the province to John Devor in 1734. In 1743 Col. James Taylor, of Revolutionary fame, bought the Jones tract and erected thereon a stone house, which even now at this late day is in quite good condition. The walls of this structure are quite thick. Neither sand nor lime entered into its composition. Clay, properly tempered, was used to cement the stones which were required in the construction of the building.

The house was evidently intended to subserve the double purpose of a dwelling and also as a fortification, within which the inmates would be safe during the frequent Indian incursions. The windows or embrasures were limited to two lights of eight by ten inch glass, one above the other. Some of these loop-holes have given place to a more modern style of window, yet enough of the port-holes remain to vindicate the date stone in the western gable which bears this motto, "The Lord of all is my *suport*," (spelled with one p). Below the motto appears the date 1743. This date 154 years ago suggests the query : Are there any buildings extant in Lancaster county bearing an earlier date of construction ?

One hundred years ago an oil mill was in active operation near the site of the fortified dwelling. The waters of Annan's Run had been diverted from their natural

channel to furnish power for the grinding of the flaxseed. Near these buildings a causeway existed for many years prior to the advent of the white man, evidently built by the Indians, across a swampy piece of ground, to gain access to the flowing waters. Tradition tells of an Indian burying ground on the east bank of the stream.

Twenty years ago Mr. Emmor Jones discovered and developed on this tract of land quite a good quality of roofing slate, but want of transportation to market precluded its utilization. Doubtless future generations will operate these quarries. After traversing southward for a half mile the fertile meadows, recently the property of the late John C. Jones, we come to the Ross fording bridge—an open structure across the stream, which, in the dry seasons of the year, affords a safe, dry-shod crossing, but when there is a rise in the creek the Lancaster county approach to the bridge becomes useless and, to use the language of the gamins, is no good. A few rods below the bridge Lancaster county furnishes Shaw's Run to the swelling stream.

Here on the west bank a rocky ledge fifty rods long looms up to view as the foreground of a high hill. The ledge is known as Wolf Rock, which years ago furnished safe retreats for these animals, from which they made excursions to the neighboring settlers' sheep folds, they being fond of lamb, either chops or cutlets. A long, deep pool, whose waters leave the eastern ledge of the rocky ridge, is noted as a fishing resort, and those who delight in Izaak Waltonian pleasures do here congregate during the open season from the entire region roundabout to catch the wary bass.

On the summit of the Wolf Rock bill a **grove** of pine trees three acres in extent

is found. It is a prominent landmark in this region and is known as Roney's Pines, the grove receiving the name of the proprietor, and is not named for Annie, the sweetheart of Joe. South of the rocks on the Chester county side is a beautiful grove on the farm of the late Hamilton Ross, which was the annual camping ground of the Steeleville Bachelors' Club, with which select society a few favored benedicts were admitted, after pledging themselves not to divulge the secrets of the organization to their wives. It is needless to say I never became a member, though frequently a guest. The games indulged in were archery and croquet.

Near to the camping grounds Chester county contributes Officer's Run to swell the waters of the East Branch. This stream was extensively utilized years ago from its mouth to its source. Ascending the stream we first find the site of Love's distillery, next Robb's clover mill, of which only landmarks are found ; then Rambo's saw mill in ruins on a tributary. Of Robinson's clover mill, the site alone remains. Above we find Hodgson's grain mill in good condition and near the headwaters are the decaying buildings of Squire Gilfillin's tan yard. The industry has ceased to exist.

One hundred rods down the stream from the confluence of Officer's Run, on the Chester county side, we come to Pine Hill, on the farm of W. A. Homing. This hill is the especial habitat or home of the red foxes and is celebrated in sporting literature. Those gentlemen who indulge in the manly sport of fox hunting seek the laurel-covered bluffs of this rocky ridge in the early morn, there unleash their hounds, certain before long to rouse reynard from his lair. Soon the baying of the dogs gives evidence that the nimble -

footed quarry, with flowing train, is on the alert, endeavoring to outstrip his insatiate pursuers, whose melodious sounds awake the echoes of each surrounding cliff and are enchanting even to the ear of the fleeing fugitive, although he well knows retributive justice is on his track, and, should he be overtake; his lite would pay the penalty for having robbed some farmer's poultry yard the night previous.

Often have we checked our horses, when driving past this sportsmen's paradise, when the hunt was on, to listen to the symphony of the hounds, recalling those lines by the late Hon. J. B. Everhart, whose memory Chester county ever delights to honor as one of her favored and favorite sons, He thus characterizes the music of the **ohase** :

And surely never yet was heard,
From tongue of man, or throat of bird,
From reed or tube, or string or key,
From all the craft of minstrelsy,
More stirring, joy-inspiring sounds
Than our rude orchestra of hounds
Pours o'er the listening land,
As if the unseen sylvan powers
Went choiring through the matin hours
At Dian's fond command.

But, since my education in fox hunting aesthetics and lore was sadly neglected in my younger days, I most respectfully abdicate the position of historian of Pine Hill in favor of our County Commissioner, Mr. J. R. Rutter, a gentleman with heart attuned to nature's laws, and who is familiar with every bridle path in these forest recesses and for years has been personally acquainted with many of the foxes of this region. Here oft

The challenge loud his horn rang out,
And Reynard knew the sound ;
Not waiting for the opening pack,
He spurred the frozen ground.

And bounding onward far and wide,
Left old Pine Hill behind ;
And safety sought in hasty flight
From scenes he deemed unkind.

The well-trained hounds, with steady bay,
Follow fast his scented trail;
They gain upon his flying feet,
His speed will not avail.
For hours he toils o'er hill and dale,
Though fleetest of his kind ;
A refuge from his closing foes
Alone in earth to find.

At the foot of the western slope of Pine Hill are found the ruins of Love's saw mill, long since abandoned. The power was derived from the East Branch. Continuing down the stream, we come to an abrupt rocky ledge on the east side. This is the site of the famous Abner Davis quarries, from which immense flag stones are obtained, which are highly prized for building purposes. A short distance below these quarries we find the ruins of Pennook's Mills. They were built early in the present century, but the site alone is found. This was the last power on the East Branch until after the junction in Pine Grove dam. The stream only furnishes about **six** feet fall to the mile in this part of its course.

One-half mile south of these ruins we enter the village known as Andrews' Bridge, consisting of a half dozen dwellings, a hotel and country store, with a blacksmith and a wheelwright shop. Here is located the Octorara post-office, one among the first established by Uncle Samuel in the county, and for many years was the distributor of a weekly mail, consisting of an average of three letters and a copy of *The Dollar Newspaper*. Now it is the dispenser of a daily mail requiring a goodly-sized mail-bag. Three score and ten years ago there was a fulling mill or woolen factory on a nameless tributary in this town, owned and managed by Betsy Kent, who also was the proprietor of a country store, from which she sold free labor goods to the abolitionists of the surrounding county, who were largely

in the majority, this being a Free Presbyterian and Friends settlement.

The chief feature of interest in this hamlet is the immense bridge which here spans the East Branch and is known as Andrews' Bridge No. 2, the town taking the name of the bridge, which was erected in 1814. The bridge received its name in commemoration of the Andrews family, who early settled in this locality and owned several of the surrounding farms. Andrews' Bridge is 450 feet long and the road bed is thirty feet wide. There are four archways, one of thirty-eight feet span and twelve feet high, two arches spanning twenty-four feet and ten feet high and one span twelve feet long and five feet high. It is built of solid masonry, including side and wing walls, and is one of the finest structures in Eastern Pennsylvania. The Newport road traverses this bridge. This road was originally an Indian trail, afterward appropriated by the early settlers without warrant, but about fifty years ago was regularly ordained by the Lancaster and Chester county courts.

Along the line of this road in Chester county, on the table lands, tradition points out an Indian war dance ring, and one hundred and fifty rods south of the ring the same authority locates the position of the Indian village referred to in a former paper. Immediately south of Andrews' Bridge, on the Lancaster county side, eighty years ago there was a distillery where peach brandy and apple jack were made. The building is now used as a dwelling.

One-half mile south of Andrews' Bridge we come to a farm long famous for fertility, which is deserving a place in history. It embraces land in both counties, the improvements being on the Lancaster county side. They include two sets of farm build-

Inge, the property having at one time been in two separate tracts. The mansion house proper is a large stone structure, erected in the early part of the present century by one Black. In 1837 it became the property of Dr. Obed Baily, a gentleman who would have graced a chair in any of our leading medical colleges, notwithstanding he frequently visited his patients on foot, costumed in overalls and straw hat. In 1856 Mr. Clarkson Brosius, father of our present Congressman, purchased the property and here resided up to the time of his death, October 8, 1863. He was a thorough gentleman and devoted to his calling, that of farming. He was methodical, scientific and enterprising and was regarded as a model farmer. He was instrumental in organizing the Octorara Farmers' Club in 1856, which gave an impetus to higher farming in the community. After the death of Mr. Brosius the property passed into the hands of Wm. H. Sproul, who for years resided here, but is now a distinguished citizen of Chester, Delaware county. Pa.

During the occupancy of this historical homestead by Dr. Obed Baily, his only sons, Elisha and Joseph, entered the Medical Department of the Regular Army and rapidly gained promotion during the late unpleasantness and now rank as Colonels. Two nephews and Dr. Milner also donned their Esculapian robes while residents of "The Old Homestead." One of the nephews, Dr. Wilson Baily, late a member of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania from Chester county, distinguished himself as a major surgeon during the rebellion. This was the home of our Congressman during his boyhood, his birth place being on an adjoining farm.

Here Senator Wm. C. Sproul, now representing Delaware county in the Pennsylvania Senate, first saw the light of

day, and on an adjoining farm Byron Baldwin, Surgeon in the United States Navy, was born. Two hundred and fifty rods westward our fellow citizen, Wm. F. Beyer, .Esq., began his earthly career. The James Martin homestead, which furnished two doctors in medicine and one in dental surgery, was also contiguous to the Dr. Baily residence. Such an emanation of talent in one generation, from so circumscribed a rural territory, less than a square mile in extent, is seldom found.

A half mile south from "The Old Homestead" Lancaster county contributes Beyer's Run to swell the common flood. This run received its name from the late Mr. Thomas Beyer, a prominent citizen of Coleraine township. He was the father of our own Wm. F. Beyer, of the Lancaster Bar.

This stream has its source near Nine Points, in Bart township, on the farm where our distinguished fellow member, Mr. John F. Meginness, now of Williamsport, Pa., spent his early boyhood. It flows past the old Brick School House, where the veteran editor of THE NEW ERA once wielded the birch. At least three of the members of the Lancaster County Historical Society were his pupils when *he* presided in this temple of erudition. Three miles down the stream we find the first utilization of its waters in furnishing power to drive the machinery of William Hastings' mills, embracing clover, saw, sorghum and eider mills. They were built early in the present century by James Martin, father of the late Dr. John Martin, of Georgetown, Dr. Josiah Martin, of Strasburg, both of Lancaster county, and of Dr. Joseph Martin, of Stewartstown, York county. Mr. James Martin was a Christian gentleman in every sense of the word, and was courageous in support of his convictions. He advocated temperance,

the abolition of slavery and other reformatory measures. He was one of the promoters in establishing the Free Presbyterian Church at Andrews' Bridge. He had one peculiarity, that of expressing himself in rhyme. I remember, when a small boy, of accompanying some neighboring farm hands to this mill for the purpose of making cider. In my desire for observing everything observable I noticed two cardboards conspicuously posted, one on the grinding mill and the other on the press. Not being an adept in reading script, it required some time to decipher the notices.

The first read:

"Please carry your pumice over the road,
That the next one who comes may not balk
with his load."

The other one gave notice

"That two men bearing upon the screw, Are
free from all damage, if any they do ; But
three men bearing upon the screw Must pay
for all damage, if any accrue."

The cider mill was of the type used fifty years ago, the press being worked with a screw and wooden lever, the patrons doing the necessary work.

Near the mouth of this stream, on the farm of Howard Newcomer, a tan yard, known as Swayne's, afterward Hood's, was in active operation about forty years since.

The next industry was a pottery, now extinct, on the Chester county bank of the stream and was owned and operated by Mahlon Brosius, the grandfather of our distinguished Congressman, Hon. Marriott Brosius, whose birthplace is on the Lancaster county side of the creek, fifty rods from the pottery site. Here it was that during his early boyhood he often doffed his shoes and stockings to wade across the stream to start the hydraulic ram which furnished the water supply to the farm buildings, then little

dreaming that those chubby feet were destined in after years to worthily wear the sandals of the Great Commoner. A covered bridge here provides safe dry-weather transit. One mile south we come to Bell's Mills, erected by Colonel Bell, nearly one hundred years ago, for the manufacture of paper. Three score and ten years ago Robert Hodgson converted them into flour, feed and saw mills, for which purposes they are used at the present time. Forty-three years ago the late Wiliam S. Davis became proprietor and the property continues in the Davis family. The power used to drive these mills is derived from Bell's Run, which rises in Bart township, near Bartville. Three miles from its source we find the ruins of one of the oldest grain and saw mills in this region. It was erected by Daniel Beyer, the grandfather of the present generation by this name, in Cole-raine and Bart townships. He came from Montgomery county and settled on this farm in 1789. He was a millwright by trade and the mills were his own handi-craft. He operated them personally up to the time of his death in 1840.

Near to Bellbank, the modern name for Bell's Mills, we find covered bridge No. 3. It is a dry-weather bridge, the Lancaster county approach being subject to inundation when the water overflows its banks.

Three-fourths of a mile down the valley the East Branch receives from the Ches-ter county side quite an increase in vol-ume by the accession of the waters of Muddy Run, which rises in West Fallow-field township and flows a southwesterly course through the townships of Upper and Lower Oxford to join the common flood. The water ^{powers} of this stream years ago were fully utilized. In a dis-tance of five miles seven industries were

In operation. Ascending this stream one-half mile to Cream P. O. we find a creamery. Originally this power was used to drive a grist mill. This was converted into a paper mill and, after being burnt out twice and as often rebuilt, the power was utilized in making gilt-edged butter. Ascending the stream, we come to Coates' saw and paper mill, for years on the decline. The next industrial site is the ruins of McHenry's paper mill. Up the creek we come to McCreary's flour and feed mills in good condition. The next in order are the Evans' mills, grain, saw and sorghum, to which a creamery is attached, all in fair repair. Continuing onward we find the ruins of Bentley's mills. The next enterprise was located on the head waters and shows a feat of hydraulic engineering worthy of historical notice, perhaps without a parallel in either Lancaster or Chester counties.

Sixty-five years ago an Englishman, named Parker, erected a cotton factory in a locality he named Glenville, on the head waters of this stream. He built an embankment twenty-five feet high across the valley to retain the water of two small branches, which was to be utilized in driving the factory machinery ; but the great amount of evaporation from the fifteen to twenty acres of water surface during the summer months rendered the supply inadequate for the purpose intended. One hundred rods below the factory the stream was reinforced by two tributaries, one from the north, the other from the south. These streams he ascended until on a level with the factory dam and from these points ditched these branches around their respective hills until their waters flowed into the common reservoir. The power still being insufficient, he then ditched the tail race from the factory around the northern hill until he ob-

tained sufficient fall to the bed of the stream. This waste water was then conducted onto a very high breast or pitch. back water wheel, upon the outer rims of which buckets were secured, and as the wheel revolved they would fill with water from the pit and carry it to the top of the wheel where it was discharged into **an** aqueduct that conducted it to the upper race, from whence it flowed back into the dam, to be again used in driving the machinery of the factory. It was claimed that this hydraulic engine would raise thirty per cent. of the water flowing upon the wheel. I think twenty-five per cent. was nearer the mark. Poor Parker was fond of gaining, and, although quite rich when he came to Glenville, his associates managed to fleece him of his wealth. He sold the property to Gen. Josiah Harlan, who had served as organizer of the Turkish army in his younger days, but he suffered the factory and all the appurtenances to crumble into ruins. He afterward became Colonel of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, and after the war returned to a brother near West Chester, where he died. The power is now used to drive a flour and feed mill.

Returning to the East Branch, 300 yards below the mouth of Muddy Run we come to the Iron Bridge, No. 4, spanning the stream, where was previous to the advent of the bridge the Long Fording. This bridge, like others on this stream, is a dry-weather bridge. The approaches to many of them on the Lancaster county side having to cross the valley of the stream, are subject to overflow when there is high water. These meadows bordering the East Branch, and through which we **have passed, are** annually visited in the months of March and April by goodly numbers of Wilson's Snipe (*Scolopax Wilsonii*), the most highly prized of all

our game birds. These annual visitants stop during their migration northward to replenish their haversacks with the, to them, toothsome angleworm. This information is especially dedicated to that prince of Lancaster sportsmen, Captain John B. Peoples, who will doubtless don his shooting toga and hie him away to the East Branch meadows to verify the statement, taking our friend, Mr. Leidigh, of the People's Bank, with him.

The next tributary of the East Branch to claim attention is a Lancaster county stream known as Cooper's Run. It rises west of Bartville, flows east of south and empties its waters on the farm belonging to the heirs of the late Col. Andrews. Descending the stream from its source, the first tribute exacted is by a grist mill known as Morrison's. It was erected early in this Nineteenth century by Morrison, and has continued in the family until a few years since. Down the stream 150 rods we come to the ruins of Truman Coates' clover and saw mill. Mr. Coates died, without issue, a few years since, and in his testamentary document he kindly remembered the Lancaster Home for Friendless Children. One mile farther down and near the mouth of the stream we find the ruins of Col. Andrews' mill. After three score and ten years of service in grinding the grists of neighboring farmers it, fifteen years since, lapsed into desuetude. Continuing down the East Branch we come to covered bridge No. 5, known as Worth's bridge. It is also a dry weather bridge, and affords transit on the farm of Ex-County Commissioner Albert Worth. One mile down the creek on the Chester county side we come to the dilapidated village of Mount Vernon, so named, although situated in a ravine. Three score years ago it was the most populous town of the entire region, its only rival being

the village of Hopewell, The cotton works are situated two miles distant in a southeasterly direction. The cotton factories and paper mills in Mount Vernon gave employment to scores of people, who in turn opened up a market for the surrounding farmers' produce. Oxford, three **miles east, was** then only a stage station on the through route from Philadelphia to Baltimore, but after the Baltimore Central Railroad, forty years ago, passed through Oxford new possibilities were opened up for the latter, whose growth was then remarkable and now numbers 2,000 inhabitants. Mount Vernou and Hopewell lost their prestige, industries were abandoned, enterprise ceased its wonted vigor, and degeneracy ruled supreme. The East Branch is here crossed by covered bridge No. 6. Less than a mile down the stream the junction with the West Branch is effected at a place known to local geographers as the Loop, from the fact that the East Branch and Octorara proper form a semi-circle around a Chester county hill near to the head of Pine Grove Dam. In this paper, as well as in a former one, I have briefly referred to the past and present industries located upon the Chester county tributaries of the East Branch, they properly belonging to the Valley of the Octorara. Though conventional lines separate this territory for political purposes, the people are bound together by ancestral, social and religious ties which geographical restrictions cannot efface.

And, while we to the manor born are proud of our empire county, her past history, her present standing in all that tends to make her grand and great, her unrivaled soil, her climate arid general environments, together with the achievements of her sons and daughters, yet we must acknowledge and greet our mother

county as a worthy rival in everything pertaining to education and the development of industrial institutions. After a residence of more than three decades along the inter-county line I, although a Lancastrian in every fibre, am glad to claim Chester county as my Alma Mater.

Here we leave the valley of the Ootorara, including my native township, Coleraine, with its many cherished memories and bitter recollections, which are always thickly strewn along the pathway of him who assumes the responsibilities of the family physician.

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