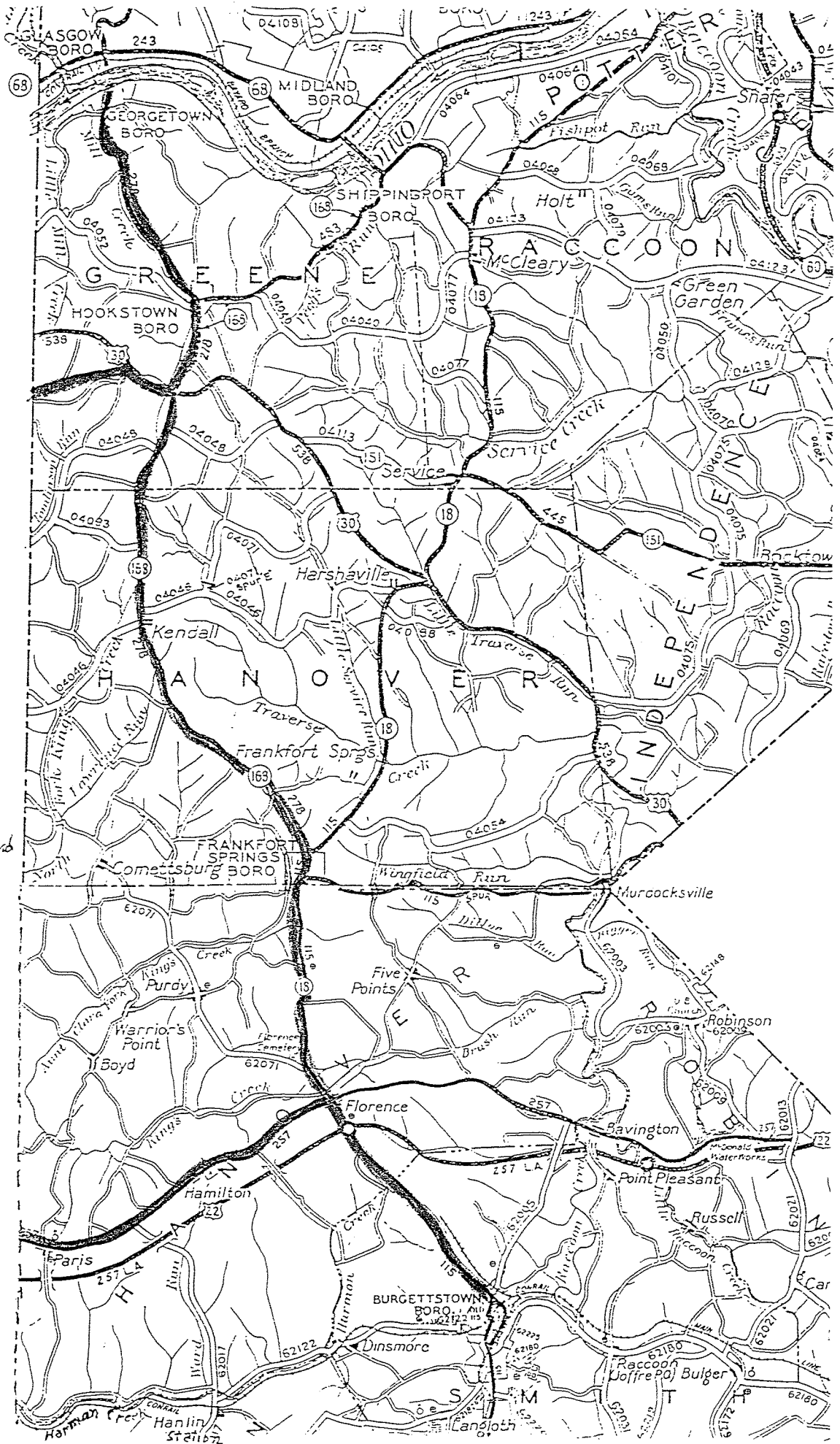


# **Fort Vance Historical Society**

**Bus Trip  
September 25, 1993**

Established

In February, 1969, for such purposes as  
“ ... to bring together those people interested in history  
... to provide for the preservation of historical material  
... to promote a better appreciation of our American heritage...”



Kesley Chapel  
 New Manchester  
 Joe site  
 New Cambenland  
 Iron Furnace  
 Three Springs

## BURGETTSTOWN

by A.D. White

Our town was named for the German immigrant, Sebastian Burgett who came here about 1780 and took up land which was patented to members of his family in two tracts: "West Boston," of 329 acres, this lying where the "Old Town", South Burgettstown is now located, and "Radius," of 297 acres, located in the valley of Plum Run, to the west.

The Burgett Mill was located where West Pittsburgh Street crosses Little Raccoon Creek. Sebastian Burgett was killed in an accident on September 4, 1789, when he was bringing a load of castings for his mill from Pittsburgh. The wagon on which they were loaded upset in crossing a log and he was crushed under it. Members of his family lived in the area for many years, but most of them located elsewhere, and the family is no longer found here.

A fort for protection of the family and neighbors from Indian attacks was built on the Burgett land. A graveyard on the hill above the fort was used for members of the family and a few neighbors.

The town was laid out by George Burgett on his father's land and was called, "West Boston," and later Burgettstown. The town grew to the north along the banks of Little Raccoon Creek when the "Panhandle" Railroad was built through the area in the 1860's. The "New Town" centering at the railroad station was first known as Abeline, named for the Abel family, but later it became known as Cardville, a name which was used for the Post Office at that point until 1883, when the Burgettstown Post Office was moved there and the former Burgettstown Post Office in the Old Town became known as "South Burgettstown."

A proposal to secure a charter and form a borough was first made by Finley Patterson and others in 1877, but nothing further was done until the charter was secured on March 23, 1881, and the new borough embraced the areas of both the Old and the New Towns.



We climbed the hill that overlooks the town and valleys deep,  
And placed a wreath upon the graves where founding Burgetts sleep.

The Burgett descendants who gathered in Burgettstown in May, 1971, are shown here as they visited the burial grounds of their ancestors atop the hill overlooking "their town." The Burgetts were guests of the Fort Vance Historical Society at a meeting which attracted about 300 people. Philip and Mildred are shown on the left.

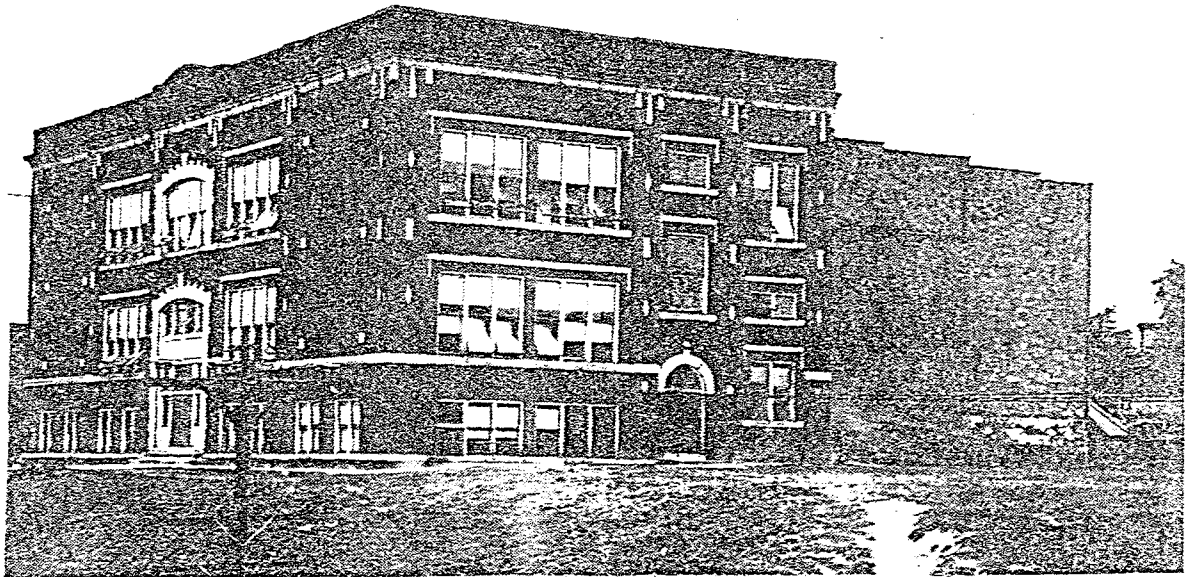
(Note: Philip and Mildred Burgett are now deceased.)

## PHILIP BURGETT - A DIRECT DESCENDANT

Philip Leland Burgett, born in 1900, Deep River, Iowa. His father was Alcinus LeRoy Burgett, also born at Deep River, 1860. His grandfather was Philip Boston Burgett, born in Salineville, Ohio, 1823. His great grandfather was George Washington Burgett, born in Burgettstown, 1798. His great, great grandfather was Philip Boston Burgett, born in Burgettstown, 1767. His great, great, great grandfather was Sebastian Burgett, born in 1739 in Germany.



Burgettstown's first school building. Located on Liberty Street, the lot (No. 45 in West Boston), was dated April 23, 1807. (From "A Century of Education," by William Melvin,



Union High School, Burgettstown, in its "hey-day." Built in 1917, the building was burned to the ground within three hours on March 21, 1963. (Photo from the Enterprise files.)

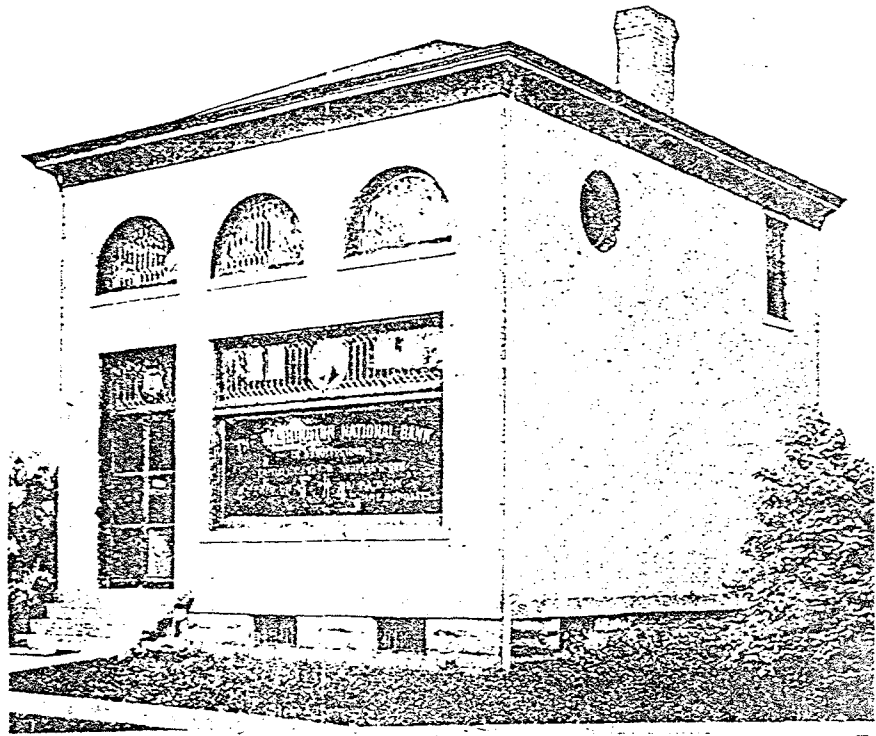
## The Bank - Humble Beginnings

Mellon Bank, Burgettstown Office, had its beginnings as Washington National Bank in 1903. A one-room, one story building was constructed where Roberts TV and Hardware now stands.

By 1910 to 1912, additions were made, and it became a three-story brick with lodge rooms and offices.

The present building was started in 1920 and occupied in 1921. It was a modern banking facility and operated as Washington National until November, 1947, when it became Citizens National of Washington.

In 1948, it became the Burgettstown Office of Mellon Bank, the late John M. Scott being president for a number of years. Lee R. McKinney worked up to manager, from the humble beginning of working for six months without pay at the age of eighteen.



The Washington National Bank building is nearing completion in this picture, taken in 1920 or 1921. Shown at the left atop the building is James Martin, who built "most of the buildings in Burgettstown," as his proud daughters tell it. (Loaned by Vera Martin)

## Florence

by A.D. White

Florence was first known as Mount Bethel when a small village of that name was plotted in 1814 by James Proudfoot (Proudfit) on his tract of land, a part of the patent known as "Guadeloupe." This tract was taken up by Samuel Johnston, probably the earliest land-holder in his immediate neighborhood. On a very near adjoining tract James Briceland, in 1813, had opened a tavern at the "Cross Roads" at the intersection of the Pittsburgh-Steubenville Pike with the Washington-Georgetown Road, at the location which is the present intersection of Routes 18 and 22. Mr. Briceland, too, plotted a "town" and the two villages, Mt. Bethel and Briceland's Cross Roads, gradually merged to become known by late 1823 as the village of Florence.

Because of its location at this busy intersection, the town grew and prospered, and like most country towns of that day, Florence assumed considerable commercial importance. The first store was opened by a Mr. Anderson, a tannery was operated by James Allison; Benjamin McKindrich had, of all things, a silver-plating establishment, and several physicians were, in turn, located here ministering to the health needs of a considerable territory.

The first Post Office at the "Cross Roads" was a box nailed to a white oak tree where mail carriers on the two traffic routes through the town could leave mail for exchange, and where the residents could leave and pick up such mail as came into the early community. But by 1818 a regular Post Office was established and Moses Bradford was the first Postmaster. This office was continued until very recent years when the town became a part of one of the rural routes out of the Burgettstown Post Office. The residence and tavern-stand of James Briceland was still standing until recent years, having been used for a long time as a store building, but it has now been torn down.

Florence had a newspaper, the "Enterprise," for a few years beginning in 1845, but this publication lasted but a short time. Beginning in 1858, a fair was held for a number of years on a Fair Ground, shown on an 1861 map just a little southeast of the village. This appears to have been started as a competitor of the Burgettstown Fair which began holding exhibitions in 1856, but after holding only a few sessions, the Florence Fair began to languish and soon was discontinued.

The first Presbyterian Church in this area was located at "King's Creek" about four miles northwest of Florence, but in 1798 it was moved to the cross roads and was known for many years as the Cross Roads Presbyterian Church, until assuming the name Florence in recent years. The first building of the congregation at this point was of logs, but three later buildings, of brick, have been erected here. The first of these was destroyed by fire in 1845 and was rebuilt the same year; the second also destroyed by fire, in 1963, was replaced in 1965 by the present ornate and modernistic building which was dedicated on June 27, 1965.

Adjoining the old grounds of the Presbyterian Church here is the historic Florence graveyard, where many of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" including the early preacher, the Rev. Elisha McCurdy and his wife, his "praying elder" Philip Jackson and members of many of the pioneer families of this section of country.

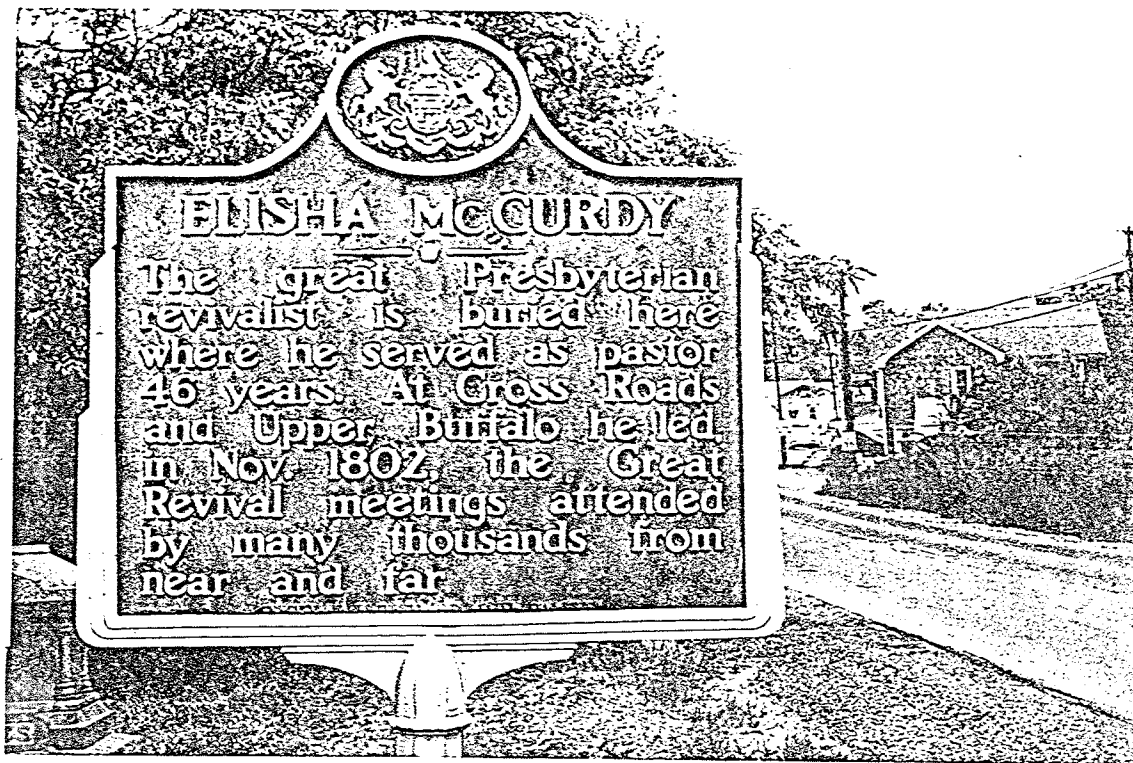


Rev. Elisha McCurdy was the first pastor of Crossroads Presbyterian Church, Florence, serving the church nearly forty years. It was during his ministry that the great revivals took place. (Loaned by Charles Fuller)

Thomas Livingston changed the name from Briceland's Crossroads to Florence, because of his deep admiration for Italy and the city of Florence. Thomas was a son of the original Thomas Livingston, who crossed the Allegheny Mountains in the 1790's and settled here.

Thomas, the son, was a brilliant attorney in Pittsburgh, born in 1805.

(Continued next page)



The Livingston family were the largest landowners in the area, owning five farms at one time, for the five sons, averaging one hundred sixty acres each.

The family established a store at the Crossroads in 1811 or 1812. This was a great convenience for emigrants going west. Here they "stocked up" promising to return later and make payment. The store suffered severely, for most debtors never did return.

The original Thomas Livingston's grave is marked with a flat marker.



The Florence Presbyterian Church as it stood from June, 1847 until it was burned to the ground on February 26, 1963. The

Florence congregation dates back prior to a log structure built in 1786. (Loaned by Charles Fuller)



## Tucker Church

John Tucker came to the area in 1775. It was through him that the Tucker "meetinghouse" was established, the present Tucker Church being constructed of stone in 1824.

John and Henrietta Tucker raised their family under the fear of the Indians. One of their sons, Jonathan, was born in Vance's Fort, the day after the family was forced to flee from a believed attack. They had heard the bells jingle on their horses, a sign that the Indians were near. They awoke the youngsters, let one little boy lead the family cow to provide them with milk, and made their way in the dark to the fort.

John Tucker lived to the age of one hundred years, and is buried near his beloved church in the old cemetery. Henrietta rests beside him, passing away at the age of ninety-six.



This is a picture of the Tucker Methodist Church as it stood many years ago, and is in the possession of Miss Alice G. Melvin, a descendant of the Hanlin family, one of the pioneer families who settled here with the Tuckers. In her own brief "History of the Tucker Church," written many years ago, she stated, "Two giant oak trees, centuries old, stood until recently, within the yard before the church, in almost perfect symmetry, reminding one of the pillars that Solomon "reared up before the Temple, one on the right hand, the other on the left, and called the name of that on the right hand, Jachin, and the name of that on the left, Boaz."

(Miss Melvin is now deceased.)

### Will of John Tucker Founder of Tucker Church

In the will of John Tucker, specific instructions were given for a spot to be set aside for religious purposes. That spot has served that sacred purpose since that day, and is still known as the Tucker Methodist Church. The will also stated various inheritances to be received by each of his children. It reads in part:

"I give and bequeath to my beloved wife, Henrietta, one horse, saddle and bridle, to the value of seventy dollars, one cow worth fourteen dollars, and the chest called her chest, all her own clothing, one bed and bedding, one pot, one table, and half of all the pewter furniture, the house tea kettle, and all the tea ware of every description, six sheep, and the whole use and privilege of the mansion house where I now dwell, while she remains my widow, two chairs, one third of both my orchards, forty bushels of grain, fifteen bushels of wheat, fifteen of rye and ten of

corn, and to have her said horse, cow and sheep taken care of and provided for in hay, grain, straw, pasture and whatever may be further necessary for the safe-keeping of the said creatures, shall be jointly provided by my sons Thomas and David in manner hereinafter named, which property and privileges shall be at the absolute disposal of my beloved wife during her natural life, except the privilege of occupying the mansion house if she should not continue and remain my widow."

(An interesting sidelight to some of Mr. Tucker's provisions should be noted. The "Mansion house" of which he spoke could have been a two-story log structure which was later built near the cabin, or the house that was occupied by the Thomas Perkins family. The phrase, "while she remains my widow," referring to his wife, Henrietta, takes on a humorous significance, as she was almost ninety years of age when John penned his will.)

## PARIS

by A.D. White

## HILLTOP — WEIRTON HEIGHTS

Paris sits high on the ridge between the deep valleys of Harmon Creek and King's Creek, and almost on the Pennsylvania-West Virginia state line.

Its early importance depended upon its location on the Pittsburgh-Steubenville Pike, now known as Old Route 22.

In the 1880's there were only twenty-six homes in Paris. The building of the Panhandle Railroad in the 1860's boosted the economy with a station known as Paris Crossing. This later closed and Hanlin and Colliers took its place.

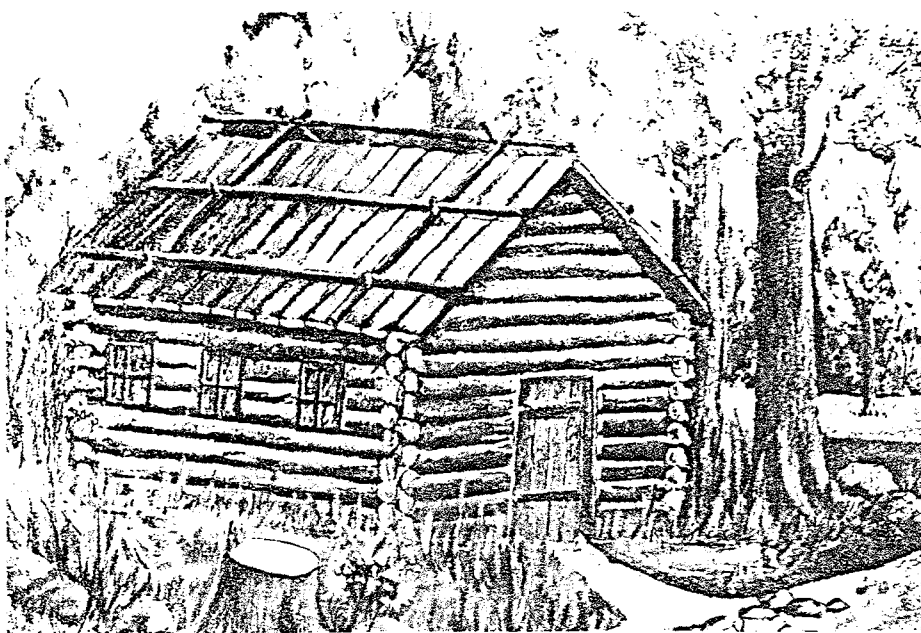
Paris had one of Hanover Township's rural schools, which was closed in 1952.

Three Springs Presbyterian Church was located in the village, later becoming known as Paris UP Church. Also located here were a Seceder and an Associate Reformed Church, the two joining in 1858. Both had log churches for their first buildings. The Associate Reformed congregation was so located on the state line that the preacher stood in one state and the congregation was mostly seated in the other.

The United congregation erected the brick building on the south side of Main street, which until recently housed Long's Store and the Post Office.

Those of Methodist inclination attended Tucker church, located between Paris and Florence.

With the development of the steel industry at nearby Weirton, the demand for housing spread into Paris, which has grown into a thriving residential vicinity.



In 1790

Pioneer James Campbell gave the congregation five acres of land, known as Three Springs, for a church and cemetery

to be theirs forever. It was located in the area of Wetzel and 16th streets. Rev. John Brice of Forks of Wheeling Church (now Stone Church)

and of Three Ridges Church of West Alexander was appointed to preach at this church on

the third Sabbath of November, 1790. In 1799,

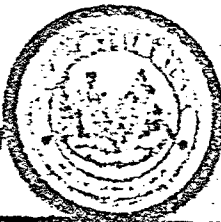
Rev. Elisha Macurdy

was called to be pastor of Three Springs and of The Cross Roads Church of Florence, Pennsylvania.

### THE STORY OF THE LITTLE LOG CHURCH

The above sketch is as authentic as is possible of the first log house of worship of the Three Springs Church. When John Purdy Campbell, who was born in 1831, was a young man, it was a pasttime for him to walk through the old Three Springs graveyard, past the little church. He noted that it was progressively deteriorating, whereupon one day he decided to sketch it in pencil. He gave this sketch to R.E. Campbell, who sketched it again.

It was later given to a young high school student who showed quite an interest in artistic ventures. The student drew the above sketch, which is the only record left for posterity. The high school student is known as Kantini, now famous in Pittsburgh as an artist and sculptor.

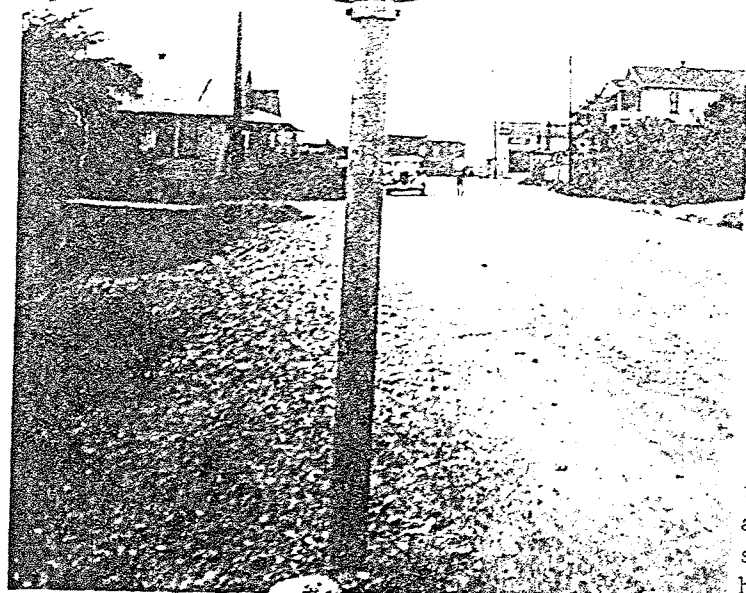


# THREE SPRINGS CHURCH

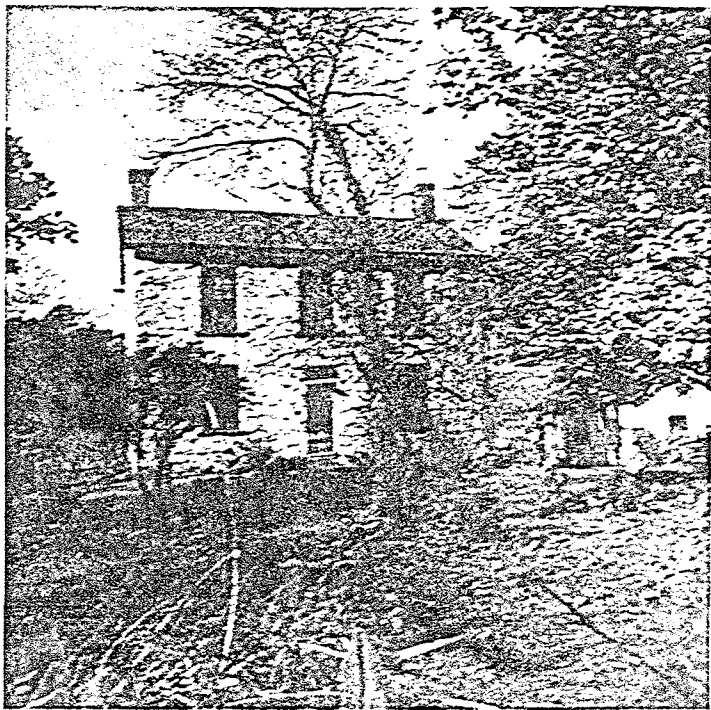
100 yards south is site of original log Three Springs Church. Built 1790 on land donated by James Campbell. Elisha Macurdy, first pastor, called Nov., 1799. The mother church of Cove and Paris United Presbyterian churches.

## THREE SPRINGS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

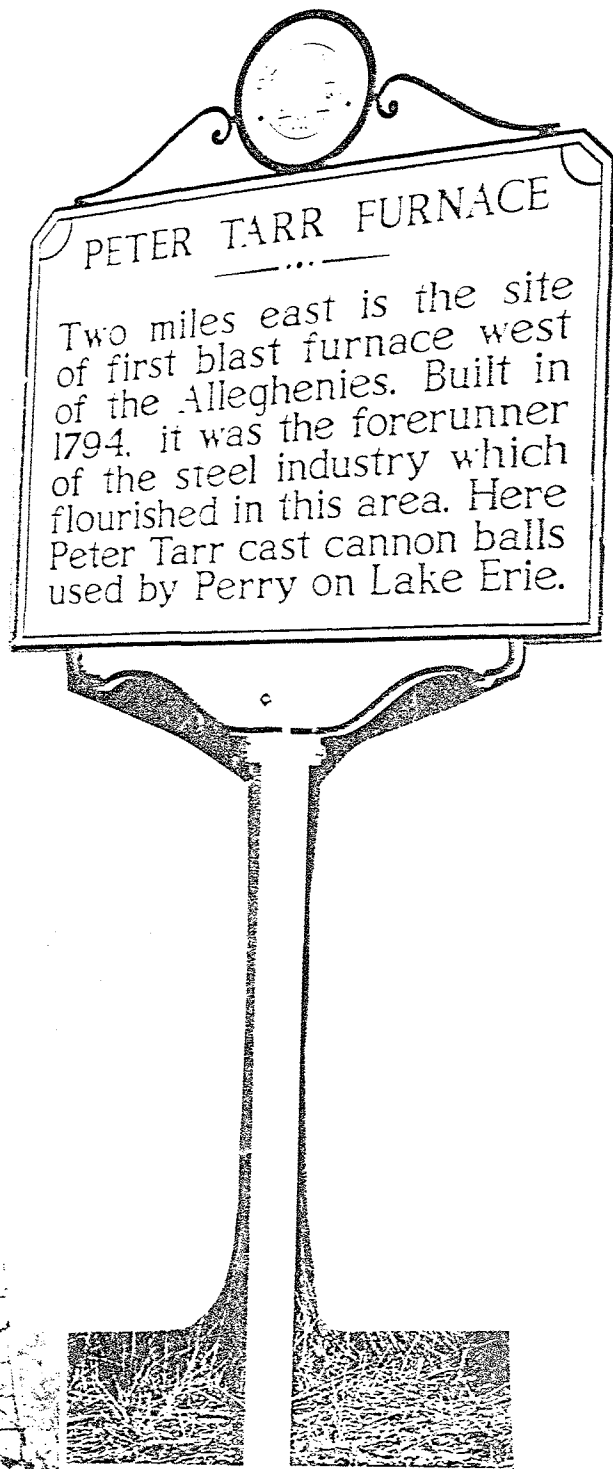
Site of original log Three Springs Presbyterian Church 100 yards south. Built 1790 on land donated by James Campbell. Rev. Elisha McCurdy, first pastor, called Nov. 1799. Mother church of Cove and Paris Presbyterian churches.



This is the original roadside marker that had been placed at one time on the actual spot where the little log church stood. It was stolen and the newer one has been set to take its place.



THE PETER TARR HOME IN KING'S CREEK AREA



SIGN ON W.VA. ROUTE 2  
NORTH OF WEIRTON  
GIVES LOCATION OF  
RE-CONSTRUCTED FURNACE



PETER TARR FURNACE UNDER RE-CONSTRUCTION  
1968

Somewhere between 1790 and 1794 a furnace for the manufacture of iron was built on King's Creek. It was built on land owned by Pioneer James Campbell, by a man named Grant. Peter Tarr received the deed from James Campbell in 1801.

The furnace had a hollow rectangular base six or eight feet, oval in shape. This was the compartment in which the fire and the ore were placed.

On top of this base was a circular chimney. The entire height of the furnace was about twenty feet.

This was the first known iron furnace west of the Alleghenies. Its capacity was less than two tons a day.

Cannon balls used by Commodore Oliver H. Perry in the Battle of Lake Erie, 1813, were cast here.

Although coal was abundant, it was not used in the furnace. The hillsides were stripped of wood, the bulk of which was charred, and used in the furnace.

Most of the metal produced was used for skillets, kettles, grates and other items, which found a market in the sparsely settled region for twenty-five miles in all directions.

After a period of years, the usefulness of the furnace lessened, with the onset of more modern methods of producing better quality materials. The furnace was abandoned, and lay in a state of deterioration for a number of years.

In 1967, members of the Hancock County Historical Society took as

# DEDICATION

## PETER TARR FURNACE



AS IT LOOKS TODAY

**Built - 1790 - 1794 (Mr. Grant)**

**Reconstructed 1968**

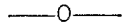
**Saturday, November 16, 1968**

**1:00 P. M.**

their first project the restoration of the spot which had meant so much to their ancestors. The

dedication of the fruits of their efforts took place Saturday, November 16, 1968.

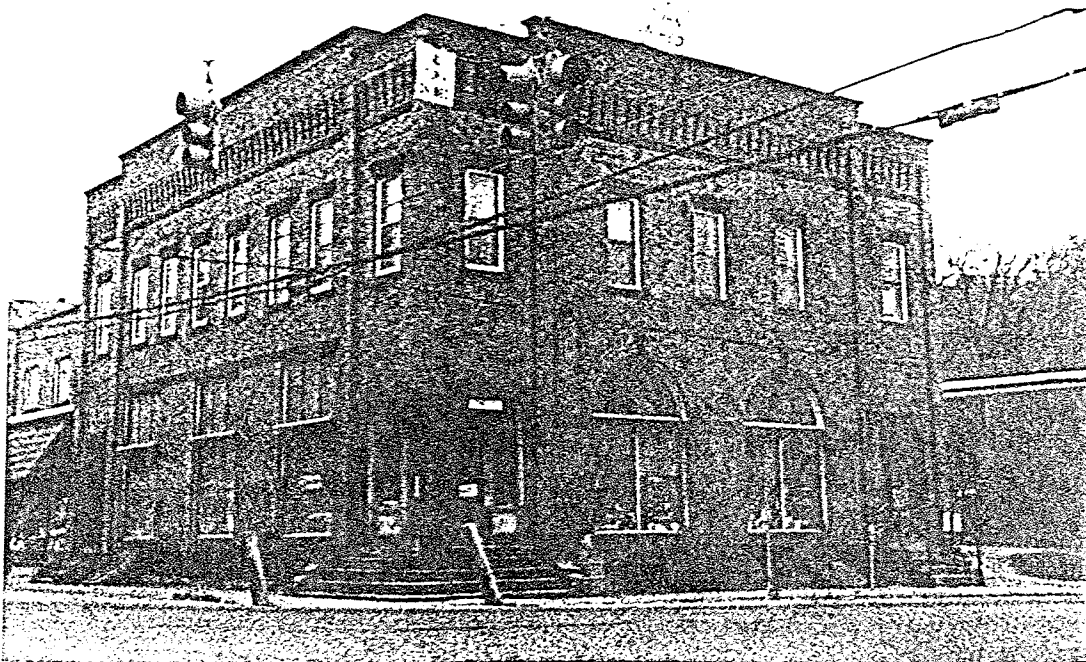
# NEW CUMBERLAND



Captain George Chapman, who served under General George Washington at Valley Forge, is believed to be the original settler on the site that is now New Cumberland. Although it is known that he resided here many years before, the official records show that on October 15, 1792, he purchased 814 acres of land north of Hardins Run, along the Ohio River, to a point near Deep Gut and eastward along the river hills, including the "Upper Town," in New Cumberland. He erected a block house on this tract as a refuge from Indians. Here too, was a U. S. Army fort known as Fort Chapman.

Jacob Nessly settled on Tomlinson Run in 1785 and owned all the land along the Ohio River for a mile back, and extending as far up as opposite Wellsville, a distance of five miles. His first improvement was on a farm later owned by Jacob N. Brown. The fight between Andy Poe and Big Foot was on Nessly's land at the mouth of Tomlinson Run. Nessly built a block house on his land for protection against the Indians. The government block house was built on his land, which was used as headquarters for the guards and spies who were engaged in watching the movements of the Indians.

In 1830, when the first clay mine was opened by James Freeman, there were no more than fifty inhabitants residing in the entire section, from the mouth of Kings Creek to Black's Island, four miles north of the site of New Cumberland. There was a large log house known as the "Ferry House" at Kings Creek. Another large log dwelling, located at the mouth of Holbert's Run, served as tavern and farm house. John Gamble lived a few rods from the river on the same run. One mile north was found another log house known as Black Horse Tavern and Ferry. At Clifton stood another large log house. All of these served as refuge from the Indians.



OLD BANK BUILDING  
ON THE CORNER, DOWNTOWN

The Clay Mining activities of James Freeman, opened in 1830 on the property of John Gamble on Holbert's Run was the beginning of the clay and brick industry that brought workers into this valley. Mr. Freeman mined clay and shipped on river boats to Pittsburgh, where he manufactured brick. Experience soon taught that brick could best be manufactured at the mouth of the clay mine, where there was available coal and wood for fuel.

James S. Porter made the first brick manufactured in this county, opening a plant in 1832 on the south bank of Holbert's Run. Two years afterward, in 1834, Mr. Thomas Freeman followed and Freeman's Landing became a source of considerable business for river men.

The small community was not furnishing Pittsburgh Steel Industry with all its fire brick and clay. In 1837, James S. Porter and Phillip Beall form-

New Cumberland, chartered in 1839, and the county seat of Hancock, was originally pasture. Later it became popular for raising sheep. After the first railroad was built, the gas, oil and brick industries started to boom and the town became primarily industrial.

New Cumberland became known as "brick-yard bend." Some people even made bricks in their front yards.

As the old riverboat captains navigated their boats around the river and saw the brick smelters around the bend, they knew they had reached New Cumberland. The history of the town is entwined with the history of river travel.

Most of the houses were built between 1847 and 1900. Many were made of native stone and brick.

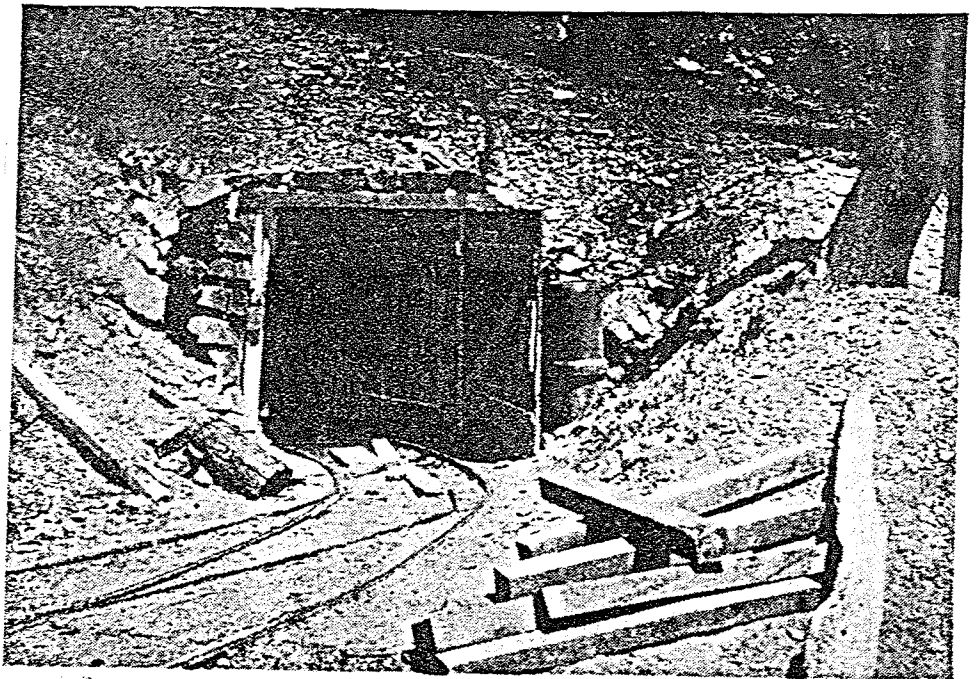
The Presbyterian Church built about 1888, is of native stone from Luke's quarry on Hardin's Run Road. The stone was fitted by hand in such a way that mortar was scarcely necessary.

John Cuppy laid out the town about 1839. It is approximately two miles long and is generally oriented in a north to south direction, following the natural contours of the Ohio River.

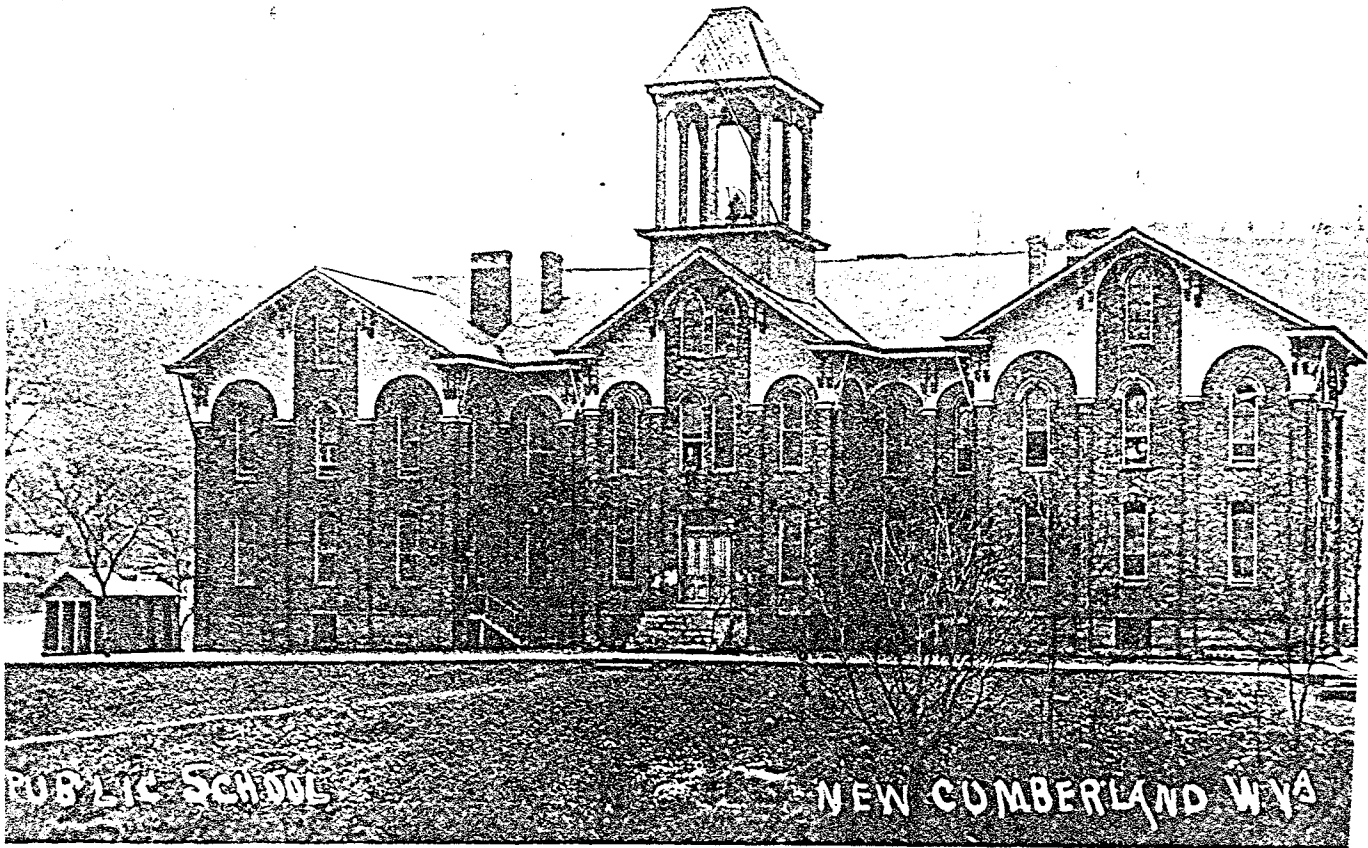
ed a partnership and operated as Porter and Beall and this company, together with Thomas Freeman, supplied the whole trade. They shipped in Keel boats to Pittsburgh. At that time Wheeling purchasers obtained their supply in small flat boats, propelled from that city to Freeman's Landing by horse towing, requiring two days to make the trip, or by the still more primitive method of pole or the hand towline. The descending trip could be made in one day. During this period bricks were made very cheap. Good hands could be hired for \$10.00 per month and board, or \$16.00 without board. Flour cost \$2.50 to \$3.00 per barrel; pork two to three cents per pound; beef from four to six cents.



Incline leading to clay mines



Mouth of clay mine, Crescent Brick



Known affectionately as "Gravel Hill Academy," this public school building was erected in 1871. Generations of students attended and studied within its austere walls, until it was destroyed by fire in January, 1939.

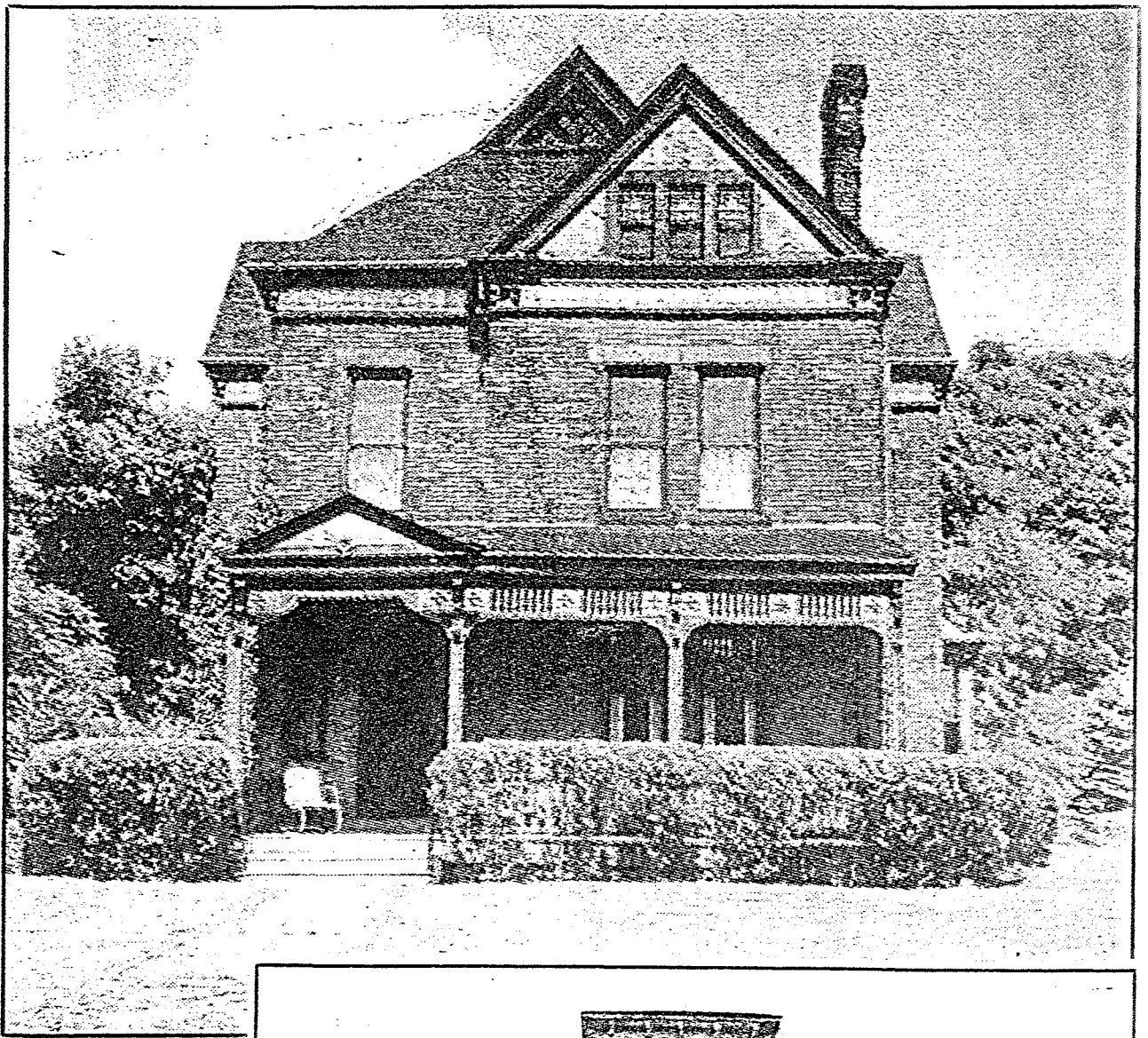


**FORT CHAPMAN.** This structure, erected in 1796, is the first to be built in New Cumberland, and can still be

seen today on Cemetery Hill, just outside the town. Originally built as a log blockhouse for protection

against indians, Fort Chapman, as its builders George and Joanna Chapman called it, since has been covered with siding and abandoned.

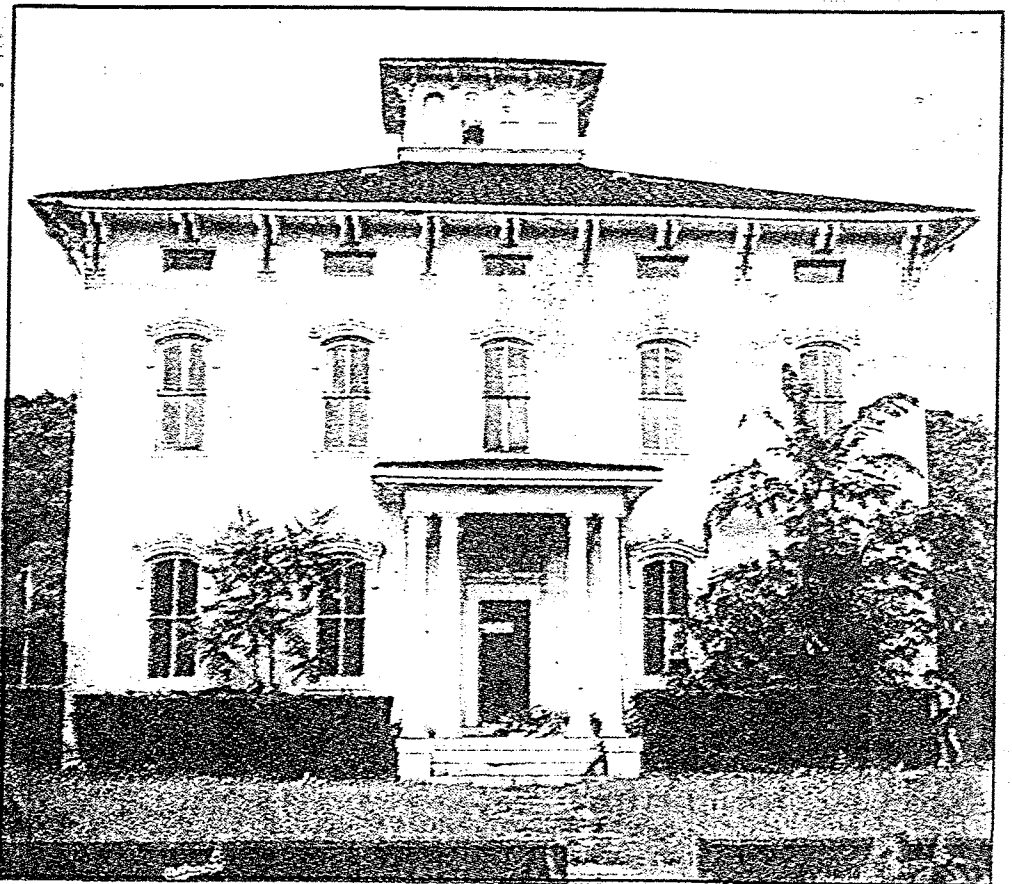


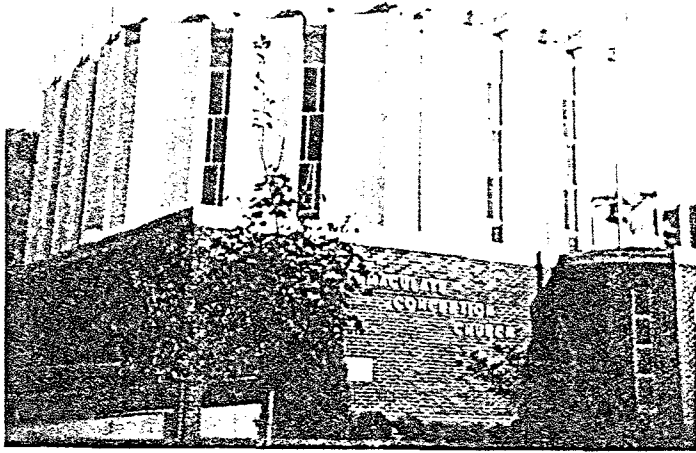


#### OLD HOMES

These are only two of the stately old homes that grace Ridge Avenue in New Cumberland. A number of others, just as old and just as beautiful, may be seen if one drives slowly along the residential street that overlooks the Ohio River.

Upper picture, Marshall home. Lower, Bambrick house.





Mass was celebrated that year, with great pride and joy of all parishioners.

From a dozen families at the turn of the century, membership has grown tremendously throughout the intervening years.

### IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

This beautiful, modern, contemporary edifice stands near the south end of Ridge Avenue, New Cumberland, and is the House of Worship for the folks of the Catholic faith of the area.

The Immaculate Conception Church had its beginnings in 1904, when Rev. Andrew Jaworek held services in a frame church at Rocky Side, north of town. He served until 1910. For the next ten years, the church was a mission, being served by visiting priests from both sides of the river. (Ferry service was available from Toronto.)

In 1920, Rev. Francis Olszewski, who had come from North Dakota, held services in Rocky Side. He remained here for fourteen years.

When this building became inadequate, a combination church and residence was built by Father Olszewski, with Mass being celebrated on Christmas Day, 1938.

This church later became overcrowded, and a new church was dedicated in May, 1956. This one was located on Chester Street, downtown.

It was later realized that the church might serve better if a large, modern building might be located on Ridge Avenue. Thus ground was broken in March, 1968. By December, the church was nearly finished, and Midnight Christmas



STEPS LEADING FROM DOWNTOWN  
TO THE RIDGE

# Nessly Chapel

Aboard a farm sled in the Ohio River is hardly the most comfortable place in the world to sign a deed, but it happened once and brought into being the first Methodist Protestant Church in the world.

The unusual ceremony gave birth to what is now Nessly Chapel, a picturesque church on Route 2 which at that time it was Route 66, south of Newell which occupies a unique niche in the religious background of Hancock County.

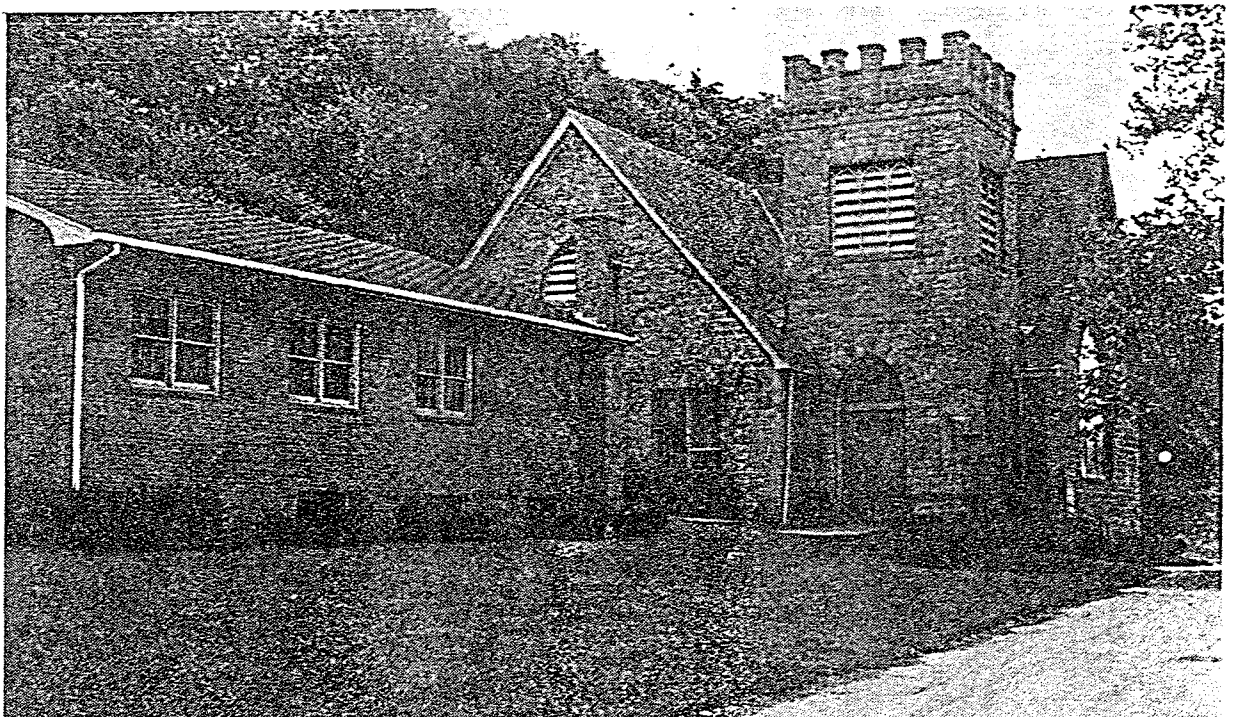
BUILT IN 1826 by Jacob Nessly, a pioneer settler who became a prosperous farmer and distiller, it originally was called the Old Stone Church, since it was constructed of native stone.

The chapel was at first nondenominational and was built for general worship services by the Nessly family.

Nessly settled along the Ohio River on a small farm which prospered into a plantation of 8,000 acres, extended five miles along the river north of New Cumberland.

He donated coin silver to a silversmith who made the first communion cups for the chapel. When Nessly became a Methodist Church, the Rev. Jeremiah Browning, a reformer, was the regular parson.

THE DEATH of his wife, Elizabeth found Nessly moving to Ohio in 1829 and he left the farm in the hands of a grandson, Jacob De-Sellem.



NESSLY CHAPEL - First Methodist Church in the world.

One of the hired hands on the farm was Jesse Sisson, a zealous reformer of the Methodist Church.

Sisson persuaded Nessly to deed the Old Stone Church to the Methodist Protestant group, dissenters of Methodist faith who demanded a strong laity and weak clergy.

A deed was drawn up and Sisson and Richard Brown, a justice of the peace in Virginia, traveled to Ohio to fulfill the requirement of obtaining Jacob Nessly's signature.

Signing of the deed had to take place in the home state of the church, which was Virginia, which later would split into West Virginia.

THE TWO men helped Nessly into the wooden farm sled and they drove into the Ohio River which was under jurisdiction of the state of Virginia.

With a stroke of his pen while aboard the sled, Jacob Nessly farmer, nurseryman, fruit grower and distiller, brought into being the first Methodist Protestant Church in the World. He died at the age of 80 in Port Homer.

## History of Nessly Chapel

The old stone church with its wall so gray  
Has filled its mission and passed away.  
But with the old members that sleep on the hill  
Will fondly linger in our memories still.  
It stood by the roadside midst the rocks and trees  
Swept by the cold blasts of winter and the summer's soft breeze.  
It was a quaint old church with the pulpit so high  
The preacher gave us a message like it came from the sky.  
The old church was built a long time ago  
Was surrounded by woods where now the apple trees grow.  
Well do I remember when but a child  
With my father so stern and dear mother so mild;  
To the old church they took me to hear the parson preach and pray.  
Oh! backward, turn backward old time for a day.  
Close by the entrance a large rock stood nearby,  
Where oft the good mothers would take their babies to cry.  
On this rock sat the boys on a bright summer day,  
To look at the sweet girls so handsome and gay.  
Near one of the windows a sweet brier grew  
Which gave off its sweet fragrance from morn's early dew.  
The founders of this church, from e'er the high mountains came,  
A brave hearted people and Nessly by name.  
They came when the forest bordered Ohio's fair stream,  
An occasional red man was then to be seen.

It took brave hearted men and women too,  
 To come to the Wilds and spin and to hew.  
 Peace to their ashes, as they lie still,  
 Under the broad stones cresting the hill.  
 From the coin of the realm, which our ancestors gave,  
 Were fashioned the cups which we in sacrament use.  
 When we drink of the wine that symbol of blood,  
 Of Him that went to the grave as man, but arose like a God.  
 Let us then remember them too, whose lips so often have pressed  
 These same honored cups, but are now with the blest.  
 I know of but one living that saw the church when it began,  
 One of the dearest old ladies is Aunt Judith Mahan.  
 The years of her good life are four score and sixteen,  
 May she live many more ere time changes the scene  
 Standing nearby where the old church once stood  
 A new one is built with walls strong and good.  
 Embraced in its walls, are the stone of the old,  
 Where oft the love of Jesus was earnestly told.  
 As time rolls along, the new will decay,  
 Its walls crumble down and then pass away.  
 Then, may the angel record it, in letters of gold.  
 They were built for God's glory, both the new, and the old.  
 The credit of building the new don't give it all to the men;  
 As the women did nobly, and so did Curfman's hen.  
 I will now draw on my memory to write of a few  
 That preached from the pulpit and that sat in the pew.  
 The first preacher in mind was old Uncle John;  
 With his saintly old face and a bush for a fan.  
 Up into the high pulpit this old Uncle would go,  
 And told of things that happened a long time ago.  
 There was Dr. George Brown, in his droll comic way,  
 Said, we are going to take up a collection for a good object  
 today.  
 So when you put your hand in your pocket, and get hold on a  
 dollar,  
 Don't let it go and take a piece smaller.  
 An able man was Joe Burns; with such a musical voice,  
 To hear that man sing would make you rejoice.  
 There was Gillispie, Lucas, Colhour and Rush;  
 Who all toward the Pearly Gates, tried to give us a push.  
 John Cowl was with us for many long years,  
 He rejoiced in our joy and consoled us in tears.  
 For a short time we had David Jones,  
 An able man in the pulpit and pleasant in homes.  
 You could almost see the angels, when of Heaven he'd tell,  
 In the old church preached Taylor and Smith and Doctor  
 Updegraff,

All said: Get the whole thing, don't be counted with half.

Curfman was the last in the old and the first in new,  
He'll do his best for God's glory for he is earnest and true.

I'm as bankrupt in words, too weak is my pen,  
To write to the praises of those grand old men

That from the primeval forest cleared up the land;  
And fed their large families with a bountiful hand.

When the Sabbath day came, they threw of their cares,  
And to the old church went to mingle their prayers.

Uncle Abram, the faithful, was always found there,  
A man both fluent of speech and able in prayer.

He was as firm as a rock, or the oak, that stood alone,  
He was grounded in the faith that the blood does atone,

There was Uncle Chap Evans, so good and mild,  
Always had a pleasant word for man, woman or child.

There was Uncle John Brown full of his jokes and his fun;  
Who, when a hymn was lined out sometimes started the tune.

He did not use a fork, but sometimes pitched so high,  
That when we came to the high notes, we just passed them by.

There was Uncle George Brown in his calm, quiet way,  
Would get out his big book when any bill were to pay.

He most always had candy the children to treat,  
As fine an old man as you ever did meet,

There were the Uncle Jakes' and Uncle Dick and a great man  
more,

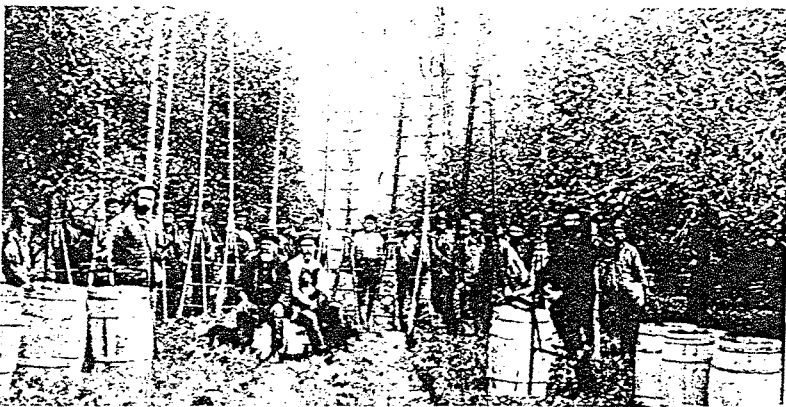
That have crossed over the river to that beautiful shore.

Some were called over early while their cheeks were in bloom,  
Their bodies quietly resting in the silence of the tomb.

Sometimes we'll understand as 'tis sung in the lay,  
Why their Sun went down in the morning or set while yet it was  
day.

Oh, these beautiful windows some dear names do appear,  
And oft when we see them will start the unbidden tear,

Lord ever keep us faithful and help us to try,  
To meet them all there in the Sweet Bye and Bye. Author Unknown



APPLE PICKING CREW ON CHARLES BROWN FARM.

The late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were the days of the great apple industry in the Nessly area. Orchards sprung up on large areas of Nessly land. Barrels were made by coopers on the land of the growers. Each barrel held three bushels of apples. Some of the storage houses held 25,000 barrels.

The chief variety of apple grown was the Willow Twig.

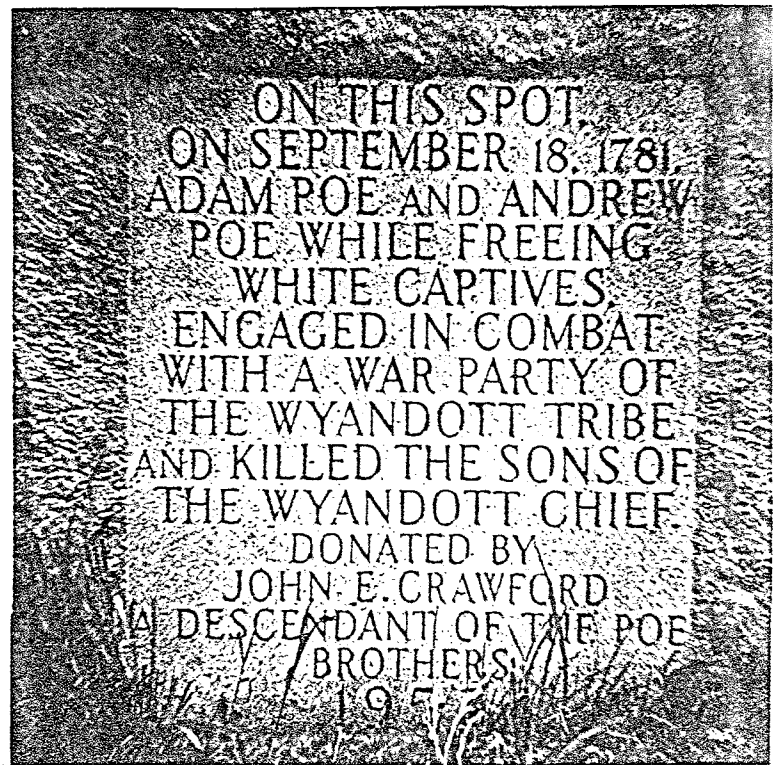
An attractive monument at the delta-like mouth of Tomlinson Run where Moscow Road joins with West Virginia Route 2, marks a legendary spot in the history of the Panhandle. It is not that the legend is not true, but that many controversial versions have been told of the historical event.

This marker tells that Andrew and Adam Poe on this spot fought and killed the giant of an Indian, Bigfoot, son of Wyandot Chief Half-King.

One can imagine the thrashing of the otherwise quiet waters of the stream as it glides slowly into the Ohio River.

Adam and Andrew Poe were noted as Indian fighters. This battle was only one of their countless victories. Their father was a riverboatman, so the brothers, having grown up on the waters of the wilderness, could handle the hostile Indians with ease.

The Poe family at one time owned land in Smith Township, near Langeloth and Plum Run. They traveled west into the Pan-



handle, and on into Columbiana County. However anyone reads the stories of Andrew and Adam Poe, they never fail to fire the imagination and stir the love of Indian lore within us.

Moscow Road leaves Route 2 at the Poe Marker. At the top of the hill traveling east, the old village of New Manchester is found. Just before reaching the village, to the left of the road, is one of the oldest graveyards in the Panhandle, and known as The Flats.

It is not known from where the name is derived. One story handed down is that many of the first settlers in the area had emigrated from an area in New Jersey, where also was a graveyard by this name.

#### THE FLATS GRAVEYARD.

Among myrtle, ivy, tangled stalks of dead rose bushes, depressed graves and broken tomb-stones, are found the following named persons buried underneath its sod. This being a denominational burial place, the Presbyterian elders are grouped together:

Robert Moore, born 1787, died 1847; John Allison, born 1780, died 1852; Henry Silverthorn, born 1774, died 1853; Hugh Sproule, born 1775, died 1855; Abraham Prosser, born 1793, died 1863; Thomas Cameron, born 1795, died 1865; John Scott, born 1791, died 1877; John Pittenger, born 1760, died 1870; Andrew Henderson, unknown.

The next are those who sacrificed their lives that their country might be spared and the union of states remain:

James R. Snowden, James Aten, Isaac Miller, Wm. B. Campbell, Wm. A. Murray, all of Company I, Twelfth West Virginia Infantry.

Next are discovered the graves of David Pugh, born 1779, died 1855; Peter Pugh, born 1770, died 1850.

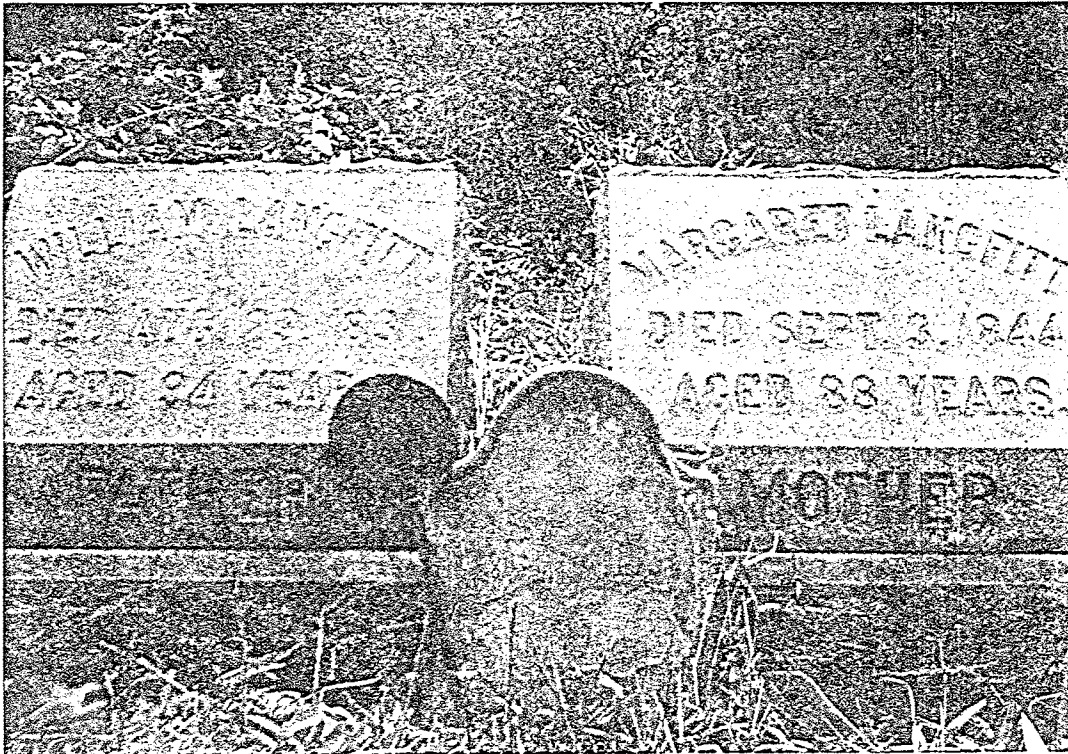
Of the very old men, the following are seen:

James Allison, born March 30, 1744, died March 27, 1844; David Miller, born 1743, died 1842; Jonathan Allison, born 1776, died 1872; John McMillan, born 1748, died 1825; George Wilhelm, born 1761, died 1849; John Miller, born 1789, died 1875; Andrew McCown, born 1767, died 1856; William Aten, born 1779, died 1860; John Marshall, born 1783, died 1860; John Gallaher, born 1754, died 1839; John Edie, born 1762, died 1842.

John Snowden, an Indian scout, who furnished valuable information and aid to the early settlers more than one hundred years ago, rendering similar service as that of Lewis Wetzel, lies buried here, with grave unmarked only by slight indentation of ground.

Alexander Morrow, born 1815, died 1871; Mrs. Sarah Harper, born 1780, died 1863; Mrs. Nancy McHenry, born 1784, died 1859; Mary Allison, born 1790, died 1876.

These are among some of the oldest and most prominent persons interred in this grave yard.



The graves of William Langfitt and Margaret Campbell Langfitt may be found in The Flats. Margaret was the daughter of Pioneer James Campbell, one of the earliest settlers in Hollidays Cove.

#### WILLIAM LANGFITT'S NARROW ESCAPE

In the year 1785 or 1790, a respectable gentleman by the name of William Langfitt, settled near where Hookstown, Pa., is now situated, and erected a cabin and cleared a small portion of ground for the purpose of raising corn. He remained there but a short time, owing to the rumored hostilities of the Indians and their inhuman actions upon the settlers in or near that neighborhood. As he felt somewhat insecure, he conclud-



ed to remove his wife to her folks (Mr. Campbell) on King's creek, near the river. After having raised a small crop of corn and safely stowing it away, then arranged their household, taking with them such articles as were most valuable and started for his wife's people to remain during the winter. Their destination was reached in safety. Early the next spring Mr. Langfitt concluded to go back and get his corn, of which there still remained four sacks full. In company with a Mr. John Garren, he set out on horseback on his journey for his home in the woods. In due season the place was found and the corn discovered to be undisturbed. The horses were each loaded with two sacks of corn a piece and then their heads turned homeward by their drivers. They had not proceeded far, however, having reached the land now owned by Swearingen, when a number of shots were fired at them. They were riding along in single file, and Mr. Langfitt was considerably in advance of Garren. Some Indians had concealed themselves near the foot path, and when they had gone a short distance past them, raised up and all took dead aim at the two whites and fired upon them. Three bullets passed through the lobe of Mr. Langfitt's left lung, and one of the bullets struck his left arm, breaking it, after having passed through his body. All three struck a small hickory tree near by, and so close were the bullet holes that they could be covered with one hand.

Mr. Langfitt heard the screams of his companion, but was fainting away so rapidly that he merely had presence of mind enough to lay close to his horse's mane as it sped through the narrow road. He was discovered and picked up near the old fort not far from Frankfort Springs, about four miles from where he was shot. His horse carried him there. When found he was still clinging to his faithful animal. He lay there for a number of months, but finally recovered entirely from his wounds and died at the age of ninety-six years. His companion was never heard from after that. A number of years later, when the land there was cleared, a gun barrel was found, which was thought by some as being his.

The fort in which William Langfitt found refuge was Dungan's Fort, built by Levi Dungan. It stood just off Route 168 where the restaurant at Ponderosa Golf Course now stands. Mrs. Dungan was a "Granny Lady," administering aid to all in the neighborhood who needed her services as a wilderness nurse or doctor.

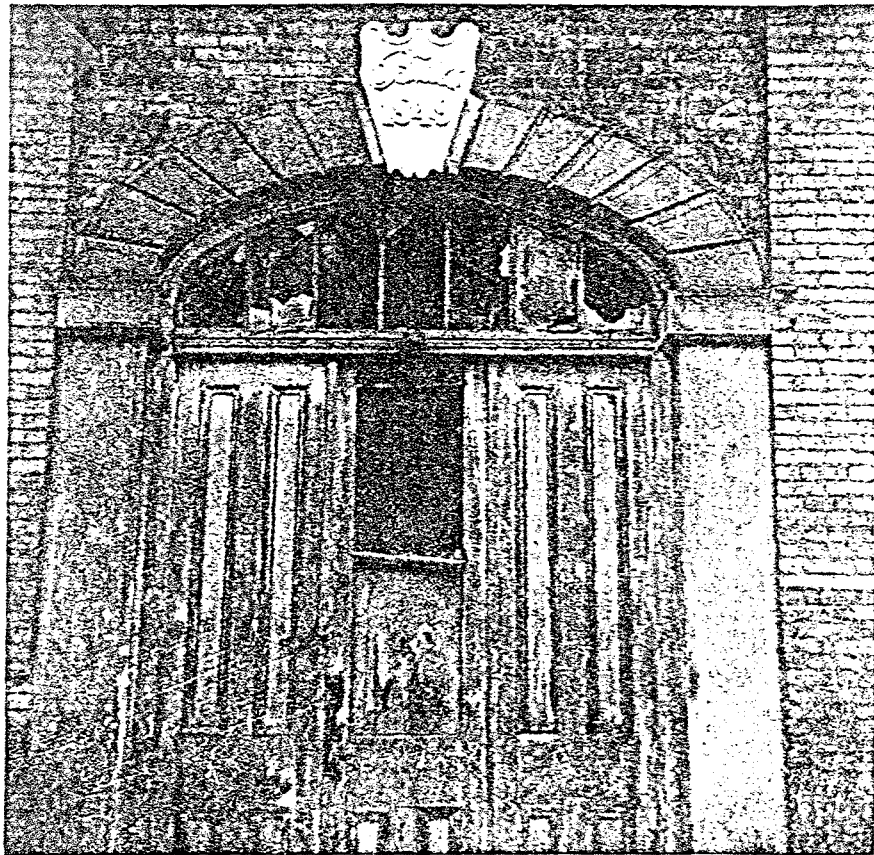
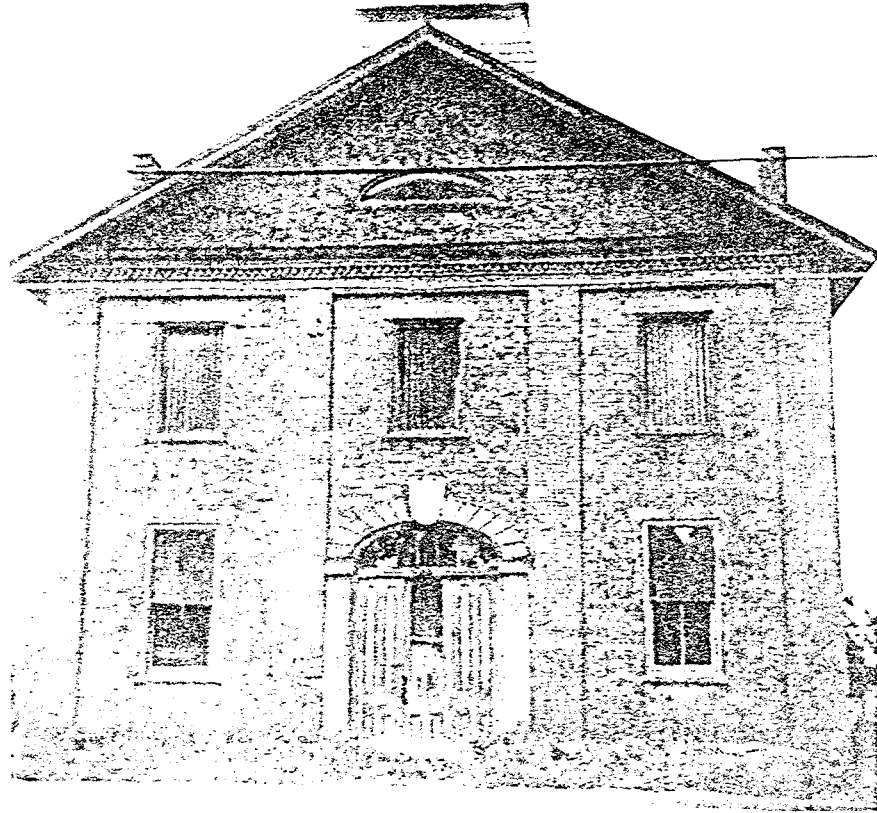
The village of New Manchester, as it is known today, has passed through many cycles. Some years, it was called Pughtown; others, Fairview. And at least twice, New Manchester.

Many businesses were here at one time. They included hotels, harness shops, and trades of many descriptions.

But the moving of the County Seat between Fairview and New Cumberland always provoked controversy. Several times through the years, court proceedings have alternated between the two locations, with courthouses built in each place.

This upper picture is probably the first courthouse, built in 1849, at Fairview, as it was then called. The bottom photo shows the date above the door.

Historically minded residents wished to preserve this old structure, but nothing they could do would save it. It was eventually demolished.

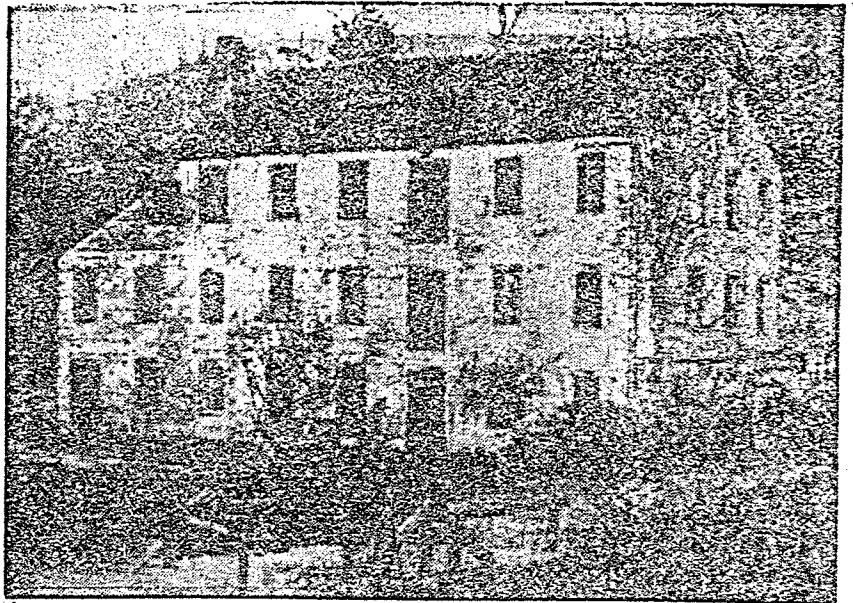


# Fairview Woolen Mill

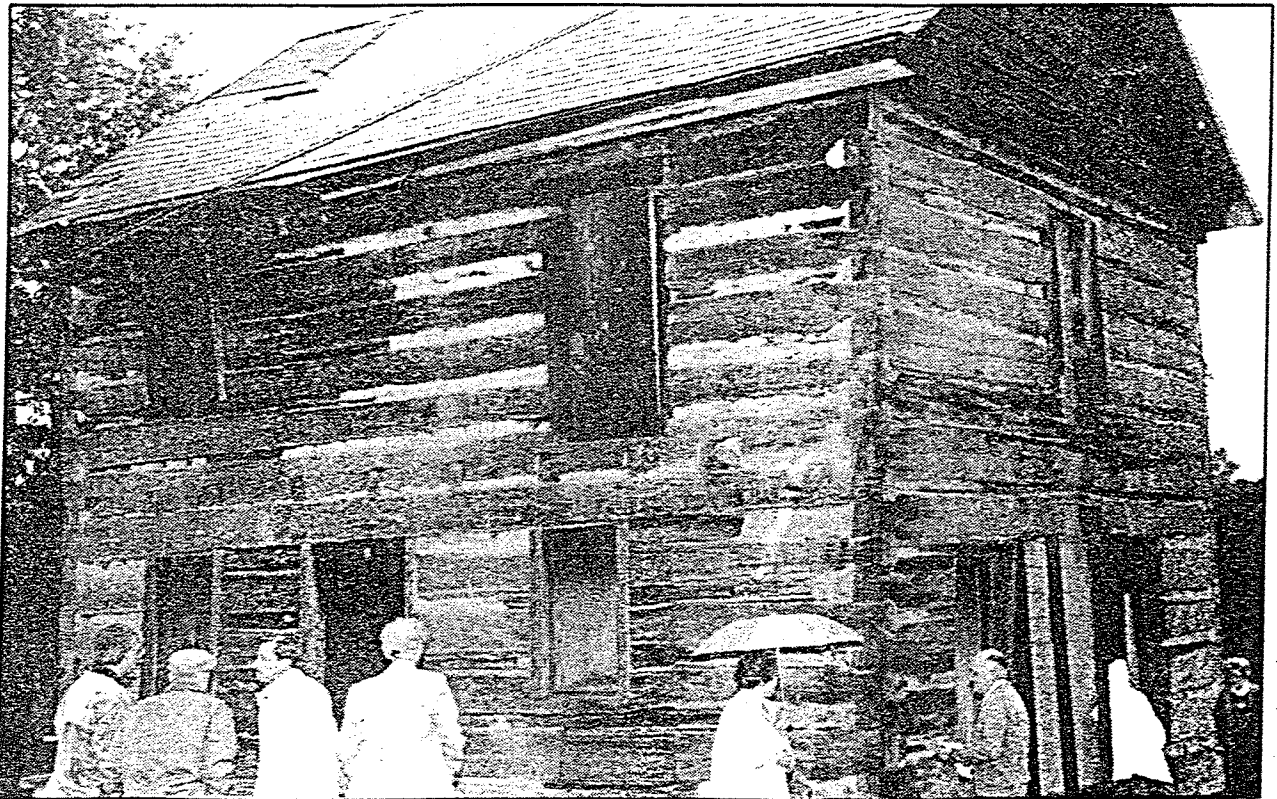
The remains of the former dam and mill site have been located, upstream on Tomlinson Run across from the Boy Scout Camp.

On August 18, 1857, Mary Pugh purchased the mill property at a cost of \$81.

On October 11, 1861, John C. Pugh sold his one-tenth interest to Samuel Huff for \$100. A week later, Samuel Huff and his wife, Nancy Ann sold their share to Peter D. Pugh also for \$100. On September 18, 1866 another Mary Pugh sold 180 acres of the Pugh tract to Peter D. Pugh for \$100.



The Fairview Woolen was formerly located in what is now known as the Boy Scout Camping area of Tomlinson Run State Park.



The Stewart Log House on Route 30 was built in 1790. Carl Stewart's family history begins with Revolutionary War Col. George Stewart. The family has lived in this area over a century.

After the French and Indian War, hundreds of white settlers hurried across the Allegheny Mountains to claim land that had been given to the soldiers in payment for their service to the colonies. In 1768 Ebenezer Zane took up residence at Wheeling, as others trickled across the Alleghenies to settle the upper Ohio River Valley. One of these was Daniel Greathouse, an Indian Scout, who in 1770 settled on the present site of Newell. In addition to erecting a home for him and his family, Mr. Greathouse also erected a blockhouse, for their protection from the Indians, and this attracted other pioneers such as Samuel Muchmore and his family. These first settlers were farmers and trappers and constituted the first industries to be located in Newell.

One day in April 1774, Greathouse, Muchmore, and several of the men of the neighborhood became involved in an incident which eventually resulted in the deaths of forty to fifty settlers along the Ohio River settlements. They lured seven Indians, five men, one woman, and her child, who were camped at the mouth of Yellow Creek, to the Virginia shore, and fed them rum until they became intoxicated and passed out, at which time they killed all but the child. These Indians were the family of Logan, Chief of the Mingoos. Although he had a history of being friendly with the white settlers, he initiated a reign of terror against them, vowing that ten whites would die for each member of his family had been killed. Four years later, in 1778, on the river in front of the Greathouse Fort, Chief Logan shot and killed Samuel Muchmore. A few days later, he and a band of Indians burned Muchmore's cabin and kidnapped Mrs. Muchmore and five of her children. One son, Samuel Jr., the eldest, escaped the Indians who had captured them and returned to the Greathouse Fort. He told of the Indians taking them to the Lake Erie area where he managed to escape. The fate of Mrs. Muchmore and the other four children was never determined.

A marker has been erected to mark the spot where all of Indian Chief Logan's family was massacred by the white men. It is located near the intersection of Routes 30 and 8, north of New Manchester.

The story of Hookstown goes back to 1779, when Robert Rutherford, a land spectator from Berkeley County, Virginia, was granted a patent to 1300 acres of land in Southwestern Pennsylvania. The grant was dated December 23, and signed by the then Governor of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson.

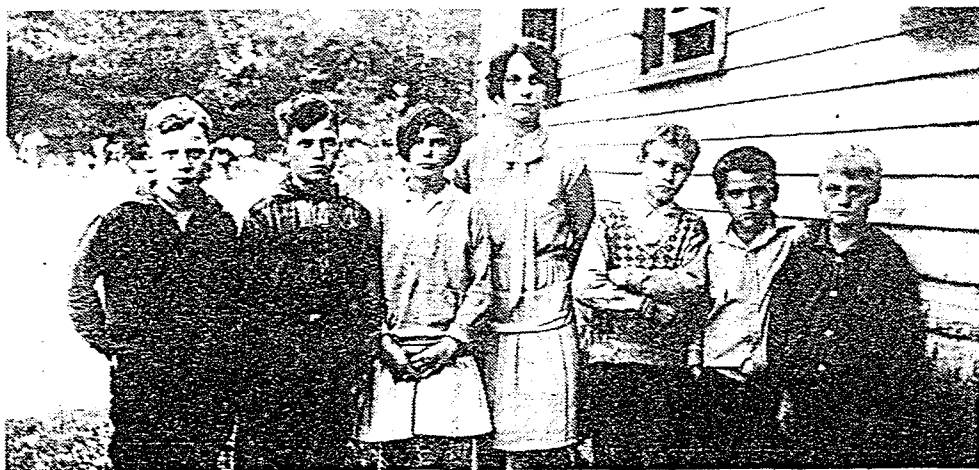
Another patent dated April 17, 1788, gave Rutherford another 1000 acres. Within these two patents is included all the land on which the present day Hookstown is built. There is an old legend that Rutherford secured one of these grants for an ax.

Later, John Hook, of Brooke County, Virginia, purchased acreage from the Rutherford holdings. Hook later sold 285 acres to Joseph Caldwell who built a grist mill and a sawmill in 1800.

Mathias Hook, after whom the town is named, was one of the earliest settlers in the area, coming here as early as 1780. He bought tracts of land and laid out the town.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1982

THE PANHANDLE PRESS



THEN...Members of the Mill Creek Grade School Class of 1929 include (l to r) Donald E. Laughlin, James Laughlin, Emma Mackall Moore, teacher Dorothy Grimm Butler, William Dawson, Paul Dawson and William R. Mackall.

"Then" was the year 1929. "Now" was 1982, when the Mill Creek Class of 1929 held its first reunion.

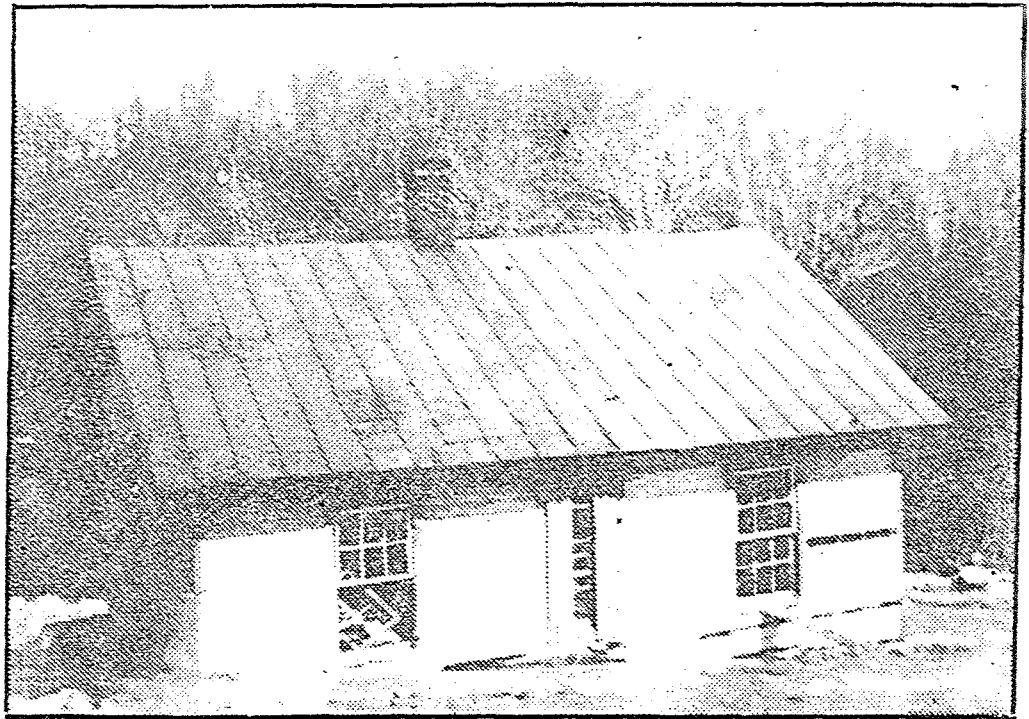
# Reunion

1982

It took nearly 55 years, but students of the Mill Creek Grade School finally had their first reunion this year!

Reminiscing was the theme of the afternoon, as the classes of 1927-28 and 1928-29 met Oct. 20 in the banquet room of Waterford Inn. Mill Creek Grade School was formerly located about 1¼ miles from Georgetown, PA. Wednesday's reunited classes were the last to occupy the school, which was washed from its foundation in a Feb. 24, 1930 flood.

Seven former students and spouses gathered to honor their teacher, Dorothy Grimm Butler. Mrs. Butler noted with a chuckle that at age 18, she was teaching a 14 year old student — an age difference that seems unusual today.



The Mill Creek Grade School — sadly destroyed by the Feb. 24, 1930 flood.

## Reunited at long last



AND NOW...The Class of 1929 today, standing in the same order as over 50 years ago. "Today" was 1982.

## Georgetown

It was because of a fine location on the left bank of the Ohio that the village came into existence in 1793. From it you can see into Ohio and West Virginia, and for a century it was known to every traveler going down the river to "the West." It became a borough in 1850.

Now the same river, flowing in the same course, has almost completely cut it off from the normal traffic of even inland commerce.

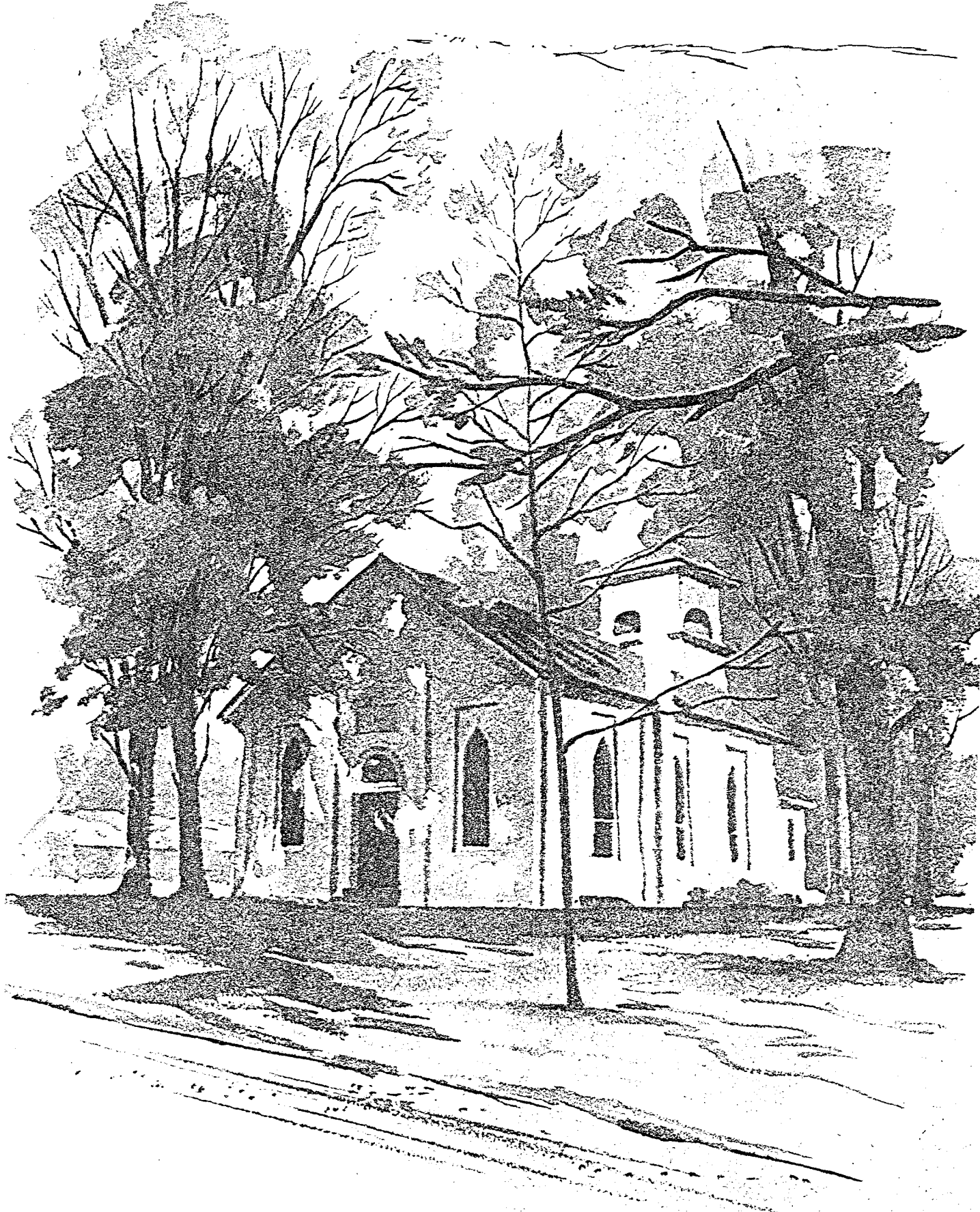
It was the second town in what is now Beaver County when it was laid out by Benoni Dawson, less than two years after Daniel Leet had begun planning Beaver on the site of old Fort McIntosh. And it wasn't named for George Washington, as is commonly believed, but for George Dawson, a member of Benoni's family.

The place grew rapidly, and within a few years was full of Dawsons, Mackalls, Calhoons, Kinseys, Poes and a few other families, most of whose names are still to be found in the town today. The Poes included Adam and Andrew, famous Indian fighters.

Georgetown's fine location above flood level made it a good stopping place for keelboats and other craft bound up and down the river.

Thomas Foster licensed the first hotel there in 1802, and the post office was established in it the same year.

Georgetown, caught in a corner of the pocket beneath the great bend of the Ohio, still maintained a slight degree of vigor as long as the ferry continued,



**St. Luke's**

**History of  
ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
and GEORGETOWN, PA.  
from 1793**

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"I have run the great race, I have finished the  
course, I have kept faith."      2 Timothy 4:7

The history of St. Luke's Church is a story of faith. It is the story of a little group of people who knew the power of God, and a people who placed their trust in Him.

The beginning of St. Luke's Church is identified with the earliest history of America, of Georgetown, and of Beaver County; in fact, St. Luke's is the oldest Episcopal Church in the county and the oldest Episcopal Church in continuous service in the Pittsburgh Diocese. The parish antedates the church, for services actually were first held on a flat boat anchored to the left bank of the Ohio River.

It was because of the fine location on the Ohio River that the village of Georgetown became a good stopping place for keelboats and other craft bound up and down the river. The village came into existence in 1793. From it, you can see into Ohio and West Virginia, and for a century, it was known to every traveler going down the river to "the West".

Even before 1793, Georgetown was a known location with stop-over accommodations. On November 16, 1789, Major Ebenezer Denny (later to become Pittsburgh's first mayor) wrote in his journal while coming up the Ohio during the time of Indian trouble: "The river continued to rise. With hard work we made it to Dawsons, opposite the mouth of the Little Beaver, about 8 o'clock at night."

In 1806, Thomas Ashe, an English gentleman, traveled extensively in the United States "with the sole view of examining this interesting country". He descended the Ohio, stopping at various points in Beaver County. At Georgetown, he made a series of experiments having to do with oil, which he subsequently published in London in three volumes. He thus records his observations: "Georgetown is a small but flourishing place just above the mouth of Mill Creek. It is pleasantly situated on a very high bank." Geographically, Georgetown is situated on the left bank of the Ohio River at mile 38.9 from Pittsburgh.

The principles of the Episcopal Church were imported into the community by the first settlers and by the Reverend Francis Reno, who was the first Episcopal clergyman west of the Allegheny Mount-

ains and the second minister to serve St. Luke's Church from 1819 to 1825.

The Reverend Mr. Reno died at Rochester, Pennsylvania on August 12, 1836. The stained glass window in the west wall of the church is a memorial to Francis Reno, who founded St. Paul's Church, Fairview, from whence the window came when this church was demolished. It seems fitting to mention that nearly every Episcopal Church in the Beaver valley has been a direct result of the godly man's excursion into this territory.

As Georgetown grew, a rough log church was erected by a small group of faithful, devout men and women, who possessed high courage, vision and a deep love for their Lord. The congregation was served by ordained clergy who traveled to Georgetown on horseback or by boat. The first to minister to the people of Georgetown was the Reverend John L. Taylor, who organized the parish of St. Luke's in 1814.

In 1825, a notable event occurred in the history of the church in Western Pennsylvania. In spite of his nearly four-score years, Bishop William White made a journey across the mountains and visited the parishes in and around Pittsburgh, covering 830 miles of wretched roads and spending in all 35 days in his carriage. St. Luke's, Georgetown, by virtue of his visitation for confirmation and inspection of parish facilities, ranks among the few churches in the United States ever to have been visited by the first Bishop of Pennsylvania of the Episcopal Church.

On April 29, 1830, the Reverend Sanson K. Brunot became the fourth minister of St. Luke's and was the first native western Pennsylvanian to be ordained to the priesthood of the Episcopal Church. He served at Trinity in Pittsburgh, as well as Georgetown and other parishes. The Reverend Brunot established parishes in Blairsville, Greensburg, and Christ Church (Allegheny) in Pittsburgh. Sanson Brunot was the son of Dr. Felix Brunot, a Frenchman and a half brother of the Marquis de Lafayette.

From the Reverend Brunot's Journal of June 4, 1830, we have this account of his arduous trip to Georgetown to preach at St. Luke's:

"Started for Georgetown, Beaver County, on Friday, June 4, at four o'clock P.M. in the steamboat, "Native". Reached there about nine o'clock in the same evening and proceeded immediately to Mr. Thomas Foster's house, was kindly received, etc. I found that the ensuing Sunday had been fixed upon for the half-yearly communion of the congregation of St. Paul's Church (five miles from Georgetown) and that the major part of the Georgetown people would be there".

The first church made of logs was replaced in 1833 by the present brick edifice. St. Luke's was formally opened for worship on Sunday, December 15, 1833. This was during the second administration of Andrew Jackson, the seventh president of

the United States. It was then and is today a beautiful, well proportioned church building, of which any small village could be proud.

John Christler, whose portrait hung in the church for many years, built the church and is said to have furnished the lumber and other materials for its construction at a total cost of three thousand dollars. Solid wooden beams were used in the building of the church, and the bricks were hand made and "fired" in his orchard at Shippingport. The ceiling of the church is shaped like the bottom of a river boat, reflecting the prominence of boats in the lives of the congregation.

During the Civil War, July 26, 1863, General Morgan was captured at West Point, Ohio, which was close enough to Georgetown to cause quite a furor during the evening prayer service at St. Luke's. The Reverend Henry Mackay wrote this story to his bishop:

"When I arrived in Georgetown, the village was in great excitement. The people were armed with all kinds of weapons. I had the bell rung and began worship. Soon the building was surrounded by a yelling, howling, demonical crowd. Angry words and threats were made. The women were fearfully frightened. At some time during the prayer, someone entered the church and fired a pistol. Judge the terror it caused. I closed the service. They then took me to a magistrate and went through the form of swearing me to loyalty to the government. I was a 'dammed copperhead' and in that they were wicked liars. That is all I can tell you about Georgetown at present".

Seventy eight years later, on October 21, 1941, a Civil War canon having been brought from the Pittsburgh arsenal, where it was cast, via steamer to Line Island (Georgetown) where it was to be used in halting Morgan's raid through Ohio, was donated by town councilmen towards relieving the nation's scrap metal shortage. Georgetown followed the example of many other cities and towns in sacrificing relics of the past to preserve the future.

Georgetown early became a place of residence for those engaged in steamboating. It was said that a steamboat could be run with just the men of Georgetown. There were captains, pilots, mates, engineers, and stewards, all of whom lived right in town. Boats were built at large shipyards in Freedom, Fallston, and Glasgow, Pa. The boats churned up and down the Ohio, and gradually traveled the Mississippi and other western rivers. In this manner the people of Georgetown and St. Luke's were instrumental in helping to open up the West.

The place grew rapidly, and within a few years was full of Dawsons, Mackalls, Calhoons, Kinseys, Poes, Trimbles, Parrs, Laughlins and a few other families, most of whose names are still to be found in the town today; or on tombstones just above town on a high hillside in the old Grand Heights Cemetery. Here most of the pioneer settlers along

with many other river folks, who made transportation history in another, less hectic age, are buried. These families inter-married with other pioneer families of the area, and even today it is hard to find anyone who is not a relative of his neighbor.

On St. Luke's Day, Oct. 18, 1903, St. Luke's celebrated the 70th Anniversary of the building of the present church and paid tribute of love, honor, and respect to the sainted memory of those who had gone before, and whose mortal remains repose in the burial ground which overlooks the church. The Rev. Weary began the services at 3:00 P.M. The people came from St. Paul's, Fairview, from Smith's Ferry, and towns and villages in the immediate vicinity. Over 100 members from St. Stephen's parish in East Liverpool, Ohio, attended the services. They came by ferry, boat, and street car. They all came with one object of paying homage to the little church, which stands as a landmark in the history of Georgetown. The church was packed from the chancel to the entrance doors when the choir sang to the accompaniment of the reed organ, "O Mother Dear Jerusalem". Mr. Wilkie Colling Peppard was master of ceremonies. There was an atmosphere of sacred consecration which pervaded all. The traditions and history of the church combined to effect a spirit of sweet awe in the minds of the congregation assembled. They knew that they had assembled to pay tribute to the makers of history, and to bow the head and bend the knee in commemoration of an epoch in the history of the town. Many who attended the anniversary service represented some of the pioneer families who struggled against the early environment in order to rear to the great God of the universe the little, substantial, brick church around which clusters the memories and associations of relatives and friends of long ago. The Rev. Edwin Weary conducted the service and gave the sermon.

St. Luke's was remodeled in 1905 under the direction of the Rev. George Lamb, and by living in Georgetown, he was able to oversee the extensive repairs made to the church. The interior was remodeled, and a sacristy built. The altar was enlarged with materials from the old window casements. The outside shutters were removed, and the window casements altered to provide for lancet shaped windows. Memorial stained glass windows were installed in honor of Miss Jane McMillen, Miss Anna B. Ditmore, and Henry J. Kinsey. A brass altar rail was installed in the sanctuary in memory of Mr. James Kinsey.

In May, 1927, Bishop Mann gave the Rev. William S. Thomas a choice of serving All Saints' Church, Aliquippa, or St. Paul's, Mt. Lebanon, where Dr. W. Anthony had resigned. When the decision was Aliquippa, the Bishop informed the Rev. William Thomas that tied with All Saints' would be St. Luke's, Georgetown, once each week. His ministry to the two parishes began in June, 1927. As



Priest-in-charge at St. Luke's, he held services in the evening.

The Centennial of St. Luke's Church was celebrated with services on Sunday, October 15, Monday, October 16, and Tuesday, October 17, in 1933, with the Rev. William S. Thomas of All Saints', Aliquippa, and the Rev. John S. Taylor of Nativity Church, Crafton, conducting services. Bishop Alexander Mann of Pittsburgh made his visitation Wednesday, October 18, at 8:00 P.M. when he expressed the service performed by such a church in likening it to one of the brooks and rivulets which feeds a mighty river. "It is the smaller churches", he said, "that are the true source of strength of the main body of the church".

In 1951, St. Luke's was completely refurbished, inside and out. New plaster was applied to the interior, giving it the beautiful simplicity which is always associated with the early history of our country. The exterior of the home made bricks was specially treated as a protection against weather and was painted white in keeping again with the clean, simple beauty of our early history. For many years, St. Luke's Church had been referred to by the people in Georgetown as the "red church" to distinguish it from the white painted Methodist Church. This name was no longer suitable with the new coat of white paint.

A strong arm of the parish life of St. Luke's has been St. Luke's Guild. The women of the church organized the Guild in February, 1952, at a meeting held in the home of Mrs. Phyllis Mackall. Through the years since its inception, the Guild has been active in helping to maintain the church and the parish hall, and in raising funds to be used as needed by the church. The Guild meetings and activities provide a time of fellowship for the women and girls of the church. The yearly spaghetti dinners which the Guild members prepare and serve under the direction of Guild President, Mrs. Marie Andrews, have become famous in the area.

At a dinner held at the Georgetown Methodist Church January 24, 1970, plans were disclosed for a new Parish Hall to be built to meet the needs of the Georgetown community. It was to be a place for all of the people of Georgetown to use; that is, for meetings, youth parties and dances, private gatherings, and with main floor and undercroft facilities to conduct Sunday School. In attendance were the Rt. Rev. William S. Thomas, Suffragan Bishop, Mr. Francis C. Swem, the architect, Father Glen Jenks, Vicar of St. Luke's, and the citizens of Georgetown. Ground breaking ceremonies were held on the Sunday after Ascension Day, May 10, 1970, at four o'clock in the afternoon. This was a great "Service of Praise and Thanksgiving", with Bishop Thomas as officiant and the Rev. Glen B. Jenks, litanist. Samuel Laughlin was acolyte, and the combined choirs from All Saints', Aliquippa, and St. Luke's participated.

The Parish Hall was completed in early 1972 for use of the congregation of St. Luke's and for the people of Georgetown. It is one story brick building with a complete undercroft. The bricks were painted white in keeping with the exterior of the church proper. The Parish Hall is joined to the sacristy of the church by a hallway. The Parish Hall is used as a classroom for Sunday School and for fellowship coffee hours held after Sunday Service. It has been used for wedding receptions, open house, district and town meetings, and is currently the place where people of Georgetown vote. We are grateful that our parishioners and friends of St. Luke's responded in love and sacrifice to make the dream of a Parish Hall a reality.

In the summer of 1974, a congregational meeting was called by the Archdeacon of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, the Venerable William Lewis, with the purpose of getting some idea as to the type of pastor who might best fill the needs of St. Luke's Parish. Archdeacon Lewis had visited St. Luke's from boyhood on as a member of All Saints, Aliquippa, and was quite familiar with the situation at St. Luke's. The only requirement expressed by the congregation was the wish that whoever filled the vacancy be interested in the people of St. Luke's. The will of the Lord, and wisdom and foresight of Bishop Appleyard and Archdeacon Lewis, and the life situation of Victor I. Zuck combined to fulfill the wishes and hopes of the people of St. Luke's beyond their greatest expectation. As Mr. Zuck accepted this assignment on October 13, 1974, he became our forty second minister, and the first deacon to be ordained in the parish of St. Luke's.

On Sunday, May 29, 1977, another great event in the continuing history of St. Luke's occurred. A historical marker was presented to the church by the Beaver County Historical Research and Landmarks Foundation, and was accepted and dedicated in a service on the church lawn by the marker, and later in the church. The marker reads:

**St. Luke's Episcopal Church**

**First service was held on a flat boat on the Ohio River around 1800. St. Luke's admitted into union with the Diocese of Pennsylvania in 1814, was visited by the First Presiding Bishop in 1825. Present structure built in 1833.**

In March of 1984, Dr. Donald Hands became Priest-in-charge of St. Luke's and its forty third minister. Dr. Hands was ordained to the Priesthood in 1979 by the Rt. Rev. Robert B. Appleyard for the Diocese of Pittsburgh. Dr. Hands is also a licensed Psychologist and directs the Samaritan Counseling Center of Beaver Valley.

Pages of the historical volume of St. Luke's are daily being added to. This history is just a beginning, which we hope is adequate to show affection and appreciation to those loyal members and clergymen who throughout 171 years have written in deeds the St. Luke's story.

(Compiled by Mrs. Frances Finley, Edited by Rev. Donald Hands)

## MILL CREEK CHURCH

Five buildings have housed the Mill Creek worshippers. The first meeting places were out in the forests, even in winter. The pulpit was of logs, with the people seated on logs conveniently arranged.

The first meeting house was a log structure 18x20. It had neither doors nor windows, but was lighted through the roof. The entrance was by underground passage. These measures were taken for protection from the Indians, who still roamed the forests. Worshipers came with loaded rifles. The building was located where the Old Mill Creek Cemetery is now.

The second building was much more pretentious. It was a double hewn log structure 30x60 feet in size, with alcoves of ten feet on each long side made necessary for the corner support of the logs, which for that size of building required two lengths. The pulpit was in one of these alcoves, an entrance door was in the other, and there was a door at each end of the building also. This was the building in use when Rev. Scott came as pastor. About twelve years later, for added comfort of the worshippers pews were added and stoves to furnish heat. Before this, in either building there had been no heating device. Many of the worshippers came long distances, 8 or 10 miles, in bitter cold often, and remained for two long sermons.

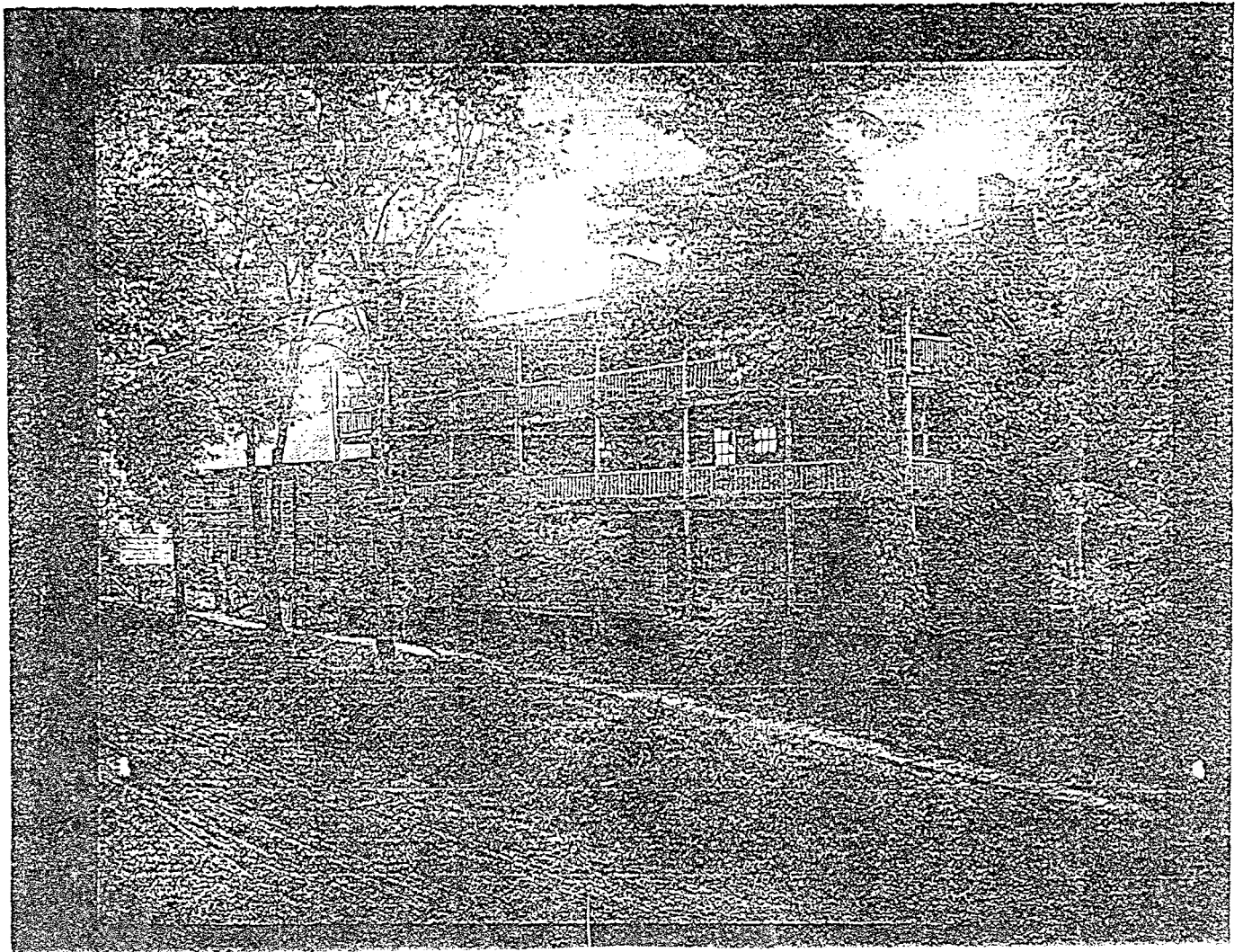
Mill Creek Church now meets in a modern edifice on Route 151, off Route 30.

Old Mill Creek Cemetery is located just off Route 168 near Laughlin's Corners. One of the most famous burials in it is that of Adam Poe.

### BELOW

Old King's Creek Cemetery in its serene setting among the tall trees of the forest. It is located off Route 168 between Frankfort Springs and Laughlin's Corners, on Johann Road. This cemetery is a forerunner of the one at Frankfort Springs.





#### VANCE HOTEL

This was the three-story Vance Hotel that once stood at the south end of Frankfort Springs. It was built by David Dungan and later run by William Vance. It was of hand-made bricks, and was a popular place in its hey-dey. Folks from Pittsburgh and other cities spent many happy summers in this resort hotel. It stood in a sad state of ruin for many years before being totally dismantled a few years ago.

#### Frankfort Springs

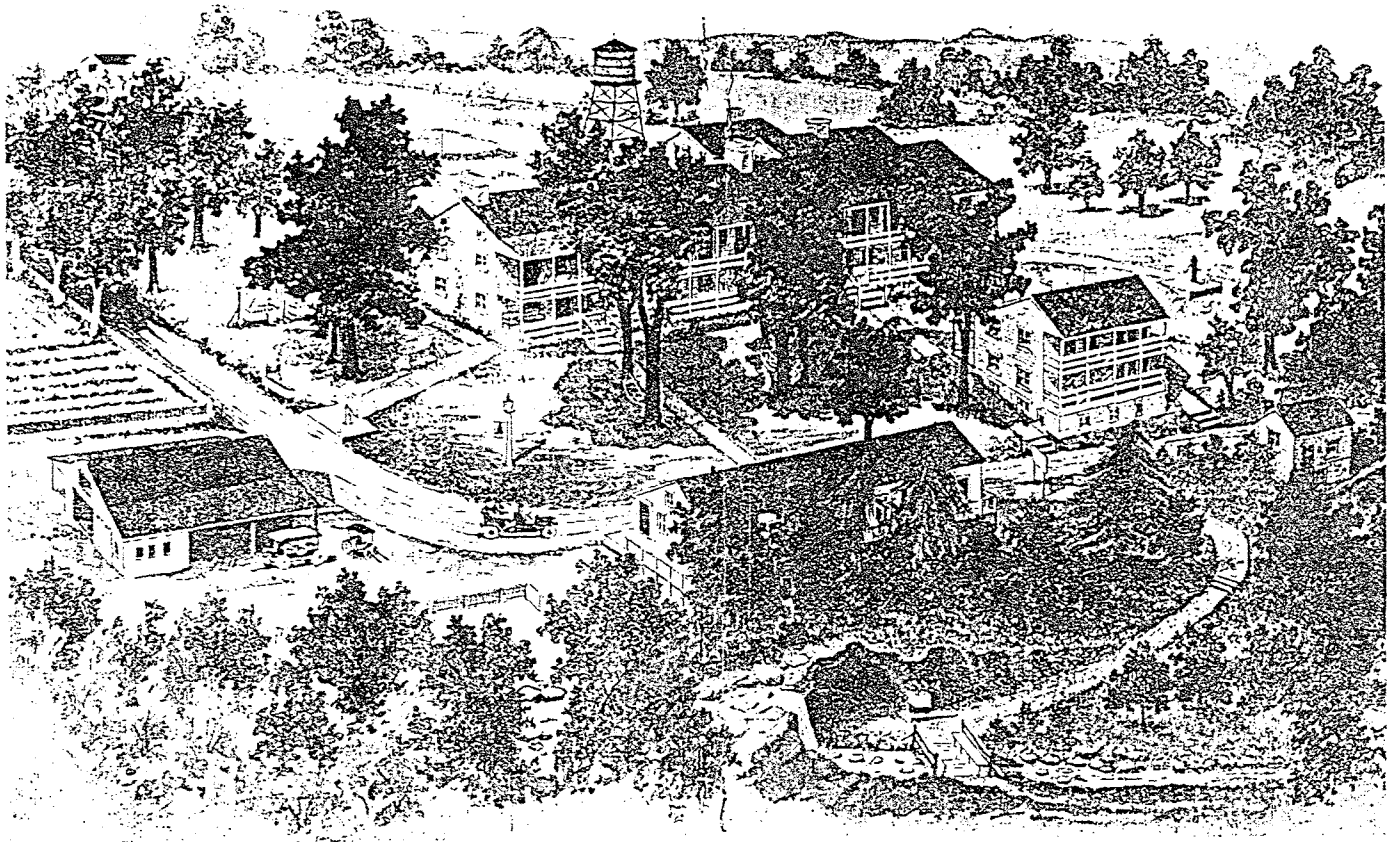
Frankfort Springs was incorporated on March 19, 1844. This quiet little village was once a lively place, with summer resort hotels, its main attraction being the mineral spring, located just north of town.

The Post Office was always called Frankfort, but was discontinued in 1900 when rural routes began mail delivery. The town became important in early times as the north-south road from Georgetown to Washington.

At the mineral springs, water gushes forth from the rocks, and was thought to possess recuperative and medicinal qualities.

A noted institution of learning, the Frankfort Academy was located here. It was established by the Rev. James Sloan, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. It had a sporadic history, being closed and re-opened a number of times. Reunions of classes and former teachers are still held.

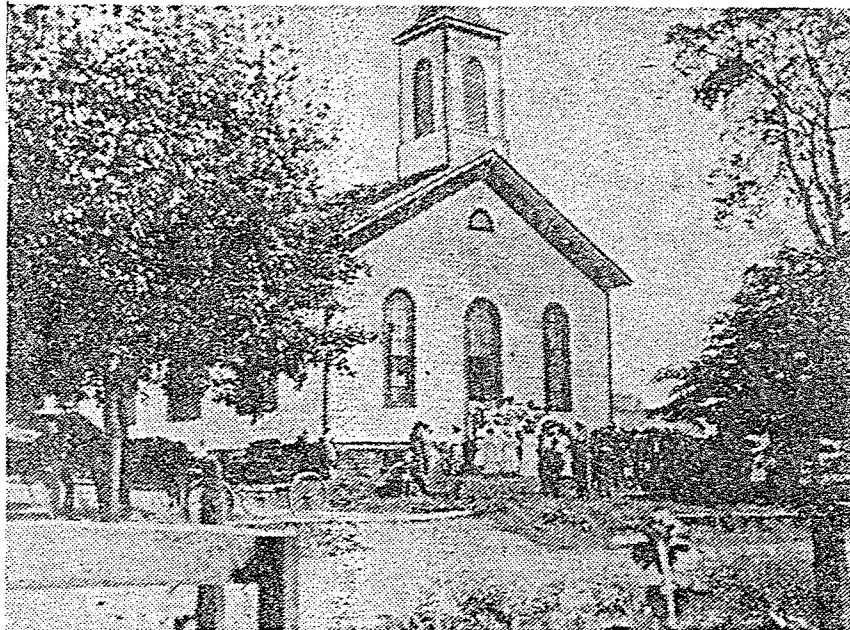
In 1830 the Frankfort Presbyterian Church was established under neighboring ministers. The U.P. Church began as early as 1790 with a log building.



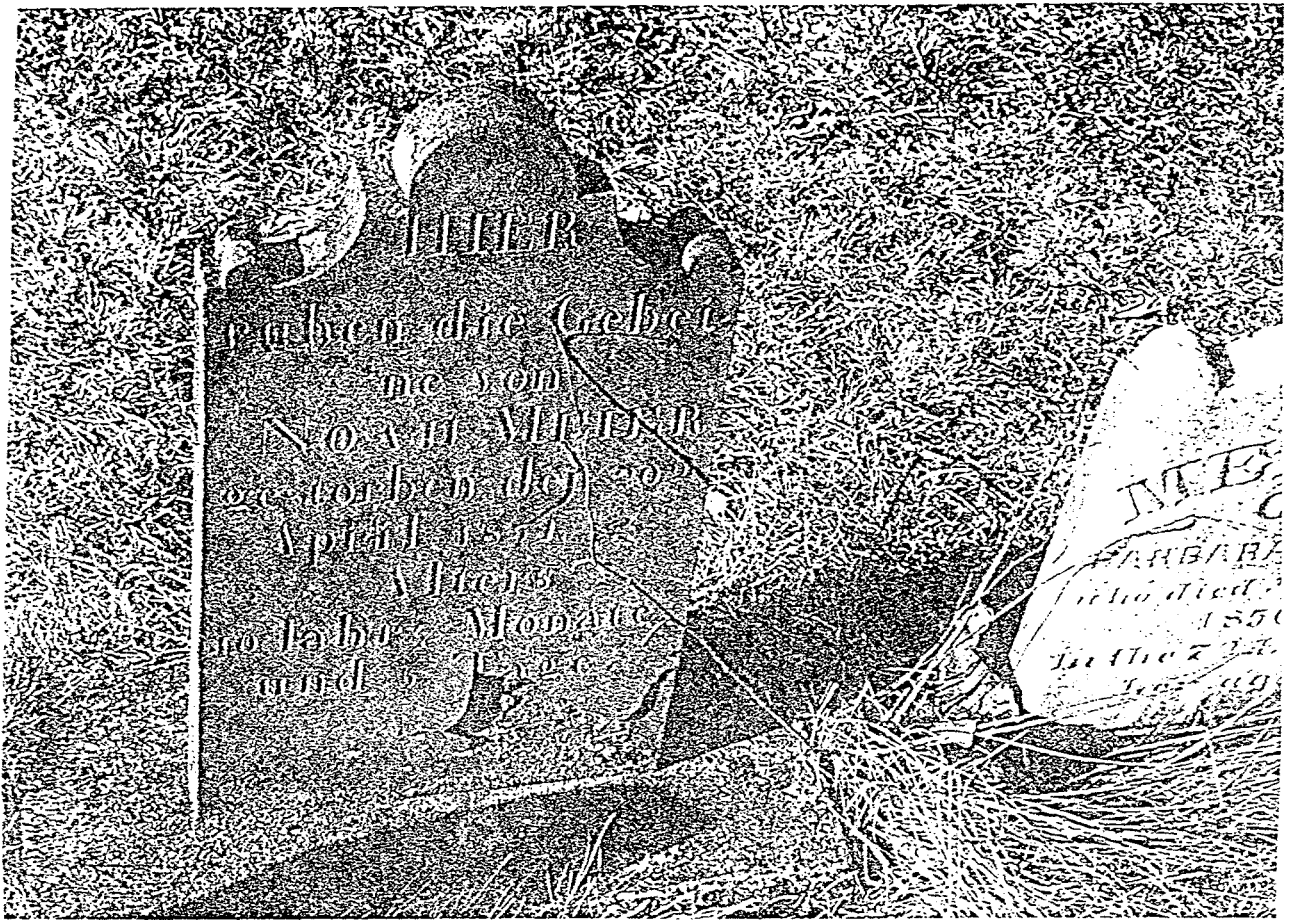
MINERAL SPRINGS COMPLEX, BUILT 1800

The real Frankfort Springs are located a mile or so northeast of the Village. The waters gushing forth from the rocks at this point were known far and wide for their recuperative and medicinal qualities. To accommodate those coming here for their annual "bracers," a hotel also was built at the Springs and during the height of the summer season in former times, it was always well-filled with guests. So, during this part of the year, at least, the Village and the Springs

had exciting and no doubt also prosperous times. Forty years or more ago, a bad fall of rock ruined the Springs and about the same time the hotel there was destroyed by fire. This situation, together with the development of more pretentious places for vacation use elsewhere, spelled the doom of Frankfort Springs as a summer resort. The Springs area lies adjacent to the present Raccoon State Park.



Frankfort Springs Presbyterian Church looked like this in the 1890s.



# Time Waits

## In Little-Explored Cemeteries

by Jeff Feldman '88

I was driving through one of those fickle days of early spring when the sun beams warmly but clouds can bring a sudden chill. Around each curve I slowed my truck, looking for the marker which would point me in the right direction. Finally I saw it, nailed to an oak tree — a small, wooden sign with just one word on it: CEMETERY. I turned onto the bumpy gravel lane and parked the truck.

The sky darkened with an impending afternoon storm, and the air lashed the few budding leaves. A narrow dirt path, its course worn smooth by the passage of time, led me up the hill. Slowly I climbed. The steeple of the abandoned church loomed taller with my every step.

As I topped the hill, the creaking iron gate of the cemetery fence blew open, beckoning me to enter. Gravestones, a cold gray against the now dim sky, leaned randomly in the tall grass around them. Thunder rumbled in the distance as I crouched to read the faded words on the closest stone . . .

Sound like the opening of last summer's goriest horror film? Well, actually, it's a fairly typical excursion into one of my favorite pastimes — cemetery exploration. "How morbid!" you may say. But really it's not.

Cemeteries have always been places of tranquility and reflection, places to reestablish peace of mind. In the hustle and bustle of our modern world, such havens are quite valuable.

But cemeteries offer far more than just serenity. They can be windows to history, giving accounts of past lives and their milieus.

Indeed, what better way to explore cultural history — the study of life in the past — than by visiting actual sites where you can make a hands-on connection with those who once lived there? My first inkling into the historical value of cemeteries and other places like homestead sites, mills, iron furnaces and old buildings was in a cultural history class at Penn State's Shaver's Creek Environmental Center. In each of the places we visited on field trips, I heard the voices of the past as they echoed off the walls and whispered through the ruins.

In no other place were they as loud and clear as in the cemeteries. Here they crept with the wind between the stones and filled my ears with stories of lives almost unimaginable in today's world. They spoke of arduous journeys, great battles, tragic losses and simple lives. I was captivated by their drama and fascinated by their lessons.

Cemeteries are open to anyone. They can provide a setting for soul searching or family picnics. And their stories unfold before you at your first tentative approach to a headstone: Who was this person? What was his life all about? It takes only a little imagination and attention to the clues to paint in your head a vivid portrait of past life.

Symbols and icons carved into gravestones often represent period beliefs and attitudes toward religion, family and community. From the grim and sometimes ghastly markings on the early stones of New England to the flowery, hopeful symbols of the Romantic era, decorative icons express aspects of their societies' character.

The "winged death heads" found on the Puritan stones in Boston's

oldest graveyards, for instance, may symbolize the flight of the soul from the darkness and toil of mortal life to the joy of eternal afterlife.

Carvings of a hand grasping the broken stem of a rose hint at a beautiful or fragile life cut short rather suddenly, like one epitaph often found on the graves of young women: *Budded on Earth to Bloom in Heaven*.

The innocence of children, bonds between husbands and wives, sorrow at the passing of a loved one — all of these ideas are portrayed in images of stone: kneeling lambs, clasped hands, weeping willow trees. Willows were a particularly popular nineteenth-century grave marking. Known for their tenacious root systems, they were thought to represent eternal life or everlasting love.

Trees, flowers, books, flags are all icons found in cemeteries and are keys to the existence of those whose lives and deaths they earmark.

Epitaphs and phrases found on cemetery stones provide more clues to the character of individuals and the societies in which they lived.

Up until the nineteenth century, tombstone verses reflected a stern, gaunt life and an appeal for mercy in death. Later, epitaphs became more optimistic, expressing gratitude for time on Earth and rejoicing at entering blissful eternity. Changes such as these indicate developments in society's views of both life and death.

Some final messages reveal a sense of humor or personality. One such well-known verse, on the grave of a Cornish man, states: *Beneath this stone, a lump of clay, Lies Uncle Peter Daniels, Who, too early in the month of May, took off his winter flannels.*

Occasionally, the words carved in stone illustrate the social standing of their dead. Societal views of women prior to the twentieth century, for example, are demonstrated in the way they were almost always cited in terms of husband or father. *Martha, Wife of John Smith* reads many a stone of women whose identities were based on their husbands, who themselves were often noted as soldier, doctor, minister or scholar.

Other aspects of cemeteries can also represent religious and social beliefs and customs. Many of the earliest cemeteries in Pennsylvania are small family plots, most of which are situated atop hills. Why hilltops?

The answers we surmise span from the economic to the spiritual. Perhaps burial at a higher elevation offered the deceased a head start to Heaven, or gave them the opportunity to keep an eye on the family farm from their final resting place. On the more earthly side, placing a cemetery on higher ground prevents bodies from washing away during floods. For the predominantly farming settlers of Pennsylvania, hill areas were the least agriculturally productive sections of their land. Most likely, combinations of these reasons led farm families to provide their dearly departed with hilltop resting places close to home.

In many of these early family plots, all of the tombstones are aligned facing east. Again, both religious and practical reasons hold sway. One tenet of Christian doctrine is that the Saviour will appear in the East upon returning to Earth. Perhaps our ancestors wanted their deceased loved ones to have a good view of the Saviour's arrival. On the other hand, these down-to-earth folks may have realized that the forces of weathering are least severe from the East and may have oriented stones this way in an effort to preserve their family names.

Burial sites also often express peculiarities in the traditions and customs of various regions.

In some parts of the South, for instance, it is common practice to erect a wooden shed over single or family plots, or to clear all vegetation from grave sites. I can only hypothesize that these are responses to the hot summer sun and the lush plant life of the region — ways of protecting loved ones from the elements.

The Quakers, who settled in Pennsylvania and other northeastern areas, tend to have very simple, uniform cemeteries. Most are also rather small, and all of the stones are of similar style and design. Comparing this type of cemetery to those of other areas and religious groups with more elaborate and decorative

stones, we can speculate at differences in values regarding individualism and community.

## Cultural Geography Takes to the Byways

**C**emeteries provide a unique and valuable look at an area's local history. In many places accurate written records were not kept until the mid-nineteenth century, but the records of people and events evident in a cemetery are as reliable as the stones marking the graves.

Where did your community get its name? If it was named after one particular individual, chances are you can find that person in a local graveyard.

Do you find a lot of children's graves all dating from the same period? Could be that this was a time when an epidemic swept the area.

Interested in tracing the genealogy of a prominent local clan, or your own? Cemetery records can be invaluable in making family connections.

Do you notice that the type of stone used to mark the graves changes over a short span of time, or that other materials (like cast iron)



Only the essentials, Boot Hill Cemetery, Nebraska.

are used for a while? Perhaps it was during this time that transportation methods in your area improved to the point where new materials could be imported, or a new quarry or ironworks was in operation.

**T**he historical questions and revelations are limitless when cemeteries are used as a living — not a dead — textbook.

Aside from being havens of tran-

quility and peace, they are mirrors of our past, reminding us of who we are by showing us from where we've come.

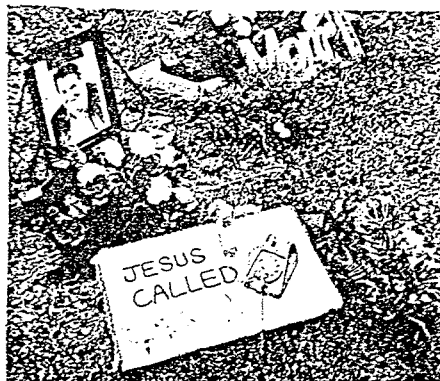
They are indicators of changing times, values and beliefs. They keep us in touch with those who have come before us, and provide us with an opportunity to put our present lives into a context of history. They are timeless symbols of society — of life, of love, of struggle, of triumph, of hope.



Pointing the way for a Central Pennsylvania wife.

Silently they wait for you to discover their meaning. Go, unlock the gate and listen to the voices of the past. They have a lot to say.

*THE AUTHOR: Jeff Feldman '88 is on the faculty in the College of Health and Human Development's leisure studies department. He's also a program director at the Shaver's Creek Environmental Center where he conducts workshops and embarks on tours of such cultural history sites as cemeteries.*



Literal translation of a common euphemism.

While we recommend cemeteries as pleasant diversions into history — quiet places in which to idly contemplate the lives of those who came before us — there are academicians who are also intrigued by them. To such scholars are Wilbur Zelinsky, professor emeritus, and Peirce Lewis, professor of geography.

Why would they be interested in the burial grounds of a long-forgotten family or the memorial park of a modern community?

"I am a cultural geographer," replies Lewis, "and I define culture broadly, as the totality of things we have learned as opposed to our biological makeup, and that includes language, religion, taste in housing, habits of building cities, anything where human beings differ from place to place in their behavior."

Death, he notes, is a universal rite of passage, and most cultures take it and its traditions seriously.

"Per acre, you have more cultural information in a cemetery than you have in virtually any other part of the country," Zelinsky concurs.

"It is part museum, art gallery, literature, theater, and a bit of landscape architecture.

"If you are interested in demography, you can look at headstones and figure out who died when," he continues. "Sometimes the cause of death is given. You can look at family history. The inscriptions and artistic motifs can give you insight into the geography of taste."

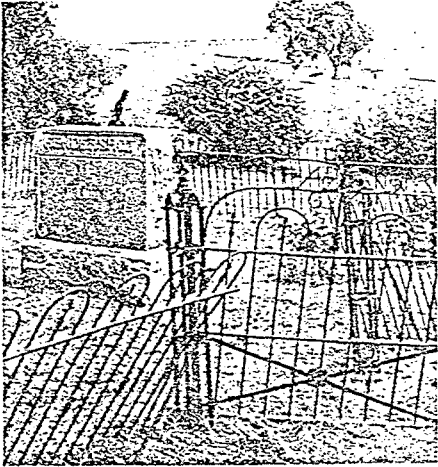
Even what we call the burying site can be indicative of cultural attitudes, says Zelinsky, who has published two papers on cemetery names.

Cemeteries often provide information about ethnicity in a community not otherwise available. Lewis points out. "People view the act of burying in a very traditional way," he explains. "Even those who have abandoned ethnic ways will honor the ways of their ancestors in burial."

"The anthracite areas of Pennsylvania, for example, have become more or less a melting pot. But if you go to a cemetery, the Lithuanians are separated from the Poles, the Poles from the Serbs, the Serbs from the Croabs, and so on."

Because ethnic identity is so strongly evident in cemeteries, they

also provide clues to the disintegration of pockets of culture. In Stover's Cemetery, off of Route 45 between



Keeping the devil out? The wealthy could afford fences around their plots in 19th-Century Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania.

University Park and Lewisburg, for instance, "you can literally see German culture going to pieces before your eyes," says Lewis.

"At one end, the stones are done in the old, elaborate German style, in German script. By the 1860s, they are still using the German language, but the stones are American style. Then, by the 1880s, certainly by 1890, even the names are beginning to switch to English — Henry Stover instead of Henrik Stauffer," describes Lewis. "Around that same time, the last daily German-language newspaper in the area went out of business."

Indeed, says Zelinsky, "if you want to get a quick fix on the history and character of a place, the best place to go is the local cemetery."

"They don't tell a complete story, but the part of the story they tell is the truth," agrees Lewis.

And, yes, graveyards can also tell the cultural geographer — professional or amateur — a lot about attitudes toward death in general. The change from cemeteries to "memorial parks," Lewis postulates, may have to do with the transience and commercialism of modern life. "Death," says Lewis, "has become something to get down under green lawn and mow over the top of."

Some attitudes, however, seem broadly rooted over time and space. "One of the remarkable things about this country," Zelinsky points out, "is that when we plan a suburb or a new city, we never plan a cemetery.

"I guess we plan to live forever," he adds with a smile.

— Lisa Roney

This booklet is given to you with the compliments of  
June and Max Grossman  
and  
Kathryn Slasor

Some of the history in this booklet may be outdated, as it was taken from publications of several years ago. Some of the persons who are listed as having "loaned" pictures may be deceased by this time. We have no way of knowing what has transpired since this history was published.

Much was taken from the Bicentennial edition of the Burgettstown Enterprise, 1976. Other sources used include:

"The History of Newell and Vicinity" - Newell Bicentennial Book Commission, 1977

"Mill Creek Presbyterian Church, South Side of Beaver County" - 1934

"Frankfort Mineral Springs" - Nick Kerlin, 1972

"Pittsburgh Press" 1969

"New Cumberland" - Centennial Celebration, 1939

"A Short History of New Cumberland" - Bicentennial Edition, 1976

"The Penn Stater" - May/June, 1991

"Panhandle Press" 1982

"History of the Panhandle" 1879

"The GFWC Woman's Club of New Cumberland" - Map of Historic Sites and Buildings

#### Special Thanks to:

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Viola Gillespie and Dorothy Butler, "dry runs"

Special thanks to Max, for the hours he spent at the copy machine

(Note: The stories concerning graveyards, found on the last few pages, are irrelevant to today's trip. But many of this group have shown a keen interest in gleaning information from local burial grounds, and it is a courtesy to them that this helpful and interesting information is included.)