

THE STORY OF CAERNARVON.

The township of Caernarvon is the most easterly of the townships that collectively make Lancaster county the keystone in agricultural wealth in the United States.

Settled in Colonial days, peopled in the beginning by a sturdy race of men, its history in the almost 200 years of its existence is one that appeals to those who love their native heath, and desire to know the past, not from tradition, but from history, that made Caernarvon in days gone by a famous center of successful manufacturing industries and agricultural pursuits and people it with men who in their generation stood in the front rank of Lancaster county's financial strength.

The Creator, in His wisdom, caused a generous gift of the beauties of nature to be distributed to this fertile land.

Situated in the famous valley of the Conestoga, enclosed by wooded hills and traversed through the southern border from east to northwest its entire length by the Conestoga river, it bears all the charms that nature can bestow to create a charming landscape.

On the south are the beautiful Welsh Mountains, whose skyline and sloping ridges, as the sun descends on a summer evening—the rich green foliage of the mountain trees, the gorgeous flowers of the wild geranium showing here and there on the ridges—makes a picture that would charm

the eye of any artist, who loves nature as the Creator presents it, and impresses on the mind a natural canvas that never can fade from memory.

Eastward the township narrows to a marked degree. On the north, the forest hills are seen, beautiful, indeed, but with more pronounced rugged skyline.

Chestnut Hill, California Hill, Pat-tontown Hill, Stone Hill, Laurel Hill, Turkey Hill, are the rivals in mountain scenery to the Welsh Mountains.

The township is traversed from east to west, centrally, by a limestone ridge that rises and falls in an undulating wave, forming in the center of the township a bold, treeless limestone ridge called Maxwell's Hill." North the land slopes to the Little Creek, a tributary of the Conestoga River, thence rises to the base of the Forest Hills.

South the trend is to the same river, thence upward to the base of the Welsh Mountains, giving to the land a gently-rolling appearance.

The soil is limestone, ironstone and red shale, the first named predominating.

Looking westward from Churchtown, situated on the high ridge, the view of the Conestoga Valley surpasses imagination. As far as the eye can see, the valley presents a charming landscape—the winding Conestoga, hamlets, villages, towns, boroughs, farmhouses, the spires of distant churches, the Lebanon hills, outlines of the Blue Mountains, appear to the enraptured gaze, as a great stereopticon. To the onlooker, a feeling of gratitude is created in the heart that silently makes us thankful that we are in life and able to behold the work of our Creator.

The vale of Cashmere, historic as it is; the dells and crags of Scotland, so dear to the Highlander; the shires of old England, to the Briton, none of these can outclass the natural beauties of Caernarvon—not in the opinion of one whose boyhood days were, fortunately, spent in this historic land of promise.

As a staunch defender of Caernarvon, it is but natural that, with pardonable pride, I should champion her right to be in the foremost rank, not only as an historic vale, but as a land that has produced iron masters of the highest character and success, Congressmen, agriculturists and people who have been in the past and are in the present, English, Mennonites, Amish, a bulwark to the fame of Caernarvon.

The Settlement.

Forestalling the admonition of Horace Greeley, long before his birth—"Young Man, Go West"—the emigrant as soon as he disembarked from the sailing vessel that brought him, after a tedious voyage across the stormy Atlantic, and his feet trod the soil of a new world, the instinct of the pioneer turned his gaze to the westward, and with firm heart and fixed purpose he sought to find a location in the land of Pennsylvania, where he could make his future home. The men who came to build homes on the invitation of the far seeing Quaker were not Cavaliers, who "spun not, neither did they toil," but they were God-fearing men of personal courage and steadfast purpose.

For such men as these, our forefathers, let us be thankful. One of these hardy men, Gabriel Davies by name, pushing westward, located, by

a proprietary patent from John, Thomas and Richard Penn, 450 acres of land in what is now Eastern Caernarvon.

The patent was entered on record on November 1, 1718, in Philadelphia, in Patent Book A A, Volume 1, page 276. On this land a saw mill was erected during 1718, and later, 1721, a grist mill. On April 1, 1741, part of this tract was deeded to John Jenkins by Mr. Davies, the deed being acknowledged before Thomas Edwards, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and who was afterwards Judge Edwards, of the Lancaster County Court.

In 1765 John Jenkins built a colonial mansion on the land purchased from Gabriel Davies, standing and occupied at present, using for joists in the cellar of the house part of the old sawmill erected in 1718. Through the Gabriel Davies tract flows the Conestoga River. The first dam in Caernarvon was built to supply the saw and grist mill. This was the first permanent settlement in Caernarvon. Others followed. January 10, 1733, John Jenkins negotiated for a tract of 400 acres of land westward from the Gabriel Davies land, but the patent was not executed at that time. Nine years later he sold the tract to Mr. Branson, of Philadelphia, who took out the patent on December 28, 1742, and who erected a forge, and, soon after, built the fine old-time mansion known as Windsor. The iron business was started, and, as partners, three Englishmen—Lynford Lardner, Samuel Flower and Richard Hockley—were associated.

Mr. Branson sold out to his partners, who continued in the business for thirty years. In their employ as

a clerk, was a young man, David Jenkins by name, of Welsh ancestry, who was the great-great-grandfather of the writer on the maternal side. In 1773, he purchased the half-interest of the Company for £2500, and, later, just prior to Lexington and Bunker Hill, the remaining half.

No doubt, the cloud of war gathering over the colonies, and vision of financial disaster, prompted the English owners, as loyal subjects of the truculent George the III., to leave the patriotic land of Caernarvon. Other tracts of land—the lands east and west of Churchtown—were now rapidly taken up, and we find the name of Gabriel Davies attached to many old-time deeds. In 1736 Morgan John was granted a patent for 143 acres of land fronting on the Great Road, the road passing through Churchtown and constructed in 1724 to the "Bangor Churchtown." This farm changed hands four times since 1736, being in the Jacob Hertzler family and descendants for eighty years.

But to return to David Jenkins. After his full purchase of the Windsor estate, he continued the iron business until 1800, when his son, Robert Jenkins, assumed charge. Dying in 1848, his son, David Jenkins, carried on the business until 1850, when the forge property, for a number of years until 1868, was continued by different persons, the last being Mr. John Mentzer, of Pottstown.

The Jenkins family, from David, the first single proprietor of Windsor, from 1773 to his grandson, David, who died 1850, was one which not only made a success of the early iron business, but as an intellectual and scholarly family left its impress on succeeding generations. David Jenkins,

the elder, had three sons, David, Jr., William and Robert. David became a farmer. William was a prominent lawyer of Lancaster, at one time, for fourteen years, president of the Farmers' (now Trust Company) Bank, and who built "Wheatland," the residence in after years of James Buchanan, the fifteenth President of the United States.

Robert Jenkins, the iron-master, was of scholarly attainments and a gentleman of the old school. The writer has in his possession a Greek Testament in 1651, and on a blank page is written these words: "Mark well your steps and tread the paths of virtue." Robert Jenkins, Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J., March 31, 1795.

The Windsor iron works was a community of interest. A fatherly interest in everything tending to uplift was manifested in the treatment of the employes. They were, in turn, faithful to the core. They could approach their employer with the freedom of man to man. No strikes, unions, or other annoyances, now so prevalent, disturbed the proprietor. The forgemen, colliers, wood choppers, farm hands, one and all, received from Mr. Jenkins most generous treatment in their business relations. The employes received liberal wages, and, in turn, were grateful and faithful in their work.

Many families of workmen, from father to son, remained with the Windsor forge to the end. The Eppihimers, Silknitters, Johnsons, Wilhours, and many others, are now gone, none of the name residing in the vicinity. One particular man—Louis Hyer, an employe between 1780 and 1795—was said to be the grandfather of "Tom Hyer," a celebrated prizefighter of the fifties.

The Windsor mansion was as welcome a resting place for the traveling circuit rider or any clergyman as an oasis in the desert to the weary and heavy-laden caravan. Mrs. Jenkins was a woman of noble impulse, a strict Presbyterian, deeply religious. It was her delight to extend the hospitality of the mansion to the religious representatives of all denominations. As a mistress, her courteous treatment of her servants, and her solicitude for their welfare, stamped her as a lady not only by birth and surrounding, but by precept.

Not many years ago I met an aged woman in the northwestern part of this State. Her general appearance showed a strong likeness to the family, especially to one of the male members, whom I remembered very well in my boyhood days. In the course of conversation she remarked that she was a native of Lancaster county, and further inquiry led to the fact that at one time she lived at Windsor Mansion, when it was in its bloom, and it was a pleasure to hear her relate, and express in grateful words, her admiration for Mrs. Jenkins as being a just mistress.

Of the daughters of Robert Jenkins and Catherine Carmichael, all married distinguished men. The late Mrs. Martha J. Nevin, wife of Rev. Dr. John Wilberforce Nevin, late president of Franklin and Marshall College, was born at Windsor. Her children are well and favorably known, not only in literature, but in the arts. Miss Blanche Nevin, her daughter, the sculptress, now owns and occupies the mansion of her forefathers (a portion of the Windsor farm being included). The remainder of the farm, of some 550 acres, is (with two ex-

ceptions) owned by descendants of the family.

Mr. Robert Jenkins accumulated a liberal fortune in the iron business, his landed possessions being 4,000 acres. As a business man and a public-spirited citizen, he served the county as Congressman from 1807 to 1811. In his day and generation his life was well spent, and his memory one of a just man.

To return to the old forge. Lyndford Lardner must have rebuilt the forge, as over the doorway of the lower Windsor forge was placed a stone marked "L. Lardner, 1753." The exact spot where the Branson forge stood is known only by conjecture, as the remains of an old dam breast in Upper Windsor dam indicates its use for the first forge erected about 1743, and nearer the mansion. One hundred and twenty-five years rolled by and an evil day came upon the Old Windsor Forge (lower). About seven years after it had ceased operation forever, on a calm day in May, 1875, a rumbling noise was heard, and a great cloud of dust arose in the direction of Lower Windsor. The ancient iron works, that had started in manufacturing charcoal iron in Colonial times, under the rule of a King, had prospered and created wealth for its owners under a republic, and the rule of Presidents from Washington, the founder of the Republic, to Lincoln, the victor, for its preservation, lay prone upon earth—the walls, roof and chimneys all in a mass of wreck.

It had served its purpose well—the end had come—true, it lives now in memory.

The stone over the doorway, fortunately, was not broken, and is now one of the corner stones in the north-

east corner of the Upper Windsor barn.

Pool Forge.

About the year 1770 James Old, who worked at Lower Windsor during the occupancy by the English Company, and who was a man of business ability, purchased a tract of land about three-quarters of a mile west of Windsor, along the Conestoga, and erected thereon a forge, Pool Forge by name. He prospered, and on July 13, 1795, he sold the forge and farm of 783 acres to his son, Davis Old.

However, a new star appeared in the iron industry of Caernarvon, who, in his day, was the most successful iron manufacturer and the largest land owner of valuable farms and woodland at the time of his death, in 1830, that ever graced the iron business of Lancaster county, a veritable Carnegie of his day and generation.

This man was Cyrus Jacobs. Born in 1760, dying in 1830. In his business life of probably forty-two years he amassed a fortune in that time that was colossal, and, had his descendants handled this vast estate with the same keen judgment and business ability as he displayed in acquiring it, a Vanderbilt fortune would have resulted.

When we take into consideration that Mr. Jacobs owned no iron ore mines, no furnace to produce pig iron, but made his fortune in buying pig iron, hauling it twenty miles to his forges, there converting it into charcoal blooms and bar iron, then hauling it to Philadelphia, fifty miles distant, we feel that as an early charcoal iron master he stood alone, a tower of business ability and financial integrity.

Mr. Jacobs was a son of Richards

Jacobs, born near Perkiomen, Chester county. He came to Pool Forge a young man unversed in the iron business. Endowed with a keen, perceptive mind and business ability of the highest type, his active mind and far-seeing judgment led him to anticipate a great future in the iron trade. His employer, James Old, he served faithfully a number of years, and, having married Mr. Old's daughter, Margaret, purchased, in the fall of 1789, when he was twenty-eight years of age, what was known as the Edwards farm, patented to Thomas Edwards on various dates from April 3, 1735, to September 21, 1745, recorded in Patent Book A, Vol. 7, page 149, and in Book A, Vol. 12, page 359. When Mr. Jacobs bought the tract from the administrators of David Morgan, who then owned the farm, it contained 285 acres. Mr. Jacobs at once began the construction of a dam and erection of a forge. The breast of the dam was made so high that it caused the waters to encroach on his neighbors' lands, compelling him to purchase nine additional tracts of land before he had a clear title to the water right and power, which at that time was the best on the Conestoga River. The forge had two hammers, enabling the owner to turn out as much iron in one day as Windsor and Pool forges could do in two days. In 1795 Mr. Jacobs built the splendid Spring Grove mansion, fronting south on the Conestoga, of Colonial type, stone in construction, 60 by 40 feet, containing thirty-two rooms, finished in keeping with the estate he owned. As it stands to-day, it is one of the finest old-time mansions in Lancaster county.

In its palmy days the surroundings

savored of the residence of an English squire. The garden surrounded by a stone wall, the garden beds edged with box wood, old-time flowers and rose bushes in fragrant abundance, the yard terraced to the race that led from the forge dam, great trees, especially noted two giant pines in front of the house, a great porch the entire length of the house, carved and finished by old-time master house builders, made Spring Grove a miniature kingdom.

How many hallowed memories clustered around this mansion! How many changes have occurred since the first occupancy! From happy recollections to sad reflections.

It was in this mansion that the late Bishop Potter wedded Miss Eliza Jacobs, the granddaughter of Cyrus Jacobs, and Miss Eliza M. Jacobs, the daughter of Mr. Jacobs, was joined in wedlock with Moulton Rogers, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Lancaster, Pa.

Years passed by, wealth accumulated under the untiring industry of the owner. In 1799, May 2, Mr. Jacobs purchased Pool Forge and its 783 acre farm from Davis Old, his brother-in-law, for £10,000, and started the forge with double hammers.

There was an old saying that "everything he touched turned into gold." However, it was not the magic wand of a sorcerer, but the ability, good judgment, and strict attention to his business propositions that caused this stream of gold to flow into his coffers. His forges, the fires always glowing, the heavy hammers pounding away, whether the demand for iron was urgent or slow, placed him in the position of being fully prepared at all times to supply the market on a quick demand.

Windsor, Pool and Spring Grove forges secured their charcoal pig iron from Elizabeth furnace, in Elizabeth township, Warwick, in Chester county, Joanna, in Berks, and Hope-well in Crester county.

For some reason no furnaces were ever erected on the Conestoga River east of Lancaster. Though undiscovered until late in the fifties, large bodies of iron ore existed in Caernarvon.

The Evans Mine, of Beartown, Garman, Shirk's and many sma'ler mines southeast of Churchtown have been worked, the output going to furnaces at Birdsboro and Joanna in Berks county. The great expense incurred in getting the ore to the surface caused the final abandonment of these sources of supply in 1878.

Of Mr. Jacobs' immediate family—fourteen children—the majority died in early life. Samuel O. Jacobs, on the death of his father, inherited by will the Spring Grove estate. He gave promise of a useful life, but died when comparatively young, 1836, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, his son, William Boyd Jacobs, inheriting the estate. He was a graduate of Yale College, a gentleman in the true sense of the word. In 1866 he sold the farm and forge to Peter Zimmerman, and thus, after an uninterrupted prosperity for three-fourths of a century, the finest estate in Lancaster county passed from the hands of the Jacobs family for all time. The old-time garden, the terraced lawn, the great pine trees, all have been obliterated. Ten farms have been created out of the almost six hundred acres owned by the elder Mr. Jacobs at the time of his decease. The whirligig of time spares neither estate nor individual. Original Spring Grove now contains

sixty-six acres with the old-time mansion.

In the latter years of Mr. Jacobs' life he resided at White Hall, half a mile north of Churchtown. He was living there in 1820, as I have read a letter (through the courtesy of one of his descendants) written him by James Buchanan, then a prominent Lancaster attorney, relating to the contemplated purchase of some property. Mr. Jacobs expired very suddenly in May, 1830, at White Hall. His will, made in 1829, shows the comprehensive intelligence this remarkable man had in executing it. In detail he describes himself as "Iron Master and Farmer." In both he was a remarkable success. As a farmer he owned in farms alone Spring Grove farm and forge, Pool farm and forge, Federal Hall, White Hall, Hampden, the Clymer farm in Berks county, mills, houses, etc. His landed possessions totaled 9,000 acres, farms and woodlands. His personal property represented a value of over \$282,000. His farms all contained, on an average, hundreds of acres. Through the courtesy of his great grandson, Mr. John H. Jacobs, of Churchtown, I am enabled to place before you his will and an inventory of his personal estate.

Robert Jenkins, Cyrus Jacobs, as Lancaster countains, we can look upon the history of their lives, neighbors, the men of the forges, the colliers and wood choppers.

The late General H. Bentley Jacobs, the grandson of Cyrus Jacobs, married Miss Catharine Jenkins, daughter of Robert Jenkins, of Windsor, a man of fine, gentlemanly mien and had friends amongst all classes. Unfortunately, the liberality and kindly generosity of these people did not tend

to conserve the great fortune of their distinguished ancestor.

Traditions.

As the ivy clings to ruined and deserted mansions, so do traditions attach themselves to the history of old-time iron families.

A tradition can only be one of two things. It is either derogatory, or, on the other hand, harmlessly jocular. Traditions have there been in old Caernarvon. Some, I regret to say, derogatory, others, harmless. To refer to them in this paper would be very ungenerous indeed. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

Of Mr. Jacobs' grandchildren, Cyrus Jr., started for California as a forty-niner. Whilst going by steamboat to St. Joe, Missouri, on the Mississippi River, he attempted to draw some water for his horse. Losing his balance, he plunged overboard, his body never being recovered. He was the son of Samuel O. Jacobs, and brother of William Boyd Jacobs, the last owner of historic Spring Grove.

The Episcopal Church in Caernarvon.

In 1730 the first church (Episcopal) was erected. The settlers at that time were English and Welsh and adhered to the Church of England.

The old Bangor Church record recites thus: "They (the settlers) found no place would be agreeable to them without the public worship of God, and unanimously and cordially agreed, according to their worldly possessions, to build a church of square logs and name it Bangor, after a diocese of that name in Wales in old England. The names of the members who contributed to and built the church are as follows:

Thomas Williams, Phillip Davies,
 George Huttson, Reese Davies
 Nathan Evans, Thomas Morgan,
 Morgan John, Gabriel Davies,
 John Bowers, Hugh Davies,
 Nicholas Huttson, David Davies.
 Evans Hughes, John Davies,
 Zaccheus Davies, Morgan Evans,
 Geo. Huttson, Sr., Charles Huttson,
 Edward Nicholas, Thomas Nicholas,
 John Davies.

The first pastor was Rev. Griffith Hughes.

In 1754 a new stone church was built and Nathan Evans contributed £100, a liberal gift for that age. The third church was built probably after the War of 1812, but I have been unable to find an account of the exact year. The church was remodeled in 1879, being Gothic in style.

The stone work in the front of this church is a fine example of the workmanship of the old-time masons, and the white and red sandstone are so arranged as to be very pleasing to the eye. On the eastern side of the church wall are a number of honeycombed stone with the names of the donors of the original church carved thereon. The graveyard surrounding the church contains some ancient tombs and gravestones. The oldest is marked in memory of Mary Edwards, who died June, 1741, aged three years. In the southeast corner are buried many of the Jacobs family, including the progenitor of their family, Cyrus Jacobs; early members of the Jenkins family; Lieut. Col. Jonathan Jones, of the Seventy-second Regiment of the line, Pennsylvania, in the Continental army; Owen Thomas, who died in 1830, a soldier of the Revolution; Leonard Garman, a

Revolutionary wagonmaster. The old church book contains many quaint entries on different subjects. On October 12, 1811, a meeting of the corporation of Bangor was held to settle a misunderstanding between the teacher of the parish school and the committee. It was settled by the pedagogue being allowed to hold his position. May 2, 1814, Edward Davies, church warden, for the church, invested in the stock of the Union Bank of Lancaster, \$250, five shares at \$50 per share. The above bank not going into operation, the \$250 was returned to the church with \$4.00 interest.

Not a word is mentioned in the record book of the Revolution. Rev. Thomas Barton, being rector and a Loyalist, could not refuse to invoke divine blessing upon George the Third. This certainly provoked the liberty-loving parishioners, and the reverend gentleman resigned. Whether the Pequea (Compassville) P. E. Church have written proofs to claim erection of their church prior to 1730 or not I do not know. The congregation of the Episcopal Church has dwindled down to a small number. The old church is still in a fine condition. A number of years ago, on the death in Vermont of Mr. William Boyd Jacobs, he left by will \$5,000, to be held in trust for the use of the church. He had been a consistent member of the church until he removed from the scene of his boyhood and manhood days in 1867.

A visit to this church and a stroll through the churchyard, where sleep the forefathers who in life performed the duties laid down before them in their various walks of life, from the wealthy to those of more humble station, recalls in part the words of Gray:

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet
sleep.

* * * * *
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing
horn
No more shall rouse them from their
lowly bed.

* * * * *
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of
power
And all that beauty, all that wealth
e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the
grave.

* * * * *
Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent
dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of
death?"

The Methodist congregation was formed in the thirties. A great many of the employes of the forges were strict adherents of the Methodist Church and devout churchmen. The congregation is the strongest in the town.

In 1844 a Presbyterian Church was built, being liberally aided by the family of Mr. Robert Jenkins. In the 'graveyard Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins are interred and a number of their children and descendants. I regret to note that the congregation is practically nil.

The Mills.

The first desire of the early settlers and the cry for bread led to the prompt building of a mill, this necessary adjunct of the settlement to produce the "staff of life."

Gabriel Davis was, as I have mentioned, the first to build a grist mill. In 1750 John Jenkins erected a mill and in 1816 George Jenkins erected a new mill on the site of the old mill. It is still in use, and is known as Hertzler's mill, owned by John Z. Hertzler. It is situated a mile and a half southeast of Churchtown, on the

original Gabriel Davies tract. In 1742 a tract of land west of Churchtown was deeded to Jacob Light by John Thomas and Richard Penn. On this land, about 1750, Mr. Light built two mills, one, now known as Caernarvon Mill, owned by S. D. Martin, the other known as McCormick's, later as Yohn's mill, now owned by Henry S. Martin.

The Roads.

The earliest record in the township book has this as the first entry, on November 13, 1763: "By cutting a road from old Lewis home to John Jenkins' mill and from John Jenkins' mill to the top of the Welsh Mountains £5,5s,9d." "November 21, 1763—By mending the great road from Stony Bank to John Yoder's fence at Maxwell's Hill, £1,7s,9d."

The great road was the King's highway, and extended to Chester Valley from Lancaster. A curious entry in the old book is as follows: "List of servants May 8, 1773—Line Servants to David Jenkins—Mulatto Maud, Mulatto George, indentured until the age of thirty-one, September 14, 1780. Mulatto Poll the same."

In 1819 a road was built south and southwest from Churchtown that intersected the road leading from Pool Forge to the top of the Welsh Mountains at Sandy Hollow.

Persons of Note.

Among the many notable persons who have graced the neighborhood with their citizenship in the past, and they are legion, one in particular of national naval fame passed his last days near Churchtown.

This man was Commodore Elliott, of the United States navy. As Captain of the sloop of war Niagara, at the battle of Lake Erie, it was his ves-

set that decided the fate of that engagement. The flagship Lawrence a wreck, Commodore Perry shifted his flag in the midst of a heavy fire to the Niagara, and, sailing through the British squadron, firing broadsides right and left, compelled the Union Jack to be lowered in token of surrender. In after years Captain, then Commodore, Elliott commanded the frigate Constitution on a cruise of three years around the world.

After retiring, the Commodore resided with his son-in-law, Mr. Thomas Jacobs, at Hampton farm, one-half mile north of Churchtown. Like all the old sea fighters of the day of wide-spreading canvas, he had the peppery temper that was necessary in their maintaining order on board ship in the old days of the United States navy.

Being somewhat disabled, he was on one occasion carried out to his carriage. He remarked to those around: "You had better get a band and have them play the dead march from Saul." The Commodore died in 1845.

In the "thirties" Martin Bickham, an Englishman by birth, purchased three farms in the neighborhood of Churchtown—the Owen Thomas farm, Federal Hall farm and the George Jenkins farm, near Hertzler's Mill. The latter farm is now owned by Count DuPont, of Paris, France, and tenanted by Mr. Martin Bickham, the grandson of Martin Bickham.

Though an Englishman by birth, Mr. Bickham was an American citizen, and for a number of years, from 1816, United States Consul to the Isle of Mauritius.

He married a French lady of noble birth while residing in Mauritius, and his only child, the late Stephen Girard

Bickham, of Caernarvon, was born on that island.

Mr. Bickham was for many years confidential agent of Stephen Girard, the philanthropist, merchant prince, and the founder of Girard College.

The late James McCaa, of Churchtown, was a Scotchman by birth, having first seen the light of day in Dumfriesshire, Scotland.

Coming to America as a small boy, he finally located in Caernarvon township, afterwards removing to Churchtown.

Having Scotch persistence and a well-balanced mind, he succeeded in life.

His business ability was such that he settled many estates, and was one of the executors of the Windsor estate when the final settlement of the heirs occurred.

He was for many years a Justice of the Peace in Caernarvon. As a student of Burns, with his pronounced Scotch accent, it was a pleasure to hear him read "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Highland Mary."

Edward Davles, a descendant of a grandson of Cyrus Jacobs, Esq., the ironmaster.

In 1838 Mr. Jacobs, on a tract of land one-half mile west of Churchtown, which consisted of 146 acres, erected a Colonial mansion, and christened the farm "Ashland," in honor of Henry Clay, "The Mill Boy of the Slashes," whose Kentucky home, "Ashland," was the residence of the distinguished Compromiser.

The era in which these people lived, like themselves, has passed forever. No more the old-time mansions will resound with the gaieties of the past days. The descendants of the early settlers, like birds from the nest, are scattered to the four winds.

A new regime has appeared, generations have changed, and the once-famous neighborhood surrounding Churchtown has conformed to the existing conditions.

A Word on Churchtown.

This village, founded prior to 1730, is situated almost in the center of the township, on the high ridge. In the days of the forges it was a busy hive of industry. Tailors, shoemakers, hatmakers, cabinet and chairmakers, harness shops, blacksmiths, Conestoga wagon builders and nearby fulling mills gave employment to many persons, and an air of prosperity was evident to the traveler.

The Pennsylvania Gazetteer of 1798 thus describes the town at that date: "A post town in Caernarvon township, Lancaster county, Pa., distant twenty miles from Lancaster, east by north, and east by south from Philadelphia fifty miles. In the environs are two charcoal forges producing 450 tons of bar iron annually." This was in the days of candles and fat lamps.

Now the village can boast not of numerous small industries, but of electric lights, both for dwellings and streets.

With good schools, industrious people and pleasant surroundings Churchtown is still on the map and may it remain so as long as the sun shines.

In closing I wish to thank the following gentlemen of Caernarvon for very material assistance rendered in securing for me information from old deeds and correct local history of the past days of Caernarvon: Messrs. John Z. Hertzler, W. J. McCaa, John H. Jacobs and Henry S. Martin, and to Mr. M. J. Weaver (surveyor), New Holland, Pa., for information concerning the titles to Spring Grove estate.

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