

June 26, 2019

TOURING SULLIVAN COUNTY'S MUSEUM . . .  
while dusting

Every once in a while something comes to us that, at first glance, would seem to have nothing to do with Sullivan County. But then on second look, lo and behold – it does. Such was the case with this recent find. It comes from a newspaper clipping in the Wilkes-Barre Telephone which was printed from 1880 to 1899. This particular piece is from Saturday, July 9<sup>th</sup> of 1892. Its segmented titles each begin with “Here and There”. No author or by-line is shown on any installment so we know not the writer. But please, travel along with us for a while on this past writer’s journey.

“Having a desire to see Sullivan County and its extensive forests, I last week departed from father Howland’s, in Fairmount township, on foot, to go by Long Pond.

“Before I had gotten out of the lane, Percy, having considered the matter, resolved to accompany me, prompted partially by the desire to capture a few fish and partially to act as companion and guard to his father.

“Half a mile on our way, we see by the guide board that it says, “To Red Rock, 3 miles.” From the top of Red Hill we wave our handkerchiefs to Mrs. L, who stands in the shade a fourth of a mile back where she had accompanied us. We soon after pass Mr. G.M. Benscoter’s pleasant home, and go on by Jacob N. Steeles. Now we pass through Mossville and after two miles more we come to the old turnpike at North Mountain. Another mile and we read the sign, “Mountain Hotel, J. Hacker.” This is the last house to pass and we are fairly started up the mountain.

“The road is so shaded that we can scarcely see out over the great Huntington Valley, but we do occasionally catch a glimpse of some green townships that spread out below us. Yonder is the blue and beautiful mountain gap at Shickshinney, and there are the mountains this side of and beyond the Wyoming Valley. The road is steep, but smooth and in good order. Far down through the hemlocks, on our right, we hear the waters of a creek as they tumble down over the stones and ledges. Here a mighty ledge, bearing up big trees like a hanging garden, juts out over the road offering shelter from the sun and from tempests. At length we reach the top of



the mountain, and a forest of vast extent stretches out on all sides. A forest covering more than a thousand square miles.

“We hear quite a loud noise and Percy looks frightened. He is afraid we will meet a bear, while I am afraid we will not. Our road runs on through the mighty grove of Natures own planting, until we arrive at Long Pond.”

This first bit of transcription is the lead in for the hiker’s journey towards his goal of Sullivan County. We can only assume that Percy is his dog as most references is to “we” but when the hiker is invited to a dinner the reference is to “I”. That and Percy’s reflections are not quoted but rather interpreted by the hiker. What is interesting thus far is that the hiker jots down his own points of interest so well described as to be the reader standing next to him. We’ll continue with his adventure next week. But, until then, we are officially open for summer hours of Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays from 1 to 5 p.m. Contacting us can be via email to [museum@scpahistory.com](mailto:museum@scpahistory.com) or by phone at 570-946-5020. Also, visit our web site at [www.scpahistory.com](http://www.scpahistory.com) and like us on Facebook.