HISTORY OF THE BEAVER VALLEY.

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

BEAVER VALLEY, August, 1873.

[Paper No. 23.]

With all the charming memories of the past that cluster so richly around.

THE HISTORY OF THIS VALLEY,

with all its favored resources for unlimited expansion of industries, and with all the advantages, business, social or domestic, that it has, it has not yet advanced beyond a few separate towns, with scarcely anything in common but jealousies and rivalries. There is no well-built, thriving and populous city that many of the early settlers dreamed of, nor a thithe of that prosperity that they labored so hard to bring to pass. A neighborhood cannot thrive and grow on the prestige of past success, or by vain boasting about what beneficent nature has so bountifully bestowed upon it. Day dreaming never made either an individual or a community great, but, on the contrary, the most untiring industry and the hardest of labored toil can alone wrest from a grudging world the treasures that are in it. By first apologizing for the presumption of suggesting improvement to men much my superior in years and experience, I take the liberty—humbly, of course—to point out

A FEW OF THE NEEDS.

The pressing and imperative needs of this otherwise favored region, of course, it is not intended to even mention all of them, that were too great a task, but merely to call attention to a few of the most pressing. The first is the want of enterprise on the part of all its citizens, Beaver vallians are day dreamers. There is not a man or woman in it but can and does suggest a thousand and one improvements, the one five-hundredth part of which, if carried out, would make the place famous. There is plenty of theory, any number of planners of campaigns, but precious few who are willing and ready to execute them. Every general rule seems to have its exceptions, so I must make a few honorable exceptions in this general arraignment. There are a few

NOBLE SPIRITS AMONG US,

who bear the brunt of the battle, and never lag in any enterprise. Is there a proposition for iron works, gas works, water works—they are on hand, and their names head the list of subscriptions, and their time is devoted to the interests of the enterprises. But there are scarcely enough to save us from destruction. Ten righteous men, you will remember, would have saved a doomed city at one time, but the city was lost—not because none were there, but not enough. I would very much dislike to see ten righteous, enterprising men taken from Beaver Valley; not that it would thereby be lost, but there would be a great stagnation. The facts are, that these towns are literally at a stand still for the want of enterprise. Of course, a full-bound volume of the last census will be thrown at me at this juncture.

Has not

BEAVER FALLS INCREASED TEN-FOLD

within ten years, and has not New Brighton increased fifty per cent. in population in the same period? True, but it was outside enterprise. Name a factory started in New Brighton, Fallston, Bridgewater or Beaver, in ten years, by home enterprise. You can count every one of them that is now in successful operation on the thumbs of your two hands. It is true that Rochester has a large tumbler establishment and a coffin factory, but the old glass works in Bridgewater and the National Plow Factory in Rochester have stopped; and this all within ten years.

Beaver Falls is

FULL OF FACTORIES.

What are they? A cutlery, removed from Rochester—not much gain; a file factory, saw factory, axe factory, brush factory—all large and paying—but who built them? Men outside of Beaver Valley. The old paper mill, flouring mill, foundry, and a few smaller establishments are the products of Beaver Valley enterprise. Notice further, that nearly every home enterprise of any magnitude, most of the flouring mills, woolen mills, wire factory, some of the foundaries, twine and paper factories, were started from

TWENTY TO FIFTY AND SIXTY YEARS AGO,

scarcely any within ten years, started at a time when your Townsends, Merricks, Hoopes, Miners, Wilsons, Pattersons, Bakers, Wildes, Pughs, and a mighty host of workers were in active life. The sons of these men who have remained in the Valley form the larger part of some enterprise to-day, aided by some others not identified with the early life of the Valley. But these are but a small number, and the majority of them are cramped for want of means. Outside of these there are men with ample means, but they lack the spirit and enterprise. The leaven must work in the pockets of these men before any great work is done for the good of the Valley.

Now as to

THE INCREASE OF POPULATION.

What brought it to Beaver Falls? It was the direct effect of the building of the mills, &c., by outside parties. The mills already in operation had their hands and they needed no more. The carpenters, bricklayers, masons, etc., came to build homes for the hands employed in the new mills and as well for the employers, and for their own immediate use. Great excitement was the result, and many imagined that a large city was at their feet. But when the Economites invested all they could, the

GRAFFS, FESSENDENS, BLAKES

and others, exhausted their immediate means, then the day dreamers went to dreaming again, and so they will sleep and dream, Rip Van Winkle-like, until something or other "turns up," or turns them up. They will probably arouse sufficiently to pray "Good fortune send us a few mere Pittsburghers and New Yorkers and Economites,"—without the Chinese.

A Cincinnatian was among us a few days since, stayed over Sunday; got a carriage, went to Beaver, Alum Rocks and Beaver Falls. Was asked, "Well, how do you like our neighborhood?" "Very well," said he, "a good, quiet place to rest, and were it not for the few factories on the race, you could take a Rip Van Winkle sleep." Bless the gentleman from Porkopolis, the factories don't disturb us any, kind o' lulls us to sleep, and then, under their gentle murmur, we dream all about them and imagine ourselves brave fellows. The Chinese will turn out to

BE A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

The good people had been pleasantly day dreaming for about one and one-half years when this foreign and detested element came among us. It turned us up, and there was more energy displayed than had been seen for many a day. The Beavers became strong, active men once more, as they are naturally, and the way things flew about generally was a caution to everything in the heathen line, and this uprising had a good effect—just like it is every time, when our people determine to do a thing, they do it—and the Chinese are leaving, and then when

AH SIN

and all those Ahs have betaken themselves to a more congenial clime, will, in all probability, go to dreaming again, until something else turns us up. Oh, shame, descendents of those old worthies who wrested this fair heritage from the hands of the savage, are you going to sit calmly down and watch all these mighty natural powers elude your grasp, and not utilize them?

Remember the

TOWNSENDS, HOOPES, PUGHS, AND WILSONS,

who seventy years ago made this water power work for them, and emulate their example by making the valley bloom as a rose. New Brighton wants gas works, and the enterprise is put on foot. Some of our very best men are put on the committee, and they head the list with their names and means.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS ARE WANTED,

and after weary weeks and months of anxious waiting the books show not one-half the stock taken. Of course this is mainly from an over-whelming sense of modesty and something else. Mr. B is asked to subscribe, and he says, "Well, I can't tell just yet, but think I can help it; but I'il not put my name down until certain others have." Messrs. C, D and E all do the same thing until the end of the alphabet, until it comes to X. He has a little home and enough surplus for five shares. He feels the need of the enterprise and gladly invests in it. The modest people applaud X for his spirit, &c., but he stands alone almost, outside of the committee. But then, what do we want with gas? Haven't we an occasional lamp on our streets? All true enough; we have street lamps, but we have run out of oil and they are of no account except on moonlight nights, when most any one can walk alone. So it may be that New Brighton may settle down to the good old times, and have none of your new-fangled pipes and burners and the terribly dangerous gas. We won't stand it to have our property taxed to pay for putting down pipes and furnishing gas to light up our streets. What's the use in it? There is none, 'tis true. People in the rural districts ought to go to bed when the birds do, and they won't need gas.

Then there is Beaver Falls, has had a charter for gas works these many months, and yet there is not the remotest sign of gas to light the streets. From

"BLOCK HOUSE RUN"

on the south, to Barnardville on the north, ye inhabitants can clamber over stones and gulleys and cellar doors, and wade through mud or dust, as it may be, just as your fathers and mothers used to do. Don't need gas, of course not, couldn't clamber and wade if we had it.

And so we must dream over this a while. Men of ample means won't invest, and the enterprising men who do the work can't invest for want of funds, and the enterprise must stop. And

WHY DON'T MEN OF MEANS INVEST?

Oh, they have invested, and been "fooled" and lost some of their money. Not a very strong argument, it is true, but then it is sufficient to prevent our pleasant dreams from being disturbed.

Enterprising

BEAVER FALLS HAS WATER WORKS.

Good old Beaver has water works. New Brighton has no water works—don't need any. We have two town pumps and plenty of private wells and cisterns, and pray what do we want with water works? Beaver Falls and Beaver people have water in their kitchens and rooms; the rest of the towns have it there, too, or if not there, there is plenty of it in Beaver and Ohio rivers. But

NEW BRIGHTON

has two historic pumps. The wells were dug and the logs hewed out, lo! many years ago, and these old pumps have watered many a man and beast for all these years; but like the old-fashioned "sweeps" of still earlier times, they require no amount of muscle. There is probably no institution in the town that has been the innocent cause of more profanity than these poor, old, unoffending pumps. Here most of our good people who are near enough get ther supplies of water. Little boys swing themselves on the handles of the pumps, until they have gymnatics enough for a week, before they get their buckets full. Hard working women, leaving their children to cry until their return, haste to the wells to get what water they need. And oh! how they envy Rachael of old her complacency of mind, as at the well she drew water for man and beast, while they, poor women, must needs almost break their backs and lame their arms to get enough for the good, enterprising husbands coffee. But

IS THERE NO DEFENCE FOR THESE OLD PUMPS?

Yes, there is, and I gladly don my coat of mail to be the knight that shall defend their fair fame. Many a tired, weary man and beast has been refreshed at these fountains. The man who put them there deserves the chicest blessings and benedictions of all the people for the great good already done. But oh, ye town fathers, oh, ye men of capital and enterprise, don't you know that in the mutations of time better fountains for water supplies have been found than these pumps? Have you never heard of reservoirs and hydrants? Have you never seen the weak child and weary woman unthrottle the pipe that held the gurgling waters, without pain or backache? Don't you know that even wells and cisterns give out in times of drough? Then don't you see the need of water works? But they cost money! Do they? How much, suppose you, have those two solitary pumps cost the goodly borough of New Brighton? Enough to pay interest on money borrowed to put in operation water works. Yea, much more. There is scarcely a "quarter" in the year but the "Squire" and his helpers may be seen wrestling with the old south ward pump. They pump, but lo! no water comes. They take out the sucker and put in a new one. Again they pump and no water comes. They take out the old logs and clean them, put them back again and pump, but no water comes. Again the logs are lifted and cleaned and scraped, and sawed and refitted until the work seems perfect. Again they pump and no water comes. That pump is refractory, and the "Squire" retires in disgust from the field, discomfited, beaten, and now it takes a hercules to bring water from the depths, through that old pump. It costs money to build water works. Yes, and they can be made to pay a fair dividend when they are built. Of all the towns in this valley, New Brighton, more than any other, needs water works.

MESSRS. MINER & MERRICK

have done what they could to supply a part of the town from their spring, but it necessarily does not meet the one-twentieth part of the demand.

But we

NEED SOMETHING ELSE

yet. We need a general and most thorough cleaning and fixing up. Why, Beaver Valley streets and mud and dust have become proverbial. Streets covered with holes and hills, side walks dilapidated and neglected, sewers choked with "smart-weed" and "dog-fennel," cellars open for pedestrians to stumble in, holes to break the shins of night walkers in, and lay the foundation for bills of damages.

GENERAL NEGLECT—GENERAL DISORDER.

Here it is again, no money. If no better can be done, why not borrow money? Get in debt by doing that. Of course we'll get in debt, and what's our town worth unless they are in debt? Debt means taxation, and taxation means the unsettling of the nerves of our good, conservative, modest people. In addition to all this, we must have more business for our people. These water courses must be lined with factories and mills, or just as sure as we exist, so surely will we stop right still and die in our tracks, an unlamented and unmourned death. Enterprise, men,—enterprise, *enterprise*, work and will are what we want.

We must dream less and act more, or we can never reach the goal of our ambition. Why let our powers and capabilities lie dormant when there is so much that can be done and at so little a cost.

"Let us, then,

BE UP AND DOING,

with a heart for any fate," never faltering, never losing courage, never looking back, until we shall be what we ought—to be—one of the most prosperous people on God's fair footstool.

But how can we erect mills and factories ween we have not the means to do so? We can build gas works probably, we can build water works, perhaps, we can repair our streets, &c., if it must be, but it is far beyond the bounds of posibility, that we can utilize all this water power. What can be expected of us in this regard? That brings me to a point, that reminds me of something else I have to say, and must say it. I promised the good *Gazette* people that No. 23 would relieve them of any further infliction from this series of notes, but how

CAN I REFRAIN FROM NO. 24?

So I will tell you in another letter, that one of your greatest needs, is the "attraction of brains and capital to the Valley," and that you ought to show "liberally to those who wish to come among you to aid you in developing the valley," and one or two other points, all of which will be told very briefly, plainly and humbly. Now, neighbors and friends, with an earnest hope that you may at once awaken to active duty and labor, I bow my best bow, and invoke upon you the guardianship of the good and mighty over-ruling spirit of enterprise.

BEAVER.

Civil Service Questions.

Give the year, month, day, hour, and minute of your birth, to the best of your knowledge and belief.

Do you believe in Darwinism? If so, how many of your ancestors do you calculate you would be compelled to dig up before you found an extra length of spine?

When is the best time to trim corns?

Do you differ from Webster in your style of spelling? If so, in what words?

At the present rate of punishing crime, how long will it be before murderers are pensioned?

What was the number of acres in Rhode Island when first discovered?

Do your shirts open in front or behind?

What was the name of the son of Austerlitz, and did the old man have any daughters?

Who was Secretary of the Navy while the Erie Canal was built?

Do any members of your family make any pretentions toward keeping Lent, save your umbrella and brass kettle?

Who was commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, when Sergeant Bates made his raid through England?

In your judgment, which should prevail, the bias of jurisprudence or compulsory hanging, where the jury are temporarily idiotic?

Are you well posted in vulgar fractions and polite literature of the day?

Is there any sentiment in the human heart more tender than the bosom of a dollar-store shirt?

What is the length of the Chicago River, and how far from its mouth is it navigable for light-draught ducks?

Did the Smiths come to America before the Browns? If so, why?

In what year was the Colorado potato-bug patented?

Should lighting rod peddlers be allowed to vote until after death?

Who was the fruit dealer who first cried "Hang out your bananas on the outer walls, the cry is give us rum?"

Square a Cincinnati hog's root, by taking a segment from the circle of his tail and adding it to the diameter of his nose?

Are you in favor of "local option" as applied to sparking on the gate of your prospective father-in-law?

Under what circumstances would you suspend the *habeas corpus* act in order to string up a milk-peedler?

Give the names of six of the wealthiest horse doctors in the country since the epizootic left.

At which end of a chicken-pie do you commence an attack?

Do you prespire freely while carving before a large dinner-party?

Does it take any more cloth to dress the Goddess of Liberty in fashionable attire, than it does to rag out Hall Columbia, so that the Washington society papers will notice her?

Which is the greatest female character in history—Joan of Arc or Lydia Tompson?

Are you insured in the Travelers, of Hartford? If so, how much?

Stand on your head and repeat the multiplication table backward, at the same time give the "Heathen Chinee" in Latin, and sing "We may be happy yet."

This comprises the most important questions in the list. We have omitted a few pretaining to mathematics and grammar, but the above will convey to the minds of young men who desire governmental positions some idea of what they must undergo previously. — *Missouri Democrat, St. Louis.*

The Meddlesome Monkey.

There was a meddlesome monkey that set out to reform the world.

"Milk isn't good for you," he said to the cat, upsetting the saucer, and the cat scratched one of his eyes out.

"You were not meant to gnaw bones," he said to the dog, and he ran off with the bone; but the dog ran after him and bit his tail off.

"How can beef be made of grass, you foolish beast," he said to the ox, offering him the bone he had stolen from the dog; but the ox tossed him up into a tree.

As he sat there, minus an eye and a tail, and plus a broken rib, he moaned out:

"How blindly ungrateful is the world to its best benefactors?"

A GERMAN Jew was eating a pork-chop in a thunderstorm. On hearing an unusually loud clap, he laid down his knife and fork, and observed, "Vell, did any poty efer hear such a fuss about a liddle pid of pork?"

"NASBY" is to make "Bricks without Straw" in Lyceums next winter. He says the topic occurred to him by finding a brick in his hat, which come through a straw.

A YOUNG lady at Saratoga, writing home to her mother, concludes with—"P. S.—You will see by my signature that I am married."

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration on the estate of Sarah Tornby and Elizabeth Laney, of Economy township, Beaver county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement to

REUBEN HENDRICKSON, Adm'r.

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