

hopeless gamble with dangerous current and an uncertain market.

I have loafed in the forests, he once owned and have seen his descendants till the fat land in the valley that once added to his bank account and it is little wonder that he has become to me a combination of David Harum and Daniel Boone.

When told that Henry Ford said, "History is the bunk", I become an honest doubter and take real pleasure recording these facts as I see them, hoping that they may cause the good that my heroic pioneer ancestor did, to live after him in the mind and heart of descendants yet unborn.

Richard Biddle was born near Pennsdale in the year 1819, the son of Richard and Mary Flatt Biddle of Dutch descent and Quaker religion. His parents are buried in the old Friends Cemetery in Pennsdale.

His mother died and left several children when Richard was six and as seems to have been the custom in those days the children were bound out or morally adopted by families, who needed their services, in exchange for home, school, clothing etc., the and-so-forth representing an uncertain quantity in the algebra of life. Richard seems to have found himself on the plus side of the equation for there is no complaint recorded of the foster parents, who were the grandparents of Mrs. Sara Corson of Forksville and her present home was the scene of his rearing.

The log house forerunner of the present Huckell home was on the site now occupied by a large hen house.

At nineteen, he married Esther Bird who was four years his junior and they moved to the farm on Warburton Hill now owned by Dr. Silas D. Molyneaux of Binghamton. Their nine children were born here, five died in infancy. The four survivors all married and reared families. My maternal grandmother, Mrs. Rachel Norton is the only one who reached the allotted three score and ten years.

During the Civil War, he acquired a large tract of land a part of the Hill estate at Hillsgrove and moved there, occupying a log house on the site of the Hillsgrove hotel, the old building served as a tavern for one

year and represented one of his many interests.

He owned a saw mill that must have stood near the home occupied by grandmother Morean and I have seen the site of one of his mills in the small park back of the Hillsgrove House.

His market was Harrisburg and it is doubtful if his life's travels ever took him farther from home than the state capitol.

With the coming of the tannery to Hillsgrove, his farm became very profitable. He built the hotel now occupied by Geo. Walker and run it for several years as a temperance house. This building is a model of excellence in material and workmanship, the interior is finished in expensive black walnut.

The year 1881, he built the home in which he and his good wife spent their declining years, both dying in the nineties.

Esther Biddle, his wife, grandmother Biddle to all Hillsgrove, was an angel of mercy to all who knew her, a practical Christian, which combined the friendship of Quakers with the rude hospitality of her environment. She lived to an old age and buried all of her children except my grandmother, yet never saw a railroad. Her name was a boon to the friendless and she reared three orphan grandchildren. The Richard and Esther Biddle family tree, so far as my information reaches include the first generation, all dead. The second, third and fourth generations widely scattered.

DESCENDANTS OF RICHARD BIDDLE

Rachel—husband John W. Norton of Elkland. Children.

Anna—husband Ernest Vough. Children seven.

Lyman—wife Blanche Clark. Children Gladys and Donald.

Permillia—husband Richard Sherman. Children three: Wilda, Geraldine, Orpha.

Alice—husband Harold Miller. Children one: Ralph.

Opal—husband Glen Hunsinger.

Ella—married—Children none.

David—married—Children one.

Esther.

Lyman—first wife. Hattie York. Children two. Second wife.

Ernest—wife Anna Warburton. Children six:

Walter—wife Hazel Robins.