



CHARTIERS THE BEAUTIFUL

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Away back in the middle of the last century, along the banks of the stream emptying its waters into the Ohio a short distance above McKeo's Rocks, stood a solitary cabin. It was usually silent, for its owner occupied it but rarely, and it rested in a nook of the lowliest vale of Western Pennsylvania. The redskin troubled himself but little concerning either the cabin or its owner, as the latter was known to be thoroughly in sympathy with the Indians. The pale-face was Peter Chartier, a French trader, one of the first to venture to bring the white man of that cabin, for whom the pioneers began to settle thereabouts a score of years later, it had been destroyed, and its existence was known only by hearsay. But its owner dwelt there long enough to give the stream and some of the green hills whose feet rest in it a name. Chartier (Washington, in his journal, incorrectly pronounces it "Shurtree") was not the sort of character after whom it is advisable to christen anything. His record of robbery and notorious attempts to ravish Indian maidens, his alliance with the Six Nations for which he was compelled to permanently abandon his main residence in Philadelphia, to live with his red friends, is not calculated to inspire respect. He was a man who would have given to the stream will, for want of a better one, likely remain as it is for many years to come.

NOT A SENTIMENTAL PEOPLE.

As is usual in such matters, the early settlers permitted themselves to be but little



Cornelius Scully.

Influenced by sentiment in the naming of a place. One name was as good as another in their estimation, and Chartier was odd in his desire to have a name which should only the stream, but considerable of the country surrounding it. So it was that the tract of land at present comprised within a boundary line drawn along the right bank of the creek was given to him by Mr. McKeo, thence along the line of Union Township, and thence to the Ohio, and thence down the river to the place of beginning, received its name.

The proprietors of Jones, 1789, which yielded to this State a portion of the old Virginia claim, eventually added to Allegheny county a section which for scenic beauty, fertility, soil and richness of mineral deposit, was unsurpassed. It equalled throughout the State. The section referred to is contained at the present within the limits of the townships lying south of the Ohio and south and west of the Monongahela. The first and most prominent town referred to in the above, and upon the erection of Washington county, it became a part of that county, being included in what was then known as Roberto, Cecil and West Townships, and under the jurisdiction was under the jurisdiction of Dickenson township, which was organized in 1784, although not confirmed until two years later. All of these boundaries were again determined on the 1st of April, 1800, and the territory ceded by Westmoreland divided into seven townships, forming Allegheny county. Three of these made up that portion on the southern and western side of the Ohio, and the remaining four, Roberto, first known as Moon, St. Clair and Mifflin. These were in turn split up into a number of smaller subdivisions, one of which is Chartiers.

ANOTHER PIONEER NAME.

This township was much larger at one time than now. It extended up the creek to the small streamlet known as "Whisky



Schoolhouse Built in 1818.

"run," which was originally "John Bell's run," after the brave pioneer who was the first to settle here. The schoolhouse is the only place that bears or bore the latter name; it should be maintained, inasmuch as the name under which it is now known is a result born of the reunions which at one time were held at the schoolhouse, the principal participants of which were notorious tipplers and the tipples they tipped."

The brothers Bell, John and James, who

in the foreground like a silver belt, winding through and along the lovely meadow lands, sometimes at the base of emerald hills and sloping banks, anon resting in a green silent pool, then purling past cold gray rocks or rising in a series of graceful flights of the glorious sun, to awake again at an overhanging tree and hurry with noisy haste over stony shallows until lost in the purple shadows of the distant hills.

At the top of the hill, on the top of a high hill, the Von Bonhors homestead can be seen peeping from among the trees surrounding it, and in the same direction, but a few rods lower down, the point points out the location of the cabin from which Jennie Stoop was captured by the Indians in 1780.

THE INGRAM TRACT.

About a mile away Scully's Springs—so called from the chalybeate mineral springs in the valley, the water of which is of course, of which the most part is or was owned by the Ingram family. This tract was purchased by Thomas Ingram in 1818, and occupied by him until his death, which took place in 1850. His son, Mr. Henry Ingram, who died about four years ago at an advanced age. The latter's recollections were extremely interesting, extending over a period of 67 years' continuous residence in the tract.

A short distance from the house occupied by Mr. Ingram is a spot which marks the location of the old "Hope Hospital," established by the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Bell during the last century, as an hospital for disabled or sick soldiers. This arrangement was made on account of the swampy condition of the fort's surroundings, which were detrimental

were the earliest settlers in the valley, came from Virginia in October, 1788. They crossed the first night on the trail now known as Jacob Doolittle, near Mansfield, on which stood an old swamp oak as late as July, 1873, when it was blown down in a severe storm. The Rev. Dr. Jonathan Bell cut a large chip for a housing block. The next morning they crossed the creek into what is now known as Robinson township, a few hundred yards below North Mansfield, on the Pa. C. & R. R.

Having stuck to work claims they went back to Virginia, returning in the



Stone Covering General Hand's Well.

to their recovery. Mr. Henry Ingram, who resided the hospital distinctly, stated that the building was a two-story building about 100 feet in length by 30 wide, with a porch completely encircling it. There were no windows at all and only two doors. Paritions divided the upper and lower stories, the former being the grave, which is in full view from the stairs leading to the city wall. The country presents a very stern appearance, there being but little vegetation. A few date palms stand near the entrance, while the trees render the prospect less barren. The approach to the valley is up a sandy slope, rising about 200 feet above the town. The road is about 10 feet wide and is surrounded by a stone wall 4 feet high, covered with chimney. In the center of it rises a small dome-covered mosque, wherein pilgrims assemble to say their daily prayers. The mosque is perfectly plain, except that the minaret is erected on the roof. It stands about 100 feet high and is covered with curtains. The curtains being drawn aside discloses a black stone let into the floor. This stone is supposed to be the grave of Abel, son of Eve. A large flat stone covers it. Grape shot, canes, sticks and various surgical instruments have been discovered at various times in the vicinity.

This part of the valley is very rich in timberings which back in place in 1824, and nothing has been done to repair them, but the old well, which was situated a few feet from the main building, and is responsible for the name by which the institution was best known in the early days, "Old Well Inn."

A large flat stone covers it. The grave is surrounded by a stone wall 4 feet high, with only three gates. At one end of these gates are closed, and at all times they are guarded by Turkish soldiers.

THE GRAVE OF MOTHER EVE.

As I was obliged to leave Jeddah again that night I lost no time in getting ashore, and after breakfast and a tub, the latter of which I had to take in the British Consular cavasses to visit Eve's grave.

I set off with one of the British Consulars, who had been entirely effected. He had the jungle around the grave completely cleared away, so that we could get to the grave without difficulty.

He had the brush before us, and at last, however, my search was rewarded

when I found the grave brought to light.

A wooden cross had been placed over the grave, and the head had fallen down and wreathed with creepers lay on the ground.

LAWRENCE C. GOODRICH.

NEWS FOR READERS.

Interesting Donations to the Carnegie Free Library.

A copy of Craig's History of Pittsburgh, the kind donation of Mr. J. K. Bole, of Cleveland, O., formerly of Allegheny City, was received yesterday at the Carnegie Free Library. This is the first donation to the library of a book that belongs to the circumference of our knowledge.

A collection of State documents already made by Controller Brown, as well as a goodly collection of Government documents, furnished to the library through the kindness of Congressman Bayne.

A very extensive donation of periodicals came in yesterday consisting of newspapers from all over the world, and from every language.

Other names on the hotel register are C.

Dickey, P. G. Digby, J. H. McMasters,

George Coe, E. McDougle, Thomas McDevitt, J. K. Johnson, Andrew Carnegie and family, Mr. J. C. Milligan, G. E. Gudea, Mrs. E. Opelde, George M. Don, Master Lawrence Don, W. Clark, Miss Clara, Miss Jane Black, Miss Jessie Black, J. H. Bell, V. N. French and wife, and Miss French.

At the Sterlingworth everything is lively.

Mr. and Mrs. McCullough gave a tea party at Greenbank, and the ladies and gentlemen parties often go out for a ride in the tally-ho. Not as many Pittsburgers are here as at the Kent.

Upon the register for the last few days the following appear: E. E.

Newell, W. M. S. Sedley, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, W. G. Munsey and wife, Mrs. L. D. Robinson.

Mr. C. W. Stone of Warren, Pa., wife of the Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania, and daughter, Marie, are staying here.

A PRETTY AND FRESH BACHELOR.

At Greenbank life is less fashionable and more as careless as the old wood. The guests enjoy the tennis parties, ride upon the yacht and take long drives into the country. Some of them are shocked by these "hall games" and amusements, but the majority it lends a keener sense of enjoyment.

The instrumental players of every description, and some of them are "cranks," but most of them are pleasant gentlemen and ladies who are really gay. They do not mind you concerning the hobby-horse, even though they are a little disappointed because you do not manifest as much interest in them as they do themselves.

A GENIAL SCHOLAR.

There is the genial, chubby-faced Dr.

Harper, who goes about in a rapid, jolly Catholic priest like the Principal of the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts, and the great Hebrew scholar in the land.

He has a decided air of masterfulness.

He is a great walker and a talker.

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