

was of crimson silk* and waved for the last time when Pulaski fell, a year later, in the ill advised attack on Savannah, after which the Legion as a separate body ceased to exist, its units being transferred to other commands.

Pausing at Sweetwater for a brief rest, Pulaski left his infantry and pushed on with his horsemen. Near the Forks they met the patriots returning from their successful ambushade and with a word of congratulation, the gallant Pole and his men hurried to Chestnut Neck, only to see the British vessels moving down the river.

Returning to Sweetwater, Pulaski with his entire force crossed Atsion Creek October 8th and marched to Tuckerton, where a week later, October 15th, his outposts were surprised and slaughtered in a night attack by the British, an event historically known as "The Massacre of Little Egg Harbor."

After the destruction of Chestnut Neck and the events connected with it, Sweetwater and other places along the Mullica, enjoyed an interval of repose till the closing years of the war, when they were forced to contend with a worse foe than the British regulars.

Chapter Four

In 1781 and '82 the counties of Burlington and Gloucester were infested with lawless bands known by the general name of "Refugees." While professing allegiance to the crown they were in fact true to neither cause, but despoiled whig and tory alike without reserve or compunction. One of these bands called, "Joe Mulliner's gang," from the name of its leader, had its headquarters in "Hemlock Swamp," a dense wilderness not far from Sweetwater. The gang consisted of thirty-five or forty thorough paced rogues, daring, resourceful, and up to all the tricks of their nefarious craft. From their secret lairs they issued forth on many a midnight raid levying heavy tribute on well to do residents of the region and in some cases seizing persons of note and holding them for ransom.

One of these was Kate Aylesford, heiress of Sweetwater, and heroine of a famous novel by Chas. J. Peterson. Her escape from the outlaws, their pursuit of her with blood hounds and her timely rescue by her friends, form one of the most entrancing chapters of that old time romance.

Joe Mulliner, the chief of this precious company, was a man of handsome person and some education. He was what would be termed in modern parlance "a good mixer" and even when his true character was generally known he enjoyed a certain degree of popularity. He would frequently appear at tavern parties, barn dances and other popular frolics of the time, knowing that friends were always at hand to aid him in evading the minions of the law or at least give warning of their approach. His love for social pleasure, however, eventually wrought his undoing.

The following is one of the many stories told of the "Gang" and its operations.

A widow named Bates owned a small farm near the Forks. She was a large, masculine appearing woman, of fearless disposition and an ardent patriot. She had eight sons, four of whom were serving in the American army, the others, being too young for military duty, assisted her in tilling the little farm which yielded them a comfortable livelihood. Among her household goods were some pieces of rare old furniture and a service of silver plate which was highly prized as a family heirloom. Mrs. Bates was a faithful church member and regularly attended service at the log meeting house. Returning from meeting one Sunday afternoon she found her home in possession of Mulliner's gang, though Mulliner himself was not with them. They had ransacked the house and helped themselves freely to her pigs and poultry and among the plunder made up to be carried away she saw her precious sil-

*Bearing on one side a triangle enclosing an eye encircled by thirteen stars, on the same side a Latin motto, "Non Alino Regit." On the other side are the letters U. S. and another Latin Motto, "Unita Virtus Fortior."

verware. This was too much and stepping forward the undaunted woman loosed the vials of her wrath and gave the band a terrific tongue lashing.

"Silence madam," said the leader somewhat nettled by her fierce tirade, "silence or we'll lay your d—d house in ashes."

"'Twould be an act worthy of cowardly curs like you," snapped the widow, "you may burn my house, but you'll never stop my mouth while there's breath in my body."

One of the refugees entered the house, took a firebrand from the hearth and applied it to the building. With equal promptitude, Mrs. Bates seized a pail of water and dashed it on the rising flame while her boys like sturdy little patriots assailed the enemy with a volley of stones; their pluck however, availed but little, they were speedily seized and held fast while the mother was dragged across the road and bound to a tree. The house was again fired and the family compelled to look helplessly on until it was entirely consumed. They were then released and the refugees departed with their booty.

The story of Mrs. Bates' misfortune spread far and wide, a host of friends came to her assistance, and in a few days a roomy log house stood on the site of the burned dwelling. Sympathetic neighbors donated furniture sufficient to fit it up snugly and affairs at the little farm went on pretty much as before. A few weeks later Mrs. Bates received the sum of three hundred dollars from some unknown person and it was always her belief that Mulliner had taken this means of atoning in some degree for the misdeeds of his followers.

But Nemesis was waiting for the gang and its chief. Their depredations had terrorized the country for miles around, and as the civil authorities appeared unable to handle the situation, the men of the vicinity organized a company of rangers and gave the command to Captain Baylin, an old Indian fighter, who swore never to rest till he had put an everlasting stopper on Joe Mulliner and his gang of thieving devils. But with all their shrewdness the captain and his men had their work cut for them, for often when the refugees seemed fairly trapped they would slip through the toils and next be heard from at some point miles away. Mulliner, even when pursuit was hot on his trail, continued to take chances and one night in a spirit of bravado he attended a dance at New Columbia, (now Nesco). The authorities learned of his presence and sent a posse to surround the house. When Mulliner left the building he was arrested and hurried to Woodbury jail. Soon after he was tried on charges of banditry and treason, convicted and sentenced to the gallows. While awaiting execution he was visited by two Methodist preachers, Cromwell and Petticord, to whom he said:

"I thank you gentlemen for your interest in my case. I have repented of my crimes and feel sure that they have been pardoned by a merciful Saviour. May my fate be a warning to others and when you preach, tell your people that the right way is the only safe way. I do not fear death, to me it will be sweet as honey from the comb."

The remains of the famous outlaw were buried near Crowley's Landing on the Mullica, in a plot of ground owned by his wife, where his grave is still pointed out to the inquiring tourist.

After the loss of their leader the gang became dispirited and their raiding ceased, but relentless as fate Captain Baylin and his rangers pursued them from covert to covert and finally brought them to bay at their old rendezvous in Hemlock Swamp. There was a sharp fight in which some of the refugees were slain and others captured, while a few made good their escape. Among the prisoners was a deserter from the American Army who was tried by Court Martial and hanged on one of the buttonwoods which was long known as "The Gallow Tree."

Peace was proclaimed in the following year and the land was freed from both alien and domestic foes. As years rolled on the names and deeds of Mulliner and his fellow outlaws passed into the realm of tradition and were drawn thence only to point a moral or adorn a fireside tale.

Religious Life

The early residents of Sweetwater were characterized by strong religious fervor and reverence for sacred things. Year after year the original settlers and after them their children and children's children gathered every Sabbath in their little Sanctuary and bowed in worship to the King of Kings. At times an Indian or two would be found among the congregation, but there is no record of any having been converted to the Christian Faith until 1742, when there came from New England a young man whose teachings and examples were to work a complete transformation in the lives of these primitive people. This was David Brainerd whose missionary labors rank with those of Father Marquette and John Elliot.

Brainerd was born at Haddam, Connecticut, in 1718, and in 1739, at the age of twenty, began the study of divinity. In less than a year he was licensed to preach the gospel and immediately afterward appointed a missionary to the Indians of Kinderhook, N. Y. He next ministered to the tribes upon the Delaware. His last station was at Crossweeks,* New Jersey, where he lived in the simple manner of the Indians by whom he was greatly beloved and all of whom under his ministrations were brought into the Christian fold. He frequently visited the Lenape of Nescochague and there is a legend extant that on one occasion he preached to an audience of 300 people mostly Indians in the pine grove adjacent to the site now occupied by the church that was named for him. A local bard thus describes the scene as visualized in his mind,

Beneath the shadow of these ancient pines,
Surviving giants of primeval days,
Stood Brainerd, man of God, and gathered round
The dusky children of the wilderness.
Who hung with rapt attention on his words,
As from the sacred volume's open page,
He pointed out to them the way of life,
Within their simple souls arose a tide
Of joyous hope as they received the truth,
And learned that He, whom they had dimly sensed
The mighty Spirit Father, throned on high,
Loved even them and called them to His fold.
These many years the shepherd and his flock
Have lain in dreamless sleep beneath the sod;
These many years the summer flowers have bloomed,
And winter snows have fallen on their graves,
But their free spirits are in glory now,
The Father's house where many mansions be;
They walk in fields of light beside the stream,
Of life that ever floweth crystal clear,
Within the blessed Paradise of God.
Our Father! in these days of sneering doubt,
When man of his achievements ever proud,
Gives not the glory that belongs to Thee,
But bows the knee at Mammon's gilded shrine,
And deifies the wisdom of this world,
Bestow on us that gift more precious far
Than virgin gold or gem of purest ray,
The simple faith possessed by those of old
That we may serve Thee while on earth we dwell,
And in the world to come abide with Thee.

*Indian name, Crossweeksung (Place of Women)

Compelled by failing health to give up his work Brainerd returned to New England where he died in 1747 at the early age of 29 years. His labors though short, were intense, incessant and effective and his memory will long be cherished by the church as that of a worthy herald of the cross.

The Methodists

The rise and progress of Methodism was in many respects the most remarkable religious awakening since Apostolic days. In an epoch of spiritual stagnation, when religion with the common people was a round of empty forms and with the intellectuals a subject of ridicule, the movement launched by John Wesley and his fellow students grew and spread until it swept the land like a refining fire sweeping away the barrier of unbelief, consuming the dry husks of formalism and giving men a new vision of life here and the life to come. Ere long the message of irect grace had crossed the sea and was borne through the American wilderness to the remotest frontier by men, little versed in scholastic lore, but on fire with zeal for God and the salvation of souls.

The new doctrine appealed strongly to the people of the young republic, who, having recently broken the bonds of political vassalage, were ready for spiritual freedom. They turned from a nationalized and ritualistic system and gladly accepted a faith that taught them to make their petition directly to God and tell their religious experience in their own way and sing the praises of their maker from sincere and grateful hearts.

In the first decade of the 19th century the adherents of Methodism had become quite numerous at Batsto and Sweetwater, so numerous in fact that the old meeting house no longer sufficed to accommodate the crowds that assembled every Sunday for divine service. The need of a larger building was imperative and the good people of the two places decided to erect one. Having elected a Board of Trustees* and obtained a plot of ground from the Richards estate, the present structure was begun in October, 1808; finished in December of the same year and in January 1809, dedicated by Francis Asbury, the first Methodist Bishop in the United States. Brainerd church was the name given to the new building and from the first it was a noted centre of religious activity. From its pulpit the old time warriors of Zion delivered their message with burning eloquence to congregations that filled the house at every service.

Among the Original Trustees of the Church and also one of its early pastors was Rev. Simon Lucas, who had been a Revolutionary soldier, and in his ministerial capacity waged war against sin and Satan with the same unflinching courage that he had shown in fighting the troopers of King George. He was a Methodist of the old school, with a proper contempt for the vanities of the world and especially strong on that clause of the church discipline which forbids the wearing of gold and costly apparel. Anything like showiness in dress was sure to call forth a sharp rebuke from "the stern old dominie."

On one occasion a young lady from another village appeared at church attired in the height of the prevailing fashion. Her gown was of shimmering silk, her bonnet elaborately trimmed and upon her bosom glittered a diamond brooch. Well pleased with herself and the world in general the young lady took her seat directly in front of the pulpit. Presently Brother Lucas arose to announce the opening hymn, and his glance lighted on the diamond brooch. Leaning forward and pointing his finger at the smiling damsel, he exclaimed in a resonant voice, "Young woman, d'ye know that shiny thing on your dress reminds me of the devil's eye?" The young lady reddened with anger and walked out, while Mr. Lucas proceeded with the service, satisfied that his duty

*Original Trustees of Pleasant Mills Church: Wm. Richards, Simon Lucas, S. Gibson Ashcraft, George Peterson, Jesse Richards, Laurence Peterson and John Morgan.

had been done. He was usually insistent on a strict observance of the Sabbath, but his views in that respect were some times modified by circumstances as the following anecdote will show.

One Sunday morning, a large run of herring appeared in Atsion creek, and the male population of the place turned out in a body to land them. While the sport was at its height and both banks of the stream covered with flapping fish, Mr. Jesse Richards and one of his daughters passed by on their way to church. The young lady was deeply shocked. "Papa," said she, "why don't you stop those men from fishing on Sunday?" "Don't know that I have any right to," replied the old gentleman, "but I'll ask Simon Lucas what he thinks of it." On their way home they found the fishermen still busy and Miss Richards said, "Papa, did you ask Mr. Lucas about Sunday fishing?"

"Yes," said her father, "I mentioned it."

"And what did he say?"

"Well! he said the time to catch herring was when herring were here."

Simon Lucas was a representative preacher of his time. Possessed of little book learning but full of faith, and zealous in their calling were these old time ministers to whom the church owes a heavy debt of gratitude even to-day. If we could exchange some of our superfluous culture for the positive faith of other days the church would be the gainer thereby.

The most noteworthy period in the history of Pleasant Mills church was from 1826 to 1831, when Charles Pitman, the poet preacher, was Presiding Elder of the West Jersey District. Most of the conferences were held at Pleasant Mills and people came from a radius of 50 miles to attend the services. The houses of the place were insufficient for the accommodation of the multitude and many, like Israel in the wilderness, set up their tents around the sanctuary. The business session of the conference would be followed by a camp meeting often lasting for days and resulting in many conversions.

The last member of the old West Jersey Conference was Benjamin B. Doughty, whose daily walk presented a grand example of christian living. He was the right hand man of the pastors and his home was always open for their entertainment. He was a trustee and steward of the church and superintendent of the Sunday school for 52 consecutive years. He died in April 1886 in the 81st year of his age. At his funeral service the church was crowded and hundreds stood outside to honor the memory of their beloved friend. The memorial sermon, preached by Rev. Mr. Malmsbury, from 11 Timothy 4-7 verse, "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith," was most appropriate.

For eighty years past Pleasant Mills church has shared the varying fortune of all terrestrial things. It has been the scene of glorious revivals and passed through periods of spiritual depression. Its centennial anniversary was celebrated in August 1908, with appropriate ceremonies, and to-day it stands a stately monument of Methodism's heroic age, though the worshippers will make its fame secure for many years to come.

There toiled our fathers in the faith,
Nor did they toil in vain,
The flame they lit in olden days
Shall brightly burn again.
The voice of prayer, the notes of praise
Again shall sweetly rise
Unto the author of our days,
The ruler of the skies.

Chapter Six

St. Mary's

Beneath the shadow of the wood,
Beside the river's rippling flow,
Behold! where once St. Mary's stood,
A votive shrine of long ago.

Upon this spot so silent now,
The light of faith once brightly shone,
When fervent prayer and sacred vow
Ascended to the Heavenly throne.

With genial ray the morning sun
Lights up the scenery as of yore,
And when the day its course hath run,
Pale moonbeams glimmer on the shore.

But gone are all who gathered here
For worship in the days gone by,
Save those whose monuments appear
Where they in dreamless slumber lie.

And some there were who sailed the sea,
Nor feared the tempest's wild alarms;
Others who labored peacefully,
Upon their own paternal farms.

And some in battle's crimson tide,
The nations' life defended well,
Whose living comrades yet with pride,
The story of their deeds can tell.

But soldier, tiller of the soil,
And rover of the pathless deep,
Forgetful of all strife and toil,
Are mingled in their last long sleep.

Their last long sleep with kindred dust,
No more for them, earth's cares or fears,
Their souls abide with God we trust,
Through His eternal round of years.

Among the residents of this locality a century ago were many Roman Catholics, mostly Irish. There being no Catholic church nearer than Philadelphia, their devotions were confined to the family circle, and when visited occasionally by a clergyman of the faith service would be held in a private house. Anyone acquainted with Irish character and knowing the religious fervor of these warm-hearted people will not wonder at their determination to build a church of their own. Having decided this important point the good Catholics of Pleasant Mills and Batsto got busy. Under the direction of their popular and energetic pastor, Father Mayne, they collected money and gave freely of their time and labor toward the deserved object. Jesse Richards, by whom most of them were employed, donated a building site and assisted the enterprise financially. The work begun in 1826 was finished in 1827 and the new church surmounted by its cross stood amid the towering pines, a beacon of hope and joy to the faithful. In 1830 the building was dedicated by Rt. Rev.

Patrick Kenrick, under the title of Saint Mary's of the Assumption. The last service at St. Mary's was held in December, 1860.

The congregation had then been reduced by deaths and removals to eleven persons. For the ensuing five years the building was closed and apparently forgotten. In 1865 Father Byrne, of Gloucester, visited the place. Strange to say the few Catholics residing in the vicinity did not care to assemble in the church and Father Byrne held service in a private dwelling. In 1866 the church was made a mission of St. Nicholas parish, Egg Harbor City, and later transferred to St. Joseph's, Hammonton.

Among the clergymen who ministered at St. Mary's were many of high repute in their vocation and though all have long since exchanged the cross of service for the crown of immortality, their names are still revered in fields where they labored in olden days. Of these we may mention Father Mayne, the first pastor, who died at the age of 34; Rev. Edward McCarthy, S. J.; Revs. Cumnisky and Finegan; Father Bayer, one of three Redemptorists who visited the church in 1848; Rev. Hugh Lane, who passed away at an advanced age some years ago, and Rev. Byrne, who held the last service in '65. Though no longer used as a place of worship, the church was regarded with reverent affection by the residents of the vicinity. In April, 1900, a terrific forest fire destroyed the older portion of Pleasant Mills, and among the historic landmarks laid in ashes was Saint Mary's of "the Pines."

Chapter Seven

The Church Yard

Gray's elegy, one of the greatest productions in the English language, was inspired by the contemplation of a country churchyard, and its graphic imagery and lofty diction might well fit in a description of the "God's Acre," adjoining Pleasant Mills church, where in the shade of stately oaks and graceful cedars seven generations of departed villagers lie mingled in dreamless sleep. Here rest the founders of old Sweetwater and their children who continued their work and made it a place of thrift and beauty, and here also sleep the makers of history, heroes of '76*, who faced the peril of many a carnage'd field and suffered unspeakable privations at Morristown and Valley Forge. As we stand beside their little tents of green, the present recedes and scenes of the storied past arise until

Our minds go back along the track of years
Their perils and their toils we seem to share,
Each scene of that great drama reappears,
As vividly as if we had been there.

Trenton and Princeton, Monmouth's fiery plain,
Stillwater, Saratoga, Brandywine,
The clang of steel on steel, we hear again
The bugle blast, and see the charging line.

This great Republic, the "wonder of earth and boast of time," is a fitting memorial to those who

"Laid its base in blood and scars,
And reared its turret to the stars."

Here, too, are those, who in 1812 battled for the freedom of the seas, and most numerous of the soldier dead, the veterans of 1861-65, who in the terrible ordeal of Civil War preserved the heritage of their fathers and made it secure for all time. Among the departed brave, is one soldier of the World

War, Willie Mick, who as one of the American Expeditionary Force, went overseas, escaped the perils of field and flood and returned home to die the victim of an accident.

Nearest the church and enclosed by a picket fence is the burial plot of the Richards family. A vault once occupied the center of the plot, but was filled in years ago and covered with a large slab of marble bearing the names of those who rest below. Back of the vault is a row of headstones ranging in date from 1788 to 1811 and in the southeast corner an imposing marble pyramid, bearing the words "Beloved-Honored-Mourned," marks the grave of Jesse Richards, the local magnate of his day, a large man in person and in heart, ever ready to perform an act of kindness for any who needed it. Close by the Richards' lot is the grave of one Captain Keeny, who died 1760. He was an officer in the French and Indian war and a Scotsman by birth. While on a visit to his friend and brother in arms, Captain Elijah Clark, he was seized with an illness, which in a few days terminated his life. As he had no relatives in this country, Captain Clark took charge of his funeral and had his grave fittingly marked. Close by is the last resting place of Benjamin Peck, dated 1732, the oldest in the yard.

Here also may be seen the grave of Nicholas Sooy, Esq., one time host of the Washington tavern, which in Revolutionary days was not only a famous hostelry, but a recruiting station for the American army, and from which more than one brave lad went forth to don the buff and blue and fight for "freedom dear." A plain headstone over the tomb of Abigail Miner, who died in 1777, tells us that she was the wife of John Fanning, of Connecticut, and the mother of three sons, officers in the American Navy, during the Revolutionary war, who were lost with their father in that service.*

What a story of sacrifice and devotion, of sorrow and patriotic pride might be unfolded from that brief inscription! Whatever others may have done for our country, certain it is, that the gift laid upon its altar by Abigail Miner Fanning was never exceeded. "Who giveth all can give no more."

Beside the road leading through the cemetery is a small stone with this inscription

John Lynch,
Died Dec. 15th, 1808.
Age 26 years.

And bearing the once popular mortuary verse;

"Reader, behold as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you shall be.
Prepare for death and follow me."

A story with touches of romance and tragedy is connected with the name of the young man John Lynch. He was a carpenter by trade and one of those employed in the building of Pleasant Mills church. Possessing good looks and pleasing manners he was a social favorite and known as "a regular devil among the gals." He was engaged to an amiable young lady of the neighborhood, but a fairer face having caught his fancy, he broke the plighted word and left her. The girl was deeply in love with him and sought by every means to win him back but in vain. Mr. Lynch, like many another gay Lothario, was off with the old love and on with the new. Slighted love was changed at last to the fury of a woman scorned, and one day the forsaken girl, in a fit of anger said to a friend, "I hope John Lynch dies before that church is finished!" Two days later Lynch slipped from the roof and fell to the ground, breaking his neck. The young lady was overcome with grief by his death and with remorse for her hasty wish so quickly fulfilled, she at once put

*One of the sons, Gilbert Fanning, was a midshipman with Paul Jones on the Bon Homme Richard and took part in the action off Flamboro Head, September 23d, 1779.

on mourning and in a few months died herself of a broken heart. Such is the story as I had it from old residents.

Every year hundreds of visitors come to this time honored spot, some to locate the tombs of their ancestors, others to gather historical data and legendary lore. I am not of a morbid disposition, but the old churchyard has a strong attraction for me. In the holy calm of a Sabbath morning, when nature wears the smile of peace, it is pleasant to walk beneath the whispering trees and recall fond memories of kindred and friends, who, free from life's toil and commotion, rest sweetly here in the bosom of mother earth. If at times the mind is unduly impressed with the lessons of mortality, the vanity of human wishes and the shortness of life, the impression is but of brief duration, for thought soon rises to contemplate the glorious destiny revealed in God's Holy Word, from which we learn that this life is but an episode not a finality, and that the true life in all its fullness and beauty lies beyond the vale where all mysteries shall be made clear and, "we shall know even as we are known,"

"See! love, truth and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom,
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

Chapter Eight

The Industries of Pleasant Mills

In 1821 a cotton mill with 3000 spindles was built by Wm. Lippincott, a brother-in-law of Jesse Richards. This plant was called the Pleasant Mills of Sweetwater. The name "Pleasant Mills" striking the popular fancy, was soon applied to the whole place and Sweetwater was dropped. The cotton plant was in steady operation for thirty-five years, giving employment to a large number of people and yielding good profits to its owner. In 1856 it was destroyed by a fire of unknown origin and never rebuilt. In 1861, Irving and MacNeil erected a paper mill on the site of the cotton plant. Shortly after, Mr. John Farrell became a third partner in the firm. In 1864 Irving and MacNeil sold their interest to Mr. Farrell and took a ten-year lease on the Weymouth Mills. The business at Pleasant Mills was carried on by Mr. Farrell and his son, William E., under the name of the Nescochague Manufacturing Company, until October, 1878, when the building caught fire and was burned to the ground.

The present mill was built in 1880 and operated by the Pleasant Mills Paper Company, of which Wm. E. Farrell was President and Herman Hoopes, Secretary, the older Farrell having retired. In 1887 Wm. E. Farrell became sole owner of the property. He was a shrewd man of business, thoroughly conversant with the papermakers' art, and the plant was his pride. Having set a high standard for its products, he maintained it, whether business was good or bad, and as J. H. Hall remarks in his history of Atlantic county, "Its market was the world." Mr. Farrell died in 1893 leaving the property to his wife, formerly Miss Celia Hyslop, of Troy, N. Y. Her right was contested by Mr. Farrell's relatives and the business went on under a receiver, Howard Cooper, Esq., until the courts rendered a decision in favor of Mrs. Farrell, who afterwards married Mr. L. M. Cresse, an estimable citizen of Ocean City. Mr. Cresse was appointed president of the Paper Company, and held the position until his death in 1914, when his widow decided to close out the business. In April, 1915, the mill was closed after thirty-four years of continuous operation.

In 1917 the paper plant and other property were purchased by Mr.

A. J. McKeone, a former superintendent, with hope of restoring the old time prosperity of the place. Industrial conditions produced by the World War, however, made the time inauspicious. Material and help were difficult to get, freight rates were prohibitive, while the delays and uncertainty of transportation made everything a subject of conjecture, and in September, 1917, Mr. McKeone sold the property, with the exception of the mansion house, to the Pleasant Mills Paper Company, by whom it was leased to the Norristown Magnesia & Asbestos Company, under whose management numerous alterations were made, new machinery was installed from time to time and the productive capacity of the plant largely increased. The Norristown Company ceased operation in April, 1925.

In October, 1925, T. B. Buchholz, of Philadelphia and Atlantic City, while selecting the site for the promoters* of the Atlantic City Motor Speedway, located near here, passed through this quaint village of Pleasant Mills and was greatly impressed with the beauty, adaptability and natural advantages of the village as an exclusive country club and bungalow community. Situated as it is in the heart of the deer country and with its many lakes and streams affording excellent sport for both hunter and fisherman, Mr. Buchholz conceived the plan of making of Pleasant Mills a settlement such as one may see in the forests of Maine.

Mr. Buchholz entered into an agreement with the Pleasant Mills Paper Company early in the spring of 1926 to purchase the entire property. He later sold this agreement to the Pleasant Mills Development Company, retaining, however, a large interest in the company and the general supervision of the development as planned by him.

The members of this corporation are practical business men, but to their honor be it said, they are not dominated by commercialism only, for they have a sense of the beautiful and a reverence for the storied past. Recognizing the natural advantages of the place, it is their aim to make it an ideal home community and a spot of scenic beauty.

The work of development is progressing under the direction of Mr. Buchholz, whose artistic taste is shown in the production of many pleasing landscape effects and whose plan, we are confident, marks the dawning of a new era for historic old Sweetwater.

The remains of Wm. E. Farrell, after resting for some years in Pleasantville Cemetery, were brought to Pleasant Mills and buried among the scenes that in life he had loved so well. A handsome shaft of granite inscribed with his name, the date of his birth and death, and his initials in monogram, stands above the grave. The ground surrounding Mr. Farrell's lot was recently donated to Pleasant Mills church by his widow, Mrs. L. M. Cresse, and now forms a part of the cemetery.

The following lines appeared in the Atlantic Times, of March 22nd, 1893:

An honest man's the noblest work of God,
And this was proved in Farrell's mortal span.
Be these words written o'er his burial sod,
"Here lies at rest a truly honest man."

Sic transit, 'tis the common lot of men
Whose generations rise and disappear,
In death's unbroken sleep we leave him then,
But never cease to hold his memory dear.

*Note: Within five miles of Pleasant Mills, and within a few hours ride of a fifth of the population of the United States, is located the largest wood automobile race track in the world. Among the promoters of the project were Charles W. Schwab, the steel king; H. E. Clark, President of the Laurel Oil and Gas Co., and Dr. F. B. Ward.

Note: The paper machine installed by the Farrells in the first Mill was the second largest in the world at that time.