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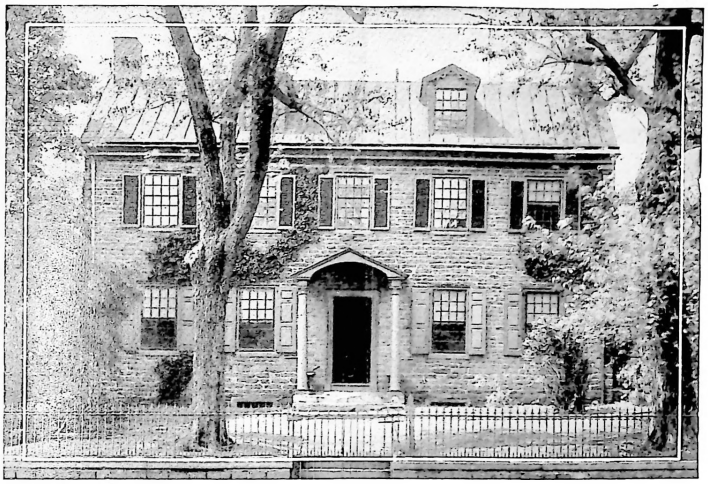
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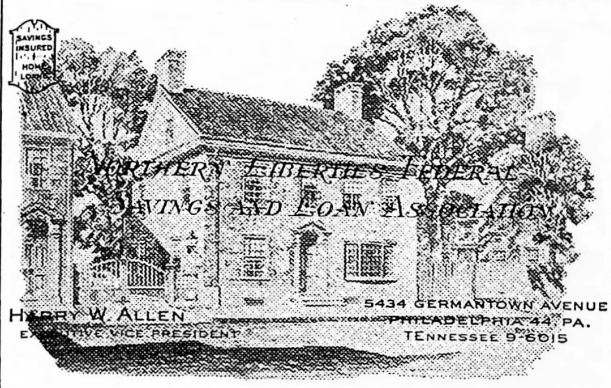
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Always Christmas

"Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery."

So says Sir Walter Scott, who in "Christmas in the Olden Time" tells of the traditional English celebration of Christmas—

" 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale."

In every country in Europe traditional customs were observed—often of great antiquity and often an interesting combination of pagan and Christian. And so to the New World many of these rites came with the settlers and were followed in the strange, new environment when the Christmas season came around and so made nostalgic memories easier to bear.

The Pennsylvania Dutch were particularly rich in these transplanted customs and in the back country of Pennsylvania, their observance made the fatherland seem less far away. Belsnickel parties are doubtless even now held in rural Dutch communities with noisy joy. The word "Belsnickel" is roughly translated "furry Nicholas" a variation of our dearly loved Santa Claus.

The following clipping from a local paper of the early 20th Century gives an interesting side light on an early custom in a Germantown that is no more.

"IN THE museum of the Germantown Site and Relic Society, in Vernon Park, are two mementoes of the Belsnickel parties that were a feature of Christmas Eve in Germantown during many years prior to the Civil War. The relics are a tambourine and a violin that were used by two Germantown celebrators during the fifties.

Belsnickel parties are now extinct hereabouts, but a half century ago they still flourished on the 24th of December. They were a survival of an old German custom that often involved considerable rowdyism. Parties of young men would attire themselves in outlandish costumes, and make a tour of the taverns or visit the homes of friends. At their best the parties were conducted somewhat in the nature of the modern Hallowe'en demonstrations. Usually there were musicians in the party, and after a serenade it was expected that the victim would treat the serenaders.

The real Belsnickel was to some degree a prototype of Santa Claus, but he usually manifested a vicious disposition, delighting to flog the children and assault all who came in his way.

On Christmas Eve, 1855, a desperate fight that nearly resulted in a tragedy occurred in connection with one of these Belsnickel celebrations. At that time an Englishman named Jarvis conducted a tavern on Germantown Avenue opposite Wister Street, the place being a favorite resort of the English weavers of the lower end of Germantown. Late that night a party of Belsnickelers, composed of native born youths, entered the tavern, and soon a fight was started between them and the Englishmen.

Glasses, tables and chairs were hurled about, and many bruised and battered heads were the result. Finally the Belsnickel party fled. Then one of the Englishmen, Charles Wells by name, was found lying senseless upon the floor, with blood streaming from a wound in his breast. It was found that he had been stabbed close to the heart. For two months Wells hovered between life and death, but finally he recovered and lived until 1883.

Wells was for many years a leader of the sporting element among the English weavers, he being skilled in many forms of athletics, but especially in running. In 1853 a great crowd from Germantown assembled at old Hunting Park to see the footrace between Wells and Sylvester Wunder. Much money was wagered on the outcome. The two men ran almost abreast until within ten feet of the end of the course, when Wells fell and his shoulderblade was broken.

No one was ever punished for stabbing Wells. A man who was suspected went West and remained for twenty years, though the few who were best acquainted with the circumstances said the suspected man was guiltless, and that the man who really stabbed Wells afterwards became a soldier in the Union Army and was killed in a battle of the Civil War."

(The above article is taken from a newspaper clipping in Miss Jane Campbell's scrapbook, 1911.)

GERMANTOWNE CRIER

Volume 2 DECEMBER 1950 Number 4

The Alcotts
A Study In Genius

Excerpts from a paper read before the Historical Society
November 29, 1932

ELIZABETH M. MELLOR

ON THE margin of an old ledger, treasured among the treasures at Wyck, is this note written by Reuben Haines, May 2, 1831—"Mr. Alcott's School for Elementary Instruction opened today." These few words are the key to an interesting story in which Germantown played a part.

Reuben Haines was the grandfather of Mr. Caspar Haines, and great-grandfather of the present owner of Wyck, and it was through his efforts and encouragement that Bronson Alcott left his home in Boston in December 1830, and came with his bride, the former Alba May, to open a school in Germantown.

In February, Alba Alcott wrote to her father, Colonel May, in Boston: "We have been engaged in making preparations for Germantown. A very good house not far from Friend Haines and near the Academy is now vacant, which we can hire for a reasonable sum. Mr. Haines has been indefatigable in making everything secure, without binding us to any engagement which we may see cause to regret.

"Our prospects are pleasant and encouraging; we have found many very important friends and, though in Germantown, shall not be cut off from this generous and intelligent society."

"We enjoy the simple manners and habits of the people here very much. You would be delighted with the cheerful and natural behavior of the most wealthy and aristocratic part of society. The Friends are the majority and this, I suppose, gives a dignified, tranquil, and simple air to the whole."

On May 7, she writes again: "Our house is situated on the Main St.—the grounds and garden standing back and including an acre or more all beautifully laid out. Our garden is planted, our house painted inside and out and neatly furnished, and we are making arrangements for children as boarders."

It is a pleasure to know that Alba Alcott's married life held even a few months of ease and luxury.

To her brother she wrote in May: "I wish you could see our delightful situation. Imagination never pictured to me a residence so perfectly to my mind. I wish my friends could see how delightfully I am settled. . . . I have cares and soon they will be arduous ones; but with the constant and affectionate sympathy and aid of my husband, with the increasing loveliness and health of my quiet and bright little Anna, with the cooperation of my efficient nurse, a house of neatness and order, a garden lined with raspberries, currants, gooseberry bushes, a large ground with a beautiful serpentine walk, shaded with pines, firs, cedars, apple, pear, peach, and plum trees, and with good health, clear head, grateful heart and ready hand,—what can I not do when surrounded by influences like these?"

It was in this home that Anna, the oldest of the Alcott children, was born, on March 19, 1831. The journal of her development, which her father started and kept exhaustively for years foreshadowed the modern psychological method.

Bronson Alcott developed and formulated many of his pedagogical theories at this time. The little school grew and prospered. Drives along the Wissahickon, walks in the woods, classes in the garden; such startling innovations were introduced by the young school master.

Then, without warning, the cruel blow fell . . . Reuben Haines suddenly died at the age of 45. The Alcotts, mourning their kind friend, soon realized how much more he had been, for without his financial backing and business judgment, the school lost quickly its prosperity. For a year they struggled on, dismissing one servant after another, reducing expenses in every possible way.

On November 29, 1832, on her father's thirty-third birthday, the second Alcott daughter, Louisa May, was born, and warmly welcomed. She was as dark as her sister was fair, and from the first, was of a high-spirited, tempestuous nature. In looks and

disposition, she was much like her mother. This same young mother was a very remarkable woman—perfectly devoted to her fascinating, impractical husband; she was quick tempered and impetuous and never gave up under the many, many blows of fate in store for her.

At this Germantown crisis, she staged the first and perhaps most violent of her revolts.—"I cannot bear children, teach school and do all the work without food," she protested, and the surprised Bronson, looking at her mildly, rejoined, "What would you have me do, my dear? Can I hunt or trap in Germantown?"

Her answer was, "Give up this school, before we are hopelessly in debt. It is impossible."

And so ended the Germantown venture and with it the Philadelphia chapter in the life of the Alcott family. It contained perhaps the happiest months of Alba Alcott's life.

In 1834, the little family returned to Boston, and the next step in development and disappointment.

Let us leave the family en route, a few minutes, and turn back, in the modern manner, about thirty years to the very revealing childhood of Amos Bronson Alcott—that fascinating, impractical, baffling figure, the father of "Little Women."

The Alcotts were of fine, distinguished, intellectual English stock, as were the Bronsons, also. Joseph Alcott inherited his farm of one thousand acres, twenty-five miles north of New Haven, his forbears having hewn it out of the rocky Connecticut wilderness. There at the foot of Spindle Hill, Amos Bronson Alcott was born, on November 29, 1799, a month before the death of George Washington.

He was, from the first, an original, physically very beautiful. The meagerness of the family life seems today unbelievable, and the physical work almost appalling, yet Bronson's mother, one of those beauty-starved, courageous pioneer women, whose sons so many times blazed their glory to the world, taught her little son to write and read with a piece of sharpened charcoal on the kitchen floor, while she sat at her loom. He read every printed scrap he could find, which was a sadly meagre list, and quickly gained all the local school could give.

When sent to live with a clergyman uncle in a Connecticut town, and attend the village school, he soon realized that only the same learning by rote was to be found there, and asked of his astonished uncle permission to leave school and read in his library, that he need not learn only by memory.

"How else would you learn?" demanded the uncle.

"I want a teacher to train the thing I understand with," said young Bronson.

"You'd better get in the night's wood, and not criticise your betters," replied the uncle.

This ended Bronson Alcott's formal education. Later, for several winters, he went south to Virginia and the Carolinas, first with the idea of teaching, then as an itinerant peddler.

This contact with gentler manners and easier living conditions on the southern plantations had a deep and lasting effect on the young man, and was the cause of a very real struggle between his love of beauty and luxury and the sterner Puritan sense of duty, and the teaching which he had grown to consider his mission.

The call of duty won, and he returned home even handsomer to look upon, with gentle, gracious manner and a heightening of that personal charm which, to the end of his long life, drew to him devoted followers.

Then began a series of school experiments, each one a repetition of the last. Happy children, progress in method and technique, astonished parents and committee, remonstrance—"Are we paying $27.00 a month for you to play with our children, listen to them talk about farming and flowers, God and their souls? What is this talk about the *meaning* of the words they ought to be learning to spell!"—Anger, near violence, the end, and failure . . . .

After several such experiences in rural schools, he went to Boston, He there, while teaching in a charity school, met Alba May, through his acquaintance with her brother, Samuel May, the famous Unitarian clergyman and abolitionist.

It was love at first sight, and during the long years of their life together, that first fire never went out. They were always lovers.

"They were direct opposites, for Alba May was tall with flashing dark eyes, a sweet sensitive mouth, and masses of waving chestnut hair. She was high-tempered, quick of tongue, witty, a bit sharp, intelligent rather than intellectual."

Bronson is described as —"serene, without repartee, but probably the greatest conversationalist this country ever will know, humorous and fun-loving but not witty, a generous rather than an impulsive giver, and an intellectual giant."

Such were the two young people, who were married on the 23rd of May, 1830. They were working together in a little school in Boston when the invitation came to start a school in Philadelphia.

I should love to tell of the Temple School in Boston, which followed their return from Germantown. For a time it seemed the beautiful fruition of Bronson Alcott's hopes, then again too many traditions were broken, too many prejudices violated and the venture ended almost in a riot; one little colored girl having been admitted to the list of pupils.

Another daughter had been added to the family, the pathetic little Beth.

Bronson Alcott was by now a marked figure, and the family move to Concord, brought them into that charmed circle of intellectuals, which has become New England's glory. Emerson and Alcott, long acquaintances, became close friends, Hawthorne was a neighbor, Thoreau not far away; Garrison, Channing, the Peabodys, all were intimates in that household where material and physical living was of

(Continued on page 24)

The Peaceable Kingdom

By Jane Taylor Brey

IT WAS in a town in Bucks County in the early 1900's, that I remember my first sight of "The Painting." Mother had taken me, a little girl of six or so, to visit great-uncle William's new house. There, on the wall over a sofa, was the biggest picture I had ever seen. From it huge animals stared out at me. Such queer animals! What were they? And why were they all together! Were the two little girls with their arms around each other my sister and I? And who were the little men under the tree? These and many other questions I asked over the years, whenever I saw the painting. There was only one remembered answer; that the picture was called "The Animal Kingdom." There is no recollection of any discussion about the *subject* of the painting, *who* painted it or *how* it had come into the family.

In 1908, great-uncle William died and one day not long following my great-aunt Susanna said to me, 'Thy uncle William wanted thee to have the painting of 'The Animal Kingdom' when I am through with it."

Twenty years later I fell heir to the picture when great-aunt Susanna died. In clearing out her house, I found two letters among her effects which related to the picture. These letters have proved to be of The Peaceable Kingdom, by Edward Hicks——— great value in the search for the true history of the painting. One letter was from Edward Hicks, written from Newtown, Pennsylvania, and dated "9 mo., 23rd, 1844."—This tells of the delivery of the painting to my great-grandfather. The other letter, dated December 8, 1924 and written by great-aunt Susanna in her eighty-fifth year, describes the places where various members of the family had lived during the 1800's.

In 1928, when "The Animal Kingdom" was brought to my home in Germantown, it was not considered valuable. I was fond of the picture because of its association with my childhood, but my family did not share in the sentiment—so it was banished to the store room.

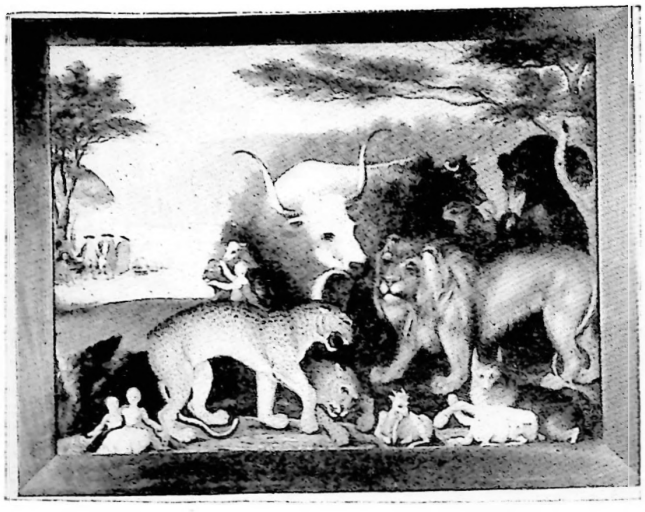
One house cleaning day several years later, I cleaned the dust from the old canvas and was once again fascinated as I looked at the group of animals with their human eyes, the figure of William Penn in the background talking with the Indians, the Delaware Water Gap, and the little sailing vessel on the river. It all seemed to come alive and at the same time I thought of the letters I had found in great-aunt Susanna's house. I determined then and there to learn more about the artist who had painted the picture as well as the picture itself. With a mixture of awe and defiance I hung "The Animal Kingdom" on the stair landing wall that day, fully expecting shouts of objection from the family. However, I had not counted on my two little daughters, who, when they saw the picture, were as full of questions about it as ever I had been.

Fortunately, my decision to find out about the painting coincided with an increasing interest in the works of the so-called primitive artists. I learned that a cousin had just sold a painting of "The Farm of David Twining" by Edward Hicks to Mrs. John D. Rockerfeller, Jr. This painting had been sent to restored Williamsburg. Also, *Antiques Magazine* for June 1936 carried an article about Edward Hicks by Arthur E. Bye. A friend of mine had sent me a copy of a painting very similar to mine and entitled "The Peaceable Kingdom." This had been printed in a New York paper with an article telling about an exhibition of American Folk Art which had toured the country in 1932–33. Its correct name, "The Peaceable Kingdom," was now made clear to me for the first time.

Upon more careful examination of the two letters and some family Bible notations, it was revealed that Edward Hicks and my great-great-grandfather had been near neighbors, old friends and members of the same monthly meeting of Friends at Middletown in Bucks County; that great-great-grandfather had died in January 1844, leaving 140 acres of his farm land to son Joseph, my great-grandfather. Joseph "at once erected a large double stone house, fronting on the road from Bristol to Newtown." To this house Joseph brought, in 1845, his wife, Elizabeth, five children and a recently acquired painting. The letter from Edward Hicks says:

"Dear Joseph—

I send thee by my son one of the best paintings I ever done (and it may be the last). The price as agreed upon is twenty dollars with the additional sum of one dollar 75 cents which I give Edward Trego for the fraim I thought it a great deal cheaper than thee would be likely to get a fraim with ten coats of varnish any where else—Thee can pay the money to Isaac who can give thee a receipt if necessary but—I have no account against thee—With gratitude and thankfulness for thy kind patronage of the poor painter and a grateful



The Peaceable Kingdom
By Edward Hicks

remembrance of many favours from thy kind parents—I bid thee, dear child, an affectionate farewell

Edw. Hicks"

There is little doubt in my mind but that my grandparents bought the large oil painting with its colorful figures and impressive "fraim with ten coats of varnish," as an important piece of decoration for their new home. It seems quite likely that the two small daughters, Susanna and Mary Elizabeth, in that Bucks County family in 1844 were just as curious about the animals in the picture as my own grandchildren are in Germantown in 1950.

From outside sources, I learned that Edward Hicks was born in the village of Attleboro, April 4, 1780. Both of his grandparents had been Royalist sympathizers during the Revolutionary War. They were exiled, their property confiscated and when the War was over their son, Isaac Hicks (Edward's father), reared in luxury, found himself destitute. "This circumstance," Arthur E. Bye recounts, "had a profound effect upon Edward Hicks, not merely upon his fortune in life but upon his character." Edward Hicks records in his memoirs that when Gilbert Hicks, his grandfather, was a refugee with the British Army in New York, the following words were spoken to his son (Edward's father) who visited him there for the last time. "You are a young man and, as you may be exposed to many temptations, my last and most serious advice to you is never act contrary to your conscientious feelings, never disobey the voice of eternal truth in your soul. Sacrifice property, personal liberty and even life itself rather than be disobedient to the heavenly voice within. I disobeyed this inward Monitor and am now suffering the due reward of my deeds." These words, repeated by Isaac to his son, remained in Edward's memory throughout his life.

Catharine Hicks, Edward's mother died not long after her father-in-law's exile, leaving Edward, a frail infant of eighteen months in the care of a Negro mammy, Jane. This was October 1781. Faithful Jane helped the bereaved father, Isaac, by going out to work for the neighbors, often taking the child with her. Among these neighbors were David and Elizabeth Twining. Little Edward so appealed to these good people that they offered him a home. Thus, Edward grew up in a Quaker household although his father, known as Squire Hicks, still cared for him and later, when he became more prosperous and was Justice of the Peace in Newtown, he even planned a career in law for his son. But Edward was not the least interested.

At the age of thirteen, Edward Hicks was apprenticed to a coach maker for seven years. He showed such skill at painting and lettering that he decided to take up the profession of sign and house painting. Not long after that, he apparently thought he could make more money farming than painting. He tried farming and lost all he had. Edward wrote in 1811, "being forced to return to painting . . . friends and others most kindly patronize me."

As a sign painter, Edward Hicks attained a technical skill and knowledge of the proper use of color and media which served him well in later life. His paintings bear testimony to that. He ground his own colors and made his own brushes. Hicks' Inn signs were all over Bucks County; some pictured Washington on horseback; some, the Declaration of Independence. But his favorite subject was William Penn's treaty with the Indians. It was not until fairly late in life that he began to paint creatively—views of farmsteads and imaginative scenes.

As a boy he loved solitude—yet he was sociable and much liked by everyone. He had a sense of humor which is reflected in his memoirs. He often condemned and in a shy manner, mocked himself. Having been brought up in the Twining family, he had an early inclination to join The Society of Friends and finally did so in Middletown in 1803. In the same year he married Sarah Worstall and in 1811 moved to Newtown. He became a recognized Minister in the meeting and travelled extensively in the interests of the Society. His personality is described as magnetic; he was tall, slender and erect with a dark complexion, striking features and intellectual countenance. He had a clear, strong voice and there was a charm about it that seemed to stir an audience the moment it was heard. Contrary to the general opinion about Quaker preachers of the nineteenth century, he was genial, sympathetic and personally loved. Whenever there was a wedding or funeral he was summoned from far and near.

As Edward Hicks grew older, he longed for leisure to devote himself to art. However, in his Discourses he writes of a feeling of sinfulness because he enjoyed expressing himself by painting pictures. This feeling of guilt was intensified by the criticism of his fellow meeting members. Once, following a reaction to a

(Continued on page 26)

Book Printing in Germantown after the Sowers

Part Two—Peter Leibert, 1784–1801

EDWARD W. HOCKER

AFTER the business partnership of Michael Billmeyer and his father-in-law, Peter Leibert, had been terminated in 1787, having been maintained for three years, Leibert continued bookbinding at his home, on the west side of Germantown Avenue, opposite Sharpnack Street. In 1788 he was again publishing books there individually, and he followed his occupation of printer and bookbinder until the early years of the 19th century. In 1791 the imprint read Peter Leibert & Son. Nearly all the Leibert publications were German religious works favored by the Brethren and the Mennonites.

An achievement of Peter Leibert usually overlooked is that he placed upon the market the third edition of the Sower Bible, printed in 1776. Of the three editions of the Sower Bible, those of 1743, 1763 and 1776, it has been asserted repeatedly that the last edition has become much scarcer than the others. In explanation a tale was told that, prior to the battle of Germantown, while the British army was encamped in the community, the army's cavalry appropriated the unbound sheets of the 1776 Bible and used them as bedding for their horses. The British are cleared of this charge by the records of the confiscation of the Sower estate, when Christopher Sower the second refused to give the required assurance of his adherence to the American cause in the Revolution. The sale took place in 1778, after the British had departed from Pennsylvania. The appraisement and the list of goods sold, printed in the Sixth Series of Pennsylvania Archives, both show that there were great quantities of unbound sheets of the Bible in the Sower house. Most of these sheets were sold to William Hall, a Philadelphia printer and publisher.

Hall retained the sheets without binding them or offering the Bibles for sale. After peace had returned Peter Leibert learned of the existence of the unbound sheets in Philadelphia, and he also found that some sheets had been used in making cartridges. Leibert was able to buy all the remaining sheets of the Bible, and he brought them to Germantown. He reprinted the missing sections, then bound the books and offered them for sale at $5.50 each.

For many years dealers in old books encouraged the tradition that the third edition of the Sower Bible was extremely scarce, and in consequence high prices were paid for available copies. However, in the present century A. R. Rumball-Petre, a New York authority on early Bibles, made a census by mail of the existing Sower Bibles of all three editions. The result showed that more than 200 copies of the third edition were in libraries or private collections, which was greater than the number of either the first or the second edition thus preserved.

Leibert, like the Sowers, sold books, stationery and medicines while conducting his printing shop and bindery. In 1795 he advertised in Philadelphia newspapers that he was selling Seneca Oil and White Spring Oil, produced in Pittsburgh. This was petroleum obtained from recently discovered springs in Northwestern Pennsylvania and then believed to possess medicinal qualities.

An issue of Peter Leibert in 1788, the first year when he was operating individually, was a sixteen-page pamphlet entitled *Liebliche und erbauliche Lieder* (Lovely and Elevating Songs), a collection of religious verse. Among the authors here represented were Johannes Kelpius and the second Christopher Sower. In 1800 two hymns by Kelpius were added as a supplement to an edition which Leibert printed of *Glaubens-Bekenntnisz* (Confession of Faith), by Ernst Christoph Hochmanns von Hochenau. The manuscript of the verses by Kelpius, leader of the band of German mystics who had established a community on the banks of the Wissahickon in the closing years of the seventeenth century, came to Leibert through Dr. Christopher Witt, Germantown physician, who for a time was associated with Kelpius' community. Witt died in 1763. His most intimate friends were members of the Warmer family. Elizabeth Warmer became the wife of John Leibert, son of Peter Leibert, and thus certain of Dr. Witt's possessions passed into the Leibert family.

One of the few English books that Peter Leibert printed was important in the history of the Church of the Brethren—the first American hymnal of the denomination, entitled *The Christian's Duty* and comprising 320 pages. A second edition appeared in 1801, being the last book printed by Peter Leibert. John Leibert published another edition in 1825. Other books coming from Leibert's press were:

A Veterinarian Handbook, 24 mo., 228 pages, 1791.

Haberman's Morning and Evening Prayers, 16 mo., 166 pages, 1788, 1790 and 1795. Also a German prayer book by the same author, 12 mo., 284 pages, 1794.

Der Kleine Kempis, an abridgement of the works of Thomas à Kempis, 16 mo., 166 pages, 1788 and 1795.

Tersteegen's *Geistliches Blumengarten* (Spiritual Flower Garden) 12 mo., 534 pages and register, 1791.

Instructions for Germans in Studying English, 12 mo., 282 pages and register, 1792.

Two German Sermons by J. J. Züblin, 1792.

Biography of Gerhard Tersteegen, mystical writer, 12 mo., 87 pages, 1793.

Der Freund in der Noth (The Friend in Need), by Tobias Hirte, 110 pages, 1793. This was the second part of a compendium of what was regarded as useful information assembled by an eccentric member of the Philadelphia Moravian congregation.

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The Women's Permanent Emergency Association of Germantown

EVER since those first courageous wives came with their courageous men to the new land and helped create a town of quaint charm where had been wilderness, the women of Germantown have been builders with a strong feeling of community helpfulness.

It was, therefore, quite in keeping with the record of the years that when, in the Spring of 1889, the country, and even more deeply, Pennsylvania, was shocked by the news of the horrible Johnstown Flood, that at once Germantown women formed an organization for relief and help. It was at first an auxiliary committee of the Citizen's Relief of the 22nd Ward and began its active work on June 2, 1889.

The first list of members comprise women from every section of the community, every religious sect —an interestingly representative group of the town's best.

By the end of November the last general meeting was called—the work was finished. At this meeting were several gentlemen of the 22nd Ward Association. They suggested—"that in view of the large results secured by the committee, its thorough organization and its facilities for work, it should not disband, but should form a permanent organization retaining its officers and executive committee and should meet at the call of the president whenever, in the judgment of herself and the executive committee, an emergency should arise requiring the help of such an organization."

Thus the Women's Permanent Emergency Association of Germantown was born.

There were minor calls for help through the years but the next need for all out action came in February 1898 when relief for the sufferers in Cuba at the time of the Spanish War brought the facilities of the organization once more into active service.

Small units in the various churches produced finished garments and the association's central clearing house, in rooms loaned through the kind cooperation of the Manheim Laundry Co.—collected and sorted, working with the Red Cross in distribution.

Mrs. Charlton Henry, president at that time, compared the association to the fire department— "quiet and almost forgotten until needed, and then found to have been watchful and prepared for immediate action."

After the work for Cuban sufferers and Army and Navy relief at the time of the war, there were a succession of calls for help on a smaller scale—a flood in Galveston, a fire in Jacksonville, an earthquake in California, etc.—and money and supplies were always forthcoming.

There were, too, of course periods of inactivity but always an executive committee on call and always an annual meeting of the membership and an election of officers.

In 1914 the Association was ready and an amazing amount of work accomplished through those terrible war years. French and Belgian relief in cooperation with many agencies and help and comfort to our own fighting forces took the time, energy and ability of hundreds of Germantown women.

The Association, in 1921, started a scholarship for a medical missionary at the Woman's Medical College. Several young women have had the benefit of this help and have left the college fitted for efficient useful lives.

The Daniel Oliver Orphanage in Syria has been for many years a particular interest of the Association —money and clothing are sent each year and letters of great interest are received telling of the vital work accomplished in starting young lives on the road to fine citizenship in a country sadly in need of trained leaders. Mr. Oliver himself is a unique and inspiring personality trusted by all in a land of little trust.

In 1940 Miss Maria Dickinson Logan left her beautiful estate "Loudoun" to the City of Philadelphia with a generous endowment to assure its care, and with the stipulation that the house be used as a meeting place for cultural groups of women.

Mrs. James Starr, President of the Women's Permanent Emergency Association and an active trustee of "Loudoun," secured the use of the mansion as headquarters of the Association so that, after years of meeting in various and differing available spots, the gracious charm of the Loudoun rooms adds to the pleasure of work.

During the war years thousands of garments were made in these work rooms for distribution through the Mapleleaf Fund, an organization founded in Canada for help to English war refugees, especially children. Many hundreds of layettes also were made for our own Navy Relief.

More recently much valuable help has gone to brave Holland, stripped so bare of the necessities of living. Because of the cooperation of Mrs. Reginald Chutter, a native Netherlander, the garments made were placed directly with the families whose needs were known to be most grave. Currently work has been going to Greece where appalling need exists.

In 1943, with the skillful and generous assistance of Mr. Walter Lee Sheppard the Women's Permanent Emergency Association was incorporated and proudly received its charter from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

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The House of Prayer

By John M. McLachlan

ON CHURCH LANE and Limekiln Pike, just outside Philadelphia proper, stands the House of Prayer, Episcopal Church. The Church stands on the original ground, which is high above the street. To a stranger, it looks like a typical country or rural church, or to a City person, a Chapel of a large Church. But let us go back to the beginning and founding of this Church and we may find the answer.

The Church was started in 1857, but because of the Civil War, it was not completed until 1862.

In May 1857, Mrs. Anne DeBenneville Mears, opened a Sunday School by gathering seven children at her home. The number increased greatly so that the school was removed, on 14 June, to the Upper Room of the Oak Lane School House. On 13 December 1858, a lot for a Church building at Church Lane (then known as Mill Road) and Limekiln Pike was presented by Mrs. Mears to The Society For the Advancement of Christiantiy of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the ground had been a gift. It was on this site that the Church was built in 1862. Mrs. Mears had intended the ground to be used as a memorial Chapel to her great-grandfather, George DeBenneville, who had been received by baptism, when an infant, in the folds of the Church, the good Queen Anne his sponsor, who had the care of his early years, the Mother dying soon after he saw the light of day. (At this point I wish to bring to the readers something of Dr. DeBenneville's life.)

Dr. DeBenneville was born in London 26 July 1703. His father a French refugee, persecuted because of his religion had fled to England, on the invitation of the King William 3rd, who took care of them at his court. His mother died when he was born and soon afterwards Queen Anne reared him in his early years. She educated him and placed him in the Royal Navy. A plate presented to him by the Queen bearing the Royal Arms, is still in the possession of one of his descendants.

He came of Huguenot stock, and was the son of George DeBenneville and Marie Granville, of Rouen, in Normandy France. He later went to Germany where the religious part of his character received its greatest development culminating in the most extraordinary experience of his life. Aside from religion he was devoted to scientific study, including the branch of medicine. On his arrival in America in 1741, Christopher Sauer, known as a printer and publisher was on hand to greet Dr. DeBenneville.



Ellwood School
Oak Lane near York Road

Dr. DeBenneville established himself as a physician and preached the doctrines of Universal Restoration in Oley, Berks County, Penna. He married 24 February 1745 to Esther Bertolette. They had escaped from religious persecution and had settled at New Rochelle, New York and then moved to Oley, Penna. in 1726. Today DeBenneville in Oley, Penna., is considered by most people as the Cradle of Universalism.

Dr. George DeBenneville died 19 March 1793, in his ninetieth year; a man of high and universal esteem through life, and equally lamented in death. He was buried in the DeBenneville burial-ground, corner of Green Lane and Old York Road, Philadelphia On 28 December 1860, the Parish was organized under the name of The House of Prayer, and the Rev. T. Gardiner Littell was elected Rector in 1861.

It was a stony ground and seemed a sorry field to sow the gospel, but as time went on greater interest awakened and, occasional worshippers became more and more regular.

Building a Church was regarded an impossibility because of the Civil War, but how the people were finally induced to erect a House of Worship is told thus:

"Shortly afterward, one young girl went to the Rector and with an air of determination, little expected from one so retiring, said that she had concluded to undertake, as her portion the Chancel windows, and that if none others aid her, she would do it herself but it would be done. She was very poor and the struggle to weather the finanical storm was greater with her family than with most others. She was not strong. The constant calls upon her aid in housework left less time than most of those around her, for the family was large. She often sat up at night to study the lesson which she was to teach her class on Sunday, and yet this girl, with all hindrances,

in the midst of great difficulties, and twice confined to bed for two weeks by very severe illness, labored so assiduously that in less than fourteen months, she earned, by sewing and the manufacture of cone picture frames, enough to pay for three Chancel windows, and had nearly $13 dollars besides to pay for other objects. It was not long before her example wrought its influence upon others, and one by one a large number gradually yielded to earnest solicitations and engaged in similar work. One promised to 'try' to earn the price of a Bishop's Chair; another to purchase two kneeling stools; two others a lectern; another a stall; and eleven others to pay for a window. In the case of one young man, this was accomplished in a very short time, before his enlistment in the Army to suppress the rebellion. Soon afterwards he fell, and the window is in its place in the little church as a memorial. A little girl, seven years old, after giving, as the result of her labor, money enough for the purchase of a goodly number of books for the Sunday School Library, paid for a stall desk and a Credence Table. So successful were these labours that, at the end of the year they learned to their great surprise from their Rector, to whom they had entrusted their several sums, giving him a dollar or few cents at a time that they had very far exceeded their most sanguine hopes. It was the first time that they had ever had an opportunity of working for the church and they could hardly suppose it possible.

One of the greatest difficulties in the conduct of the service was to procure music. The former choir had all scattered and there was no one, for a time, to play the melodion. After a delay, the nearest approach to procuring it which the Rector could make was the promise of several young persons; that they meet once a week to try to learn. Discouragement seemed to multiply, and a score of times the effort was in danger of abandonment by all save one. A month of labor, however, with a book of simple church music, resulted in the acquaintance of two of the plainest hymn tunes, and these were used at each service for several weeks. Meanwhile another was learned, and also two chants, with the addition of one more each fortnight, the music was soon well under way. There was no distinctive Choir, but all were expected and requested to sing, and it was not long before the music congregational was so delightful and whole-souled, that it attracted much attention from many Rectors, who had grieved over the supposed, necessary payment of hundreds of dollars annually to persons who systematically excluded those who paid them for the privelege of praising God."

Ground was broken for the Church on 5 May 1862, and it was completed the following year; Thomas Lister, Jr. was the contractor. The Bishop appointed 17 July 1863, as the day of Consecration. Unexpectedly the rebel advance was made into Pennsylvania 11 July 1863. For nearly a week there was intense and sickening suspense. The Bishop was at a far distant part of the diocese (then embracing the whole state of Pennsylvania) and all communication appeared to be cut off. Under these circumstances the Rector postponed the consecration services, and the excitement and danger having passed away in a few days, the Bishop appointed 24 July 1863, when the dedication took place. Mr. Littell resigned as Rector in 1865.

(of course I have found some information that Church services were held in Branchtown by Rev. George Sheets, while rector of Trinity Church, Oxford. These services were held in the old school house at Oak Lane where I mentioned early in this paper that Mrs. Mears had the first Sunday School.)

Today this Church which at one time was the only building in the square, is flanked by row houses on Church Lane, Ogontz Ford Motor Co. in back of the Rectory and a few houses on Limekiln Pike. Across from the Church diagonally stands an apartment where once stood an inn by the name of the Black Swan. The Church has a large Parish House on Limekiln Pike, which contains Sunday School rooms as well as infant and Bible Class rooms. The Parish House has a large basement which has been used in the past by the 35th Police District and the boys in the neighborhood. The Church and Parish Buildings are good edifices, surrounded by ample grounds, and make a pretty feature in the landscape to attract the passers-by. The large and beautiful monument in the Churchyard in memory of the wife and sons of Clement Biddle Barclay is a noteworthy object and adds to the beauty of the sacred enclosure.

For more than 75 years the cellar of this Church remained pretty much as it was during the Civil War when Gettysburg interruped the consecration ceremonies, and then the Bishop of Pennsylvania waited until it was over. In 1939 the former Rector, Rev. Howard M. Stuckert, inspired by a visit to Rome, determined to utilize the cellar for what he described as "an architectural expression of primitive Catholicism of the second and third centuries."

With the help of contributions both within and outside of the Parish and volunteer labor within, Dr. Stuckert succeeded in reproducing in the cellar a tiny Chapel of The Blessed Sacrament with the liturgical atmosphere of earliest Christianity. This Chapel is believed to be unique in the country. The altar has its dove motif, the credence table is set in the wall, early candelabra are in the room and wooden benches and eucharistic vestments. The Bishop's Chair is behind the altar. The catacombs Chapel was blessed by The Rt. Rev. Francis M. Tait on his visit there, 14 November 1940. The capacity of the Chapel is 20 persons. The luminary effect in the Chapel is created by fluorescent lighting, while a copy of an ancient oil lamp and wrought iron candlesticks help to complete the furnishings. The Bishop's Chair was copied from the Bishop's Throne found in the Roman Catacombs. The stone walls and the altar, of masonry is copied after an ancient one found in Southern Gaul.

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The Bells of Germantown

By Florence Musser

THE history of Germantown is rich in adventure and achievement. From its earliest days the people developed their economy, industry and culture. When in 1683 the founders arrived under the leadership of Francis Daniel Pastorius, their dreams envisioned the progress and glory of a future which would some day make their "Germantowne" one of the most historic places in the entire United States.

Through the years which carried Germantown to this high place bells played an important part in the lives of the people; serving as messengers in making announcements, sending out calls, marking time, and taking their place in religion. Their voices have heralded and shared important events in history; they have registered (many a) human emotion and experience.

In our present scientific and mechanical age traditional bells are almost forgotten. Perhaps they are destined to go the way of the wind-mill and the sail boat. However, there are yet many to be found in our midst and because of the great service they have given in the past, in conspicuous places, bells hardly deserve the indifference and insignificance with which they are too often considered.

The old Academy bell is, I believe, the one most esteemed and cherished in the Germantown community. The Academy found its beginning in 1761 when it opened with two rooms, one for High Dutch or German pupils with Hilarius Becker in charge, the other for English pupils with David James Dove as teacher. Dove was an eccentric Englishman, distinguished as a scholar in Philadelphia where he had taught languages for several years in the Academy on Fourth Street. He had won considerable fame as a satirical poet in political controversies. Judge Peters, one of his pupils says he was called Dove ironically "for his temper was that of a hawk and his pen was the beak of a falcon pouncing on innocent prey." It was his custom, in those early Academy days, to send a committee of boys with a lantern and candle, in daytime, ringing a bell to find absent scholars and bring them with shame to the school. We are told he did not refuse to be so escorted himself upon one occasion when he was late, much to the gratification of the boys and entertainment of spectators.

In 1774 the famous bell on the building was brought to Philadelphia in the tea ship *Polly* but the indignant citizens refused to land the cargo. After waiting for some time in Salem Creek the ship was forced to return to England with her cargo intact. Later the vessel again visited Philadelphia bringing the same bell which was then secured and placed in the belfry. The old weathervane on top is surmounted by a crown of George III and has stood guard with the passing of time. The voice of this bell, which still rings at twenty minutes to nine every morning on school days, has been heard all through the many years, calling students and announcing important events, touching the lives of many thousands of people and building for it a genuine affection.

The first bells of Germantown must have been the house bells, animal bells and such others as were needed for general utility. These were, of course, brought from the mother country with other necessary equipment for living in the new world. In those early settlers' days mechanical devices for bells were few and hand bells were used both inside and outside the home. There were the hand bells for the school, the farm, the market, the vendor. When houses became larger and more comfortable, bell systems were installed within, and life was much regulated by them. These later made way for the electric bell of our day.

As life progressed and forges and furnaces were developed, bells were among the articles made and put to daily use. Soon large bells were made and mounted on roofs, in turrets, or other high places so that their voices carried over greater areas. Before the advent of the telephone, radio, good roads, mail service and other means of transportation and communication, bells had to serve largely as messengers for the people.

Of great importance were the animal bells: cow, sheep, horse, and turkey bells. The country was wild, thickly wooded and overgrown. Farmers needed the bells to determine the where-abouts of their wandering possessions. Roads were slowly developed and Indian trails were followed for many years. This demanded travel on horseback, even to markets, and it was wise to use bells on horses so as to avoid collisions on trails and to announce locations. Flocks of turkeys had to be driven to roost before night and they more easily followed the big gobblers with one or more bells about their necks.

Conestoga wagon bells figured prominently in the life of Germantown. Each wagon was drawn by six great horses upon each of which was mounted a bow of bells. These made music through the countryside, announced miles away the approaching team and lent pleasure to horses and teamsters alike. They loved their bells. It was a custom of the road that if

a Conestoga wagon became stalled, the driver who pulled them out was given, with great regret, the bells of the team he rescued, so adding to his heroism and store of bells. These great inland ships with their heavy and varied cargoes passed through Germantown on their way to the city and made it their stopping place. This brought activity to the inns and taverns of Germantown and to the village in general. Because of the extremely bad roads many drivers refused to continue to Philadelphia and sold their goods to Germantown merchants and industries. These were the days of the Great General Stores.

The difficulty with bad roads and poor communication with Philadelphia hastened the building of railroads and then came the locomotive bells which were interesting accents in the aspect of the village.

Among the most important bells were the Fire bells. In 1764 the first fire engine was secured and was named "Shagrag." At the same time Germantown was divided into three fire districts which later became the Franklin, Washington and Columbia Fire Companies. Other groups were organized later and great activity and interest was wrapped around their development. Through the years equipment was purchased: wagons, engines, hose, horses and bells. With clang of bells and clatter of hoofs, fire wagons raced out of the station doors upon hearing the alarm. These fire bells were used for general alarm as well as for fires.

An amusing incident which occurred in May, 1869, is recorded and tells about mournful ringing of fire bells loud and long and later the added tolling of a church bell, suggesting the death of an important person or perhaps a catastrophe. Upon inquiry it was said "Nothing is dead but the Pony Express." The real answer was "The Pacific Railroad is finished."

The joyous bells of Germantown were the sleigh bells. These were of many kinds, some very beautiful and musical, especially the chimes. In those days sleighing used to continue two or three months in the winter and many were the gay and happy parties.

Bells were a part of the religious life of Germantown as well as of the secular. There were the bells in church towers and those smaller ones rung over the altars of the Catholic churches and others. In 1733 there was erected on Market Square the old German or Dutch Reformed church which was used as one directly under the Reformed Church from Holland. It had an ancient shingle-roofed steeple after the Dutch manner and was surmounted by a well finished iron cock, the Dutch sign of a church. In the steeple was a bell cast in 1725, bearing the inscription in German: "Gott allein die Ehre" (To God alone the honor). During the year 1762 the church was enlarged to double its capacity and in the improvements were included an organ with a trumpeting angel on each side. Children thought these angels made the music which filled the church. This was the church which General Washington and his family attended while residing in Germantown in 1793. They always occupied the seat fronting the pulpit. It is said that their house was closed on the Sabbath until the church bell tolled, when it was opened just as Washington was seen coming to church. Later this became Market Square Presbyterian Church.

Trinity Lutheran Church in its reconstruction in 1857 built a beautiful spire modeled after the Christopher Wren steeples in London. At once suggestions came that a clock and bell should be placed in the steeple—a town clock, for Germantown then had no town clock. Watches were not so commonly used then and persons on the streets and even those at home or at work felt the need of a clock with a large bell to sound the hours for the community. It was decided that this be done and the movement became communitywide. As the clock and bell were to be for public convenience the general public contributed funds needed without regard of church affiliations. By December, 1858, the project was finished and for many years to come regulated the activities of the people of lower Germantown, and was looked upon as a great civic benefit.

It is said that a stir was created in the neighborhood of the church at midnight on Sunday July 24, 1881, when Trinity's clock after striking twelve continued to strike until it ran down. People of the vicinity who were awakened by it hastened to the church, some thinking there was a fire and others that the bell was tolling for President Garfield, then suffering from an assassin's wounds that later caused his death.

In the tower of the early Methodist Church reposed a bell the sound of which was familiar not only to the faithful but to all residents far and wide, for it was the means of calling the people together for the purpose of celebrating some important event, and still more important in emergencies. It was the second bell in East Germantown. The first was in the tower of the "House of Prayer" at Church Lane and Limekiln Pike.

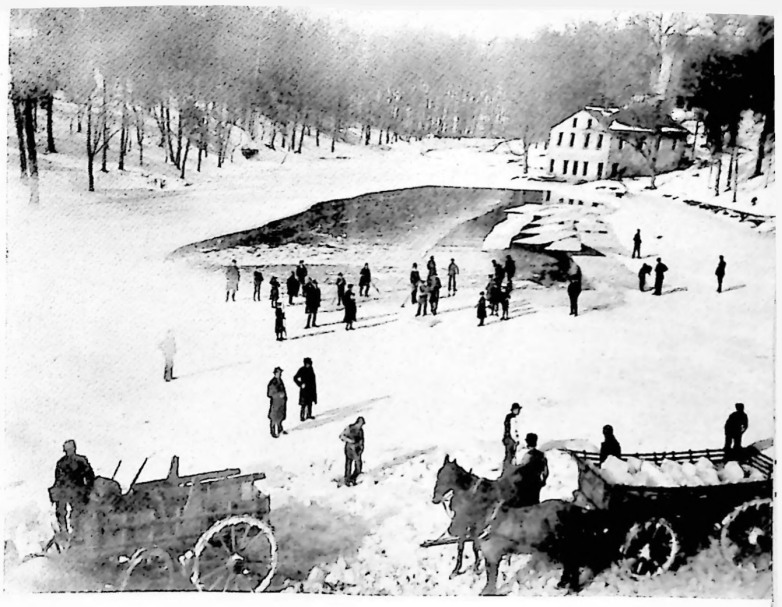
The old State House bell purchased by councils in 1830 by the congregation of the St. Augustine Roman Catholic Church and citizens generally was hung in the cupola and put to use.

As the years rolled by many other church bells found their way into Germantown steeples and gave service to their community. The most outstanding ones of our time, I would say, are the sixty-three bell carillon in the first Methodist church at High Street and the thirty-bell carillon at St. Vincent's Seminary. Additional bells are being added to the latter. They are all bells of fine musical quality, the Methodist bells from Taylor in England; St. Vincents from Paccard in France. A carillon is an instrument made of bells and must contain at least twenty-three bells. Most carillons have more, the largest containing seventy-two. A group of less than twenty-three bells constitutes chimes. Germantown is fortunate in having two such magnificent instruments within its borders; if properly maintained and well used they

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When Germantown Supplied Its Own Water

J. Mitchell Elliot



THE present construction of a new bridge carrying West Walnut Lane to Wissahickon Ave. together with the scarcity of water now affecting the City of New York and other parts of the country, has drawn attention to the time when Germantown and a part of Chestnut Hill procured their water supply from a stream through a beautiful ravine which ran under this bridge and emptied into the Wissahickon Creek a short distance below Wissahickon Ave. David Rittenhouse, whose home still stands on this ravine, constructed a mill there and made the first paper ever manufactured in the colonies.

It might be of interest to turn the hand of time to the years 1793–1794, when Benjamin Franklin, who left $100,000 in his will for the project, saw with his prophetic vision that the time would come for public water works and suggested that the Wissahickon Creek could be impounded and brought to the center of the fast growing Philadelphia. It was at his suggestion that the City Square power house was erected, and to those of us who lived for years in Germantown, who have skated in winter and gone swimming in summer in what has been known as Waterworks Dam, a short history of this public utility should be of great interest to both old and new Germantowners.

I now quote from the report of the chief engineer of the water dept. of 1860. "These works are owned by a private company and supply a portion of the 22nd ward. They were constructed for the company by Birkenbine and Trotter and first commenced to supply water in 1851. The supply of water was procured from Tulpehocking Creek which was dammed so as to form a store or subsidiary reservoir at Tulpehocking street. Such arrangements were made at the works that notwithstanding the large amount of impurity drained into the creek, the water pumped from the collecting well was limpid and free from all objections. The water was raised by means of two high pressure engines working double acting pumps into a standpipe on a hill about 2000 feet distant to an elevation of 225 feet. From the standpipe the water flowed by gravity to a reservoir on Allens Lane near Germantown Ave., now occupied by the Houston School. The company has laid about 38 miles of pipe."

Another company owned by people residing in Chestnut Hill built a stone tower on Ardleigh Street near Gravers Lane. Water was pumped into a large wooden tank on the top of the tower from wells in the vicinity. This has recently become a site for a war memorial.

The rapid growth of Suburban Philadelphia made it absolutely imperative to seek the upper Schuylkill as a source for Germantown, Chestnut Hill and Roxborough for its water supply. At Shawmont above Manayunk a dam was constructed known as Flatrock Dam. From there the water was carried over the Wissahickon Creek in two large pipes. This aquaduct was completed September 19th, 1870 and on March the 18th, 1871 the first water passed through the pipes.

The Germantown Waterworks were abandoned December 30th, 1872. The Chestnut Hill Waterworks were purchased by the City of Philadelphia on January 20th, 1873 for $65,000.

When we pass through our biblical years of three score and ten and enter our fourth score, most of us have memories, some delightful, others sad.

My remembrance of skating on the Waterworks Dam and playing cricket on the Tank lot on Tulpehocken Street are two of the happiest memories of my youth, and it has occurred to me that the stream which still flows through that little valley could be dammed again and made into a beautiful pond. As it is at the present time, it is not only unsightly but a breeder of mosquitoes and I would like to make the following suggestion to the Commissioner of Fairmount Park that "they restore the dam and build a walk from Johnson Street to Wissahickon Ave. on the West bank"—I hope that this may ultimately come to pass.

In the meantime the modern Walnut Lane Memorial Bridge is nearing its completion and on Armistice Day, November 11 was dedicated as a memorial to the Veterans of World War II of this area.

The Wissahickon Valley with its tributaries has been one of the outstanding rural features of Philadelphia and this new bridge will re-unite the Germantown community with its neighbors on the western bank.

We of this delightful suburb can congratulate ourselves that in the building of this Memorial Bridge are embodied the latest developments in bridge building, combining the use of steel and concrete in such a way that the heavier the load is the stronger the bridge becomes.

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The Science and Art Club of Germantown

William Woods

GERMANTOWN, by virtue of its early establishment and the character of its early settlers and of those who followed, has had a fascinating history. Aside from the events of national importance that have occurred here and the illustrious men who have been numbered among its residents from colonial times onward, Germantown has marked characteristics that distinguish it from the numerous other districts that united a century ago to form our great city. To quote from an address by Dr. Cornelius Weygandt at the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of The Science and Art Club, "There is just no end to Germantown: what part it has played in the life of America; what it has preserved of the picturesqueness of the past; what place in contemporary life it occupies; and what part it will have in safeguarding the best there is in the world for another generation."

One interesting phase of its life is the numerous clubs and societies that have been organized through the centuries. Many had a merely transitory existence; others served an active and useful purpose until the reason for their being ceased; and still others are at the present time in a prosperous and vigorous state, giving pleasure and stimulation to their members and rendering services of great value to the community.

Among the most venerable of the clubs now functioning is the Science and Art Club of Germantown, which was founded in 1880, seventy years ago. A list of its members through the years would include many distinguished and public spirited citizens: clergymen, doctors, lawyers, bankers, artists, business men. Doubtless the names of most of this original group, eminent as many of them were, would awaken a feeble response, if any, among the present generation. But they had their day and contributed much, not only to the cultural life of Germantown, for they were not parochial in their outlook, but to the city, and, in a number of instances, to the nation as a whole. The last survivor was Mr. Edward I. H. Howell, who was a member for a period of fifty years until his death in 1930.

The object of the club, as stated in its rules, "Shall be, by social gatherings at the houses of its members, and by discourses, essays, or conversation, to promote intellectual culture in the departments of Science, Arts, and Literature." This object has been faithfully adhered to down to the present day. The subjects considered at the meetings cover an extraordinarily wide range. Occasionally a member, usually but not necessarily the host, will address the club on a subject in which he is particularly well qualified to speak. More frequently a non-member is invited to take charge of the meeting. In this way the club has opportunity to learn from specialists the results of their investigations and study on many subjects of general and timely interest, or to listen to some of the foremost musicians of the day, or to hear some of our distinguished poets and other literary masters read portions of their own works, or discuss the philosophy that underlies their compositions. There is a complete lack of monotony in the subjects considered, since the fields of science, art, and literature offer countless possibilities in the type of entertainment to be furnished.

There is a limitation, however, of what may be presented for consideration at a meeting. The club rules specify that "no discussion on theoolgical subjects or partisan politics shall be allowed." The reason for this is obvious. Religion and politics are two subjects on which many persons have strong convictions. If a lecturer in addressing the club were to speak from a narrow sectarian or partisan point of view, he might well arouse hostile and bitter feelings among those who disagreed with him, resulting possibly in dissension among the members. To forestall the possibility of such a contingency these two subjects are debarred.

The Science and Art Club is limited to a membership of fifty men, residing in Germantown, Mount Airy, and Chestnut Hill. When a vacancy occurs, the name of the new candidate is presented at a business meeting by the Nominating Committee, and voted on at the following meeting. The club must be the one remaining organization that does its voting with black and white balls instead of with the customary ballot. Two black balls cast against a candidate bars him from membership. However, the candidates are so carefully chosen that blackballing is virtually unknown.

The number of meetings held annually has varied from time to time, but in recent years the number has been seven, one each month from October through April, always on the fourth Monday of the month, except in December, when the meeting is held on the second Monday so as not to conflict with the customary Christmas festivities.

There is no regular place of meeting. The original rules stated that, "Meetings shall be held . . . at the houses of the members designated by the Executive Committee; said committee may, at its discretion, authorize meetings elsewhere than in the houses of the members for proper cause." However, far fewer members than formerly entertain the club in their own homes, because of the fact that the present day trend is for families to occupy less commodious houses than were common only a few years ago.

The members entertain the club in rotation, except that new members "shall be called upon to entertain during the season next by one after their election." Since there are fifty members and seven meetings a year, each member acts as host to the club approximately once every seven years.

Formal cards of invitation provided by the secretary are sent by the host to every member announcing the date and place of meeting and the type of entertainment. The wives of all members are included in the invitations, and any other guests whom the host wishes to include. From fifty to seventy-five or eighty persons attend a meeting, the number depending upon weather conditions during the winter months, and also upon how many members happen to be taking winter vacations in Florida or elsewhere. Those who live in houses sufficiently large entertain in their own homes. Otherwise they make arrangements elsewhere. The Philadelphia Cricket Club, The Woman's Club of Germantown, the parish buildings of various churches, and other places have been used, the last named being the most popular in recent years.

The host decides upon the type of entertainment to be presented. As already noted, he himself may address the club. If he is a musician, he may give a recital. Whatever the nature of the meeting, the members can be sure of looking forward to an evening of more than common significance. An address usually lasts from an hour to an hour and a half. When it is concluded, there is generally a period of questioning, which adds greatly to the interest. Additional information is thus frequently elicited, and any points not fully grasped are clarified. Frequently the questioning is quite prolonged.

At the conclusion of the formal part of the evening's programme, there is frequently a business meeting of the members, who withdraw to another room for their deliberations. These are of brief duration, after which the members join their wives and friends for a social hour and the partaking of light refreshments provided by the host.

The social hour is one of the most enjoyable features of the meetings. The members and their wives mingle freely together, and thus have the opportunity to become more intimately acquainted than would be possible if the meeting ended with the formal part of the programme. Warm and enduring friendships are thus frequently formed, and add to the enthusiasm with which the members look forward to the meetings.

Every ten years and every quarter century the club celebrates its founding by an especially elaborate meeting, except that the seventieth anniversary is passed this year in anticipation of the diamond jubilee in 1955.

It is interesting to note that at the fiftieth and the sixtieth anniversary the speakers of the evening were Charles F. Jenkins, well known, among other accomplishments, as an authoritative historian of Germantown; and Dr. Cornelius Weygandt, scholarly and popular English Professor of the University of Pennsylvania, both of whom for years were active and valued members of the club. To these meetings were invited all the former members and their wives, and the widows of deceased members. These were delightful times of reuning and reminiscing of bygone days. The addresses of these two occasions were published in booklet form. In these were listed every meeting, beginning with the first on February 5th, 1880, the name of the member acting as host, the subject considered, and the name of the speaker. These booklets make entertaining reading. Only from them is it possible to grasp the full breadth and variety of the subject matter presented and to appreciate the many distinguished men from all walks of life from other lands as well as from our own, who frequently presented advance information of new discoveries or additional progress in the various fields of knowledge and art.

To present a long list of the distinguished scholars and literary masters who have honored the club with their discourses would doubtless prove tiresome, but to name a few might convey in some measure the type of programme frequently presented: Henry Van Dyck, William Butler Yeats, Charles Heber Clark, F. Hopkinson Smith, Hamlin Garland, Alfred Noyes, Robert Frost.

The anniversary publications contain also the names of all the officers of the club and of all the men who have been members from the beginning, with the dates of their joining and of their deaths or resignations. Changes of residence or advancing years are the principal reasons for withdrawal from the club. For the first year the membership was composed of only twenty-five men, but during the subsequent years the limit of fifty has been uninterruptedly maintained. Approximately three hundred men throughout the seventy years of its existence have been members of the club.

It is a common experience in this country for organizations, even those that have been noticeably successful, to cease to exist after a comparatively brief existence. The Science and Art Club is a marked exception to this common tendency. If one can judge from its rather long history and its present flourishing state, it should still be hale and hearty for decades to come to be enjoyed by succeeding generations long after those on the rolls of the club have gone elsewhere.

ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR

By Joseph Pennell, N.A.

Joseph Pennell N.A., the internationally known artist, received his first instruction in art in Germantown. He tells about his school days in "The Adventures of an Illustrator"—Chapter III, "Friends' School in Germantown"—Pub. 1925, by Little Brown and Co. Excerpts printed in the Germantown Crier *by permission of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.*

WHEN I was ten years old, in 1870, we moved to Fisher's Lane Germantown. I was sent to Germantown Friends' Select School. It was a school for Friends only, then. Again there was war, the French-German War, but we boys had battles of our own with Indians in Wister's Woods which were more important to fight.

I grew up with the boys and girls in and around the Lane, the Bailys, the Henrys, the Browns, and the Snowdens, all Friends, or relations of Friends, but the Henrys. We used to see artists at work in the Wingohocking valley behind Stenton. There was a painter man who sat on a stool under an umbrella in the meadow by the creek, oil stained after it had passed Fisher's cotton mills. It was fun to shy stones at him for he was fat and could not, we knew, run fast enough up hill to catch us.

Later on in the long summer I grew quite interested in the painter. He was doing the same subject, again and again. I sneaked up behind him to see how he did it, but he had a good memory, and turning suddenly, he gave me some good instruction in the art of bothering artists and what comes of it, of which in my time I have made use more than once. Even then I wanted to study art though there was no one to teach me.

There was another artist who painted in Wister's Woods but we had great respect for him and left him alone. A third made photographs and concocted things from them. These two artists were Friends and went to Meeting. They were William T. Richards and George B. Wood.

At Germantown School every Fifth Day we went to Meeting, walking over two by two from the school house, the boys and girls apart, though we sat together in school, or if not, we boys were punished by being made to sit between two girls in the class rooms. We, boys and girls, grew up together. We saw much of each other out of the class, at parties in winter and on picnics in summer, but there was one thing I never could understand—why sometimes—when after school we would chase the girls among the shrubbery in the old school yard—they would run around and around the lilac bushes, 'till they were tired, but never into the school house, and then we kissed the prettiest—and they were pretty. In all the years we were together in school and out of it, there never was the slightest breath of scandal of any sort about us, and it was because we had no chaperon, we boys were on our honor, and it was our duty to protect the girls. My chum was John Henry, who lived in the Lane, the only boy friend I ever had—and when he went to college and I went to work, I lost him.

Every morning each of us has to recite verses of the Bible as school opened, and every Second Day morning the whole chapter we had learned the week before, and we were kept in, if we made a mistake, until we got it perfect. That is the way Whistler and I learned English—not from teachers who could not talk it, but from the King James' version of the Bible. We did not always understand what we learned, and sometimes indiscreet questions would be asked.

To Fifth Day Meeting, William Kite, Samuel Emlen, Samuel Morris, and other men ministers and elders came, leaving their business; and women ministers came too. And what character, what refinement the men had. How beautiful, how calm the women were—the whole like a Franz Hals. No one save Smedley, in one attempt, painted or drew the character or beauty. And yet Smedley, Howard Pyle, Mary Hallock Foote knew it all, for they were Friends. We children for that hour and a half tried to be good, the boys sitting on one side with the men Friends, the girls with the women.

We came First Day mornings, too, sitting there under the golden bars of light, falling down through the Venetian blinds, listening to the sounds of flies inside and horses outside stamping in the sheds in summer, or to the roar of winds around the house in winter, and the crackle of logs in the big stoves in the old Meeting House. Sometimes it was a silent Meeting; but oftener the spirit moved some minister to speak—and they could speak, and meant what they said—before the heads of the Meeting shook hands and broke it up.

Every month there was a Monthly Meeting and the caretaker would let down the wooden division

shutters, like window sashes, between the men's and the women's side. Each had a separate business meeting and sat on separate sides of the partition.

I do not remember that I learned anything in Germantown School save the Bible, drawing, and history—and the names of State Capitols, that haunt me, which we chanted—our nearest approach to singing. "Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna River; New York, Albany, on the Hudson River; Massachusetts, Boston,"—we never were sure if it had a river.

I remember the boy who filled a rose with pepper and left it on the teacher's desk, and I remember that she smelt it but I don't remember if the little imp was ever found out. Teacher Sue taught me history, and also, when I had made a drawing on my slate she would come round and either sponge it out or write under it "Satan always finds something for idle hands to do."

Then there was "Madam"; we little Friends called her that, the Meeting never knew we called Madam "Madam"; she had no other name, for us. I liked her, too. She taught French. She succeeded a solemn person who, we were told, was the only Frenchman who escaped from Mexico after the Execution of Maximilian. My father wanted me to learn French, and, I learned it in the American fashion of those days, much more practically, I am sure, than it is learned now. My father saw somehow into the future. It was an extra, and I was at the tail in all the other classes, but he made me take French.

There was a drawing master—an innovation in Friends' School—one of those magnificent Philadelphians who walked Chestnut Street, where he had a studio; splendid, six-feet, gray-bearded like Whitman and Leland—James R. Lambdin. Of course we were made from the beginning to draw, or trace, from drawing copy books or on glass slates, which I could never do decently. We also drew maps, and mine were amazing, all illustrated; so were my school books —Virgil, Milton, and Goldsmith. Once a professor of art came, and for a dollar, to be paid in advance, guaranteed to make each of us an artist in one lesson. I alone rushed home to get the dollar, but failed, and so became an illustrator. Later a lecturer was introduced, learned in the history of art, with charts and diagrams, I joined. His name was W. H. Goodyear.

The new master was of a different sort. He had a studio on Chestnut Street, though he lived in Germantown. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Academy. He taught me one thing—to use my eyes, my brain, my memory,—above all drawing from memory; that is most valuable, though even then you must have something to say for yourself. Long before I heard of Whistler's practice, of the Japanese system, of DeBoisbaudran's method, I tried to carry out what Lambdin told me—to use my mind and my memory. I have tried to follow his teaching to this day. Lambdin's method was to make you draw some object before you, then, not looking at it, to draw what you remember of it. This class alone I led; I was far below the tail in all others, save history. Everything else Lambdin taught in the ordinary way, though he was always telling us to draw nature, if we wanted to learn to draw. Two or three did, and so encouraged was he that before vacation he offered a prize for the best drawing made out of doors during the summer, to be awarded when school opened in the fall.

I drew the house across the street in the holidays. How I worked over it, but I tried to do it my way. The school opened again, the students brought the drawings they had made. I believe there were a lot, for there was the prize, and prizes are the source and curse of most American art. I saw at once that only one other drawing counted—Bob Shoemaker had made it—the Falls of the Yosemite or Yellowstone—his rich father having taken him to that far-away land during vacation. There it was, a most remarkable thing in pencil; we all worked in pencil. Wonderful, I thought it. I was sure I had no chance for the prize. But Lambdin looked at the two and handed the prize, a silver crayon holder in a leather case, to me. Like the entire class, I was stunned. I sat at my desk staring at it. It was just before the recess of half an hour. I sat there fifteen minutes of the recess, then put the case in my desk, and then loafed out into the playground. All together the boys were waiting for me, Bob Shoemaker in the midst. But we did not fight, little Friends never fought with their fists; but they did make remarks that I, the unpopular, the outsider, with a mere drawing of a Germantown house, should be preferred to the popular rich boy who had done things, was not fair. Everybody in the school seemed against me, and though I did not like it, it was good training, and I have found since a not unusual experience in prize-winning. But I was glad Lambdin gave me that prize. It sent me for a time to nature and life. I never told Lambdin what I did, though once I let him see some horses I was proud of, and he liked them.

Then my father bought some volumes of Dickens with illustrations by Cruikshank, Phiz, and the rest, and in one volume was a tree with skeleton branches; and there for some time I found or lost myself and came near out-Rackhaming Rackham, and the branches of my trees for a time became skeletons. It took me more time to get over that trick. In winter the skeletons were everywhere, but in spring another boy who drew—though he did not attend Friends' School—Latimer Brown, and I would go out together sketching, and as he saw no skeltons in the trees, I forgot them and I began to draw what I saw, working on brown paper with black and white chalks. After that I found Germantown full of interest—Wakefield Mills, Wister's Mills, Harper's Dam.

It must have been that winter the dam broke, and with the thermometer down to zero, I made a pencil drawing of it. It may be it was that winter too, as I

was learning to do grapevines on the ice, Fanny Kemble came and stood on a rock which jutted into the dam, and said sweetly, in a voice of thunder, "Is Owen Wister here?" She was his aunt. Fanny Kemble, the renowned actress, was Owen Wister's grandmother. That was the only time I saw her.

And then I went in for woodcutting with another boy next door, and when we made our blocks, we tried to print them with shoeblacking on a wriging machine, but he tore his nails off in the cog wheels and blamed me for carelessness; and that ended my woodblock printing. Of course we did other things. We went to pigeon matches, and cricket matches, all done away with now.

The next year Lambdin left the school—I don't know why—and was succeeded by Joseph Ropes, a very different man, small, shy, modest. Artists were not many forty-five years ago [now seventy-five years ago] and the few made history. Ropes took to me as very few do—or is it I who keep people off? In the spring he used to let me go out with him sketching, and in his way he taught me. But his way was not my way. Everything was to be seen not as I saw it, but as he saw it. He took me to his studio on Main Street and there, in a bare room, showed me his oil paintings and water colors and there he tried to teach me to work in water colors in his way; but again it was not my way and he gave it up, though my father was paying him a dollar a lesson. Luckily, from the beginning I was stubborn and did as I wanted. He tried and so did I, and he came near conquering me. but when he proudly sent me to show my work to Peter Moran, who taught in Philadelphia, and I walked fourteen miles there and back on Seventh Day afternoon after school, Moran would not waste time over me, or even see me, sending down word—and it was the truth—that mine were "the most mannered things he ever saw from one so young." Moran was right, Ropes and I were wrong.

Ropes also made etchings on glass, and I tried too, drawing with a point through a glass negative which had been exposed to a white screen, and then printing it like a photograph. There were some of these around Germantown for a long while, treasured, I believe, as my early work.

I also went to William T. Richards, who in another way, was as mannered in his maturity as I was in my youth, and he told me to take my sketches away and burn them, and then draw something, if I could. So I drew a geranium plant, and when he saw it Richards said I might learn to draw, though, from my other sketches, he never would have thought it possible. He did not waste time encouraging me, but he started me working seriously.

My drawing went on, in and out of school, till the spring of 1876. I never played much at football, cricket, or baseball, though, being left-handed, I liked to upset the whole cricket field when I did bowl. I did some fearful smashing of wickets with left-handed grounders. As I did not have to play, I rarely played; but I could skate better than anyone in the school, and managed to ride the boneshaker bicycle owned by one of the boys. All the while I was trying to learn to draw for myself, but did not know good from bad, and Ropes had gone and there was no one to tell me or show me.

In the Friends' Library there were hardly any illustrated magazines—and to see them I had to walk seven miles down Germantown Avenue to Broad Street and down Broad to Chestnut, and down Chestnut to Tenth, to the Mercantile Library. Twelve cents could be better spent than on horse-car fare, but six cents were spent coming back, if I was too tired to walk. So I learned to tramp, but how long those tramps were sometimes. I vowed I would go, and I knew I should get back somehow. Sometimes when I had seen what I wanted and had ten cents I would buy a railroad ticket from Ninth and Green to Wayne Station and not get off, then Kite, the conductor, who knew us all, would stop the train between there and Fisher's Lane by the Young America Cricket Grounds, and I, and possibly other boys, would be thrown off, and Kite would share in the glory, and we would finish the afternoon playing cricket, for all of us could play cricket. All Germantown did; it was correct.

My father bought old volumes of the *Graphic* and *The Art Journal*, *L'Art*, and *The Portfolio*, and subscribed to *Scribner's*. I got from the library Ruskin's *Elements of Drawing* and Penley's *Water Color Painting*, and mixed them all up with Harding's trees and George Reid's landscapes, so it was not very wonderful if my ideas and my style got mixed too.

I had determined to get into the school of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, which was open in the new building on Broad Street in the fall of 1876. The academy exhibition in the spring of that year was notable, for then it was that Chase, Shirlaw, Duveneck, Dielman, Twachtman, Muhrman, Courier, Carl Marr, and McLure Hamilton, had returned from Munich or Antwerp and all sent to the Academy. The exhibition dazzled me so much that I went again and again, once taking with me one of the girl students. I was arrayed in a new Wanamaker imitation tweed suit to my satisfaction, only marred to run into some members of the class who had come to town too, and they laughed at me.

I never had to struggle for want of money. I lived at home, and never at any time paid for anything. In a fit of business ability, I bought a bargain, a dozen Cochin China eggs for fifty cents. These all hatched and I found myself possessed of twelve naked monsters, which finally clothed themselves with golden feathers and became the admiration of Germantown. They took to laying and as the eggs—in fact any eggs I had—now brought a dollar a dozen, I felt myself a financier. I could not tell Cochin eggs from other eggs, for we had other chickens. I regret to say that

sometimes these eggs hatched Bantams instead of Cochin Chinas, and sometimes common fowls. So I was a flourishing enough little prig, soon able to ride to town, to go to picture shows [art exhibitions] and to buy books—Ruskin's *Modern Painters* and Hammerton's *Intellectual Life* and Gilchrist's *Blake*, if you please—and to subscribe to magazines, or rather to get others to subscribe and to have a free copy myself by acting as agent.

This state of things went on for months, till the grass in our front and back yards was all torn up by the beasts of Cochin China, and till they began to be stolen. And they would fly up on my Aunt Martha's shoulders and scare the life out of her, as well as nearly knocking her down. Then I sold them for a fabulous sum to one of the Copes, and lived for months in a riot of shows, which I rode to, at Earle's and Haseltine's, and of books I purchased and picked up at second-hand shops; so began my collecting.

Before the school closed in 1876, I was to graduate with three girls—the first boy to do so; I had been through a course of natural history or geology or something of that sort—in the museum were some trilobites that I drew and a ship at sea in pen and ink, a subject I had imagined, for I had never made any sketches on my brief trips to Boston or down the bay in Copes' ships or to Atlantic City. My father used to take me on the outgoing ships, and we would stay on board till the pilot left at the Capes. And I remember the sailors singing "We're off to Philadelphia in the morning," though they, blind drunk, had been carried aboard the night before. My sketches were framed and hung in the big schoolroom.

Before I graduated, several things happened, John Cope and I distinguished ourselves. The new Meeting House in the School yard was being painted outside, and one day during recess, we climbed on to the top of the porch, watched by all the pupils, and in broad daylight, took the painters' pots and brushes and executed, in real fresco, a full length portrait of an eminent Friend, in "broad brim and shad-belly," a symphony in brown—the only paint the painters had—an overseer of the Meeting and member of the School Committee. We also wrote up the names of the streets which the Meeting House faced, on the walls of the building.

Now this Friend without noticing it, happened to be taking the air in his back garden across Coulter Street and seeing what was being done, came over, and we found him waiting for us at the foot of the ladder when the bell rang for us to go back to work, and we were greeted by him as well as by the assembled pupils and teachers and painters when we climbed down.

Suffice to say that after an emergency meeting of the School Committee and the Overseers of the Meeting, it was decided that as John Cope and I would be leaving in a few weeks, and as John Cope—son of a Committee-man and son of an Elder, and a Cope—was hopelessly involved, it would not do to expel him, and they could not therefore expel me. So save for a lecture, before the whole school and a bill for removing the art, it was thought best to ignore my first and last attempt at mural painting and Church or Meeting House decoration. But for years a ghost of a portrait still remained on the walls and was pointed out, I understand, as my work, and that is all I left almost as tradition in the school.

A graduation essay had to be prepared, and I suggested that I should write on paintings at the Centennial. This necessitated a number of visits to the Exhibition, beginning with the opening Ceremoneis. I was delighted, for I saw Abbey and Reinhart and I do not know how many other illustrators sketching President Grant. There were no snap-shooters then. I turned my back on the President to watch the illustrators sketch.

The essay was written. I remember it was about three pictures—Wagner's Chariot Race in the Circus Maximus; one of a martyr having his feet roasted by inquisitors; and the subject of the third I have forgotten, as well as what I said of all of them. I do, however, remember Holman Hunt's portrait of himself, and a Slinger, by Leighton; although, I believe, there were things by Whistler, of whom I had never heard. Soon the "Mother" was to hang in Pennsylvania Academy, and though the directors could have had it for five hundred dollars they bought a Greaves "portrait" instead.

The essay was read in the Committee Room, Preparative Meeting Room of the Meeting House, the first time such a thing happened. I was complimented and presented with a diploma and a bouquet by the girls who did not graduate, and covered with confusion, and so ended my school life.

WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION

(*Continued from page 12*)

It is, of course, impossible in so brief a sketch to give not only details of work but of the personalities who have made the work possible and pleasant. The minute books, from which this information has been gleaned, kept with care since the inception of the organization, are crowded with the names of women whom Germantown is proud to claim, women of charm, ability and unselfishness who have been leaders in this rather unique Association. For years Miss Anna Johnson was recording secretary and the search through pages filled with her careful notes has proved a rewarding experience.

The lovely work rooms are still active and every Thursday a group sew busily to fill the needs of others all round the world. It is not a closed membership, however, and recruits will be joyfully welcomed and most certainly put to work.

THE ALCOTTS

(*Continued from page 8*)

necessity reduced to its simplest terms, spiritual and intellectual life lived at its highest and finest.

Time will not permit us to follow the difficult vicissitudes of the years. Bronson Alcott never again was head of a school. He worked hard, manual labor, on a farm, as a carpenter, cutting wood at several different periods; write for publication he could not, as he was too meta-physical, too involved for the average reader, but he talked divinely and at various times gave what he called "conversations," an informal type of lecture quite his own, but with a very meagre financial return.

Bronson Alcott was born one hundred years too soon with an intellect too mighty for every day, and a spirit too rare to meet the tricks of "outrageous fortune." He died on March 4, 1888, at the age of eighty-nine.

The failure of the experiment in community living at "Fruitlands" of which Louisa Alcott wrote with whimsical understanding in "Transcendental Wild Oats," saw the lowest ebb of their fortunes, but, though the fourth little woman had been added to the family, they were slowly growing up and so sharing the family burdens. Their home, as Mrs. Alcott describes it, was "Poor as Poverty and serene as Heaven."

One of the cardinal points of the Alcott educational method was the keeping of a diary. There are fifty years of his own beautifully written impractical diaries treasured now in the house in Concord, but Louisa's diaries were much more live and illuminating than her father's, and give a picture of the family life and the developing mind of an unusual genius which well repay reading.

One feels through it all, the struggle against circumstance, the fun wrested from difficulties, the indomitable spirit which refused to be downed.

One finds at twelve years, such entries as:

"I had a pleasant time with my mind today, for it was happy."

"We had a lovely day. All the trees were covered with ice. I made a piece of poetry."

"I am so cross, I wish I had never been born."

At twenty-three, Louisa decided to try her independent fortune, and went to Boston, where she spent several winters teaching, sewing and writing. It was at this time that she began to sell an occasional story and to realize that in this lay her happiness and the possibility of success.

For some time she had a strong leaning toward the stage, for she was a clever and spirited amateur actress. Her high spirited buoyant gaity and sensitive response to the beautiful in picture, book, sermon or drama were the outstanding impression of those who knew her at this time.

In 1861 came the war, and with the abandon with which she threw herself into every experience, she volunteered for hospital service. In 1862 her summons came.

Louisa Alcott entered the Georgetown Hospital at thirty-three, vital, with a record of perfect physical health and dauntless courage and energy. She left it six weeks later utterly exhausted, with the germs of a violent typhoid pneumonia, which kept her hovering for long weeks between life and death, and left her shattered, never to be really well again.

A trip to Europe helped to bring her somewhat strengthened body and nerves, but though she had months of comparative comfort at times, she was rarely without pain and always forced to be a "hothouse flower."

In October, 1863, we find in her journal: "If ever there was an astonished young woman, it is myself, for things have gone so swimmingly, I don't know who I am. A year ago, I had no publisher, and went begging with my wares;—now *three* have asked me for something. Fifteen years of hard grubbing may be coming to something, after all, and I may yet pay all the debts, fix the house and keep the old folks cozy as I have said I would, so long—and so hopelessly."

In September, 1867, we see in her diary: "Roberts asked me to write a girl's book. Said I'd try"—but there is no record of even a try until May of the next year. By June she had finished a dozen chapters, which Mr. Roberts pronounced "rather dull."

"Good joke," writes Louisa some years later.

In August she says, "Roberts Bros. made me an offer but advised me to keep the copyright. So I shall."

Lucky Louisa . . . the royalties from the sale of "Little Women" mounted and mounted a fabulous gold mine, with endless new editions in this and most European countries.

She was entirely unprepared for the furor the book created, and found herself, almost overnight, belonging to the world—a world compelling and insistent, ever crying for more.

She always said that her best work was done in "a vortex" . . . an idea would simmer and work in her brain, until suddenly it had to find expression and, neither food nor sleep, exercise or diversion were even thought of.

This was a serious matter when her health had so carefully to be considered, and her latter serious breaks were doubtless the price she paid.

All her work was written in long hand. Once she wrote a whole book . . . three copies at a time, with carbon paper . . . one for the magazine which brought it out serially, one for her Boston, and one for her London publisher.

Often she had fourteen hours of writing a day. Was it any wonder that eventually her right thumb was permanently paralyzed!

The price of greatness was particularly trying to Miss Alcott—the lack of privacy, the flood of re-

quests for photographs and autographs, the vulgar prying curiosity of absolute strangers.

In anguish she exclaimed, "I asked for bread, and they gave me a stone, in the form of a pedestal."

We know of the rapid succession of books for young people—a story and a sequel, until the children of her pen, all following more or less closely some living prototype, are quite as familiar as any young people in history.

Louisa Alcott met life always with head erect and courage high.

She died three days after her father, at the age of fifty-six, with the feeling in her heart that her best work was yet to be.

How much richer the world might have been!!

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER

(Continued from page 14)

The present Rector, Dr. Augustus Walton Shick, born at Reading, Pa., is a graduate of Central High School; University of Pennsylvania, 1907, (B.A.); and Philadelphia Divinity School; he won the Frazier First Prize Debate in 1906. Dr. Shick has been a Camp Director of his own camps for 40 years. A prominent figure in the community and a favorite friend of all the neighbors.

Outside the Church, on the corner of Church Lane and Limekiln Pike is a plaque which reads:

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Limekiln Pike, which terminates here, was laid out in 1693. Over this highway the left wing of the American Army moved against the British right wing in Germantown for The Battle of October 4, 1777. British Highlanders and Cavalry were camped southeast of here, and fighting occurred nearby.

—

Tablet erected 1928 by the Citizens of Germantown and vicinity."

BOOK PRINTING

(Continued from page 11)

The first part had been printed in 1792 by Samuel Sower, at Chestnut Hill.

Schaibali's *Wandlende Seele* (Wandering Soul), 12 mo., 463 pages and register, 1794. This was the fourth American edition of a religious work that had a wide circulation in Europe.

Poesien und Anecdoten (Poetry and Anecdotes), by Sebastian Kunckler, first edition, 16 mo., 50 pages, 1795.

Pilgrim's Progress, in German, 12 mo., 465 pages, 1796.

Biography of John Bunyan, German, 26 pages, 1796.

A Denunciation of War, German, translated from English, 31 pages, 1796.

Peter Leibert died suddenly on June 9, 1812, and was buried in the grounds of the Germantown Church of the Brethren. According to his tombstone, he was born October 20, 1727. His wife, Mary, daughter of William and Mary Nice, of Germantown, attained the age of 87, dying in 1816. The couple had two sons, William and John, and two daughters, Mary, wife of Michael Billmeyer, and Barbara, wife of William Keyser.

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THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM

(Continued from page 10)

former admission of guilt, he preached a powerful sermon in his own meeting on the "Value of Art in Life." This so surprised the meeting that a committee was appointed to deal with him. "In their minds it was wrong for a Quaker preacher and minister of the Gospel to waste time on painting pictures. This inconsistency on the part of Quakers," says one authority, "is very curious. It was all right to make a living by painting coaches but not by painting pictures and Hicks' pictures were fantastic."

Such an attitude on the part of some Friends must have added to his inner conflict in Hicks' early life. However, he finally overcame his guilt complex, for written in a letter from a fellow minister in the Society, is the following: "Edward thee has now a source of Independence within thyself. Keep to thy painting within the bounds of Innocence and thee can always be comfortable."

Edward Hicks, in the light of all I have learned about him, stands out as a deeply religious man, who, during his adult life from about 1825 to 1849, was inspired to paint pictures on subjects that would carry the messages of Truth and Peace into each succeeding generation. In the quaint, quiet farm scenes, he shows a way of Pennsylvania rural life. To an historic event he brings a reminder of the good and true to be found in the past. The wonders of nature are reflected in his portrayal of animals, trees, mountains and sky. Above all are the great numbers of his paintings of "The Peaceable Kingdom." These deliver an everlasting, symbolic sermon of Peace. How subtle, but real, is the scene of "William Penn's Holy Experiment" in treaty with the Indians, a living tribute and fitting background for Isaiah's prophecy in the Bible. (Isaiah 11:6–8).

> "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.
>
> "And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
>
> "And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den."

This subject seems to have satisfied Edward Hicks' greatest urge for expression. In his own verse he writes:

> *"The wolf shall with the lambkin dwell in peace,*
> *His grim, carnivorous thirst for blood shall cease,*
> *The beauteous leopard with his restless eye*
> *Shall by the kid in perfect stillness lie;*
> *The calf, the fatling and the young lion wild,*
> *Shall all be led by one sweet child.*

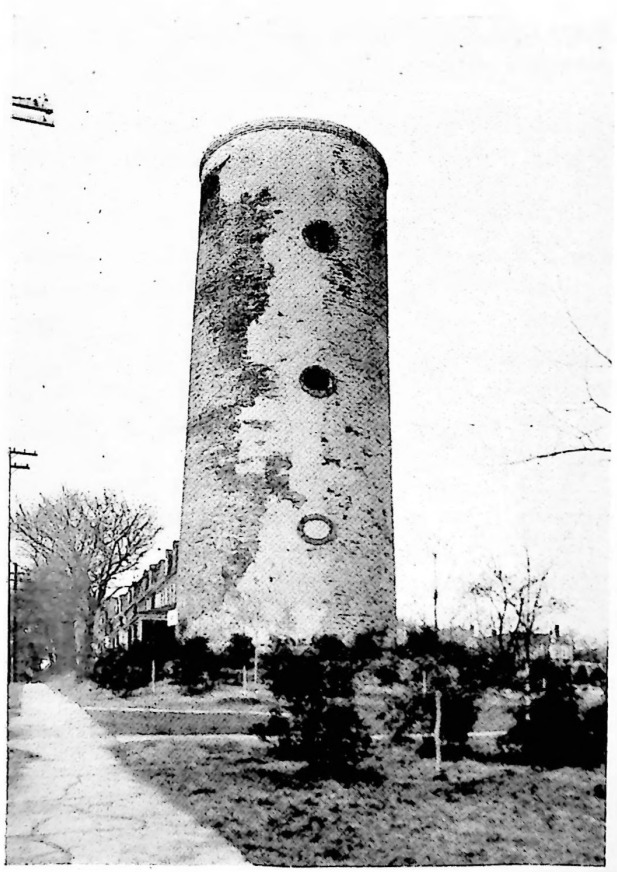
The cow and bear shall quietly partake
Of the rich food the ear and cornstalk make;
While each their peaceful young with joy survey,
As side by side on the green grass they lay;
While the old lion, thwarting Nature's law,
Shall eat beside the ox, the barley straw,
The suckling child shall innocently play
On the dark hole where poisonous reptiles lay;
The crested worm with all its venom then
The weaned child shall fasten in his den.
The illustrious Penn this heavenly kingdom felt,
Then with Columbia's native sons he dealt;
Without an oath a lasting treaty made,
In Christian faith beneath the elm trees' shade."

Edward Hicks finished his life working on a final version of "The Peaceable Kingdom" which he had hoped to present to his daughter. On August 22, 1849, he told his family that they must not "flatter" themselves concerning his future. He told them that he had painted his last picture and was going to die. On the morning of the next day he could not go to meeting. That evening he did die, in his seventieth year.

When Germantown Supplied Its Own Water

(Continued from page 17)

Could the denizens of years ago look down upon the sight of the old water works dam and see all the thousands of shiny automobiles hurrying in both directions they might desire the restoration to its former beauty of what was then the water supply of Germantown.



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Those Days are over when the old "Dutch" bread-seller came with his clanking cart slowly down the silent Main Street of Germantown, singing in the early dawn words something like these:—

De hossy cake, de mushy cake;
De box loaf, de twist,
De five-cent loaf, de ten;
Noding so nice, someding so novelty—
Get up, Johnny, blow de horn!

But though Germantown cannot preserve such features of her quaint past as this, she has preserved much. She knows that those who walk her streets to-day tread every inch upon historic ground, and she counts historic ground holy. No little corner of our Colonial and Revolutionary soil is richer in Tradition: the young heart of our country beat here once, once Washington fought here, later he often rode our country lanes in time of peace. It has been said that the Nation which does not respect its past, does not respect itself, and from time to time the America of to-day comes near to deserving this reproach. Such spirit as Germantown shows in her Site and Relic Society, and in evoking through pageant and picture the illusion of times by-gone is wholesome, educative and beneficial.

OWEN WISTER

Quoted from "Reminiscences of Old Germantown at Manheim, Friday and Saturday, June 7th, 8th, 1912"

The following four items taken from the list of donations made to the Library of the Germantown Historical Society in the three months beginning August 1 are typical of aid received during the years whereby the Library has been made serviceable to those engaged in historical research pertaining to Germantown:

"An Eulogeum on David Rittenhouse," delivered before the American Philosophical Society, 1796, by Dr. Benjamin Rush. The tribute of the noted Philadelphia physician to a distinguished native of Germantown forms a booklet of 46 pages. On a flyleaf is inscribed: "Sarah Wister, Jun., Presented by Dr. Benjamin Rush." "Sarah Wister, Jun." was the Sally Wister who wrote the sprightly diary of her Revolutionary War flirtations. Her home was at Grumblethorp. Dr. James W. Wister is the donor of the booklet.

From Mrs. Hannah Benner Roach, Chestnut Hill, comes a typed record of descendants of Jacob Up den

Graeff, a lineage associated with one of the founding families of Germantown.

Mrs. James W. Wister contributed a large photograph of Pomona, noted nineteenth century estate on the east side of Germantown Avenue, below Duval Street, the photograph, taken about 1870 by Wenderoth & Taylor, Philadelphia, being a specimen of the best art of this type at that day.

Two photographs taken at the Germantown Historical Society's fiftieth anniversary are from the Germantown *Courier*.

Other donors in this three-month period are the estate of William S. Wallace, Mr. William H. Emhardt, the Chester County, the Lancaster County and the Schwenkfelder Historical Societies.

The Library would welcome gifts of printed programs of current happenings in the Germantown area.

ABOUT OUR AUTHORS

FLORENCE MUSSER is a campanologist of note and her own collection of rare and beautiful bells is famous. Travel and study, a deep interest in archaeology and anthropology, the ways, customs and religions of the peoples of the world give Mrs. Musser a rich background for her serious study of bells. Until recently she served as Advisor on Public Relations in the Guild of Carillonneurs of North America.

She has always been active in cultural and musical organizations in the city and in the past has filled local, state and national posts for the Women's Clubs. Conservation and gardening have also claimed her attention.

J. MITCHELL ELLIOT, one of the founders of the Germantown Historical Society and Vice-president since 1925, has resided in Germantown since 1867. He is a graduate of Germantown Academy, Class of 1885. At an early age he took an interest in photography and has been an outstanding authority in photography in this vicinity.

WILLIAM WOODS, former head of English Department, Germantown High School; former secretary Science and Art Club of Germantown; former proprietor Crestmont Inn, Eaglesmere, Pennsylvania.

JOSEPH PENNELL was born in Philadelphia July 4, 1860, a birthright member of the Society of Friends. His father, a native of Pennsylvania, had taught at

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Westtown Friends' Boarding School. He came to Philadelphia to work in Cope Brothers' office at Walnut Street Wharf. From here the Copes' four great packet ships sailed to Liverpool, England.

In 1884 he married Elizabeth Robins of Philadelphia. Most of their married life was spent in Europe with sketch book and pen, for Mrs. Pennell became an author of note, as well as her husband. They traveled English and Scottish miles on bicycles, toured thus, through Germany and explored little traveled parts of France and Italy. Mr. Pennell even penetrated parts of Russia unknown to any but native Russians.

He also made sketches under fire in exposed positions during World War I. Before his death they returned to America to live in Brooklyn and look out over New York harbor. His remains lie in the Friends' burying ground at Greene and Coulter Streets, near his old school.

During his life, Joseph Pennell became one of the best known American Graphic artists and received grand prizes in Paris, Dresden, Milan, Chicago, and St. Louis. He was a member of the National Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters. His work is represented in nearly all the European collections of graphic art including the Luxembourg, Paris; the National Galleries at Rome and Berlin; the British Museum, and the Victoria and Albert Museum in London; the Library of Congress in Washington, and the Brooklyn Museum, New York.

THE BELL OF GERMANTOWN

(*Continued from page 16*)

can be of the greatest inspiration to the community.

A legend says that the angels of heaven are too far away to be heard on earth, so they speak to us through the voices of church bells. Perhaps the spiritual and religious life of our day is less strong because of the neglect of our church bells—those bells that in past ages helped so greatly to build religion and good will.

Of all the bells in the wide world, the religious festival bells have been the most stirring, especially the Christmas bells. They ring out an exultation that can be expressed in no other way as their voices go to every land and to all people. From the frozen wastes of the north to the sunny climes of the tropics to mansion and cottage, city and hamlet, cathedral and mission, wherever Christmas will be celebrated, the bells will ring. There will be the Yule log and brandy pudding, candles and glittering ornaments, wooden shoes and Kris Kingle, the reindeer and sleigh, Santa's pack and bright bundles, but everywhere in Christendom there will be Christmas bells.

This year, as we listen to the ringing of our bells and to the singing of our Christmas carols, we do so with the most ardent prayers for a troubled world, and with the earnest hope that there will come again soon, real "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

1,000

The Germantown Historical Society is making a drive for one thousand members. For the members we are offering membership privileges, such as a subscription to the GERMANTOWNE CRIER, prominent speakers at the monthly meetings at Vernon, two tours of Germantown houses—in the spring and fall—and a garden party at the Museum in the spring. Persons approached as possible members have indicated that these privileges are not of great value, and in many cases would not be available. We would like to emphasize, however, that our drive for members is based on building up the Germantown Historical Society so that it can carry out its function to preserve Germantown traditions and culture. Prospective members should consider that by joining the Society they are themselves contributing to a worthwhile movement, become a party to it by joining the Society, and thus make a personal contribution to a worthy effort for our community.

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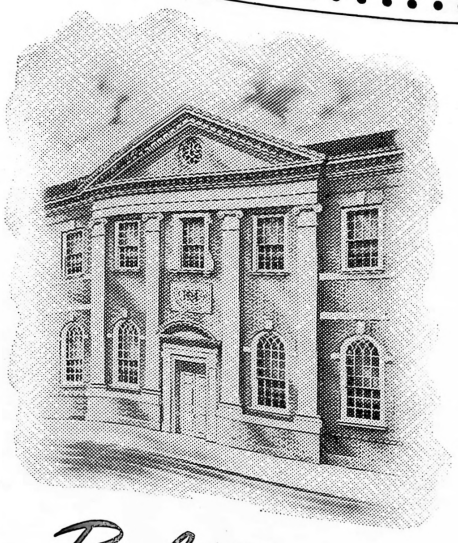
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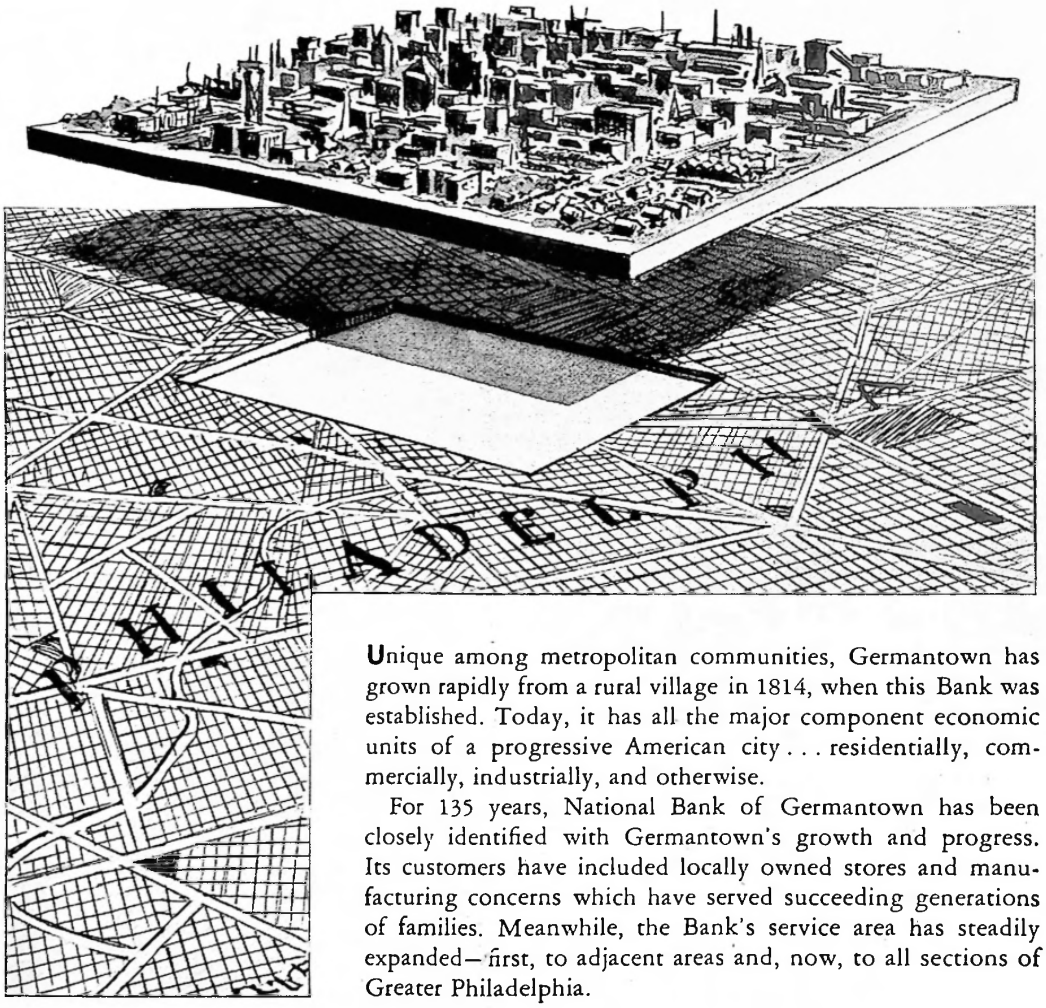
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