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GERMANTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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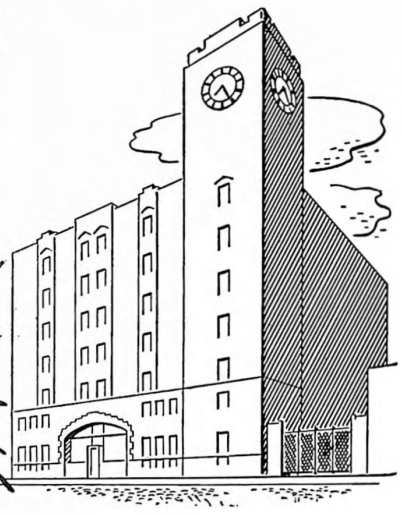
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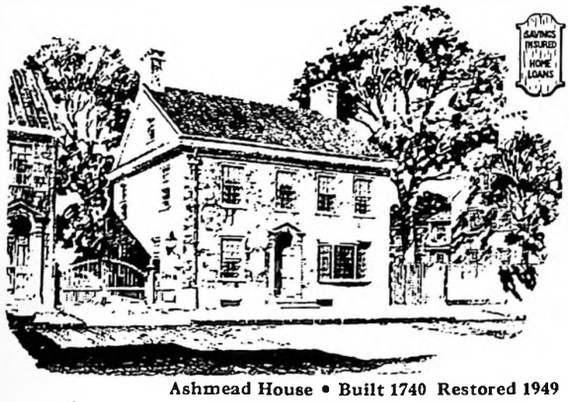
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AIMS OF THE SOCIETY

The Germantown Historical Society is dedicated to the fostering of the cultural traditions of Germantown, the preservation of its historic landmarks, and the maintenance of the Society's Museum of historic relics.

A membership in the Society helps to further these aims. It also entitles members to attend the interesting series of monthly lectures and to receive the GERMANTOWN CRIER which is published quarterly.

Membership dues are:

Junior, Teacher, or Librarian Membership	$3.00
Annual	6.00
Sustaining, or Business	10.00
Life (may be payable quarterly)	100.00

Subscription to the CRIER for non-members is $1.00.

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The Historical Society is a source of pride and interest to many Germantowners, even outside its membership, but while enthusiasm and interest are most valuable assets, the actual necessities of operation need something sterner and more tangible.

The Society runs on an amazingly small budget and the Morris House, with whose care and upkeep the Society is proud to be entrusted, is never-theless, an arduous burden.

In making a will remember how gracious a gesture a bequest to so fine a local project would be. Thus the community would be assured of the dignified safety of its priceless historical heritage.

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Meetings of the Society will take place in the Assembly Hall of the Women's Club of Germantown, 21 West Washington Lane. The meetings will begin promptly at 8:30P.M. With the exception of October, the meetings will take place on the third Thursday of the month.

There will be no meeting in December.

The Program thus far arranged is:

January 17th
"Pennsylvania and New England Clockmakers"
BY SAMUEL HUNTINGTON BARRINGTON

Mr. Barrington is a well-known pipe organ builder of Norristown. Old clocks and watches have been his special interest for many years. He has repaired time pieces and has collected over 600 watches and 250 clocks. Mr. Barrington has lectured twice before the Bucks County Historical Society and before the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors at Sturbridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Barrington's talk will be illustrated.

February 21st
"English Palladian Architecture and Its Influence in Germantown"
BY DR. ROBERT C. SMITH

Dr. Smith is Associate Professor of History of Art at the University of Pennsylvania. He is a Fellow of the Council of Learned Societies and Associate Director, Hispanic Foundation, Library of Congress. His contributions to learned journals have been numerous and distinguished. Dr. Smith's Two Centuries of Philadelphia Architecture 1700-1900 was published by the American Philosophical Society in 1952. The lecture will be illustrated with Dr. Smith's own slides.

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GERMANTOWNE CRIER



Vol. 8 DECEMBER 1956 No. 4

CONTENTS

	Page
Christmas Is A-comin' — *By Elizabeth M. Mellor*	6
Awbury—A Story of One Hundred Years — *By Mary Cope Scattergood*	7
The Action at Chew's House, 1777	10
Ink and Ashlar — *By William P. Harbeson*	12
A Comparison: Philadelphia in 1733 and in 1836 — *By Karl T. Weger*	16
Red Letter Days — *By Cornelius Weygandt*	21
Verses Written on Leaving Avebury, England — *By Mary S. Cope*	23
Comprehensive Index For the Eighth Volume of the Germantowne Crier	26
Obituaries	26

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SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS

Complete sets of the Germantowne Crier consisting of all numbers issued to date, are being offered (on order) at $4 per set plus 50c postage if mailed.

The remaining copies of the "Guide Book to Historic Germantown" will be sold at One dollar each; copies of "Washington Visits Germantown" at One dollar each, in board covers, and Fifty cents in paper covers, both of these books being the work of our founder and former president, Charles Francis Jenkins.

Various issues of Volume One and Two, of the old "Site and Relic Society's" publications, are for sale at the Museum. Some of the second volumes are in the name of the Germantown Historical Society, the old name being discontinued during that period. The publications start from the very beginning of the Society, and many of the articles were written by old historians now dead, and constitute first hand information

Copies of current issues of the Crier may be purchased at the Museum, the Morris House, and at various stores in Philadelphia, Germantown, Mt. Airy and Chestnut Hill.

"HISTORIC GERMANTOWN" a special limited edition book of 150 pages, published with the cooperation of the American Philosophical Society, includes an outline of the early history of Germantown, together with views of historic Germantown houses with their plans and architectural and historic information.

The books are 9½ by 12 inches, bound in hard covers, and are available at cost of $4.50 per copy delivered, or $4.75 by mail to any address. Please address requests accompanied by check to. order of Germantown Historical Society to: Captain Edmund A Crenshaw, Jr., 519 Pelham Road, Philadelphia 19, Penna. or to Mr. Ernest Howard Yardley, 16 South Broad Street, Philadelphia 2, Penna.

Decorative ceramic tiles showing the front view of the Morris House, Germantown. The tiles are six inches square, and are backed with thin cork insulation for use on a dining table, or they may be hung on a wall by an attached eyelet. The cost is $1.00 each, and may be purchased at the Museum or the Morris House.

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CHRISTMAS IS A-COMIN

By Elizabeth M. Mellor

"CHRISTMAS is a-comin
And the goose is gettin' fat!" Yes, and not only is the goose being pampered but so much joyous preparation and deep concentration on food—perfect traditional food—shared widely and with almost a ritual of giving:

"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning."

It would be an interesting study to trace to the source the importance of food in Christmas celebration. Feudal England, we know, made much of colorful, traditional rites and every American, surely every American with an English background, should without fail read, come December, Washington Irving's "Old Xmas" from his "Sketch Book" and, too, Walter Scott's poem. Those two cannot but leave one with a glow, a surging distinctive joy which must add a new flavor to what is given and what is received in all the weeks to come.

True, the Puritan Christmas was a dour business—they looked down their noses at the "heathen feast day" and poor little Puritan kiddies went endlessly to church and had no pudding. Even the early Quakers brought little of joy to a good dinner.

But as the 19th Century progressed, America limbered in many ways and happily among them a returning interest in the traditional Christmas celebration.

Strangely, Queen Victoria's German influence in the days when her family life was happy and the children young, influenced the British celebration and so indirectly America reacted.

Life was more gracious, worldy possessions more abundant, the niceties of living and the amenities of intercourse more considered and enjoyed and so inevitably, the family Christmas celebration grew softer and richer and gayer and left happy memories on which the next generations could build.

The 80's and 90's were the era of the formal dinner party. Course after course with the accompanying wines—choice and unusual food beautifully served and at prices that make today's hostess gasp—Oysters bought by the quart or the hundred at a cent apiece, sweet breads given away for the asking, English mutton chops, thick and rolled with a binding of bacon—perhaps it is unkind to go on!

But the Christmas feast was a focal point—rows of pumpkin and mince pies, rich and spicy, wrapped for generous giving, plum puddings boiled in bags weeks before to grow more rich and mellow with the aging, made from a precious "family receipt"—Oh, those receipts!

These are nostalgic memories, precious and not to be forgotten but shared, as tactfully as possible, with the young efficient generation who are going to build memories for their children. May those children have the privilege of remembering a big, steaming turkey, stuffed with chestnuts, and carved on the table before their eyes. ("Johnnie want a drum-stick?") May the pudding come in blazing amid excited "Ohs" and "Ahs" and when another bite is quite impossible—please, please a good Virginia Reel with young and old!

"At Christmas be merry, *and thankful withal,*
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great and the small!"

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GERMANTOWNE CRIER

Volume 8 DECEMBER 1956 Number 4

AWBURY—A Story of One Hundred Years

By Mary Cope Scattergood

IN WILTSHIRE, England, eighty miles west of London, is Awbry, a small & unimportant village with manor house & thatched cottages, & after three hundred years still a quaint English hamlet, surrounded by Druid stones.

Thence in 1681 came Oliver Cope to the American colonies.

The recorded deed reads, "This indenture made the eighth day of September, 1681, in the twenty third year of King Charles II over England, between William Penn of Worminghurst, in the County of Sussex, Esquire, on the one part, and Oliver Cope of Awbry, in the County of Wilts., tailor, on the other part, witnesseth that the said William Penn, for and in consideration of the sum of five shillings, doth bargain and sell unto the said Oliver Cope, * * * two hundred and fifty acres of land within the Province of Pennsylvania * * * in the County of Newcastle."

Oliver's grandson Caleb, moved to Lancaster, Pennsylvania in 1785. His son, Thomas Pim Cope, came to Philadelphia as a young man, becoming there an influential citizen. He married Mary Drinker, and their seven children were born in Philadelphia. It is Henry, the eldest, who brings us to Awbury in Germantown.

Desiring to make a summer home for his family, he purchased in 1853, forty acres in Germantown, South of Washington Lane, and east of the Reading Railroad, naming the place Awbury, in memory of his great great grandfather, the immigrant.

There he built a house, generous in space & in its lines of rooms & piazza, substantially constructed with excellent materials and workmanship, so that after one hundred years it is basically sound.

For several years this was the family summer home, and in it lived Henry Cope with his wife Rachel, two sons Francis and Thomas with their families, and an unmarried daughter Ruth Anna.

Francis had married Anna Stewardson Brown, and Thomas, Elizabeth Stokes. They loved this summer home in the then open countryside, and before long decided to live there the year round, Thomas and his family taking the original house, a second somewhat like it being built for Francis.

Henry Cope's daughter Mary had previously married John Haines, their property bordering on the south, and so in the eighteen fifties begins a delightful history of three families of boys and girls brought up in freedom and happiness and in the best ideals that their parents could teach and uphold.

Much thought was given to the planting. At first, because there was little shade, a long arbor was built and soon covered with grapevine and trumpet creeper, where the children could comfortably play. A grass edged path through the middle, with grass and box bushes along the sides made room for roses and bleedingheart and many other flowers, loved and tended by the grandmother Rachel.

She was a charming and loved grandmother, full of kindness and merriment. Her grandaughter Rachel remembered her at the head of her dining table, laughing at the jokes of her grandchildren until tears ran down her cheeks.

Grandfather Henry was somewhat more austere, though well loved. His sister Caroline Yarnall wrote, "It is a blessing to a home to have such a man in it. He is the head and centre, and round him children and grandchildren gather as to a rock of wisdom and strength and unwavering kindness. His adaptation to little ones, his wish to promote their enjoyments, and readiness to enter into their sports, never allowing himself to be wearied with their noise, or in any way be annoyed by it, is beautiful to see."

The sons Francis and Thomas differed widely in character and interests. Francis, a man of affairs, was interested in politics, education, and world progress.

He was a trustee of Haverford and Bryn Mawr Colleges, a director of The Insurance Company of North America, and of The Lehigh Coal & Navigation

* There are several ways of spelling Awbury, all of them are recognized as authentic.

Company, and was active on the Board of the Friends Hospital for the Mentally Ill.

With quick step and vigorous body and mind, he had outstanding ability and many friends.

Thomas had a sensitive spirit with a special love for the beauty of nature, trees and flowers, clouds, sunsets and stars. He was an active member of the Society of Friends, giving much time and energy to Quaker affairs. He was responsible for the Awbury planting.

With the help of an English gardener beautiful groups of trees and long stretches of lawn were planned, and meadows enclosed for cows and sheep. Otherwise there were no fences, nor any thought given to private ownership between the families.

Their brother in law, John Haines, lived on adjoining land to the south. He was a descendant of Reuben Haines who lived at Wyck, one of the earliest Germantown homes, still owned and occupied by the Haines family.

John Haines was a unique character, of great physical vigor, sturdy build and high color, he resembled an English squire. Interested in fruits, flowers and trees, he created a beautiful garden, enlarged and improved by his son Francis, and carried on with tender care by two succeeding generations. It is gone now with the spread of the city.

One of the founders of the Germantown Hospital, in 1864, John Haines gave much interest and time to its upkeep, and enlarged his vegetable garden that he might give fruit and vegetables to this charity. A niece remembered him driving off several times a week, his high York wagon loaded with goodly produce.

Francis and Thomas were devoted brothers and active businessmen, going everyday to No. 1 Walnut Street in Philadelphia, where was the counting house for the Cope Packet Line of sailing vessels.

When a ship came in the captain would come out to Awbury to midday dinner, the families gathering around, eager to hear news of the voyage. The names of these captains, Julius, both father and son, Dunlevy and others, were cherished in the family records, and landmarks in its history were the seizure of the Tonawanda by the Confederate ship Alabama in September 1862, and the burning of the Tuscorora off Lisbon in 1869, when Captain Dunlevy perished with the ship.

The Awbury children had many out of door interests. The boys had vegetable gardens and kept chickens. In a letter from one of the mothers, "The girls stick to croquet." There was constant visiting among the families, and the cousins were brought up as brothers and sisters, living in much simplicity. There were games and plenty of fun, walks to the woods on the Township Line, now Stenton Avenue, for the first spring wild flowers, coasting and skating in winter, and always a warm hospitality toward a multitude of relations and friends. Uncles, aunts and cousins were constantly coming for meals and overnight, and often for longer visits. The meals were bountiful and there was always merriment and interesting conversation.

Horses were kept for driving, and this they greatly enjoyed, in what was then the open country.

From a letter November 28, 1864, "It is only now and then that the weather is warm enough for thy father to drive us out in the open carriage, and when we do go it is lovely."

The six parents were much concerned for their childrens' education. In the early years Elizabeth, the oldest daughter of Francis, taught the band of cousins at home. Later they started a school at Chew St. and Chelten Avenue, which lasted for some years.

My grandmother, Elizabeth Cope, wrote to her son at Haverford College in 1865, "I have been trying in vain to write thee a letter, but what with Arthur's English and Ellie's French, and with errands to Germantown, there has been no time."

Again in 1864, "I am sitting at the library table before tea, with Arthur and Walter drawing, Johnny looking at pictures, Ellie puzzling over her French, and Madgie making a needle book for Mary's Christmas present. Father is holding little Alban in the parlour for me while I finish this letter."

She was a devoted mother, giving to her nine children discriminating love and care.

Skating and coasting were the joys of winter.

"The Germantowners are getting up a skating association, are leasing Harpers Dam, and intend to put up a little house with a stove, and a man to take care of coats, to keep order and sweep off the snow." Again, "They have all had a very nice skate on the Park, as they call it, though I think Harpers Dam sounds pleasanter."

The following account of a walk is taken from a letter written November 30, 1865.

"Yesterday I was persuaded by Father and the children to join in their walk, and a lovely one it was,



First house at Awbury, built by Henry Cope

but I will tell thee the sequal of it. We walked over to Thorpes Lane and down into the hollow beyond the skating park, and turned into that valley or meadow that stretches down between the woods towards Fishers Lane. Well, we walked the whole length of it and beautiful indeed it was, with the afternoon sun on the trees, came out on Fishers Lane near those rocks by the mills, and as there was time to spare, we struck into the fields below and wended our way down through Logans meadows, and on to Wayne Station. But unfortunately we followed the windings of the stream that runs through there, and did not notice that it kept constantly turning off to the left, so that we found that we were away off toward the York Road, not far from the old Hunting Park. We asked our way of a man and retraced our steps with all speed, but alas, we could not make the five o'clock train from town, that is none of us but Father, though we tried hard for it. All the children down to Walter were there besides Lilly, Virginia, Frankie Haines and John Warder. Father ran on and got on the train, so as to come back for us in the carriage. And then began our disasters. As the wind was blowing and rather cool we walked up the Turnpike (Germantown Ave.) to meet him and trudged on until we reached Cousin William Corse's, where we took shelter, leaving two children to stand at the gate to watch for the carriage. But no carriage came. Seven, eight o'clock sounded, and then Lilly and John Warder decided to walk home. Walter and Madgie got their tea, and W. went to bed with Freddy, and at quarter past eight we went down to Shoemakers Lane Station to go up by the last and only train. Just after we got there, George Wood came running to tell us that we were to get out at the Depot (Germantown Station) where Father would be with the carriage. He had been everywhere but to the right place.

We got home to tea about nine o'clock, after walking five miles or more, and waiting two or three hours.

The little boys were as lively as crickets, jumping up on the stone walls and down again. It is all over now and we had a splendid walk, right into the depths of the country that we could never see from any road."

And so the tribe grew up and took their places in the community. A few have been known in Germantown and Philadelphia history.

Thomas Jr. a son of Francis, gave years of devoted service on the Board of the Friends Hospital at Frankford.

Mary worked intimately and tirelessly for some years among an underpriviledged group in East Germantown, establishing the Morton Street Day Nursery in 1884. After her death her cousins Elizabeth and Caroline served actively in this charity, which years later became the Germantown Settlement.

Walter was an architect of the firm of Cope and Stewardson of Philadelphia. After study abroad he brought a new type of architecture to dormitories at



Rachel Cope, wife of Henry Cope

Bryn Mawr College, Princeton University, and the University of Pennsylvania, and tragically died young in the midst of a distinguished career. He was one of the originators of the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects and of the T Square Club.

Eleanor, who married George W. Emlen, was greatly interested in the needs of the public wchools, and in 1906 was elected a school Visitor for the Twenty second Ward, giving much help through her warm friendship with principals and teachers. The Eleanor Cope Emlen school built in 1925, at Chew and Upsal Streets, Germantown, is named in her memory.

Caroline married William Draper Lewis, for many years Dean of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, which under his direction made great progress. The American Law Institute was originated through his vision, he being one of its founders and its first director. For this service he received the Philadelphia Bok Award in 1943.

The first generation of Awbury children is no longer living. Several of the second third and fourth generations still live in the old place. Over two hundred descendants of Henry and Rachel Cope are scattered over the country.

As I read old letters and remember some of the anecdotes, the picture shows a continuity of loyal and loving relationship, a pattern set by the first six parents. Other families have become integrated in the Awbury community and have caught the spirit of friendliness, and inheritance that has come down through the years.

The two original houses still stand, now owned by the Awbury Arboretum, whence begins a new and interesting chapter.

William Draper Lewis, who lived at Awbury through his married life of many years, took great interest in the history and useful possibilities of the

(Continued on page 23)

The Action at Chew's House 1777

Timothy Pickering's reply to questions concerning the Battle of Germantown, printed in the North American Review, *Oct. 1826.*

WE SHALL gratify our readers by inserting here a letter from Colonel Timothy Pickering, a name too well known in this country, during the last half century to need any ecomiums from us. He was present at the battle of Germantown, by the side of Washington and, from his station, had as good an opportunity of knowing the events of the day, as any other person.

This letter is of great value as a historical document, and peculiarly interesting as a narrative of what took place, near the commander in chief, at the critical time of the action.

* * *

Sir, Salem August 23rd. 1826

Nearly fortynine years have elapsed since the battle of Germantown; of course you may well suppose, that many facts respecting it are beyond my power of recollection; while a few are indelibily impressed on my memory. Without repeating all your questions, I answer them by the following statement. (1) I did not know at the time, nor do I recollect ever to have heard, that Pulaski was found asleep, until it was mentioned by Judge Johnson in his "Life of General Greene." Nor do I remember to have heard him censured for any neglect of duty, in the case referred to, the battle of Germantown.

It was on the 15th. of September 1777, as appears by the Journals of Congress, that Count Pulaski was appointed commander of the horse, with the rank of brigadier general. He must have brought with him from Poland the reputation of a *good officer*, of which vigilance, when on duty, is one essential characteristic; or, a perfect stranger as he was, he would not have received that honorable appointment.

The distance the army had to march, from its encampment on the Skippack road to Germantown, is estimated to be about sixteen miles; and therefore (although I do not recall it) a very temporary halt might have taken place; but certainly not long enough for an officer, or private, to have retired to indulge in sleep in a farm house.

(2) General Washington, in his letter to Congress of October the 5th., the day after the battle, says "that the army marched about seven o'clock in the evening of the third; and that General Sullivan's advanced party attacked the enemy's picket at Mt. Airy, on Mr. Allen's house, about sunrise the next morning, which presently gave way; and his main body, consisting of the right wing, following soon, engaged the light infantry and other troops encamped near the picket, which they forced from their ground. Leaving their baggage, they retreated a considerable distance, having previously thrown a party into Mr. Chew's house. The term here applied to these advanced corps of the enemy, that they were "*forced* from their ground," shows that they were *in arms*, and *resisted* the assailants; and the previous brush with the picket, a guard always posted in advance on purpose to give notice of an enemy's approach, roused "the light infantry and other troops," who had time enough to take their arms and form into action.

They retreated, of necessity, before the greatly superior force of the whole right wing of the army. But the "leaving of their baggage" authorized the inference, that they had no knowledge of the march of the American army until the firing in the engagement with the picket guard gave the alarm. If then these advanced corps of the enemy were not, in the strict sense of the word *surprised*, that is, "caught napping" unprepared, for action, much less could the main body, posted in the center of Germantown, two miles farther off, have been *surprised*. The distance gave them ample time to prepare for action, in any manner which the attack of their enemy should require.

(3) You ask, "at what distance from Chew's house the attack commenced?" At that time, I was a stranger in that part of the country. From my subsequent acquaintance with it during my residence in Pennsylvania, I should estimate the distance of Mt. Airy from Philadelphia to be eight miles, Chew's house seven miles, and the center of Germantown six miles. And these I think are the distances, as I have occasionally heard them mentioned.

(4) You asked "how long a pause was made at Chew's house?" "and what space of time probably intervened between the beginning of the action, and the general engagement at the head of the village?" The pause at Chew's house, in the manor I shall presently mention, probably delayed the advance of the *rear division* of our army into action for half an hour: before it became general *as to the whole of Sullivan's column*, and this general engagement must have commenced *after he had passed Chew's house;* for I saw not one dead man until I had passed it, and then but one, lying on the road near where I fell in with General Sullivan, I presume that, following close on the heels of the British battalion of light infantry and the fortieth regiment, which were retiring before him, Sullivan, with his column, had passed Chew's house,

some time for Col. Musgrave, who entered it with without annoyance from it. For it must have taken six companies of the fortieth regiment, to barricade and secure the doors, and the windows of the lower story, before he would be ready to fire from the chamber windows; and it was from tham that the firing I saw proceeded.

In the march of the army, General Washington, following Sullivan's column, kept in the road leading to and through Germantown to Philadelphia. When we had entered the Northern part of the village, we heard in advance of us (I was riding by the General's side) a very heavy fire of musketry. General Sullivan's division, it was evident, were warmly engaged with the enemy; but neither was in sight. This fire, brisk and heavy, continuing, General Washington said to me, "I am afraid General Sullivan is throwing away his ammunition; ride forward and tell him to preserve it." I do not know what was the precise idea, which at that moment struck the mind of the General, I can only conjecture that he was apprehensive that Sullivan, after meeting the enemy in his front, kept up his brisk and incessant fire, when the haziness of the air, and its increased obscurity from the burning of so much powder, prevented his troops having such a distinct view of the enemy, as would render their fire efficient. Be this as it may, the instant I received the General's orders I rode forward; and in the road, three or four hundred yards *beyond Chew's house*, met Sullivan, and delivered to him the General's orders.

At that time, I had never heard of Chew's house and had no idea that any enemy was in my rear. The first notice I received of it was from the whizzing of musket balls, across the road, before, behind, and above me, as I was returning, after delivering the orders to Sullivan. Instantly turning my eye to the right, I saw the blaze of the muskets, whose shot were still aimed at me, from the windows of a large stone house, standing back about 100 yards from the road. This was Chew's house. Passing on, I came to some of our artillery, who were firing very *obliquely* on the front of the house. I remarked to them, that in that position their fire would be unavailing and that the only chance of their shot making any impression on the house would be by moving down and firing *directly* on its front.* Then, immediately passing on, I rejoined General Washington, who, with General Knox and other officers, was in front of a stone house (nearly all the houses in Germantown were of stone) next northward of the open field in which Chew's house stood.

I found they were discussing, in Washington's presence, this question; Whether the whole of our troops then behind should immediately advance, regardless of the enemy in Chew's house or first summon them to surrender? General Knox strenuously urged the sending of a summons. Among other things he said, "It would be unmilitary to leave a castle in our rear." I answered, "doubtless that is a correct general maxim; but it does not apply in this case. We know the extent of this castle (Chew's house); and to guard against the danger from the enemy's sallying, and falling on the rear of our troops a small regiment may be posted here to watch them; and if they sally, such a regiment will take care of them. "But," I added, "to summon them to surrender will be useless. We are now in the midst of a battle; and its issue is unknown. In this state of uncertainty, and so well secured as the enemy finds themselves, they will not regard a summons they will fire at your flag."† However, a flag was sent with the summons, no less. Lieutenant Smith of Virginia, my assistant in the office of Adjutant general, volunteered his service to carry it. As he was advancing a shot from the house gave him a wound of which he died.‡

Whatever delay, in the advance of the division in our rear, was occasioned by the pause at Chew's house, I am satisfied that Sullivan's column did not halt there at all, as mentioned by Judge Johnson. The column was certainly not in sight, when the General sent me the orders already noted; and it is alike certain, that it was beyond Chew's house. Nor were the enemy forming under cover of the house, or I must have seen them. *When* the orders were sent to our troops in the rear to advance, I do not know; but it must have been subsequent to the sending of the flag; and I should think, twenty minutes, at least, after it was found that an enemy was in the house. The General did not pass it at all. I had remained near him until our troops were retreating; when I rode off to the right, to endeavor to stop and rally those I met retiring, in companies and squads; but it was impracticable; their ammunition, I suppose, had generally been expended.

(5) In the aforementioned letter from General Washington to Congress, he says, "the attack from our left column, under General Greene, began about three quarters of an hour after that from the right." You ask the cause of this. The answer is obvious. The right column, under General Sullivan, which Washington accompanied, marched on the direct road

(*Continued on page 27*)

* The heaviest artillery then with the army were, I think, only brass six pounders.

† This is a statement I had occasion to make eighteen years ago in a letter to General Sullivan. I marked it with inverted commas because I perfectly remembered the idea I expressed as the words used import; and I am sure there is no material change in the language as uttered by me in that instant. In writing it, I endeavored to recollect the very words I had used.

‡ General Harry Lee, in his "Memoirs of the War in the Southern States," mentions the zeal with which Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton (Alexander Hamilton, then one of Washington's Aide de Camp, and since well known for the display of his eminent talents, in the service of his country) urged the propriety of passing Chew's house. This must have been while I was absent, carrying the General's orders to Sullivan. I perfectly remembered that when poor Smith was brought off wounded, Major Gibbs, who was in the General's family, said to me, "while you were absent I offered to carry the flag; I bless my stars that it was not accepted."

INK AND ASHLAR

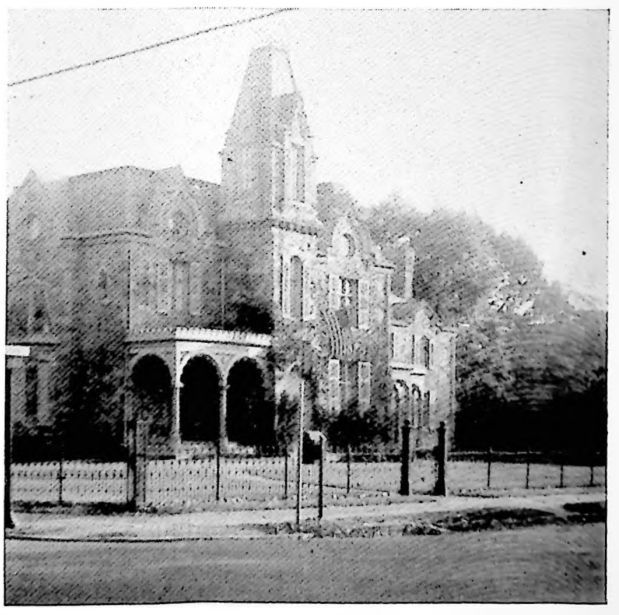
By William P. Harbeson

OR TO put it more simply, authors and architects. It is natural to conjoin them, to think of them together. They are both creators transforming the mental image of them into reality, one of them into prose and verse, the other into brick and stone. Here we are apt to stop, and regard them as separate arts with separate laws. Which is all wrong. Life does not work in that way. The time-spirit which fills every era affects all the arts, so that they often cross each other's boundaries. And nothing is more fascinating than to watch how certain literary men have so appealed to their generation as to influence even the houses they upbuild for their in-dwelling.

All this is not fancy, but sober fact. Take, for example, the Eighteenth Century, the Age of Reason; the Age of Elegance, yet this was the time of the Chinese Craze—to use their own title. The great merchant trading companies brought back from the fabled east rare silks, painted wall paper, quantities of that enchanting porcelain we call Lowestoft, and above all, stories of what they had seen of a civilization so much older than ours. These things caught the fancy of the writers, Montesquieu with his "Chinese Letters," Goldsmith with "A Citizen of the World." Dramas and novels were filled with rich uncles, merchants of the eastern trade, who arrived just at the proper moment with wealth and blessing for the lovers, and gave a chance to Chinese setting and costume. Soon, this setting was demanded at home, with gay Chinoiseries painted on the walls with lacquer furniture, Boucher tapestries, and fanciful eastern panoply, until they demanded even Chinese buildings. So you have the Chinese pavilion at Potsdam, the altogether lovely Villa Favorita at Palermo, the Pagoda in Kew Gardens, the overwhelming splendor of Brighton Pavilion; and here in Philadelphia, the Chinese Garden where now stands our Public Library, designed by our first native architect, Strickland, with a pagoda in Cobalt blue and a pleasure-dome in vermilion, that must have been gracious to the eye when people danced under the nearby trees to the light of paper Chinese lanterns—all of which you can see in the colored prints at the Historical Society.

Or again, in the same era, the Gothic Craze. Refined people looked with disdain on things medieval. The word Gothic was synonymous with barbarian, and Voltaire rather doubled on himself when he dubbed Shakespeare a Medieval Barbarian. Grands Seigneurs used their castles as quarries for new mansions. The stained glass in the churches, what Cromwell had overlooked in his hurry, was taken out to let in the clear light of the sun and of reason. But a change began with Addison's famous essay on Westminster Abbey. He had been caught with its other-worldliness and sense of beauty, with the lofty vaulting and the lacy beauty of its carven chantries. Here was something ages old that became startlingly new because of an appreciative onlooker. After Addison, and Coleridge who likened the pointed arches and vaults to the interlacing of trees in the forest, Gothic became a fashionable thing. The lords cherished their castles. They even built ruins as vistas in their parks. And if you were a city dweller and could not command a towered country seat you at least had a room in the style, with a mullioned window of red glass. Shakespeare and the cathedrals gave impetus to those magnificent playboys, Horace Walpole and William Beckford, and resulted in the gothic splendor of their toy castles, Strawberry Hill and Fonthill Abbey. And here again you have the interplay; for those fantastic creations gave birth to the Gothic novel—witness the "Castle of Otranto" and "Vathek."

It was in the nineteenth century, however, and the romantic movement thereof, that you find the best illustration of the mingling of letters and buildings.



House at Greene and Tulpehocken "more suggestive of Poe than Scott"

Waterloo marked not only the downfall of Napoleon but of the classic idea of which his court had been the focus. Soldiers returned home to their various lands to discover that the fine fruits of the Revolution had been taken over by the middle class, industrious and unimaginative. Twenty years of war, bivouacs and battle had made those soldiers restless. They could not settle down. They disliked the life around them. So they turned for surcease to the long ago and far away. They dwelt in moated strongholds with Scott, or the Moorish loveliness of the Alhambra with Irving, or in Algiers with Delacroix, or the savannahs of our south with Chauteaubriand. Since rules had vanished the arts became interchangeable, poaching merrily on each other's preserves. Delaroche and Ary Scheffer began as writers and changed into painters, and these wrote novels—painted novels. Since Wordsworth and Rousseau had proclaimed the glory of wild nature, the muscians painted pictures in music: Mendelssohn in Fingal's Cave, Schumann in the Rhenish Symphony, Berlioz in Harold in Italy; and all of them enriching their new fields from the experience of the old. And writers borrowed from all the arts.

Here in America, three literary men left their hallmark, writ their names large over the fabric of architecture. They were Scott, Irving and Byron. And you can still see those signatures over the lapse of time. Scott, of course, was the most potent of all, the wizard of the north. Everybody, learned and unlearned alike, read his books and read them over again. He entered every department of life: the home, where you would find engravings of that trial of Jeanie Deans, and where the furniture seemed to have been filched from a neighboring chancel; the drama, where so many of the romances were turned into plays and the plays had such long runs, as almost to stifle original creation; opera, where Lucia was simply the most appealing of so many of his stories with musical notations; college fraternities, that borrowed from him the dignity of pledging and solemnity of ritual; and finally, into the very essence of their building.

Men dreamed of living in story-book castles. Alas, their means did not permit it. But they found that the old feudal piles were an ideal pattern for what you might call collective living, where men retired awhile from the active world, not quite of their own volition, to cultivate solitude and meditation. In a word, they were the Very Thing for prisons and asylums. The Eastern Penitentiary reared its turreted mass in the quiet monotony of Cherry Hill. It had parapets, crenellations, lancet windows, and an immense formidable gate like an old barbican, properly crowned with the traditional sentry box; all that was lacking was the engirding moat. Its answering note, the county prison at Moyamensing, was part gray Norman castle (the department of men) and part red sand stone temple in the Egyptian manner, with pyloned entrance and scarabeous decoration, a style presumably chosen because the Egyptians were mysterious, as were women, and this was the abode



"My story book house" at Walnut Lane and Greene Street

of womanly sinners. And all over the eastern seaboard you meet with romantical cloud-capped towers crowning splendid hills, incredibly picturesque, all of them, only to find in the end that they are mere official places of retirement, withdrawal.

As for the law-abiding majority, they contented themselves with smaller places according with their purse, but still with the story-book overtone, which they called "cottages" or, better, "bowers." There were many in town, some excellent examples, but you found them mostly in the rural districts because their type demanded a natural setting. Most of them are now one with Nineveh and Tyre, but there are still some pleasing examples in Germantown. The Mason house, for instance, on School House Lane, with a mangificently spacious front lawn, and umbrageous trees framing a restful, hospitable stone dwelling, with gothic porch, latticed bow-windows, steep roof, ivy—everything necessary for a grateful picture. And two or three many-gabled stucco houses of the same tradition on the Oak Road.

Nearer to the center of things, there still abide two houses on Greene Street just a block apart from each other. That on Tulpehocken is a bit more suggestive of Poe than Scott. Unlike most of its fellows it is almost innocent of greenery. There are few trees and no real garden in front; the only embellishment before the house is a tall yucca bush that looks uncomfortably like a modern electrolier. The whole place seems to be generally untenanted and boarded up. In fact, you would say it was deserted, if you did not see at night one living vestige. Just above the main doorway a light glimmers dimly through drawn red curtains. How was it put by the poet of the Shadows:

"Through the red-litten windows saw . . ."

The other at Walnut Lane, is another story. I used to call it my story-book house; and my initial memory of it was a beautiful white-haired woman sitting in the "parlor" playing on the harp, and singing that old sentimental song "Douglas, Douglas, tender

and true." I was glad to find, later on, that it really was a story-book house. One of the owners of our original packet lines, an engineer by profession, had been so taken with a Scott novel and the frontispiece in it, that he coveted a house of the same kind, drew up his own plans and blue-prints, and achieved the homing place of his fancy. It has everything the romantic heart could desire: a squat tower, a recessed doorway, steep roofs, many gables, a mantling of ivy, and an entourage of old trees. Even today, it casts its spell upon the passer-by, a touch of olden time in our modern Babylon. It is one of those places—there aren't many of them—that makes you say: "Here I would like to live, here I could be content."

These fantastical castles and ivy mantled bowers with a weeping willow always in the offing, formed an architectural style all of their own, called by Godey's Ladies' Book and Graham's Magazine "Walter Scott Gothic." Quite different from the original, thoroughly un-academic and defiantly amateur. Its designers knew nothing of the intricate structural laws of Chartres and Salisbury, and cared less. A vault in a church was plaster, not stone: it was the effect they were after. Often they used stucco, a material unknown in Chaucer's day. All they asked was something to fit into a picture, to suggest a poem. And all of this was according to the book, for you find the same condition at Abbotsford.

Ah, the necromancy of that old yarn-spinner! Single handed and all unwitting, he drove out the Colonial Style to which we had been bred, which was in our very bones, and turned the outward and visible world into a stage set from an old play, sentimental, romantic, and just a little mad. The pen can be a mighty thing.

The transition from Scott to Irving is an easy one. They were personal friends. It was the American who suggested the original of Rebecca in Ivanhoe—a Philadelphia lady. And the house at Tarrytown was our version of the house on Tweed. Irving, along with Cooper, was our first notable author. He wrote many and varied books, but the most far-reaching was the Alhambra. It filled the questing imagination of the day and in time caused a Moorish vogue in our Quaker city.

One of my classmates at College invited me, those days, to a service in the Old Pine Street Presbyterian Church, where his father was pastor. The eighteenth century façade, with its classic portico, had long been familiar to me, but I was a bit startled with the interior, which had been "embellished," so the dominie said, in 1850. The preacher's alcove, housing the usual pulpit, ice-cream table with Bible atop, and attendant plush arm-chairs—all this framed in an arcade of Alhambra columns and arches. A touch of the seraglio in a conventicle. Presbyterians seemed to look kindly on this exotic idea. A little later, you find it expressed in an entire building. The North Presbyterian Church, on Sixth Street near Green: stucco creation marked by flamboyant Saracenic towers and a triple arcade reminiscent of the Mosque of Cordova, all tricked out in primary colors. When the congregation moved away it was occupied as a synagogue, where the eastern touch was perhaps more fitting.

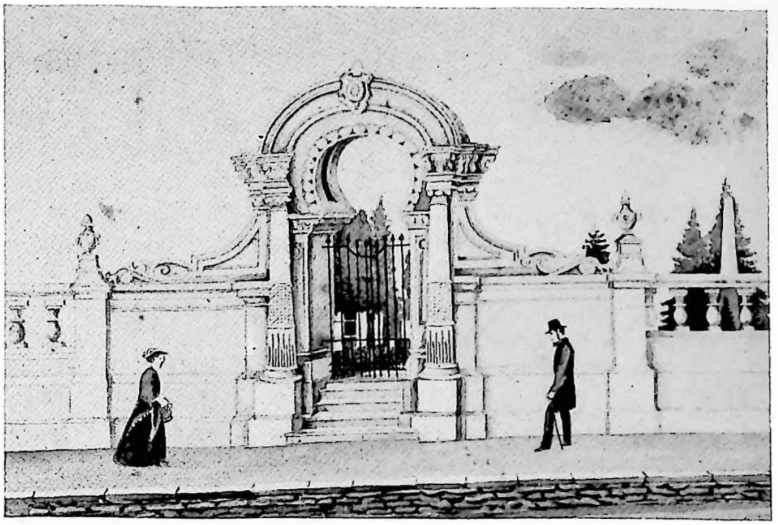
There is a memory of Irving in Germantown; the gateway of the old Colonial graveyard near Fisher's Lane on the Main Street, and dated at the mid-century. It is properly Alhambra-horse-shoe arch and modestly ornate frame, and it looks comfortably fitting as the central feature of a plain stone wall with a hinterland of trees.

The Islamic idea persisted long. In the Centennial, it suggested Horticultural Hall, that big airy greenhouse where glass surfaces shimmered softly in the sunlight. We have treated the old place shabbily, let it fall into disrepair, and last year it was demolished, taking away one of the happiest vistas in the park. In a half century or so, we shall begin to appreciate it, catch up with its vanished charm, and put up an exact replica, Williamsburg fashion, with all the lines and arches—and none of the memories. That is the way of the world.

But the most vivid and tangible remembrance of the Alhambra was in the old Broad Street Theatre hard by Locust Street. This, too, was put up for America's first world's fair, and originally called Kiralfy's Theatre and Summer Garden. Originally, it was intended as just another diversion for our many visitors. Then, somehow, it stayed on as a permanent play-house, the home of our legitimate drama for fifty years and more; correct socially, a place to which you might safely take your mother or your best girl.



Gowen House ". . . its majestic Doric portico facing the ascending walker."



A memory of Irving in Germantown . . . "gateway of old colonial graveyard near Fisher's Lane on the Main Street" (Lower Burial Ground)

The yellow stucco façade was illustrated with Moresque windows and doorway, and crowned with two Kubla-Khanish domes in red and gold. It is true that these domes were only canvas stretched on wire frames, but the effect was there, completing a thoroughly fetching ensemble that made the market-house front of the Academy nearly opposite seem drab and ordinary. The old place lingered on in the midst of change until well on in the present century. My last big memory of it was when Chu Chin Chow was being presented at the Shubert just across the way. This musical was a version of Sinbad the Sailor, and mounted with lush extravaganza and pageantry, including camels and bedouins to attend them. In between the acts you could stand on the fire escapes and see in the half-light of the alley below all these unusual eastern wonders—the camels and the captives of the raid: And at the alley's end you saw the front of the Broad Street playhouse in what seemed bright sunshine. A suitable back drop for an inter-scene. Now the old place has vanished, made way for a day-nursery to house the all conquering autos. "Sic transit"—etc.

Lord Byron began to fill the world with the waning of Walter Scott. He had much the same appeal—romantic scenery, romantic story; but this time with the additional incentive of clangorous verse, easily read and remembered. Those inspired guide books to historic Europe, Childe Harold and Don Juan, made Americans buy bronze replicas of the Dying Gladiator to put in their homes, and prints of the Bridge of Sighs. They wanted to see these things first hand because a poet had immortalized them. And since we were becoming wealthy in those days, there was an influx of travellers to the old world, particularly the Mediterranean. These travellers fell in love with Italy—people always do, always will. So much so that they wanted to live in Italian houses, started a fashion in the 1850's of villas; and you still see them multitudinously around Germantown. Sometimes, they were towered in the Florentine manner, sometimes merely crowned with a lantern, or observatory; and almost always in stucco, the true Latin vernacular. There were wide verandas always—piazzas we called them—the beginning of the universal front porch of today which everybody has and nobody uses.

Which recalls what to me was once one of the most striking vistas in the whole city. It crowned the summit of Mount Airy where Germantown Road climbs steeply up. On the right hand side, at the top, stood the Gowen mansion, pure classic, its side to the street and its majestic Doric portico facing the ascending walker. Next to it, in a big garden, a big comfortable, seemly house of the 50's. On the other side, at the foot of the hill, a stuccoed Walter Scott cottage, all lattices, steep roof, bow-windows, ivy and trees, and above it, the only unit remaining, an Italian villa of the best type: two stories high, low canted roof, warm yellow stucco that age has given a rare patina, windows of gracious design and proportion, and spacious verandas that still command a view. Who lives there is a fortunate man and can unite the past with the present, beautifully. All this because a certain noble lord wrote magically over a century ago.

Here then is a trinity of authors, who travailled so well at their profession that they went beyond it. They "put ideas into the head of nature." They made a change in the outward and visible world around them. They left their memories everywhere. You can repeat for each one of them the epitaph to Sir Christoper Wren in St. Paul's at London, "Reader, if you wish to see his monument, look about you."

A COMPARSION:

Philadelphia in 1733 and in 1836

By Karl T. Weger

(Research of family records and other sources revealed the facts contained herein.)

IN THIS luxurious, complacent, modern age it is probable that few nativeborn Americans give any thought to the reasons which impelled their ancestors to migrate from their homes in Europe and to face unknown hazards while making their way to a new and fabulous land. Also, our present day compatriots have been too busy enjoying the fruits of their ancestors' courage to inquire into the period and vicissitudes encountered by the migrants of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

It is interesting to compare the experiences and the appearance of Philadelphia when David Deshler came to America in 1733 and Charles Theis arrived here 103 years later in 1836.

Two and a quarter centuries ago—early in the spring of 1733, to be exact,—David Deshler and his two brothers, Adam and Anthony left Heidelberg, Baden and journeyed to Rotterdam. On the sixth day of May, they found themselves on one of the docks of that famous port city, along with more than two hundred men, women and children. The multitude was motivated by one desire. They wished to get away from a war-ravaged, desolate, poverty-stricken homeland. They were willing to face the unknown terrors of a journey in a cockleshell boat across a vast and awesome body of water to reach a land rich in promise of health, wealth and freedom from persecution, according to the agents of William Penn, the greatest real estate developer of his day, if not of all times.

The assemblage was not dissimilar from hundreds of others which gathered on the docks of Rotterdam and other port cities between 1721 and 1751. They were sober, quiet and orderly. As a whole, they were healthy in appearance, with the firm hard bodies of people accustomed to rugged living. The faces of most of the adults displayed the high intelligence of the meditative religionist who was firm in his convictions. In addition, there were many young aristocrats, descendants of impoverished families of mid-European nobility.

Intermingled in the crowd were Swiss from Zurich and Geneva; Germans from the Rhineland, Heidelberg and Wurttemberg; Moravians from Bohemia, Silesia, or Moravia itself, and French Hugenots. The faces of the latter in particular showed the strain of religious harassment they had endured as they fled from place to place in a vain effort to find a haven where they could worship without being persecuted as non-Papists. They were members of some one of the seven earliest Protestant groups; the Mennonites, Amish, Schwenkfelders, Moravians, Lutherans, Quakers, and Reformed Church which represented the three chief movements of the Reformation, that is Anabaptism, Lutheranism, and Calvinism.

The people on the dock at Rotterdam had much in common with the hundreds who preceded them and the thousands who would tread in their footsteps in the twenty years to follow. War had laid waste their homelands for more than two generations and religious persecution had driven many of them hither and yon. Nearly all the trades of Europe were represented among them. Some were experienced carpenters, joiners, shipbuilders, masons, architects and wheelwrights. Others were trained as rope-makers, farriers, locksmiths, brickmakers, weavers, tailors, tanners, shoemakers, harness-makers, coppersmiths, coopers, millwrights, and potters. A few of them knew how to raise silk-worms and how to prepare silk, flax, hemp and wool, and the art of brewing beer and ale. There were, also, tallow chandlers, furriers, vine-dressers and tillers of the soil.

They gathered together in little family groups, conversing calmly with their neighbors while they patiently awaited their turn to board the "Hope," commanded by Captain Reid, which would carry them to their new life, a life in which they were destined to be the foundation stones in the keystone of the most magnificent structure produced by the minds and hearts and hands of mankind.

The process of taking aboard the human cargo was a tedious one. The ship's mate with the assistance of the ship's carpenter checked every individual. Each person was supposed to take along a proper quantity of seabiscuit, flour, potatoes, tea, sugar, molasses, two hams, a tin pot, frying pan, tin mug, together with a knife, fork and iron spoon. They were all checked and weighed by the ship's officers. This supply was supposed to sustain a person for the duration

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of the voyage which was generally believed to last sixty days.

As each person stepped aboard the ship, they must have looked about them with mixed emotions. They found themselves standing upon the waist-deck of a square-rigged wooden sailing vessel less than 100 feet long with a 26 foot beam of 300 tons. It was supposed to carry 300 passengers and their meagre possessions. To the stern, a poop-deck contained a half-dozen cabins. The main accommodations for the mass of people were below decks in the hold. Amidship, the long-boat was stowed on the port side. In it were temporary pens containing sheep, goats, pigs and poultry. Beside it was the cow-house and the caboose for the cabin-cook.

Below deck the space allotted to the "comfort" of over two hundred human beings was 72 feet long and 9 feet high. Down the middle the long way was a partition of rough boards. Built up against it on both sides were three rows of shelves six feet deep. Against each side of the ship there were also three rows of shelves. The two passageways between the rows of shelves were only three feet wide. Within this cramped space no provisions had been made for sanitation.

The first night aboard ship must have been a disturbing one for all the passengers crowded together in the poorly ventilated quarters. Excited by the thought that at last they were on their way to America, yet fearful of what the future held, probably few of the adults found release, in sleep, from their thoughts.

The children, being in unaccustomed surroundings, were no doubt restless. The younger ones in particular must have indulged in an almost incessant whimpering. The inhabitants of the long boat were certain to sense the restlessness pervading the darkness. The soft hissing of the geese, the sleepy quacking of ducks, the low grunting of pigs, the bleating of sheep and an occasional melancholy moo from the cow must have created a medley of sound indubitably disturbing to the would-be sleepers.

Day after day followed one another in monotonous succession. Weeks ran into months as the voyage went on interminably. Many times the forward progress of the vessel was delayed by adverse winds. On several occasions, they were becalmed for many hours. Violent storms drove them back on their course causing them to lose many hard-earned miles.

The storms caused the migrants their worst sufferings. Sometimes for forthy-eight hours or more the hatches would be battened down while heavy seas and rain poured over the decks. During which time the poor souls crowded together in the semi-gloom of a dozen candle-lanterns and with almost no ventilation. The pitch and roll of the ship tossed them about like so many beans in a bottle. The air eventually became so putrid from the vomitings of the seasick ones and the excrescences of all that it is a miracle that any survived. When the storm subsided and the rain ceased the covers were removed from the hatches and the sick and miserable adventurers crawled out in search of the blessed clean air and sunshine. The bodies of those who had died were brought out and cast into the sea in weighted sacks.

The ship's carpenter also served as a sort of doctor. He dispensed certain drugs to those who were most in need of them. Then he organized several teams of the hardiest men, supplied them with buckets and shovels, and ordered them to clean and wash their sleeping quarters. He also gave them a small cask of vinegar with which to fumigate the hold.

Modesty was temporarily overlooked as the normally clean and neat Palatinates divested themselves of their vermin infested and filthy clothing, and scraped the lice off their bodies. They washed themsevles and their clothes in clean salt water.

As the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months, the condition of the migrants steadily worsened. These sturdy, healthy people accustomed to an active outdoor life could not long endure close confinement. After ten weeks of it, most of them began to sicken from one malady or another. Children under seven particularly fared badly. Many of them died. Adults also were not immune to such a fate.

Had the Palatinates been less hardy they could never have endured their miseries and the birth of a new nation might have been delayed indefinitely. Surrounded constantly by nauseating fumes and a miasmic stench which arose from the hold of the ship, it was inevitable that they should succumb to a variety of maladies. Fever, dysentery, boils, headaches, constipation, scurvy, cankers, and mouthrot, all played a part in the tribulations of the voyagers.

Add to this, contaminated food, foul water, hunger, thirst, heat, dampness, anxiety, and lice and rats. One wonders how anyone could have survived to tell of their misfortunes. Their food supplies began to run low. What was left was old, dirty and sharply salted. This, together with the hot summer sun, increased their thirst, but the so-called drinking water was often black, thick and full of worms. One could not look upon it without retching. Only the most dire thirst made it possible for one to put it to his lips. Fortunately, every few days they were blessed with a brief but heavy shower. Thus, they were enabled to secure enough fresh water to give them temporary relief.

On the 109th day after leaving Rotterdam, the welcome news spread throughout the ship that land was in sight. Shortly after, they sailed inside the Delaware Capes and dropped anchor for the night. The next morning a pilot boarded the "Hope" to guide it safely up the river 110 miles to Philadelphia.

The city, upon which the Deshlers looked with curious eyes on August 28, 1733, had 11,000 inhabitants. It extended for a mile along the river and a

half mile inland to Fourth Street. The streets were straight and unpaved. There was row upon row of small plain brick houses, substantially built, but monotonous to look upon. In spite of the fact the city was seventy years old, in some of the roadways the stumps and roots of the original trees still remained. Commerce with outlying communities such as Germantown, Frankford, Bristol, Chester and more distant towns in the wilderness was carried on by means of packhorse trains. There were practically no wheeled vehicles. The Court House in High Street at Second was the only public edifice, although the State House was being constructed in Chestnut Street. The leading Quaker citizens were of solemn mien. There was little gaiety and less elegance. Evil sports and games were forbidden, also drinking of healths, stage plays, masks and revels, card playing, horse racing, and profanity. Smoking in the streets brought a fine of 12 shillings. Work on the Sabbath drew a fine of 20 shillings, or tippling on the same day 10 shillings. Women who had illegitimate children were publicly whipped.

On some streets each house had its own pump at the edge of the sidewalk, ten feet from the house front. Dock Creek ran from Third Street to the river. The green common extended from Eighth Street to Centre Square. At Second and Chestnut Street stood the auction block at which slaves were sold, as were also the services of immigrants.

The Governor's Mansion was on Second Street above Spruce. It had been built by Edward Shippen in 1693. It was owned later (in 1760) by Ellis Lewis, husband of one of David Deshler's daughters.

There was a drawbridge over Dock Creek at Second and Walnut. Around the city as far as the eye could see was a green wilderness, and Second Street south of the city line was known as "Old King's Road." Only one brick house existed on High Street west of Fifth. The city jail was located at Third and High. Land was cheap. A person could purchase one hundred acres for as low as ten pounds sterling.

Such was the city of William Penn when the Deshlers came to it. They prospered well in their adopted country as have countless others.

Now let us see whether things had improved after a century had passed. Charles Theis was born on February 28, 1811, in the town of Ottweiler, Alsace, at a time when the hand of the French dictator, Napoleon, lay heavily upon all of Europe. During the first twenty-five years of his life, the Napoleonic era ended and the desolation of the aftermath of several decades of revolution and wars settled down upon Europe again. Poverty stalked the countryside. The armies had seized all food, cattle and fodder. Well-to-do people lived for weeks on black bread and sausages. In Dalmatia, it was reported that formerly wealthy hosts permitted their guests to choose which cat they preferred for their dinner.

Conditions in Europe were appalling. There was practically no business transacted between communities. Roads were in a deplorable condition. It took so long to travel even a short distance that it discouraged residents of one town from visiting those of another. The townspeople did derive some benefit from the foreigners from Great Britain and the Scandanavian countries who had the temerity to travel. The travelers were charged outrageous prices for additional horses, repairs to their carriages and for food and sleeping quarters. Inns were wretched and without sanitary arrangements of any kind. Indescribable and unimaginable filth abounded on all sides. If a woman was so unfortunate as to have to travel, she generally wore men's clothing in order to attract as little attention as possible to herself. Lighting facilities were almost nil. A few more fortunate families had wax candles but most of them used tallow dips and pine wood chips. Everyone was weary. War had lasted continuously through one generation. There were many towns containing no middle-aged men, only boys and old men. These places seemed to be standing to one side, watching the world pass by while waiting for their youths to grow up and give new life to their activities. Some towns had too many men and not enough women, but the means of communications were so poor that there was no surety where the surplus men could find surplus women. It was natural, therefore, that many minds should turn toward America, Charles Theis among them.

When Charles left Ottweiler, he did so against the wishes of his father, who, although he was moderately wealthy, refused to give his son any money for a journey to America. Theis was accompanied by two friends, one of whom was the brother of Catherine Muhlbacher (Muhlenberg) whom Charles eventually married.

The three young men left the town of their birth early in May, 1836 with just enough money in their pockets to buy food for the first stage of their journey. They owned their horses and rode through the mud of the recently thawed-out roads. Their first objective was the port of Hamburg. The roads were so bad the horses could travel no faster than a walk. It took them a month to reach Hamburg, where they sold the horses. With some of the money, they paid their fare by boat to Liverpool.

In Hamburg, a kindly stranger advised them to take along some food of their own to supplement the meagre fare supplied by the ship's owners. They were told to take portable soup in tightly closed tin cans to keep out the bugs and mold, also, eggs which had been dipped in strong lime water, a quantity of rice, a sack of potatoes, some sugar and some butter. When Theis and his friends stepped aboard the Danish brig which was to convey them to Liverpool, they each were dressed in a home-spun shirt and short jacket,

a clean handkerchief tied loosely about the neck, a pair of trousers of coarse material and a pair of new home-made boots. Each carried a blanketroll with a few items of clean clothing and a sack of rations. Several days later, they arrived in Liverpool.

It was the first for the three young men in such a large city. They were greatly impressed by the continual tumult about them. The heavy clop, clop, clop of the feet of the big draft horses on the cobblestone paving, the creak and rattle of the drays with their heavy burdens of boxes and crates, the sharp command of ship's officers, the hoarse shouts of the sailors; the oaths and curses of the dockhands, the thud of boxes on the wooden decks, the whine of the blocks and tackle as the ropes ran through them, the lowing of cattle, the cackle of poultry, all added their bit to a cacophony of sound.

After a diligent search they found a ship, the "United States" commanded by Captain Nathan Holdrege, leaving the following day for New York. In order to conserve the small amount of money they had, they decided to make the journey in the steerage hold.

Charles Theis and his companions arrived at the dock shortly after daybreak and were the first passengers to board the vessel which was to be their home. They looked curiously at their surroundings. The vessel was a packet-ship. She had an all-flush deck with a caboose, and the housed-over longboat was stored between the fore and the main mast. Upon hearing a medley of sounds coming from the longboat they walked over to see the cause of the bedlam. In the bottom of the boat they saw livestock pens for pigs and sheep. On a deck of loose boards laid across the gunwales were cages for ducks, geese and chickens. The three adventurers watched with interest a group of shouting, cursing sailors struggling with a cow they were trying to drive up an inclined plank on to the deck. With much vociferous advice to one another, the seamen, after a great deal of pulling and pushing, succeeded, and the frightened cow was finally quartered in a small shed near the main hatch.

After giving their tickets to an officer, the three young men were directed to a hatch amidships, where there was a ladder leading below decks, which they descended. Upon reaching the bottom, it was necessary to stand still until their eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness in which they found themselves.

They were in a compartment eighty-five feet long by thirty-five feet wide, and nine feet high. There were two aisles, each of which was about five feet wide. On each side of the aisles there was an upper and lower row of bunks made of rough planks. In theory, the steerage quarters were supposed to accommodate three hundred persons. At each end of each row there were two cubicles for the passengers to use when answering the demands of nature. They had no doors and were divided by a flimsy partition, thus giving no privacy, very inadequate sanitary provisions, but admittedly better than none at all.

A steady stream of humanity began to pour down through the hatches. Almost every nationality in Europe was represented—English, Irish, Welsh, German, Scotch, Swiss, Poles, Danes, Italians, Swedes, Magyars. Each one bore a burden of some kind. Collectively, they were loaded with an indescribable variety of objects. Some carried trusses of straw to serve as bedding for their bunks; others carried coarse bags filled with prized possessions from their old homes. The women, young or old, were dressed in their colorful native costumes, but all wore voluminous skirts with several petticoats under them, and brightly colored kerchiefs thrown over their heads and tied under their chins. The women carried huge bundles of clothing or babies, while the children of all ages and both sexes took care of the lighter articles such as the pots and pans for cooking.

Two predominant expressions were to be seen on the faces of the multitude. One was dull, stupid, hopeless, indifferent as to where they were going, just running away from the misery of their poverty-stricken home lands. The other expression was the antithesis —full of hope and purposefulness, eager to get to that new land which promised everyone an equal opportunity to live one's own life as one desired.

Those persons who spoke the same language tended to gravitate toward one another and it was not long before they began to get acquainted. At last they could hear stentorian voices giving commands above decks. The lines were cast off and the vessel was soon warped into the current, and the foresail was set. Then the crew was ordered to man the main halyards. The crews of the packet-ships were composed mostly of "Liverpool Irish," a species of wild-looking men of no particular nationality. They had strong, thick-set, hairy bodies. Their arms and chests were tattooed with grotesque and, in many cases, obscene, devices and figures in red and blue ink. The lowest forms of vice and depravity had put their stamp upon their features. They all wore black caps and red shirts and their pants were stowed into the legs of their sea boots.

The first night in the steerage was a peaceful one and remembered long afterward. The darkness of the hold was broken by a few candle-lanterns, and after a day that had been strange with new experiences nearly everyone was tired. The gentle motion of the ship soon had a soporific effect.

The next day the passengers received their first taste of the ship's fare. Each was given one pound of poorly baked bread and a bowl of soup. Rotten beef had been boiled in water that stank to make the soup. The smell of it was so nauseating that scarcely anyone could swallow it. Fortunately, there were half-a-dozen open grates on deck where those passengers who had brought their own food supplies were permitted to cook in fair weather. The fire was contained in a large wooden case which was lined with bricks,

and the coals were confined by three iron bars set close together across the front. Many persons made stirabout in a variety of cooking vessels. Others baked a kind of cake which was two inches thick. When the outside became a burnt crust, the inside was still raw. A few had bacon or dried herring, while others made oatmeal porridge and ate it sweetened with molasses.

It was inevitable that the ship should run into stormy weather. The first notice of it came when the ship began to pitch and roll. The passengers were ordered to stay below decks. The hatch covers were fastened securely and strict orders were given that no candle-lanterns were to be lighted while the storm was in progress. Sitting in the dark, with nothing to do but listen to the fury of the storm, wreaked havoc with the nerves of all. They could not even see to fight the scores of rats which swarmed from beneath the floor through holes in the planking.

The people could hear the thunderous waves crashing upon the deck over their heads and the weird whistling of the wind as it tore through the rigging. The vessel creaked and groaned as if it was about to break up. The confusion in the darkness all about them frightened the travelers in the steerage to the verge of hysteria and panic. The shrieks and cries of the women and children, the curses of the men, the crashing of casks, tinware and dishes as they were hurled together from side to side, and the wildness of the storm set up such a bedlam of sound that everyone present could never forget the experience.

The rolling and pitching of the vessel bruised the people as they were thrown against one another in their bunks. It was a miracle that the smaller children were not crushed to death against the rough board partitions. Some of the water from every crashing wave seeped through the deck planking and soaked bedding and clothing. Occasionally, a sudden heave of the ship would dislodge entire families from the bunks on one side of an aisle and actually hurl them upon the occupants in the bunks upon the opposite side of the aisle. With great difficulty they would disentangle themselves and very painfully make their way back to their own bunks only to have the very persons they had just left hurled upon themselves a short time later. Nearly all the migrants became seasick, which of course added greatly to their misery. For three days more than three hundred persons had to endure their misery before the mountainous waves subsided. During that time, the steerage became a foul pest-hole. The odors were almost unendurable. Butter, herrings, onions, cheeses, potatoes, slops, rots and humans rolled from side to side in one conglomerate mass. When the hatch covers were removed, the clouds of fetid steam and the stench which rolled up through the openings was so terrible that it turned the stomachs of the hardened crew.

The sight which met the eyes of the miserable, sickly people was nearly indescribably. Everything movable had been dislodged and lay together in promiscuous filth. Groups of male passengers were given utensils to clean up the mess. Nearly everyone clamored for a drink of water, but it was necessary to add vinegar to it to make the water sufficiently palatable to satisfy their thirst.

Several children and women died during the storm. Their bodies were brought out, placed in weighted canvas sacks and laid upon boards. The people gathered together when the ship's bell began to toll solemnly. Sympathetic tears dimmed the vision of most of the onlookers while the captain read the burial service. When he intoned the words, "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory? With the full hope of a glorious resurrection we commit these bodies to the deep," the sailors raised one end of a board and one by one the canvas sacks with their sad contents slid into the dark depths of the sea.

Two months after leaving Liverpool, the passengers were surprised one morning upon arising to see the crew busily engaged in scraping and painting the masts, blackening the yards and tarring the rigging. The rumor soon spread that they were approaching their destination. Orders were given to all the passengers to get their possessions in readiness for inspection. Then they were mustered on deck so the captain could collect five shillings from each as "hospital-money." Since no one understood what was meant by such a demand, the fee was paid under protest.

The first evidence of land was a tall, white lighthouse rising from a barren stretch of sandy beach. A small sailboat carrying the pilot and health officer came alongside the vessel. After a cursory look around to see that there was no contagious disease in evidence, the health inspector ordered the passengers to wash all their clothes, and then departed. After two days detention at the quarantine station, they sailed up the bay and finally reached New York. The newcomers were quite pleased by their first sight of the city. Stretching away into the distance as far as the eye could see was block after block of buildings interspersed with the tall steeples of many churches. Many of the buildings were four and five, and in a few cases as much as six or seven stories tall.

When Charles Theis and his two companions disembarked, they were informed they would have to go on a ferry boat to the New Jersey shore where they could obtain the coach to Philadelphia. When they learned the fare to that city was six dollars for each person, they were somewhat dismayed because it meant using nearly all the money they had. They decided to walk to the city of their choice. It was a glorious day in October when they started. Although it took them four days, the weather held fine for them.

At first the turnpike was crowded with traffic of all kinds, most of it moving towards New York. There were long pack-horse trains, many travelers on horse-

RED LETTER DAYS

By Cornelius Weygandt

AFTER long chewing over what moments of my long life have been most striking I have a list of fifty odd. As I read that list over I find that birds have given me the most memorable moments. I exclude domesticities. I have had more happiness out of wood robin song than from anything else in life. I listen to it from late April until early August, for two months of May and June in Germantown, for a little more than a month at our summer home in middle New Hampshire. There was not wood robin song in Sandwich when we first summered there in 1914. When some ten years after that Ann told me she heard it in our north woods I could hardly believe it, or my own ears when they picked up that heart easing and inspiring chant that speaks our eastern woodlands, their contentment and solacing charm, as does nothing else.

My earliest striking moment that I can dig out of memory is of an encounter with a gander while I was living on Church Lane. I had been properly brought up on "goosey gander," but I had never come to close quarters with the bird until I was walking by Wingohocking Creek, clear and not yet confined in a sewer, when it must have been that I was four years old. My nurse, an Irish girl who doubtless knew the ways of geese on the "Old Sod" defeated him signally when he approached me hissing, and with wings beating. Before those wings could strike me in the face she rushed at him and sent him flying with a swift and well directed kick. I did not hold that incident against the goose kind. Toulouse and Emden and Canadas, I have always enjoyed the sight of them, their proceeding afoot in long lines, gander at head, from home to pond, say, out from Matunuck, Rhode Island; on feather beds plucked from them on the Chester County farm where my mother was born; in the clatter the wild ones make on nights of late March as they pass over to their northern breeding grounds.

At the first place at which we lived that I can recall, that on Church Lane, on the east side of Germantown, a long passage, narrow and low, lead from the high fenced chicken yard on cleated boards. Uncle Pline, who believed in out-crossing for hens, had introduced Golden Spangled Hamburgs into our flock, basically Light Brahmas. Before I had any knowledge of what constituted beauty, the brilliancy of the Hamburg plumage delighted me. I liked to make my way up that cleated passage and out into the light of the roosting place with its round poles for the birds to sleep on. One day, as I was half way up the dark passage, a terrible apparition appeared at the upper entrance way, with two blazing eyes and blood curdling howls. It was not until he had made a flying leap over me that I recognized the terrifying spectacle as my beloved tom cat, Don Cameron, named for the Senator from Pennsylvania.

It was while we were living on Church Lane that Mother's older and spinster sister, Aunt Rachel, came to live with us. My father liked quiet in the library to write up his diary of evenings, so my sister and I were relegated to the second story back room with Aunt Rachel, who liked nothing better than to talk about Milford Mills, in Upper Uwchlan, the farm home that was in retrospect her Utopia. I was never tired of hearing of Dominique fowls and Sheldon pears; renegade Quakers that stole guinea hens; the grist mill with undershot wheel and great millstones; Aunt Theora's rescue from the tail race as Weaver Rafferty saw her pink bonnet bobbing along on the water; the snapping turtles in the millpond; Great Grandmother Thomas caught darning stockings of a morning she forgot was the Sabbath by the neighbors coming home from Brandywine Manor Presbyterian Church; fly-up-the-creeks and night hawks, bobwhites and tom tits. In retrospect I realized a good deal of her talk was fit to print. Snatches of it I recall and I have woven them into my writing.

Besides the Golden Spangled Hamburgs a tulip poplar tree with its erect bearing and flowers of whitey yellow and orange gave me a pleasure I later realized was an appreciation of the beautiful. That, too, was what wood robin song in a bush of white lilac by the carriage road gave me on Tulpehocken Street. It delighted me as did sweet corn scribed down and buttered and mixed into a kind of super succotash. Relish for good food was closely akin to an appreciation of the beautiful in those young years.

I reverted to primitiveness in my zest to have wild life about. I trapped a rabbit in a wooden box trap, but I let it go when I found I could not tame it. I had a time finding food for eight screech owls and in the end let them go when none of my coddling of them



Old Concord School House, Germantown

was appreciated. Freedom, too, I had to give a cotorie of box tortoises I kept penned for a time. I had frogs and sunfish in flour barrels of water connected by tin pipe. Aunt Rachel made me a cap of muskrat fur from a creature I trapped and skinned and cured the skin. I have it yet in a camphor chest. I had great satisfaction in wrens nesting above blue birds in an elaborate bird box on the grape covered entrance to the walk lined on either side by roses down the centre of the vegetable garden.

Arbutus became treasure trove to me in my school days. The worn soapstone step to the front door to the Germantown Academy gave me pause, as did the crown of England on the weathervane above the old building. There were visits by the picturesque old Walt Whitman to the school. He never addressed us, or read his poetry to us. He thumped on the headmaster's raised platform with the cane he needed to make his palsied progress, and he kept his hat on. That, perhaps, was a variant of a decorum set in Quaker meeting.

Laurence Kelly became our man-of-all work when we moved to Tulpehocken Street in 1878. He pictured for me the thatched shop of his father, the shoemaker shanachie, by the sea in County Wexford, chanted me the ballads of Brian-O-Lynn and Robin-a-bobbin his father chanted, and told me stories of Dean Swift and his man Jack, and of Finn McCool, and laid the foundations for my understanding of the Irish Renaissance when it came along in the ninth decade of the nineteenth century.

Aunt Rachel had taken me on trips to Great Aunt Ann Buchanan in Waynesburg (Honeybrook) and to Lebanon, to Uncle Selim Saladin's, in days when you heard no English on the streets there. Uncle Seal collected painted chests and porcelain pipes. It was Father's talk of trips to his old aunties in Easton, though, up by stage coach and down by Durham boat, that made me curious about things Pennsylvania Dutch. It was his quotation of the saying upstate when snow begins to fall: "The bluebergers are plucking their geese" that brought home to me the picturesqueness of our speech and our ways.

It was trips to Beach Haven and to Barnegat City, and, later, to Cape May, with geological expeditions to nearer marl pits, that gave me the background for my *Down Jersey* (1940). A week at Brown's Mills, to help Son recover from an attack of influenza, brought me knowledge of cranberry bogs and huckleberry cultivation, old iron furnaces and the pine plains, pixy moss, and sand heath, lizards and snapping turtles, white cedar swamps and shingles from buried logs.

I had been too young at seven to have the trip to Niagara Falls and home by the Hudson do much to me. It gave me a picture of hills above the Susquehanna covered with pinky-white laurel. Much more lasting were the results of trips to Mt. Washingtontown in the Berkshires. It was there I met my only bobcat. It was probably the one that had taken toll of the open henhouse a few nights before. It trotted leisurely along a wood road used in getting out firewood, sitting up ahead of me and letting me get quite close before it moved on. It finally made off into dense woods by the roadside.

A walking from Mauch Chunk to Adamstown in the Berkshires found us overtaken by rain and our putting up at a long house in the eastern Poconos, where we got scant picking for supper and breakfast, and passed the night in one of four beds on the second floor of the house. We took turns keeping awake lest we be robbed by occupants of three other beds in other corners of the room.

Thoreau and Wordsworth were my preferred reading in those years. They wrote of what interested me, our American woods and those mountains of Cumberland that turned out just to be what I had expected from Wordsworth's verse. That "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" of "The Daffodils" stirred me as no lines of verse had hitherto stirred me. I had joined the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club in 1891, and some of my first writing was in *Cassinia*, its yearly journal. My first out-of-door essay of parts appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* of 1904. It was about visit to Selborne in 1902. On that trip we landed at Queenstown, drove down from Macroom to Killarney and on up to Yeats's Sligo. In Dublin, on our way to cross the Irish channel, we saw performances of *Deirdre* of "A.E.," and met him and Jack Yeats and Pat Colm, and J. H. Cousins, the brothers Fay, and other actors of what developed into the Abbey Theatre Company.

Getting to Wordsworth's country in northwest England was like getting home, so wholly was it what he had made it in his verse. We met "a pig-in-the-bed" at Glasgow, a triangular shaped bed warmer of pottery. We saw a typical lowland Scottish home at Dollar, and visited Loch Lomond, where Wordsworth heard the girl singing of "old unhappy far off things." We found Edinburgh a very citadel of romance, London a place to flee from, Winchester full of gypsies, Hardy's Wessex just what we hoped it would be, a skylark over Edgon Heath. The great moment on the wallowing tub we took at Liverpool to get back to Philadelphia, was of rosy phalaropes tossed high and low on great waves.

A quiet spot in a Germantown park



AWBURY—A Story of One Hundred Years

(Continued from page 9)

estate. Through his vision and initiative, and owing to a legacy and generous gift from two sisters, Miss Annette and Miss Caroline Cope, part of the Awbury estate was purchased and given to the City Parks Association, as an arboretum in 1916.

These sisters were nieces of Henry Cope, the founder, and had happy memories and associations with Awbury, having first visited there as little girls.

Certain ones of the family gave more acres, and thus was established a beautiful and quiet place for the public to enjoy.

Those who planted, loved and cared for it so long ago would rejoice that this cherished home is saved from the noise and bustle of the city streets now surrounding Awbury.

An article published in March 1950 in the Germantown Crier gives further details of the early life at Awbury.

Verses Written On Leaving Avebury
In The Wiltshire Downs, England 1886

From Western lands beyond the foam
We sought our English father's home
By few or known or sung
Where neath the quiet English skies
Far from all busy haunts it lies
The wide chalk downs among.

Huge Druid stones surround the spot
Which else had almost been forgot
By the great world without.
The mystic ring now scarcely traced
Is by a grassy dike embraced
Circling the whole about.

Deep hangs the thatch on cottage eaves,
And buried deep in ivy leaves,
The cottage windows gleam;
There little birds flit to and fro,
And happy children come and go,
With rosy cheeks and rustic walk
And curtsey for the gentle folk,
As they the strangers deem.

With pinks and stocks the beds are gay,
And box and yew their shapes display
Fantastically prim;
And each small garden overflows
With scent of woodbine and of rose
Above its borders trim.

The ancient little Norman church
With quaintly mediaeval porch
Stands neath its elm trees tall;
Sunk in the graveyard plot around,
The moss-grown head-stones scarce are found;
Few stoop the lettering to trace
Which Time's slow hand will soon efface,
Some there may lie of highborn race,
But none the names recall.

The many-gabled manor-house
With winking casements sheen
Seems in the summer light to drowse
And dream of what has been.
And we may dream of earlier days,
When the old convent marked the place,
When nuns in gown and coif complete
Paced the green paths with quiet feet,
And gathered herbs and simples small,
Behind the high brick garden wall,
Surviving still the Priory's fall
Finding a safe retreat.

Like some small nest securely placed
Mid ferns and grasses interlaced,
But open to the light,
The hamlet seems to lie at rest
Upon the Common's ample breast,
Secure in loneliness of space
From aught that could its charm efface
Of innocence and old-world grace
Worn by ancestral right.

Home of sweet days and tranquil nights!
Fair fell on thee the morning lights,
Soft fall the evening dews;
Wild winds perchance may sweep the wold,
But age untouched by storm or cold,
In memory's sight thou standest there
Encircled by serenest air,
In changeless summer hues.

Written by Mary S. Cope, Avebury, Wiltshire, England, 18[illegible]

Obituaries

The Germantown Historical Society records with deep regret the recent death of its member, DOROTHEA ATWATER SMITH, wife of the late Edward Wanton Smith, a life long resident of Germantown.

Mrs. Smith was one of those rare people who stimulated and enriched all those with whom she came in contact. She was a member and efficient worker in the Society of Colonial Dames and of the Pennsylvania Historical Society and was an active member of the Coulter Street Friends Meeting.

Her years of residence in Germany and France had helped her to a love and appreciation of all things beautiful and her quick sense of humor made her a rewarding friend.

Of her, truly it could be said that she was "in her mind replete with beauteous things."

JAMES K. HELMS. Died October 1, 1956. He was a member of Germantown Historical Society, former national president of American Flag Day Association, and a former officer of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society.

He devoted particular effort to discovery and restoration of graves of Revolutionary War victims. An intensive historian and an authority on the lore of the Wissahickon, he has written for the CRIER,—"The Monks of Willow Glen."

A COMPARISON: Philadelphia in 1733 and in 1836

(*Continued from page 20*)

back, some plodders on foot like themselves and a great variety of vehicles. As lovers of horses, they became sincere admirers of the many Conestoga outfits which passed them. They exclaimed audibly at the six-horse teams of dapple-grey, white or black horses with their unusually broad bands of heavy black harness. The tinkling chimes of the little silver bells fastened to the high hames on their collars made sweet music on the air. The stiff brushes of brightly dyed horsehair which were fastened to each horse's browband, the varied colored reins and the colored rosettes attached to each side of their head-stalls, the red fringe dangling from the big, black housings of the collars, the many ivory rings decorating the harness all added a colorful appearance to the big, beautiful, intelligent animals. The wagons to which they were harnessed were almost as colorful. The bodies were painted blue and were higher at each end than in the middle. White canvas covers were stretched taut over the bows. The running-gear was painted red, and the diameter of the wheels was equal to the height of a man. The wheels were bound with iron tires, six inches wide.

The three young men from Alsace felt their spirits rise immeasurably at the sights they encountered in the beautiful new land. They sensed a feeling of vivid and animated life all about them which was so different from the despondent outlook of the people back home in central Europe.

Bordering both sides of the highway were cultivated fields. Beyond the fields were patches of woods, painted with all of Nature's extravagant colors. The shocks of corn stood like silent sentinels, guarding large yellow pumpkins. In the meadows were flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.

As Charles Theis and his two friends plodded along, they were passed frequently by a stagecoach with its four horses on the run. Every time one passed them, they became mildly excited at the speed with which the coach seemed to fly along.

Although taverns were located at intervals of a mile, the newcomers to America did not frequent them during the day. They lived on the fruit they plucked from trees alongside the road and quenched their thirst at the little streams of sparkling, clean water that were so abundant. At night they sparingly spent a levy (12½ cents) for a meal, and were permitted to sleep on the hard wooden floors of the common room. The second day, they reached the Delaware River which they crossed late in the afternoon on a newly constructed bridge at New Hope. They appraoched the city by way of the York Road turnpike. As they came closer to their destination, they were more and more impressed by the prosperous-looking countryside. Along both sides of the turnpike were well-ordered farms. The rail fences and the stone walls were well kept. The cattle in the fields were sleek and fat. The houses were substantially built of stone and the wooden windowframes and doors were painted white. The larger houses were located some distance back from the road. All of them were surrounded by groves of trees and were reached by long shady lanes. Little villages began to appear with increasing frequency. The inhabitants looked well fed and contented.

The city into which Charles Theis entered on that October afternoon one hundred and twenty years ago made a deep impression on him. Solid blocks of homes and business establishments stretched from Callowhill Street to South Street and from Front Street all the way out to Eleventh Street. Within that area the streets were well-paved. Beyond Eleventh Street, the country-side was more sparsely populated, although there were 200,000 people living within the bounds of the city as originally laid out by William Penn. On Chestnut Street between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets, Stephen Girard had just finished building a row of four-story houses with greystone fronts. The citizens of the time referred to them as Girard's "Folly" because he could not rent them. There were two reasons. The rent asked was one thousand dollars a year, and no careful housewife would consider moving into one of them when she saw the amount of dust which seeped in through windows and doors, dust kicked up by the feet of many horses as they traveled back and forth through the unpaved roadway.

Large market houses stood in the center of Market Street from Second to Eighth and in Second just within the northern and southern bounds of the city.

Theis and his friends were fascinated by the sights and sounds of the bustling community. They heard the cries of the charcoal man as he rode slowly along on his narrow wagon. "Charcoal by the bushel, charcoal by the peck, charcoal by the frying-pan or any way you leck." Then there was the cry of "Soft-soap! Soap! Soft-so-o-o-ap!." emitted by a man trundling a wheel-barrow on which stood a large barrel of soap. Also, the melancholy voice of a negro sandman, shouting, "Sand your kitchens! Sand your floors!" He was accompanied by the brickdust vendor, an elderly negro woman carrying, poised on her head, a tub of finely powdered brick. Another negro man carried on his arm a large basket filled with paper-wrapped parcels. He chanted, "Hominy man is on his way for to sell his hominy!"

They saw the baker pushing his hand-cart from door to door and the milkman in his light wagon with his bright cedar churns bound by hoops of shining brass.

Theis looked with admiration at the State House on Chestnut Street and the luxurious State House Hotel in the same thoroughfare below Fourth Street. The Philadelphia Hotel, a few doors below Christ's Church on Second Street, was also a famous hostelry.

It had a promenade on the roof, which gave one an excellent view of the extent of the city. On Chestnut west of Second there was also the United States Hotel and the Marshall House. The latter was especially noted for its family accommodations. On Sixth Street north of Chestnut stood the modern American House which boasted "a water-closet on every floor."

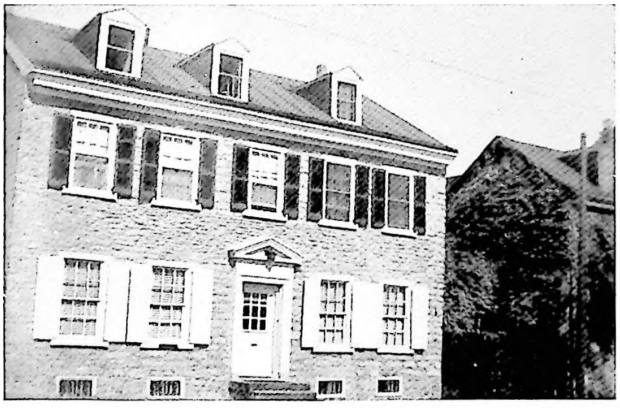
Theis soon learned that by going to the Coffee House in South Second Street he could get an excellent dinner for thirty-five cents.

A few days after his arrival in Philadelphia, he witnessed the excitement attendant upon a national election. The day was a public holiday. All the business houses were closed. Throngs milled about the State House from dawn to darkness.

A platform had been erected directly in front of one of the State House windows facing on Chestnut Street. All day the men of Philadelphia mounted the platform one by one to cast their ballot at the open window.

After night fell, the excitement grew more intense. Riders dashed up to the State House and flung themselves from weary, sweat-drenched, panting horses. They brought tidings of the trend of the voting from the outlying villages—Southwark, Spring Garden, Northern Liberties, Passyunk, Kensington, and even from as far away as Frankford, Manayunk and Germantown. By midnight the crowd had worked itself into a frenzy. Huge bonfires were built and fed by willing volunteers anxious to celebrate the election of Martin van Buren to the Presidency.

Such were the scenes which met the eyes of Charles Theis who, until his death in 1888, also prospered greatly in his adopted land.



Typical house of Germantown stone
Pickering's letter refers to the stone houses

Obituary

It is with regret that the Germantown Historical Society records the passing of one of its members, Mr. HERBERT G. HILL. Mr. Hill was an architect. He died in his sleep in Maine, on August 28, 1956, while on a summer vacation with his wife. He was 60 years of age.

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COMPREHENSIVE INDEX

FOR VOLUME EIGHT OF THE GERMANTOWNE GRIER

	Vol.	No.
A		
Action at Chew's House, The—*Timothy Pickering*	8	4
Aims and Accomplishments	8	1
Artists of Germantown, The—*Herbert Walsh*	8	1
Awbury, A Story of One Hundred Years—*Mary Cope Scattergood*	8	4
B		
Buffalo Bill's Mother was a Germantown Girl—*Public Ledger, 1923*	8	1
C		
Chestnut Hill, Some Random Recollections—*Frank S. Stone*	8	1
Chew's House, Action at—*Timothy Pickering*	8	4
"Christmas is A-comin"	8	4
Colonial Architecture, Styles and Influences of Exterior—*Marylee Perot*	8	2
Comparison: Philadelphia in 1733 and in 1836—*Karl T. Weger*	8	4
D		
Doctors Who Dared—*Abel J. Evans*	8	1
Dolls, Germantown—*Grace Geddes Smith*	8	3
Drama of the Revolution, A	8	2
E		
Engle House, a Museum Piece, The—*Katharine R. Wireman*	8	1
G		
Germantown Friends' Meeting House—*Joseph Haines Price*	8	3
Germantown, Three Sketches of—*Cornelius Weygandt* (Germantown Wagon, The Robin, Hongs Woods)	8	1
H		
Hovenden, Thomas, Life and Works of—*Helen Corson Livezsey*	8	2
I		
Independence Hall Area, Rebirth of the Old City—*G. Edwin Brumbaugh*	8	3
Ink and Ashlar—*William P. Harbeson*	8	4
J		
Jacob Philadelphia—*Mirabel Lee*	8	2
L		
Library, The Society's—*Francis Shunk Brown*	8	3
M		
Meeting House, Germantown Friends'—*Joseph Haines Price*	8	3
Memories of a Victorian Childhood—*Ella Wister Haines*	8	3
O		
Obituaries—Dr. Frank Moir Dyson	8	2
Elmer Schultz Gerhard	8	2
Leighton P. Stradley	8	2
Miss Frances Anne Wister	8	2
Mrs. Sarah Logan Wister Starr	8	3
Mrs. Dorothea Atwater Smith	8	4
James K. Helms	8	4
Herbert G. Hill	8	4
P		
Pastorius Park, The History of	8	3
Pastorius Pond, Two Phases of—*Charles Wharton Stork*	8	3
Pastorius Writes a Letter	8	3
Pennsbury Linen Woven by the Talbots	8	2
R		
Red Letter Days—*Cornelius Weygandt*	8	4
Relics of Long Branch, New Jersey, Come to Schuylkill—*George W. Schultz*	8	1
S		
Saratoga and Lake George, Tour of—from the Journal of *Sarah Williamson*	8	2
Spring Houses, Ground Cellars and Wells—*Cornelius Weygandt*	8	2
Shakespeare Club of Germantown, The—*Florence E. Taylor*	8	1
T		
Three Sketches of Germantown—*Cornelius Weygandt* (Tour of Germantown and Chestnut Hill,)	8	2
V		
Verses by *Mary S. Cope* on leaving Awbury, Wiltshire, Eng.	8	4
Victorian Childhood, Memories of—*Ella Wister Haines*	8	3
W		
Washington Practiced Religion—*Francis M. Wetherill, S.T.D.*	8	1
Y		
Young Visitors to the Museum	8	1
Z		
Zinzendorf in Germantown 200 years ago, Count Von —*Elmer Schultz Gerhard*	8	3

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The Action at Chew's House 1777

(*Continued from page 11*)

to Germantown, Greene, with his column was obliged to make a circuit to the left, to gain the road which led to his point of attack. The columns being thus entirely separated, and at a distance from each other, no calculations of their commanders could have insured their arriving at the same time at their respective points of attack.

Judge Johnson in his "Life of Greene" has represented as "almost ludicrous" the "scene" exhibited by some writers, of the discussion near Chew's house, in the presence of General Washington in which it is hinted that opinions were "obtruded;" and that "even field officers may have expressed *their* opinions; but," he adds, "General Washington was listening to the councils of his own mind and of his general officers." I know, however, that he did listen to the discussion; and Lee, commanding a troop of horse, on that day on duty near the General's person, accounts for his determination to send the summons. "Knox," he says, "being always high in the General's confidence, his opinion prevailed." Further, I must remark that the general officers, whom the Judge supposes to have been present and advising the commander in chief, were then in their proper places, with their divisions and brigades. Knox alone, of the general officers was present. Commanding in the artillery department, and the field pieces being distributed among the brigades of the army, he was at liberty, in time of action, to attend the *Commander in chief.*

Some two or three years since, I wrote to Judge Johnson, informing him of his mistakes in the matter noticed in this paragraph. Others of his details of this battle, which are inconsistent with the statements I have here given to you, must be incorrect. The truth is, that General Washington, not sanguine in his own opinions, and his diffidence being probably increased by a feeling sense of his high responsibility, as Commander in Chief, was ever disposed, when occasions occurred, to consult those officers who were near him, in whose discernment and fidelity he placed a confidence; and certainly his decisions were often influenced by their opinion.

This is within my own knowledge,

I am &c,

T. Pickering

* * *

Timothy Pickering was born in Salem, Mass., in 1745, the 8th in a family of 9 children. His family was prominent in Salem, among the first settlers living there in 1637. His parents were of sufficient means to give him and his only brother a good education. He graduated from Harvard in 1763 and obtained admission to the bar in 1768. He was an early supporter of the Revolution in Mass. and he received a commission as lieutenant in Essex Co. Militia 1766. He published "An Easy Plan of Discipline for a Militia" adopted by Massachusetts and widely used in America until replaced by the famous Manual of Baron Steuben.

After a brief assignment to coast defense duty, he led a Massachusetts contingent to join Washington's army and participated in the Winter campaign of 1776–1777. His letters contribute a valuable commentary on the Revolution.

When peace came, he engaged in mercantile business in Philadelphia. In post war depression, he moved to the Wyoming Valley and organized Luzern County, Pa. At the death of Alexander Hamilton, he became the leader of the Federalist Party.

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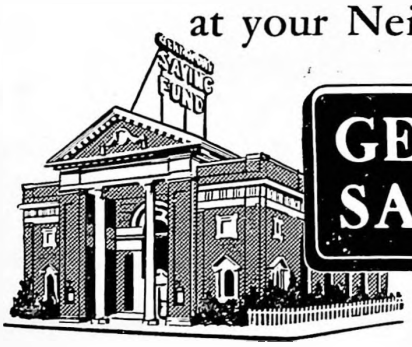
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