GERMANTOWNE CRIER



COSTUMES FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTION (See Page 6)

GERMANTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Published Quarterly

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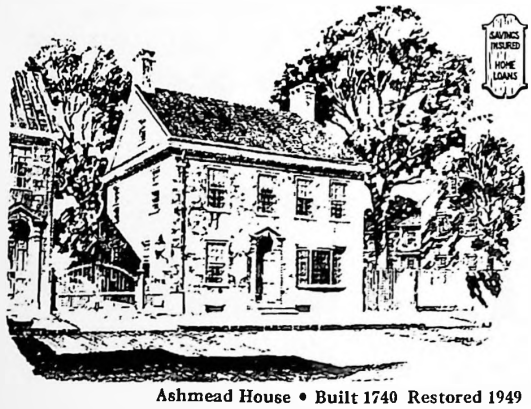
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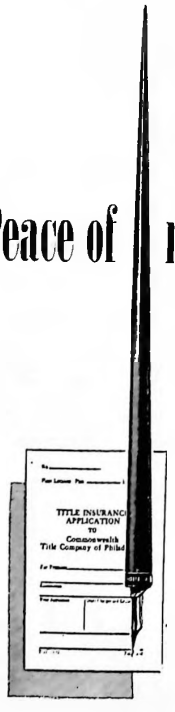
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AIMS OF THE SOCIETY

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 Membership	$3.00
Annual	$6.00
Sustaining	10.00
Life (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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GIFT MAPS

Through the generosity of the Philadelphia Electric Co., we have received for free distribution a quantity of maps of the Greater Philadelphia area, made by our townsman, Jacob Riegel, Jr. Copies (in tubes) may be obtained at the Museum or the Morris House.

New Meeting Place. Starting with the Annual Meeting, we will meet in the lower auditorium of the Woman's Club, 21 West Washington Lane. Here the seating capacity will be adequate to our needs, and parking facilities nearby will be more available.

The lectures will be held on the following dates at 8 P. M.

Wednesday, November 17, 1954
Thursday, January 20, 1955
Thursday, February 17, 1955
Thursday, March 17, 1955
Thursday, April 21, 1955

Your Committee is happy to announce the first two lectures and wishes to express thanks to the lecturers who have so kindly agreed to be with us.

Wednesday, November 17th:

Historic Buildings Near Independence Square by Charles H. Peterson, Supervising Architect, Historic Structures, National Park Service. Mr. Peterson will report on the progress of the Federal mall project, East of Independence Hall to the river.

Thursday, January 20th:

The Future of Historic Germantown by Grant Miles Simon, architect of the Society's project to rehabilitate Market Square in Germantown. He will underline the Society's aims in this important plan.

Lectures for the remaining dates will be announced.

FALL OUTING. The annual tour will be held on Saturday, October 9th, and will include stops at the old Lutheran Church (1743) at Trappe; Pottsgrove (1752); Daniel Boone homestead (1734), here are outdoor tables for our box lunching; Hopewell Furnace and Village (in process of restoration); through French Creek Park to Audubon home near Valley Forge. Final details have not been completed, but will be issued in later notice.

Comprehensive Index. It will be noticed that index for first five volumes of the CRIER is included in this number. It is intended that hereafter the index for each volume will be published in December issue.

Separate copies of index are available upon application.

Many subscribers complained of missing Vol. 4, No. 4. there were but three numbers in that volume.

NEW MEMBERS

List of new members admitted since publication of Vol. 6, No. 2, May 1954.

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GERMANTOWNE CRIER



Vol. 6 SEPTEMBER, 1954 No. 3

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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 $3 per set.

The remaining copies of the "Guide Book to Historic Germantown" will be sold at One dollar each; copies of "Washington in 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.

Volume One, numbers 1 to 10, of the old "Site and Relic Society's" publications, are for sale at the Museum, and also Volume Two, numbers 1 to 8. Some of the second volumes are in the name of the Germantown Historical Society, the older name being discontinued during that period. The prices of the separate numbers vary from 25c to $1. They can be purchased separately or the whole 18 copies can be bought for $7.50. 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. An index comes free of charge for the first ten numbers, no index has been made of Volume Two.

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.

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Published March, May, September, December—Germantown Historical Society

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VI 4-0514

The cut of the Town Hall in the May issue was loaned through the generous courtesy of the Atwater Kent Museum.

THIS MONTH'S COVER PICTURE

The cover of the current issue of THE CRIER has departed from type and shows a modern pose of a Godey print with all the charm of the 1860's.

The three gowns shown are from the Society's collection of costume and each quite lovely. In the center is a violet taffeta, the gift of Mrs. William W. Arnett, the "going away" gown of her mother who was married in 1863. The fascinating trimming of the shirred silk accented with velvet ribbon and tiny beads, and the wide sleeves and white under-sleeves so typical of the period, give a gracious charm. The violet velvet bonnet with its roses and pearls surely is worthy of a lovely bride!

The gown on the right, presented to the Society by Mrs. Holman White, was worn by a guest at a Germantown wedding in 1865. It is of white silk brocaded in an exquisite pattern of gay flowers with pleated ruffles and a multi-colored fringe. The bag is of embroidered white velvet and the bonnet of white velvet with pink flowers and feather belonged to a bride of the same year.

The third gown is of "shot" taffeta, so popular at the time, in several shades of tan and brown, its basque outlined with a silk fringe in the same tones. The bonnet is of stiffened net embroidered in natural straw. This costume is one of several—the gift of the late Miss Letitia Huston.

The decade of the 1860's was a time of elaborate and beautiful costumes made of exquisite fabrics. In France the Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoleon III, led the world of fashion and was famous for the elegance of her clothes, in England the ladies of Victoria's court, though more conservative, were beautifully gowned and our lovely American women wore with grace imported models or fashioned the intricate garments with clever ingenuity.

Dress in the 1860's was not casual!

A Bit of Washington Family History

THERE are many visitors to the Morris House and, almost without exception, each one stops and looks with interest at the Portrait of the Washington family which hangs over the mantel in the drawing room—and then ask questions.

The answers to these questions lie in the interesting and personal life of George Washington, who at heart was a simple and lovable person—as great men often are.

Existing descriptions of the every day life at Mt. Vernon, where Washington loved most to be, are quite fascinating giving a picture of a gracious open-handed hospitality. There were ample means, overflowing gardens, herds of cattle, numberless servants, constant company—all a way of life so of the past, so impossible to picture anywhere in the world today that one is glad to be able to reconstruct it even in retrospect.

When in 1759 George Washington, then 27 and veteran of gruelling Indian wars, married the beautiful widow Custis, who as Martha Dandridge, had been a belle in the gay society of Williamsburg, she had two little children—John and Martha Custis—whom Washington adopted and to whom he grew greatly devoted. Martha was a gay and beautiful child and lived a gay happy life at Mt. Vernon until her untimely death at the age of eighteen—a deep grief to General Washington who long mourned her loss.

To John, the son, light-hearted and handsome, Washington gave thoughtful, understanding care. He, for a time, attended King's College (later Columbia) in New York but he was not a student, preferring an active outdoor life and very shortly after his return to Mt. Vernon married Nellie Calvert a near relative of Lord Baltimore.



Painting of George Washington and his family by an unknown artist, now displayed at the Morris House

But these were war times and, as always war changed the natural course of many lives. Young John Custis became an aide-de-camp to General Washington and made a fine record as a soldier. Just before Yorktown he contracted "camp fever" and died—a poignant sorrow to his step-father.

Almost at once General and Mrs. Washington legally adopted the two young children of John Custis—Eleanor Parke Custis aged two and a half and George Washington Parke Custis a baby of six months. So history was repeated and Mt. Vernon once again became the home of little children.

These then, the step-grandchildren of General Washington, then at the height of his fame, are the two little children in the Morris House portrait.

GERMANTOWNE CRIER

Volume 6 SEPTEMBER, 1954 Number 3

On Pilgrimage to Dutchland

By Cornelius Weygandt

IT WAS NOT until I began to summer in New Hampshire that the beauty and significance of Pennsylvania came home to me sharply. We were not long in the White Mountains before we realized that we had about us but two of the cultures of old stock America, the original Puritan stock, English, of course, and the Scotch-Irish that began to filter into our back country in the eighteenth century. Here in Pennsylvania we had seven cultures of the old stocks: Hollanders; Swedes; British Quakers; Germans from the Rhine Valley and Switzerland; Scotch-Irish; these same Puritans we had in New Hampshire who came into our northern tier of counties as Connecticut Yankees; and Virginians down in the southwestern counties of Greene and Washington.

With these seven cultures we of Pennsylvania have a richness of folklore and of folk motives in household decoration, of folk culture in all its manifestations with which a country of but two cultures can not compete. Of these seven peoples that went to the making of Pennsylvania I have in my veins the blood of four. My name and what is dominant in my blood come to me from Pennsylvania Dutch Moravians. Morgans who settled just out of Phoenixville on Pickering Creek gave me my share of Welsh Quaker blood. Reeds and Davises were my Scotch-Irish ancestors. Athertons and Swifts, of such women's names as Rest and such men's names as Obadiah, link me pretty substantially to New England Puritans. I can, then, say what I will of any of these peoples; for all are mine own people, and, if I attack any of them, I am attacking myself.

It is my Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry that has always interested me most. I can remember nothing earlier than my father looking out at snow falling fast and saying: "The Bluebergers are plucking their geese," which means that the people living up on the Blue Mountain are plucking their geese. That saying pleased me, seemed, in some way I was too young to fathom, romantic, haunting, not of the prosaic workaday world.

There were in my childhood's home many woodwind musical instruments, straight flutes, recorders, side flutes, that my grandfather had made. The family love of wood working,—they had been turners as well as preachers and printers,—combined in him, with the Moravian love of music, to make him a fashioner of woodwind instruments. I have the tuning fork with which he tested them, but he hardly needed it: he had "absolute pitch."

I did not know, when the ink in my blood drove me into newspaper work, that my great grandfather, Cornelius, and his father, Captain Jacob, of the Continental Army, had run newspapers in Easton. It is a strange realization to be forced to, that men long dead have us still in their grasp and control and direct our thoughts and actions. Which one of my Dutch

---

Early in July a record-breaking crowd attended in Kutztown the fifth annual Pennsylvania-Dutch Folk Festival. Typical folk arts by nearly 250 craftsmen were on exhibition and folk music and dancing were featured.

The second day of the four-day celebration was called "Cornelius Weygandt Day" in honor of Dr. Weygandt, a life-long resident of Germantown who retired in 1952 as head of the English Dept. of the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Weygandt has had for very many years a strong interest and affection for the Pennsylvania Dutch country and people and has written two popular books about them. It is therefore most fitting that the highlight of the day should have been the announcement of the "Cornelius Weygandt Fellowship in Folk Art" to be awarded annually to an outstanding student for study at Franklin & Marshall College at Lancaster.



—1—



—2—



—3—

Designs from "Folk Art of Rural Pennsylvania" *by Frances Lichten*

forebears, I wonder, was it made me write, if that was why I wrote it, an editorial in *The Evening Telegraph*, a long defunct newspaper of Philadelphia, in 1896, demanding that Pennsylvania Dutchland be given expression in something else than historical writing. That was eight years before *Tillie: A Mennonite Maid* (1904) started that line of notable stories that have put us on the map, if not always too favorably.

That editorial, by the bye, stirred up considerable comment. It ran second, in number of letters it provoked, to a new coiffure suggested in the woman's page of the paper. Some of the correspondents resented the editorial, saying that we of the Dutch country did not need representation in so low a form of human activity as writing. We were still in the day of contempt for what the Philistines called "the penny a liner," the poor devil that tried to make his living by letters.

I had wanted to write about Pennsylvania Dutch things ever since I was a boy in college. That was 1887–1891. I have been fortunate in that I have been able to do such writing. *The Red Hills* (1929) not only won a response, but began the regional books of which there are so many nowadays from all over the country. I had made many pilgrimages from the time of childhood to places associated with the beginnings of Pennsylvania Dutchland. I was born on the battlefield of Germantown, hardly more than a mile away from where my first Dutch forebears settled in 1726. That old house, the Bechtel house, still stands on Germantown Road opposite Bringhurst Street. Next north of it stood, when I used to drive my mother down "Main Street," with the old grey mare in the Germantown wagon, the Weygandt house, a gambrel roof affair with a long narrow yard running far to its rear. The site of "The Woman in the Wilderness," the community house built by Kelpius for his following of mystics on the western slopes of the Wissahickon, I visited often on Sunday afternoon walks. Father accoutered himself with a high hat and cane for such occasions, and there trooped behind him better half and daughter and son. I came to know, too, the Monastery, and the rift in the Wissahickon just above which Conrad Beissel was baptized. This is the same Conrad Beissel who afterwards played so important a part at the Ephrata Kloster.

I had an uncle living in Lebanon who took me as a boy to Ephrata. It was an all day trip there and back by team. An early trip, too, was to the Moravian Church at Schoeneck in the Forks of the Delaware where on a flat tombstone I saw my exact name, that of the first of our line of Weygandts come to America, the man who built the gambrel roof house in Germantown. That name on the little slab of marble gave me pause, made me aware of mortality. Years afterwards I was asked to talk on some anniversary of the church, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding I think it was. The then minister of the church copied off all the names on the tombstones there. Then he searched the city directories of Philadelphia and New York and found certain men, descendants of those buried in the graveyard. About half of his speakers bore the names of men buried at Schoeneck. As it was put, none too delicately, by an old man who talked to me after the services were over: "There are plenty of dead ones walking about in New York and Philadelphia."

We have old meeting houses, steepleless, of grey micaschist, in Germantown. As a youth I had attended services in them and I had conned over legends and emblems carved on the tombstones in their graveyards. There had been just thirteen of us present when I went to the Mennonite Meeting House. Each one of the twelve others shook hands with me gravely after the services were over. As a child I had been delighted with the fat angels blowing trumpets out to the four winds of heaven from the weather vane of the Market Square Presbyterian Church of which my great grandfather's great grandfather, Johannes Bechtel, was the first pastor when it was organized as a German Reformed Church. As a boy I went to the Germantown Academy, founded in 1759, by Germans from the Rhine Valley.

I was lucky, again, considering what a large part of my lifework was to be, in being born in German-

1—Courtesy of Reading Museum & Art Gallery
2—Redware plate—Courtesy of the Philadelphia Museum of Art
3—Butter Mold

town, the gateway to Pennsylvania Dutchland. I was lucky at college in sitting under Oswald Seidensticker, who began the serious study of the history of our people. In a class of his, by the bye, in 1889, I heard for the first time the appellation, Pennsylvania German. Dr. Seidensticker, as an Old World German, probably did not know that in English, until after the Civil War, German was referred to habitually in America as High Dutch and Hollandish as Low Dutch. In other words, that "Dutch" in English, has only recently been restricted to Hollanders. We have pretty nearly buried the phrase, Pennsylvania German, now. It is used today only by pedants and "scholars."

Reading and research for my courses in contemporary British literature have been necessarily my first effort. After that, researches into the Pennsylvania countryside, into Pennsylvania folkways, into our household arts, into farm ways and shop ways, and the collecting of Americana have occupied the most of my time. What I am talking to you about today, is places worthy of being visited for their revelations of Pennsylvania Dutch life of yesterday and today.

Who has not visited the site of the Kelpius community, the still surviving old churches and houses in Germantown, the Kloster at Ephrata, the Forks of the Delaware, is not well versed in the saga of Dutchland. I wish to recount visits to places where old arts and crafts still hold on, say a word about these arts and crafts, and urge you to go on pilgrimages that will take you to shrines of an humble sort. Such shrines may give you vision of things not always seen clearly in the distraction of the common rounds we are all obliged to make and from which too few of us ever escape.

It was the milk pans of redware in the springhouse of my grandfather's farm as told of to me by Aunt Rachel that began my liking of Pennsylvania pottery. The memory of the brook trout coming up between the pans to be fed by hand came back to me years and years after Aunt Rachel's death. I had never seen, to know what it was, such a milk pan of redware. The pans in which we put our milk for the cream to rise were of heavy tin painted red on the outside and set in a hanging cupboard in the cellar. None of the city antique shops had a redware pan. I told scores of friends and acquaintances to buy me a milk pan of pottery on sight. This was about three months after my search began. First one milk pan came to me, with the bill, then another, and then another. I wrote all and sundry I had searching for them not to buy, but I had twenty before I could stop the rush of them.

Then Michael Oberholtzer told me of Jacob Medinger, of Neiffer, three miles back in "The Stone Hills" from Limerick Square on the Philadelphia-Reading Pike. I lost no time in making pilgrimage to this sheltered pocket. The house and little barn and shop and kiln and cider mill composed together into a picture of yesterday too good to be true. The place and old Jacob, his kicking of the wheel and his talk, fascinated me. I went there again and again until I had acquired all of forty different utensils made by him, from flower pots and ladvarrick crocks to pitchers with eagles on them and decorated platters with peacocks, the eagles just impressed, the peacocks cut through the slip *sgraffito* in imitation of the work of the eighteenth century potters of the neighborhood.

The little old house, built by Jacob's father, and its out-buildings, stood cheek by jowl with a little orchard of pears and apples and peaches, cut off from the trim dooryard by a fence of homemade split palings. At seventy-five he was still budding and grafting his orchard trees. In his cider mill he crushed in the fall bushel on bushel of apples brought to him from near and far. He held November cider better than October cider, November cider with a touch of perry, or pear juice in it. This November cider turned hard and stayed hard, whereas October cider turned into nothing finer than the best of cider vinegar. I who tasted both brews can testify that Jacob knew what was what.

Across from Jacob's few acres was one of the finest stands of fringed gentian I ever saw. That is a trio hard to beat, fringed gentian of blended hues of gentian blue; redware with its pleasing contrasts of red and yellow; and November cider, an amber-colored cordial fit for the gods.

Jacob Medinger was burned to death by a backdraught from the fire of his kiln, after more than fifty years of burning redware. At the sale following his death I bought the great flat basket I had so often seen him using to carry apples to the mill and leaves with which to cover in his root crops and cabbages for the winter. After fifty years of service it had just been re-splinted. The hoop from which its splints had been hung until they wore out had been made by a basket maker of the neighborhood named Brown. When the splints Brown put on the basket had gone to pieces, Old Medinger had taken it to the two Krauses, grandsons of Brown, and they had re-splinted it.

The Stahls of Powder Valley, sons of a potter, took up the business of potting after the death of Jacob Medinger and did some admirable reproductions of old platters. I like better, however, a wren house Thomas Stahl made, and which now for years has sheltered a family of those fuss-budges. Mrs. Fisher, of Butler Pike, out from Plymouth Meeting, is, too, making interesting redware in the traditional forms, and Mrs. McKerny of Philadelphia.

The Krauses aforesaid were the first Pennsylvania basket makers I knew well. Like so many of their trade, they have certain Indian characteristics. They get a share of their living from wild game. Rabbits are their standbys, but I doubt if they do not know how to dress and serve squirrels and groundhogs, opossums and raccoons, woodcocks and bobwhites. Their yellow cat makes her own living. She is sleek

and fat and immaculately clean. I treasure a dozen baskets of their make.

Later on I had baskets from Cyrus Kemmerer, whom I visited in his house high up the mountain above Walnuttown in Berks County, and from the Mentzners who, too, were mountaineers, living above the village of Schoeneck, the Lancaster County Schoeneck. In fact, after I got on the trail of basket makers, I had to telegraph here, there and everywhere: "Stop baskets!"

I have come upon interesting wood carving in many places in Dutchland. As a child I played with a putz of the manger at Bethlehem, with the Holy Child, and His Mother, and the Wise Men, and the cows and oxen, the asses and the sheep. This had been made by my grandfather, the woodwind instrument turner, but it disappeared on a moving, as things will, a treasured family mirror going a like way.

From Lancaster County, where many Swiss settled, I have a bobwhite in white pine done to the life, a fox with verve out of that most difficult of all woods to carve, beegum, and a number of grotesque birds, brothers in miniature of the gargoyles of German cathedrals. It was near Fivepointville, in Lancaster County, too, lived Wolfskill, who in his heyday, was as skilled a carver as I have known. A big layout of his, depicting the Schoeneck Hunt, with fox, dogs, horses and human figures, gave a real distinction to the shack in which he lived.

It was on a lonely height of the Blue Mountain, above Kunkletown, that I found the most interesting carver of all, H. L. Boyer. His specialty was fish. When, directed by a former student, I found my way to this sequestered spot, he was at work, magnifying glass in hand, carving a pickerel. One side of the fish already had seven hundred scales cut on its white pine. The fish was about fourteen inches long and admirably shaped. The carver had caught the fish, painted a copy of it in water color while it was fresh from the pond, skinned and stuffed it and mounted it on a board, taken full measurements of it and then, with all these aids, and with written notes too, had begun to carve it. A sunfish, which he had been commissioned to carve and paint, stood on a table close to the pickerel.

I sit at meals, at my home, in a chair of black walnut, with seat of white oak splints. This chair was made at Hunterstown in Adams County, where, in yard after yard you will see a fairly big shop. It was in these shops the chair-making went on, day after day, from November to April. There was always a steady demand for these chairs. They were so readily negotiable at store or at the door of homes, they were known as "Hunterstown currency."

I know of no little business of glass blowing in the old tradition still carried on in Pennsylvania, but men of like blood to ours, over in New Jersey, the Clevengers of Clayton for one family, still blow glass in a backyard kiln in the modes established in Wistarburg. One day about ten years ago I bought of the Clevengers a little cream pitcher in amber that had just come from the leer or annealing furnace. I carried it across country with me to the site of Wistarburg, on the road from Salem to Alloway. Here the Polack living where the two furnaces had been, had saved up for me a box full of broken fragments of window glass color he had ploughed up. One was of the footed base of a cream pitcher. I inverted my cream pitcher of amber made by the Clevengers and placed on its base the footed base ploughed up. They were of an exact size and shape. A handle just ploughed up I put alongside the handle of my Clevenger pitcher. They were mates. There was a piece of the top of a pitcher among the pieces salvaged. I put it in the top of my amber pitcher. It was of the exact shape and size of that. Wistarburg shut down in 1780, and the Stengels, blowing there, father and seven sons, moved to Glassboro. Here the Clevengers were taught in the Wistarburg tradition. After one hundred and fifty-three years the hold of tradition was so strong that an offhand piece, not blown in a mould, exactly reproduced the proportions of its progenitor. That is the most extreme instance of the hold of tradition down the centuries I have ever come upon.

There died only recently at Reamstown, in Lancaster County, an old man that did painting on glass in the old tradition. I bought at Christiania a picture of beasts attributed to him. It is in a frame such as has been in vogue for the past fifty years, a rather amateurish looking affair. In the ten and a quarter inches by eight of this painting on glass, are two big trees, the stump of a third, and a little thicket of saplings; six beasts, and a bird—all these in the foreground. There are rolling hills green clad in the middle distance. Blue mountains make the background. The centre of interest is a wildcat on the tree stump, with two dogs yapping at it but well out of its reach. Head down and back arched and stub of a tail erect, the wildcat is keeping the hounds off. It is a dark brown rather than the brindled grey I remember in the few wildcats I have seen.

The dogs are brown and white and black and white. To the left is a tree with brown trunk and brown branches but no leaves, with a very black crow standing on a large limb. To the right is another brown tree with plenty of green foliage. A raccoon with a larger white mask on its face than I ever saw in such a beast hangs limply from a main branch. In the foreground a gay and debonair fox with a roguish expression bounds indirectly after a most composed cottontail moving away slowly from its pursuer. If the fox catches up with bunny, so you tell the child looking at the picture with you, reynard will be kicked soundly by those so powerful hind legs. Despite all the action of the picture, it stirs you no more than if it were a presentation of "The Peaceable Kingdom."

There are definite folk elements in the picture. The animals and the bird are very like the creatures

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American In Paris—19th Century

Virginia Wireman Cute

THERE IS something about the story of Dr. Thomas W. Evans that is reminiscent of the Horatio Alger books. Present-day sophisticates may scoff at this overdramatized hero of the dime thriller, but there are still some who are privately pleased when high ideals, integrity, and hard work are rewarded.

Thomas W. Evans was born in Philadelphia, December 23, 1823; he died in Paris, November 14, 1897. He was the son of William Milnor Evans and Catharine Anne (Wiltberger?) Evans. Time has not permitted establishing the fact that his mother was a Wiltberger. She very easily could have been the daughter of the famous Philadelphia silversmith Christian Wiltberger. The fact that her son Thomas was apprenticed at the age of fourteen to Joseph Warren, a silversmith and goldsmith, indicates that she knew something of the art. Warren cannot be definitely classed as a master craftsman in these metals, as much of his business was the manufacture of instruments for dental work and the construction of gold plates for the retention of artificial teeth. Probably Joseph was a relation of Benjamin Warren who is listed in the *Philadelphia Directory* as a silversmith in 1809 through 1817. Through his employment, young Thomas met the leading dentists of the day. His training and associations undoubtedly led him to take up the study of dentistry.

In 1841 Thomas W. Evans became a student in the office of Dr. John DeHaven White. At this time there was only one dental school in America—the Baltimore College of Dentistry opened in 1840, with five students. Persons deciding to study dentistry were required to serve an apprenticeship of two or three years with an established practitioner. The student was permitted to practice when he received a certificate of proficiency from his instructor. This was presented to Dr. Evans in 1843. The same year he married Agnes Josephine Doyle of Philadelphia.

He started his practice, for a short time, in Baltimore. Then he spent two years in Lancaster, Penna., with Dr. William Van Patten. His skill and reputation increased as he became expert in the use of gold as a filling material. In the spring of 1847 he gave a demonstration at the annual exhibition of the Franklin Institute. For the novelty and merit of this work he was adjudged a "First Premium." Other important notice was taken of his remarkable technique. Dr. John Y. Clark, a retired Philadelphia physician living in Paris, remarked that a man possessing such professional skill would do very well in Paris. Dr. Clark and Dr. Evans were introduced, and after some discussion it was decided that Dr. and Mrs. Evans would return to France with Dr. Clark.

The Evanses arrived in Paris, November, 1847. He immediately became the assistant of Dr. C. Starr Brewster, another American. Dr. Evans remained with Dr. Brewster until 1850. when he established his own practice. What a practice it became—the crowned heads of Europe, the aristocracy of the social, art, and literary world were his patients.

There are some who have tried to discredit Dr. Evans's technical ability. The retrospect of years is helpful when making an accurate analysis. He certainly was as good a dentist as, if not better than, most of his contemporaries. His influence on the dental practice of Europe and America is undeniable. Fortune smiled on him, for he happened to go to Paris at the right time. Shortly after Evans's death the British *Journal of Dental Science* published an article concerning his affairs. This was written by a jealous professional rival, who referred to Dr. Evans as the "tipster" of Napoleon III and as a "peck-sniff." Rather harsh criticism of a man greatly respected by many. True, Dr. Evans amassed a fortune, mainly through legitimate purchase of Paris real estate, but never by any unethical means. The gifts that came to him from his royal patrons (bills were not sent to kings and queens!) were not vast when compared with his own astute investments.

Dr. Thomas W. Evans's relationship with Napoleon III and Empress Eugénie is vaguely known to those attracted by the romantic aspects of history. Dr. Evans was first called to treat the Emperor when his associate, Dr. Brewster, was temporarily indisposed. This professional encounter gradually developed into firm friendship. Thomas Evans must have become a "confidante" of the Emperor, for he was

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Mrs. Cute is assistant director of the Philadelphia School of Occupational Therapy, School of Auxiliary Medical Services, University of Pennsylvania.

She is a master silversmith in her own right and by inheritance, three of her ancestors being Colonial Philadelphia silversmiths of note.

Mrs. Cute studied at the Sheffield College of Art, England and had two pieces hallmarked by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths (The Guild) May 1949.

The descriptive list of silver at the Evans Institute is the first such list to appear in print.

entrusted with many missions which could not be carried out through the usual diplomatic channels. One important instance is Evans's "unofficial" trip to America in 1864. After seeing President Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and General Grant, he gave accurate reports of the Civil War to the Emperor. Although Napoleon was being pressed on all sides to recognize the South, his attitude was entirely negative after hearing from Dr. Evans.

The most important mission that Dr. Evans undertook for the Emperor and Empress is an example of his unquestionable devotion to these ill-fated rulers. In July, 1870, the legislative assembly of France voted for war against Prussia. By September of that year the French were defeated and Napoleon III was taken prisoner. Instantly, Paris was in the hands of revolutionaries shouting, "A bas l'Empire!" "Vive la Republique!" On the morning of September 4 the general in command of the troops refused to go to the assistance of the Empress. When the prefect of police finally hurried to the palace to tell her that the mob was headed for the gates of the Tuileries, the poor lady did not know which way to turn. She and her companion, Madame Lebreton, accepted the cloaks thrust at them by Prince Metternich and Count de Nigia. They were then hustled into a hired coach and promptly deserted by the two gentlemen. Madame Lebreton wanted to go to the American Embassy. The Empress replied, "No, we will go to the home of Dr. Evans."[1]

Dr. Evans was not at home when the ladies arrived. Upon his return he was surprised to see them, for he was not entirely aware of what had been happening at the Tuileries. With great calm he assured his friends that he would get them out of Paris. Dr. Evans decided to take his two friends to Deauville, where Mrs. Evans had been staying for some time. In order to be prepared for any difficulties in getting out of the city, he decided to make a trial venture. He drove to one of the barricades on the outskirts of Paris. When challenged by a sentry, he explained that he had an urgent call to treat a patient in the country. As he was known as the "American Doctor" (a title which greatly pleased him), the sentry allowed him to pass. On his return, the doctor asked the sentry if he was going to be on duty early the following morning. On the sentry's reply in the affirmative, he explained that he had to return to his patient. He also added that he would have a present of brandy and cigars for the guard who had helped to expedite his travels. Early the next day the familiar black carriage approached the barrier. Leaning out to hide his companions, Dr. Evans gave the brandy and cigars to the waiting sentinel. The vehicle was cheerfully waved on its journey. Inside this remarkably small coach were three others, Dr. Evans's assistant, Dr. Edward Crane, posing as an English physician; the Empress, as Dr. Crane's ill patient; and Madame Lebreton, as her nurse. If questioned later, Dr. Evans would say he was the brother of the sick English lady. At Limay they changed carriages, the well-known one returning to Paris with the Evanses' coachman. Today, it may be seen at the Thomas W. Evans Museum and Dental Institute, School of Dentistry, University of Pennsylvania. Its size is surprisingly small, no wonder the guards did not guess the number of its occupants!

After a hazardous trip, the party arrived at Deauville. Here Eugénie and her companion were welcomed at her hotel by the slightly dismayed Mrs. Evans. Dr. Evans began to search for a boat to take his charges to England. He found a yacht belonging to Sir John and Lady Burgoyne. Sir John, strongly persuaded by his wife, consented to the voyage. The refugees arrived at Hastings on September 8, 1870. Faithful Dr. Evans stayed with them until he saw Eugénie and Madame Lebreton settled at Camden Place, Chesilhurst.

As soon as possible, Dr. Evans left England and made his way to Wilhelmsköke, Germany, where the Emperor was confined. He gave a full report of Eugénie's safety to Napoleon. It is remarkable that the "American Doctor" could pass so easily from one country to another. As a tribute to this man, his friends overcame all obstacles. In this particular case, the influence came from Empress Augusta of Germany.

Dr. Evans was respected, honored, and a friend of other rulers. Queen Victoria's family required so much of his time that a dental office was set up in Windsor Castle. Associations with the royal family grew strong. When Queen Victoria's son-in-law Crown Prince Frederick of Germany was ordered to Italy due to failing health, the Queen asked Dr. Evans to accompany him. The Prince was suffering from cancer of the throat. His English physicians were wrestling with the problem of relieving their patient's breathing. Although they took a dim view of the American dentist, they had to permit his visits to the Prince. Here was a time when Evans's medical knowledge and training as a silversmith were of great help. He knew the solution of the problem at hand and requested the use of a jeweler's shop in town, San Remo. There, with no silver sheet or rolling mill available, he hammered out five franc pieces. With this silver he made a tracheotomy cannula which relieved the sufferer and prolonged his life. Frederick's father, William I, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, died in March, 1888. Frederick was crowned Emperor but died in June, 1888. Nevertheless, Victoria's wish had been fulfilled. It has been said that she offered a knighthood to Dr. Evans in gratitude for keeping the Crown Prince alive. To quote Dr. Evans's reply: "Her Majesty sent an intimation to me that I could be Sir Thomas at any time, but to accept this I must give up my American citizenship, and that I am unwilling to do."[2]

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[1]Rainey, Henry, *Dr. Thomas W. Evans—American Dentist to European Royalty*, Evons Co., Philadelphia.

The most serious mistake Dr. Thomas W. Evans ever made was to die in France. The legal red tape, the stumbling blocks to overcome before his life's dream was established make circuitous reading. Dr. Evans died with the belief that his entire estate, after payment of bequests and administration costs, would be used for the establishment of a great dental school in Philadelphia, bearing his name. Actually, due to complexities of French inheritance laws, the Institute received about one-third of the estate. Much of the credit for the successful termination of the litigation connected with the Evans's Estate and the formulation of affiliation with the University of Pennsylvania is due to J. Levering Jones.[3] Until his death in 1920, Mr. Jones was Vice-President and Chairman of the Executive Committee of The Thomas W. Evans Museum and Dental Institute, School of Dentistry, University of Pennsylvania. The cornerstone of the new building at 40th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, was laid May 3, 1913. Empress Eugénie was invited to attend the ceremonies. Although she could not be present, her reply shows that she had not forgotten her "American Doctor." In her letter she writes, "I am reminded of his sincerity, the proof of which he gave me in the darkest hours of my life."[4] Eugénie lived in England until her death. January 11, 1920, aged ninety-four.

The contents of The Thomas W. Evans Museum are known to few. Not many will bother to make an appointment in order to visit a museum. The paintings, some 130 items, have been carefully catalogued by Mr. Arthur Edwin Bye. The jewels, which repose in a Philadelphia bank, were partially displayed in January, 1944. They were a part of that wonderful exhibition, "Five Thousand Years of Vanity," presented by the University Museum at 34th and Spruce Streets. In his book, *Dr. Thomas W. Evans—American Dentist to European Royalty*, Mr. Henry Rainey has listed most of the silver and silver-gilt objects. This list is tantalizing to the student or connoisseur of silver and gold! Several weeks ago, two such persons gained access to the museum cases through the courtesy of the Trustees of The Evans Institute, the Dean, and the staff. These articles make an interesting and valuable collection. Some were easy to authenticate (the English pieces). The identity of others depends on knowledgeable deduction. In going over the collection, one thing that all collectors should consider was emphasized; i.e., do not rely on engraving when determining the date of origin. Engraving can be added easily at any time. It is far more difficult to punch data into the metal after an article has been formed. The following listing will give the reader a fairly accurate idea of the most interesting gifts, other than jewelry, received by Dr. Evans.

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[2]Ibid.
[3]Ibid.
[4]Ibid.

1. Very charming Cup, about 3 ins. high, standing on three hollow ball feet. Repoussé and chased silver, gold washed. Stamped on bottom 1850 and 84 (meaning the silver is 84 parts pure).
2. Set—a Tankard, about 6 ins. high, and two Cups (no stand or foot). Silver, gold wash, and Niello work. Tankard handle has no blow hole. Cups stamped PC 84 and 1856. Tankard stamped 1862 and 84.
3. Low Dish, 5 ins. in diameter, 1½ ins. high. Gold wash. Inset silver coin 1868. Obverse, Karl Koenig Von Werttemburg; reverse Ein Vereinsthaler XXX Ein Pfund Fein.
4. Two Tankards, like No. 2 in shape. One (the larger) engraved, "His Imperial Highness, Grand Duke Nicholas de Roussie, 1862." Gold wash on silver with Niello work. No blow hole.
5. Small lamp. Silver. London, 1840, E. and J. Bernard. Probably for seals.
6. Monteith (Bowl), given by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, Princess of Wales. This is engraved as is the date, July, 1882. The Bowl was made in London about 1880. Maker's mark unidentified FE. The Bowl is definitely hand-raised, and the rim is riveted on before soldering.
7. The finest piece in the collection is the silver Tankard, with urn finial. Engraved, "From T. R. H., the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, 1882." Hallmarked London, 1736, date letter lower case "a" in shield. Maker's mark T:M—Thomas Mason. On other side of the Tankard is engraved Garter insignia and motto (probably added at time of presentation). Weight 35 ozs., 17 dwt.
8. Four-piece silver Tea Set. Engraved, "Le Grand Duc et La Grande Duchess Constantin de Russe, à Dr. Thos. W. Evans, March, 1862." Cream, sugar, teapot, and small coffee pot, with flower finials. No maker's mark.
9. Old French or Belgium, chased silver Bowl. Very beautiful. No maker's marks. Unusual design—spiral and lozenge chasing. Chased in reverse on bottom. Bowl diameter about 10 ins. Engraved on one side with two "L's" in cipher under a crown. Probably presented by Leopold II of Belgium.
10. The next finest piece in collection is a silver Bowl. Chased with acanthus leaves. Gold wash inside. London, date letter lower case "i" 1784. Maker's mark indistinguishable. DB and another initial in oblong. Engraved, "Given to Dr. Thomas Evans from his friend Sir Henry Hawkins, Jan., 1886."
11. Pair of Cups in charming leather case. On case in large decorative script, written in French, "To Dr. Evans in recognition of his works." Signed, "Merasis" (?). One Cup engraved, "Vict. de 1860. Souvenir à 1877." Other Cup engraved, "From 1880. Remember to 1–88." This message is not understood.
12. Twelve silver Spoons. Engraved, "Grand Duc Constantine, 1862." Stamped 1862 and 84.
13. Gold plated Tray, ornate, about 16 to 18 ins. in diameter. Tray holds six Cups, with porringer-like handles. Each Cup fits into a rim. A center Bowl fits into a rim, its shape rather onion-domed—definitely Russian. No marks.
14. Silver Epergne and pair of Candelabra, stamped, Odiot À Paris. Candelabra comes apart, making a pair of single candlesticks. On Epergne are grape leaves and lattice work. Odiot worked in Paris during the 2nd Empire.
15. Standish or Ink Stand, London, 1840, E. and J. Bernard. Engraved, "To Thos. W. Evans, Esquire, M.D., from their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of

(*Continued on page 23*)

ZACHARIAH POULSON



By M. Atherton Leach

(*A study of Danish-American Achievement in Philadelphia in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, with sidelights on the ancestry of America's Oldest Daily Newspaper*, The North American.)

THE ACHIEVEMENT of Danes in the United States is usually associated with the last half of the nineteenth century. Of the Northern peoples, the Swedes have carried off the honors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by their settlement on the shores of the Delaware and the important part played by their descendants in the upbuilding of Philadelphia and Wilmington. During the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries there were, however, Danes equally distinguished in the life of the Quaker City; notable among them were two generations of printers, the Zachariah Poulson's, father and son. Zachariah Poulson the elder was a Dane, born in the city of Copenhagen, Denmark, June 16, 1737, and ended a useful life in Philadelphia in the year 1804. Zachariah Poulson the younger, a Danish-American passed his life in Philadelphia, following his father's typographical profession, and in addition thereto was, for nearly forty years, proprietor, editor, and publisher of the oldest daily newspaper in America.

Zachariah Poulson the elder, the only son of his father, Nicholas Poulson, also a printer, accompanied him to the New World and arrived in Philadelphia, in 1749. For some years thereafter the father made his home in Germantown, and here the son Zachariah Poulson, learned the gentle art of printing with the younger Christopher Saur.

It was in the atmosphere of this justly celebrated and prolific colonial printing-house of the Saurs—whose motto was: "To the Glory of God and for the Good of Mankind"—that Zachariah Poulson, the young Dane, caught his early vision of Philadelphia, in which, upon reaching manhood, he made his home and there followed his art, possibly with Franklin and Hall, certainly with Hall and Sellers, James Humphreys, and Joseph Crukshank, all notable for the quality and quantity of their literary productions.

Just when he came under the religious influence of the Moravians—non-combative like Friends—is not clear, probably before his advent in Philadelphia. It may be that his father, Nicholas Poulson, or Paulson, as he sometimes wrote his name, who, shortly after the decease of his wife, left Denmark on account of his religious principles, was one of the people known as the Unitas Fratrum, or United Brethren. Certain it is that the son was long an eminent and esteemed member of the Brethren's Congregation in Philadelphia, one of the centers of Moravian activity in the New World, and from 1801 until his death, acted as one of its "chapel servants." These chapel servants combined the duties of volunteer vergers with that of the maître de chappelle of a cathedral. Two were usually at service every Sunday and on holy days. One sat on the wall bench behind the men's door for the purpose of waiting on strangers, and also to watch the boys who might attempt to go into the gallery. The other sat on the wall bench at the door opening into the church from the parsonage for the purpose of waiting upon the minister, as well as to watch the occasional restive or tittering youth, as he ranged with his eye in front of the pulpit. Somewhere there is a portrait of this good Dane, a copy of which was used as an illustration by Ritter in his History of the Moravian Church of Philadelphia. In this his attire was light drab plainly cut coat and breeches after the manner of Friends. "His countenance," says Ritter, "on which nature had shed its bounty was ever enhanced and lit up by the evidence of a happy train of mental association." As chapel servant "his commands were few, but none the less well known. The serenity of his countenance conveyed his desires in the calm of his kindly smile." In the God's Acre of this place of Worship, bounded by the city's trade and commerce, besides the hallowed dust of its elders and founders, his early remains were deposited. Here, still to be deciphered, is the ledger stone of his grave inscribed:

"Beneath This Stone
Are Deposited
The Remains of
Zachariah Poulson, Printer.
He was Born in Copenhagen, Denmark
on the Sixteenth of June, 1737
and emigrated with his father
in the Year 1749
From Thence To Philadelphia
Where He Resided
More Than Half A Century

On The Fourteenth of January, 1804
In The 67th Of His Age
He Departed This Life
With That Peace of Mind
Which The World
Can Neither Give Nor Take Away"

Zachariah Poulson the younger, editor, publisher, and proprietor of Poulson's American Daily Advertiser, son of Zachariah the elder, was born in Philadelphia, September 5, 1761, and died at his residence, 106 Chestnut Street, July 31, 1844. During the formative years of his life Pennsylvania was the battle ground of the conflicting opinions on Independence. Nowhere else was the question so acutely canvassed. Here were Franklin, Paine, and Dickinson, and here Congress assembled. Here too, looking in other directions for divergent reasons were the Quakers, the Germans, and the Proprietary Government. The press of Philadelphia reproduced every shade of political difference, and the journeyman printer of that period, particularly he whose religious principles were opposed to bloodshed, under-went trials not always appreciated.

Some of these trials are well detailed in a letter to William Rawle, Esq., of Philadelphia, bearing date of August 13, 1791, under the hand of Zachariah Poulson, Jr., who, after expressing gratitude for essential service received from Mr. Rawle, further writes:

"James Humphreys was to have taught me printing. Before I was bound he was necessitated to fly on account of the troubles which then agitated our country. After his materials were packed up and secreted, I went with my father to Hall and Seller's office where we remained until the first rumour of the approach of the British army. We then worked with Joseph Crukshank until they (the British) took possession of the city, when we returned to James Humphreys and remained with him until it was evacuated. After its evacuation we went again to Joseph Crukshank. While here we experienced all the hardships which malicious neighbors and unfeeling fine-collectors could occasion. As my Father could not from religious motives, pay militia fines, his property was sacrificed in the most wanton manner. As I was apprehensive that I would be the occasion of increasing difficulties if I remained here (being about the age of seventeen) I begged, and at length got, my Parents' permission to endeavor to get into New York. . . ."

At the ebb-tide of his career, with no advice save that of his heart, Mr. Poulson married at Old Swedes Church (Gloria Dei), April 23, 1780, Susanna Knorr of Philadelphia, a sister of Mrs. Christopher Saur. Mrs. Poulson died January 25, 1830, and is buried with her husband and several of their children in the Upper Germantown Burying-Ground.

From 1778 the vicissitudes of the young printer, aggravated by his early marriage, were many. Fortune continued to withhold her largess until 1785, when, as the newly elected librarian—an office in which he was preceded by Benjamin Franklin and Francis Hopkinson, signers of the Declaration of Independence—his association with the Philadelphia Library Company began. With this institution he was to continue twenty-one years as librarian, six years as treasurer, and thirty-two as director, in all a service of nearly fifty-nine years. His portrait, painted for the Library Company in the year preceding his death by the master hand of Sully, hangs upon its walls, from which his benevolent features still radiate a benediction upon all who pass beneath.

In 1788 he opened a printing office and for many years was successively elected State printer for the Senate of Pennsylvania. During the following year he printed, in folio, the Minutes of the Convention which was appointed to amend and revise the Constitution of the Commonwealth. Among the large number of valuable works published by him the most important are: Poulson's Town and Country Almanacs, 1789–1807; A Catalogue of the Books Belonging to the Library Company of Philadelphia, to which is prefixed a short account of that institution, with the charter, laws and regulations, 1789; Proud's History of Pennsylvania, 1797–98; The American Tutor's Assistant, of which there were numerous editions; the curious works of William Gerar de Brahm, in one octavo volume for the author, and, from time to time, 1794 to 1801, the Journals of the General Conventions of Delegates from the Abolition Societies of the United States. A complete list of his publications would admirably illustrate the history of printing in that period of Philadelphia's literary life.

On October 1, 1800, Mr. Poulson commenced the arduous duties incident to the conduct of a daily paper, having purchased for ten thousand dollars the printing office and "good will" of Claypoole's *American Daily Advertiser*, which organ had begun newspaper life as *The Pennsylvania Packet*, in 1771. *The Daily Advertiser* absorbed the *Packet* and became on September 21, 1784, the first daily newspaper published in America. Under Poulson's management the *Advertiser* was prosperous and profitable. It was essentially an advertiser, averaging about twenty-two columns of Advertisements to six columns of reading matter, which proportion was substantially retained until the last number. Not brilliant perhaps—newspapers did not necessarily aim at brilliancy in those days—the *Advertiser's* hold on public esteem is well outlined by Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia:"

"It is more properly municipal and domestic than any other (newspaper) which we know. It seems composed to suit the family-hearth and fireside comforts of good and sober citizens, never flaunting in the gaudy glare of party allurements; never stained with the ribaldry and virulence of party recrimination. It is patriarchal, looking alike to the wants and benefits of all our citizens as common children of the same city family. It is, in short, a paper like the good old times from which it has descended, and like the people of the former days—its recent most numerous readers—

it carries with it something grave, discriminating, useful, and considerate."

A Whig journal, the *Advertiser*, in its last number, flew the flag of Harrison and Tyler for president and vice-president of the United States. Mr. Poulson was then seventy-eight years of age and had been for some time feeble in health. It was therefore not altogether unexpected when, on December 28, 1839, he bade farewell to journalism in these simple words:

"To the Friends of the *American Daily Advertiser:*

"The want of health and other causes have, of late, frequently admonished the subscriber to relinquish the labors and responsibilities attending the publication of a daily newspaper; and as John Poulson, his eldest son, who spent the greater portion of his days in cheerfully aiding as an assistant, and, during the long affliction of his father as sole editor, declined retaining the establishment, the respect and gratitude which the subscriber feels for the present subscribers to the *American Daily Advertiser*, many of whom have for a number of years honored his subscription-list with their names, has induced him to select successors who have not only an ardent inclination but the ability and means of continuing the publication of the paper to their satisfaction.

"With this object in view, he has transferred the said establishment (the first newspaper which appeared daily on the American continent) to Messrs. S. C. Brace and T. R. Newbold, who now publish a highly respectable daily paper, and conducted on the same plan, denominated the *North American*, in connection with which the said *American Daily Advertiser* will from this day be published.

"Zachariah Poulson, who for more than thirty-nine years has been its proprietor."

In the next two decades *The North American*—the oldest daily in America—had changes and counter-changes in its financial management and editorial staff, and at the close of that period entered on a new tide of prosperity. In connection with its owners and editorial corps of 1847–1854, it is interesting to American-Scandinavians to recall that not the least in this really brilliant group was Robert Montgomery Bird, M. D., a descendant of several of the early Swedes who settled on the Delaware, near what is now the city of Wilmington, before the first coming of William Penn, the great Quaker proprietary. Dr. Bird's "Nick of the Woods," a Kentucky story, is considered the equal of Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales," while his dramas "Oraloosa," "The Gladiator," and "The Broker of Bogota" were three of Edwin Forrest's "prize plays."

Aside from being an attentive librarian and an editor in whom there was no guile, Mr. Poulson did much toward the advancement of the public weal. For some years one of the managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital, a founder and, at the time of his decease, the president of the Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons, he was equally interested in the Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery, and in the Philadelphia Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire—the first Fire Insurance Company in America, whose house-mark of four hands clasped at the wrist is yet to be seen on the fronts of many buildings in the old portions of the city. Of this latter corporation he had been a director thirty-five years and from 1836 the senior member of its Board.

A contemporary editor dwelling at length upon the life and work of Mr. Poulson said in part:

"He has passed through a life protracted to an unusual length, entirely free from all censure and reproach. Upon his character the slightest stain has never rested; and though for many years the editor and proprietor of a widely circulated journal, and that during the most exciting periods, he never made an enemy or lost a friend. . . ."

To this Simpson, in his "Lives of Eminent Philadelphians," added:

"Few men have ever lived in our community who so entirely possessed, and deservedly, yet unostentatiously, acquired the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens, as did Zachariah Poulson."

Submitted by one of Zachariah Poulson's descendants, RISDON KEELER WENRICH

Published in *The American-Scandinavian Review*, Volume VIII, No. 7 July, 1920. This review is published by The American-Scandinavian Foundation, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

Following is woman's shopping list, bearing date 1719, which will give us a very fair idea of what a fashionable lady used to wear:

A smock, of cambric holland.

Marseilles quilted petticoat.

A hoop petticoat, covered with tabb.

A French silk quilted petticoat.

A mantua and petticoat, of French brocade.

A French point, ruffles and tucker.

English stays, covered with tabb.

A Flanders lace hankerchief.

A black silk *à la mode* hood.

Pockets, of Marseilles quilting.

Sable tippet.

Lining, of Italian lutestring.

Turkey handkerchief.

A beaver and feather, for the forest.

A riding suit, with embroidery of Paris.

Three dresses, for the masquerade, two from Venice.

—*Godey's Lady's Book, 1858.*



Alexander Hamilton

First United States Cabinet in Germantown

By Abel J. Evans



Thomas Jefferson

THE SUMMER of 1793 looms large in the annals of Germantown. The terrible epidemic of yellow fever was raging in Philadelphia, and the city was gripped in terror. Business was at a standstill and families were fleeing to the suburbs. Germantown was crowded with refugees. Though Philadelphia was then the capital of the United States most members of the government had fled the pestilent city. Congress had adjourned early in March and Congress Hall, its meeting place, still standing at Sixth and Chestnut Street, was deserted. But it was the period of the French Revolution and with England and France at war there arose many perplexing problems. To avoid calling an extra session of Congress Washington and his advisers continued to meet and make important decisions until late in the summer. Finally they too were forced to flee. In October Washington notified the members of his cabinet to meet him in Germantown on November 1st, 1793.

Overshadowed by the presence of Washington in Germantown scant mention has been given to the members of the First U. S. Cabinet who spent the momentous month of November 1793 in cabinet meetings with him. They were men of ability, talent and convictions and helped the President meet the issues confronting him. Important decisions were made in these meetings and there was generally substantial agreement among the members. They had established temporary residences in Germantown or near-by. Congress had early created four executive offices the heads of which acted as an advisory council to Washington and later became known as the President's Cabinet. To fill these offices Washington appointed four brilliant men—Edmund Randolph of Virginia; General Henry Knox of Massachusetts; Alexander Hamilton of New York; and Thomas Jefferson of Virginia.

Edmund Randolph, Washington's Attorney-General, was a brilliant lawyer who played an important part in American history at a critical period. He was born in Williamsburg, Virginia and graduated from the famed law courses of William and Mary College. He helped to secure the ratification of the Constitution although he was not a signer of it. A former governor of Virginia, a member of the Continental Congress and the Constitutional Convention he was the originator of the "Virginia Plan of Union," the main features of which were incorporated in the Constitution of the United States. In the war between France and England in this eventful summer of 1793 he drafted Washington's Proclamation of Neutrality. He was a protégé of Washington and his legal adviser. When Jefferson resigned he became the second Secretary of State on January 1, 1794.

Randolph came to Germantown early in September and established his family in the Nathan Spencer house out on Church Lane. This house was the birthplace and home of Thomas Godfrey, famed as the inventor of the quadrant. Oliver Walcott, Jr., whose father was a signer of the Declaration of Independence from Connecticut, occupied the house in 1795 having succeeded Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury.

General Henry Knox was selected by Washington as the first Secretary of War. He was one of Washington's most trusted advisers during the Revolution and fought at Bunker Hill and in the battles of Trenton and Princeton. In the Battle of Germantown he was with Washington at the Chew House and he is said to be responsible for the costly mistake of attacking it. He was head of the War Department under the Continental Congress, and with his ability and experience it was a wise choice to continue him at the head of this department under the new government. Relations with the Indian tribes on the frontier were grave but he dealt with them in a broad humanitarian way and avoided serious conflicts. He handled the Indian problem in a statesman-like manner and headed his Department with ability.

General Knox moved out from the city to the Germantown area in the middle of September and occupied the former home of Reverend William Smith, first provost of the University of Pennsylvania, in the Falls of Schuylkill. Sometimes called "Smith's Folly," this fine country home was used sixteen years later for an interesting experiment in early education. Joseph Neef, a disciple of the great Swiss educational reformer Pestalozzi, directed a school for boys here

for several years and among his pupils was Admiral Farragut of Civil War fame.

For the important post of Secretary of the Treasury Washington appointed Alexander Hamilton, one of the foremost men in American history and a leader in the First U. S. Cabinet. Hamilton had been private secretary and confidential aide to Washington during the War years (1777–81). At Yorktown he fought with distinguished honor. He was an expert on financial matters and collaborated with Washington on state papers writing parts of his speeches to Congress and much of the Farewell Address.

In the early summer Hamilton had moved his family out to Fair Hill on the Germantown Road, a couple miles below Germantown. Fair Hill Mansion, country home of the noted Norris family, was burned by the British but afterwards rebuilt and occupied by John Dickinson, signer of the Constitution from Delaware, who married a Norris granddaughter.

At Fair Hill in late summer Hamilton contracted the yellow fever and his life was despaired of for many days. But he recovered under the care of Dr. Edward Stevens, a boyhood friend, whose treatment differed from the bloodletting and drastics of the famous Dr. Benjamin Rush. After recuperating at his wife's Schuyler home in New York he returned to Fair Hill a week before the cabinet meeting scheduled for November 1st in Germantown.

Thomas Jefferson, the first Secretary of State was a truly great Secretary of State. He was a statesman and a thinker and was keenly aware of the problems confronting the new government in its foreign relations as he had been Minister to France and spent five years in Europe. He is one of the three great figures in American history. Jefferson and Hamilton were the two leading men in the cabinet and both were great men.

Jefferson and Washington arrived in Germantown together on November 1st according to schedule. Randolph had secured lodgings for Washington in the house of Rev. Frederick Herman, headmaster of Germantown Academy, from November 1 to November 10. Jefferson was obliged to put up with very inadequate accommodations at the much overcrowded King of Prussia Inn, the leading hotel of Germantown located on Germantown Avenue above School House Lane at that time. For both officials these were only temporary quarters. Jefferson found decent rooms on Germantown Avenue near Queen Lane and Washington went to the Morris House on November 18, after his return from a week's trip to Reading.

Cabinet meetings which had been interrupted in late summer by the violence of the fever in the city were immediately resumed in Germantown. Two of them took place in the Herman House on the Germantown Academy grounds when Washington resided there. Later, four more were held in the Morris House during the last two weeks of November 1793. The meetings were called at nine o'clock in the morning in the reception room. Discussions were lively and were carried on until well after mid-day, when dinner was served in the dining room. Frequently after dinner the members returned to the reception room and continued their talk until late afternoon. Deliberations of the cabinet in Germantown, as well as previously in the spring and summer in the city, were devoted to problems connected with troubles created by the war then going on between France and England and particularly the wild speech and actions of the French Minister Genet. The cabinet had unanimously agreed that the United States would maintain a neutral position in the War, and Washington issued a Proclamation of Neutrality, drafted by Randolph and said to be the first of its kind issued by any nation.

The greatest activity of the cabinet during the month of November centered in the office of the Secretary of State and Jefferson was kept extremely busy with official correspondence confirming the decisions of the cabinet. The letters and actions of Genet were the principal topics of discussion in the meetings of November 8 (Herman House) and November 18 (Morris House). Again meeting at the Morris House, November 21 and November 23, the President's message to Congress, about to convene on December 2, was the main topic discussed. At the latter meeting the first suggestion that a military academy be established, was made, a suggestion which led to historic West Point United States Military Academy opening on July 4, 1802. The final cabinet meeting in Germantown held at the Morris House on November 28 concerned itself with the President's message and the report to Congress. Jefferson prepared the section on foreign affairs, and Randolph the opening speech.

The work of the First U. S. Cabinet in Germantown was over. The yellow fever had spent its force and it was deemed safe for all to return to the city. The last day of November found Jefferson settled in his new office quarters in the city and Washington back in the President's House, former home of Robert Morris, near Fifth Street on Market Street. On December 2 Congress met according to the requirements of the Constitution in Congress Hall in Philadelphia.

Under the wise leadership of Washington, aided by the advice of his four brilliant cabinet members, the government of the young nation successfully passed through a trying period in American history. We owe a great deal to these four men of ability and convictions and their leader Washington for the conduct of the government and establishing precedents which have proved invaluable in dealing with governmental problems.

* from Complete Guide Book to Historic Germantown by Charles F. Jenkins

A Colonial Lady's Diary

IN 1761 Elizabeth Sandwith married Henry Drinker. He was a partner of Abel James in the shipping and importing firm of James and Drinker. Both she and her husband were conscientious members of the Society of Friends.

For ten years after her marriage they lived in Water Street. Whether or not the humor of the situation caused by their name and that of the street was more than they could bear is not recorded, but in March of 1771 they removed to the northwest corner of Front Street and Drinker's Alley, on the west side below Race Street. They also had a country place at Point.

During the Revolution, her husband and a number of other prominent Friends were arrested, because they were considered "disaffected to the American cause," and were banished from Philadelphia, being taken eventually to Winchester, Va. This naturally caused great worry and heartache to Elizabeth, who was left alone in the midst of war with her five small children.

She kept a diary for her own amusement from shortly before her marriage until her death at the age of 83. This journal is a rich source of historical material, and makes fascinating reading. A few entries have been chosen here to give her account of the Battle of Germantown on October 4, 1777, and some of the events in Philadelphia in the days that followed—feeding the wounded brought into the city from that battle, and other happenings in the following days that go to make up the picture.

Throughout the diary she refers most frequently to her family by their initials. M. S. is her unmarried sister, Mary Sandwith, who made her home with her. The Jenny referred to was one of the servants. Her husband is frequently referred to simply as H. D.

Their children were:

Sarah (Sally) born October 23, 1761—M. Jacob Downing, 1787

Ann (Nancy) born Jan. 11, 1764—M. John Skyrin in 1791

William (Billy) born Jan. 28, 1767

Henry S. (Harry) born May 24, 1769—M. Hannah Smith 1794

Mary (Molly) born Mar. 14, 1774—M. Samuel Rhoads 1796

*Extracts from the Journal of Elizabeth Drinker from 1759 to 1807 A.D.

Henry D. Biddle, Ed.—Philadelphia 1889

October 4, 1777

This morning John Parish, Eneas Ellis and Andrew McCoy called. Eneas is from a place called Hopewell, and expects to see our friends at Winchester on his return home. I wrote this morning to my Henry by A. McCoy, and also a few lines by Rachel Hollingsworth. While I was writing I heard cannon fire, and indeed I heard them before I was up; understood, upon inquiry, that a party of Washington's army had attacked ye English piquet guard at Chestnut Hill. I went before dinner to C. Greenleaf's to look for Rachel Hollingsworth; she was gone out, called upon my return at J. Drinker's. I have not been from home before, except to meeting, since my dear left me.

I stepped down to neighbor James'. Josey is very ill; Nanny Eve, and Gibbon's wife at ye mill, were there. They came to town through fear—ye Battle appeared to be very near them, and some of ye Provincials were about Frankford. They have taken away Joseph Paul and some others.

After dinner C. Greenleaf sent me word that Rachel was at home—I took Billy with me and went again. Thos. Afflick's wife and several others were there. I left my note, bid the Friends farewell, (Rachel and Betty Jollif), and then went round to Chestnut Street—called at A. Benezet's and went over to S. Pleasant's, where we drank tea. We met several Friends there, among ye rest, Phebe Yarnel, who told us of Clem. Biddle's violent behavior to her Husband, that when he wanted to make his escape after ye Battle near Concord, he (C. B.), held a pistol to his Breast or Head, and swore he would blow out his brains, if he would not show him ye road he wanted.

This has been a sorrowful day at Philad[a], and much more so at Germantown and thereabouts. It was reported in ye forenoon that 1000 of ye English were slain, but Chalkley James who lodges here to night, as Henry is out on guard, tells us—that he has been to day as far as B. Chew's place, and could not learn of more than 30 of ye English being killed, tho' a great number were wounded, and brought into the City. He counted 18 of ye Americans lying dead in ye lane from ye Road to Chew's House. Ye House is very much damaged, as a few of ye English troops had taken shelter there, and were fired upon from ye road by great numbers of ye others. Ye last account towards evening was that ye English were pursuing Washington's troops, who are very numerous, and that they were flying before them. Ye Americans are divided into three divisions—one over the Schuylkill, another near Germantown, and ye third, I know not where; so that ye army that was with us are chiefly called off, and a double guard is this night thought necessary. It is thought it was ye

*At some future time we expect to give her account of the Yellow fever epidemics of 1793 and 1798, when she, with most of the population of Philadelphia, fled to Germantown to escape the plague.

intention that one division should enter ye city, while ye troops were engaged with ye others. The apprehension of their entering, and fears of ye Gondelows and other vessels in ye River, will render this night grievous to many. Washington is said to be wounded in ye thigh. Friends, and others in ye Jerseys, and indeed almost all around ye country, are suffering deeply. 'Tis now past 12 o'clock, and all in ye House, except myself are I believe asleep; ye watchman has cried ye hour, and all seems quiet. Fine starlight.

Oct. 5, 1777

First day. Things appear quiet today. M. S., S. D., A. D., and W. D. went to meeting this morning. Ann Moore and Debby Morris dined with us, Anthony Morris Sen^{r} and his son Tho^{s}, Becky Jones and Johnny Drinker called after dinner. Nathan Yarnel and wife, Hannah Williams, and G. Churchman drank coffee with us. Dan^{l} Drinker, Patt^{n} Hartshorn and wife, Doct. Redman and Joseph Bringhurst called. Ye latter brings word of ye welfare of my Husband, who, with ye other friends, were seen last second day morning, at 9 o'clock, within 20 miles of Winchester. Dan^{l} Roberts, who came ashore at Willingstown from the Fleet, brings this news from Doct^{r} Whey, who says a man spoke to our friends.

Oct. 6, 1777

Heard firing this morning. Went after Breakfast to Joshua Fisher's to look for Linen &c., as they have opened their store. Found M. Pleasants there; we talked about ye Testimony which Friends have lately put out, and 'tis said they are going with it to [G.] Washington.

I took a walk down to Abel's this evening—Josey much better. Chalkley came home with me; he tells me that our meadow at Point is spoiled by 300 Head of Cattle, which ye Americans had there for some time.

Ye heaviest firing that I think I ever heard, was this evening, for upwards of two hours. It is thought to be ye English troops engaged with ye Mud-Island Battery.

An officer called this afternoon to ask if we could take in a sick or wounded Captain. I put him off by saying, that as my Husband was from me, I should be pleased if he could provide some other convenient place. He hoped he had given no offense, and departed.

We have had two loads of Hay brought in to day.

Two of the Presbyterian meeting Houses are made Hospitals of, for ye wounded Soldiers, of which there are great numbers.

Oct. 7

S. Moore stopped in her Chaise at ye door. No certain account of ye cause of ye heavy firing last evening, unless it was the Gondelows.

Oct. 8

Sister with Billy, ye two Hannah Catherals' and M. Pleasants, went to ye Play-House, the State House, and one of ye Presbyterian meeting houses to see the wounded soldiers.

Oct. 9

Firing last night, and heavy firing this morning, from 5 o'clock till between 6 and 7. It was the Frigate and Gondelows playing upon ye English, who were erecting a Battery on, or near ye Banks of the Schuylkill—one Englishman slain, and two wounded, 2 Horses killed.

Jenny and Harry went this afternoon in ye rain, to ye Play-House &c. with a Jug of Wine-whey, and a Tea-Kettle of Coffee, for ye wounded men.

Cloudy all day, and rain ye greatest part, but now, near 10 o'clock, it seems to be clearing with a Northwester.

Oct. 10, 1777

Jenny and Harry went to ye State House with Coffee and whey for ye wounded Americans—Billy went with them. In ye long Room at ye State House are the prisoners, Sam^{l} Howel, merch^{t} among ye rest.

George James called with £30.6. in Jersey money, which he left with me. I paid him a half Jo for some silver which my dear Henry had of him a day or two before he was taken from us. Humphrey's paper came out to day.

Oct. 11

Jenny and Harry visited ye wounded again to day with a double portion.

Ye Battery on Province Island was taken this morning from ye English, and retaken in half an hour. We hear cannon firing almost every day.

Abel James sent us 3/4 cord of wood this morning.

S. Emlen sent us word that he and ye other Friends, viz: Nic^{s} Waln, James Thornton, Wm. Brown, Joshua Morris, and Warner Mifflin were returned from a visit to G. Washington. I apprehend they have no good news, or I think I should have heard it.

I have been more distressed in mind this day than for some time past—not from anything that I have heard, but my spirits seem much affected.

* * * * *

(Here I'm leaving out several days' entries)

* * * * *

Oct. 14, 1777

Much talk of Washington endeavoring to enter ye city: a number of people greatly alarmed on that account. . . .

* * * * *

Oct. 18, 1777

Ye troops at Germantown are coming within 2 or 3 miles of this City to encamp. Provisions are so scarce with us now, that Jenny gave 2/6 pr lb. for mutton this morning. Ye people round ye country dare not come near us with anything; what little butter is brought is 7/6 per lb. Ye fleet not yet up, nor likely to be soon, I fear. Jenny and Billy went this afternoon with coffee and whey for the soldiers.

GERMANTOWN RELIEF SOCIETY

By Elizabeth M. Mellor

MODERN efficiency is indeed cause for admiration. It has smoothed the path of progress in so many ways but, too, it has inevitably closed some doors and brought to an end some wise and pleasant human ventures which leave a bit of nostalgic sadness behind.

Such a feeling has come to Germantown this past year in the closing of the Germantown Relief Society whose little house on Harvey Street has been a center of human warmth and helpfulness for many years.

In 1873, a year of business depression and therefore financial stress, the Rev. Charles Gordon Ames, pastor of the Unitarian Church, deeply concerned by the want and suffering in the community, called a meeting of influential Germantowners to consider ways and means. Fifty-one men responded, and at that meeting, in the old Y.M.C.A. building, on December 4, 1873 was formed the first society for organized charity in the United States. (That old building, another Germantown landmark of the past, was built on the site of the Presbyterian Church at Haines Street and Germantown Avenue and acquired by the Y.M. in 1873.)

The draft of a proposed constitution was read and a "full and free discussion pro and con" followed, participated in by the Rev. James DeWolf Perry, The Rev. Archibold McCullock, George Scratchard, The Rev. Thwing, Wm. W. Justice, T. C. Henry, Elliston P. Morris, Charles Spencer, George D. Stroud, James Weir Mason, Samuel Emlen, Wm. W. Patton and others.

According to the constitution the 22nd Ward was to be divided into relief districts and district visitors or "almoners" were to be appointed whose duty it was to make a thorough inquiry into the circumstances and merits of each case.

"Any person may become a member and voter by contributing not less than $1.00 a year to its Treasury. This is an open organization intended to unite all classes of citizens in a wise administration of local charities."

The first headquarters were in a room in the old Reading Railroad Station at Germantown Avenue and Price Street, loaned rent free by the President of the R. R. Later, through the generosity of the Pennsylvania Co., the Society has used the little house at 21 Harvey Street.

From December to April a district Superintendent was employed who kept open at fixed hours.

Help in obtaining employment was a feature of the Society's work. A supply of clothing was kept on hand and in the early days the necessities listed were coal, flour, corn meal, beans, rice, hominy, tea, coffee, sugar.

By arrangement with the "Women's Employment Society," founded in the pre-Civil War days of 1860-61, garments, already cut out, were given to worthy women and the finished garment paid for, thus providing ready money for rent and other family needs.

Very soon a "Ladies Auxiliary" was formed whose membership increased almost at once from 14 to 40, whose members did most of the visiting and organized an efficient working force.

The first officers of the Society were: Jabez Gates—President; Philip G. Garrett, Wm. W. Justice, Vice Presidents; Samuel Emlen, Wm. H. Bacon, James Weir Mason, Charles G. Ames—Board of Managers; Robert Coulter—Superintendent.

The first report listed 856 persons and 196 families helped.

From first Annual Report: Nationalities of those helped: American, 75; colored 25; Irish 74; English 46; German 17; Scotch 4; French 1; Canadian 1. Treasurer's account—Receipts: $2,146.32 (donations subscriptions); $1,000.00 Jesse George Estate; total $3,146.32. Expenses: $170.50 services Robert Coulter; $104.87 furniture & printing; $2,115.98 supplies and relief; $754.97 balance; total $3,146.32. 40 applicants were refused help for good reasons, from a few who were discovered abusing it, it was withdrawn.

So for 80 years—years covering world shaking events in history—The Germantown Relief Society has functioned quietly, efficiently, helping, with a human touch, very many in need of help and kindness—but when the last beloved superintendent Mrs. Ella B. Luder resigned last year the Board realized that in modern times, modern facilities and equipment mean more efficient help to those in need, and so it was decided to close the friendly little house on Harvey Street. The income from the remaining invested funds of the Society is distributed through local organizations at the discretion of the still existing Board.

Germantown is proud of the record of its Relief Society, a First in the long history of the intelligent care of human need.



PILGRIMAGE TO DUTCHLAND

(Continued rom page 10)

of their kinds as carved and painted by Wolfskill. Fivepointville and Reamstown are not many miles apart. It may well be one tradition of fashioning fox and rabbit, dogs and wildcat, raccoon and crow, was prevalent in the folk art of the two men. The work of neither can hark back to Old World subject matter. There is no echo in carving or painting of the fabliau of *Reynard the Fox*. Who painted this scene on glass undoubtedly knew a fox in the flesh, and the dogs, too. The crow is conventional; rabbit and raccoon have not much of verisimilitude about them, and the bobcat is furthest of all from reality. There has been no wildcat, to my knowledge, for years on years in this corner of Lancaster County, and the painting on glass can hardly be older than the eighteen nineties.

Tollware, painted tin, kept the secret of its colors for years, but now it can be done with the very texture and tints it had a hundred years ago. Perfect work on spice boxes I came upon at the Philadelphia Antique Show of 1940, by Mrs. Leister, of Pottstown. The black of the background of this cubic box, all but three inches in its three dimensions, is the old black. The leaves in yellow within a circle in red on the box's top, have the right yellow, too. The green of the leaves, and the red and yellow of the two tulips on the front of the box are so well done that I could not have told, at a little distance, that this was not a spice box a century old. Not far from Pottstown, Mrs. Seisengood, of Colebrookdale, does painting of tollware, but she is not always faithful to the old designs.

There is still a Pennsylvania Dutchman good at illuminated writing, James H. W. Althouse, of Germantown, and yesterday there was I. P. Mensch, of Perkasie. Neither in most of his work indulged in the birds and flowers of the old masters of Deep Run in Bucks, but both are artists in lettering. There are several imitators of the old work that are not half bad. We would find their fractur more appealing if it were not palmed off as old work by unscrupulous antiquers.

There was until yesterday a comb factory in the northern apex of Lancaster County, where most serviceable combs were made out of bone. There is a blacksmith of parts above Plum Creek in Berks County, and a weaver of the old sort near Reinholds in Lancaster. Michael Oberholtzer, of Germantown, now with God but long my mentor in many things Pennsylvania Dutch, remembered a clock maker who fabricated wooden works in a little shop above Skippackville in Montgomery. I remember a brazier in Schaefferstown, who lived in a loghouse with a roof of red tiles, beavertail tiles that were within reach of the small boy watching him work just within his doorway. Somebody is even today making the so-called chalk birds and animals, somebody near Ephrata. A dear old lady in a Mennonite bonnet is coloring egg cups and saffron boxes after the style of those of Joseph Lehn, of Hammer Creek, east of the iron mines at Cornwall. They have made spatter plates of stone china with peacocks on them within the past ten years at one of the famous potteries of East Liverpool, Ohio.

There are old fiddlers and ballad singers extant here and there. There were Dutchmen among those George Washington Hensel used to gather together of Saturday nights in his store at Quarryville. It is the Bach and Beethoven heard so often in our churches, city and country, and the Bach Festivals at Bethlehem, that reveal our love of music at its best.

That all such things as these I have been talking about are coming into their own, my correspondence furnishes ample proof. Neighbors of mine in my summer home in the White Mountains and folks who drop in to talk over this or that they have read in my books, ask me for itineraries of our Dutch Country, with lists of places interesting to visit. I send them into Pennsylvania by the covered wooden bridge over the Delaware to Portland, just below the Water Gap. I route them to Bethlehem, mentioning the Moravian Church and graveyard and the paintings and manuscripts in the library of Moravian College there. I tell them of the cathedral always open on the campus of Muhlenberg College at Allentown.

I send them to New Tripoli, where for years you could get the seven sweets and seven sours at the inn, and where you can still get a meal to remember. The route I advocate takes them on through the Great Valley to Reading. From there my route leads to Reinholds, where is Swamp Church and the best collection of Pennsylvania Dutch antiques ever assembled at the Brunners'. A side trip up the mountain above Schoeneck to the basket-making Mentzners is suggested for those who have time.

Ephrata and its Kloster they are told is the most interesting religious monument in America, not excepting the Rocky Springs Presbyterian Church in the Cumberland Valley and the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City. Lititz comes next to Ephrata as a stop. There they can feed the trout in the big spring, and see a bit of yesterday. Then comes Manheim, its church of the red rose and the site of the Stiegel Glass Factory. I send my tourists across Susquehanna from Columbia to Wrightsville, telling them to remember that this is the river the great white swans, the whistling swans, follow on their way northward from their winter quarters, Chesapeake to Currituck, to their breeding grounds on the tundras round about Hudson Bay.

I list the market at York as one of the wonders of Pennsylvania, and send them on to Gettysburg. I tell them of the pink and white of Judas tree and dogwood and of the apple orchards above the Cumberland Valley. From Harrisburg I tell them to follow the Susquehanna north by the river front drive, and to note V's of stones in the river at whose downstream points were the fish traps. I tell them, if it is in October they make the trip, to run up from Tunkhannock to Montrose, where by the way they will see as fine

autumn reds and yellows as the White Mountains can boast. I bid them Godspeed when they are across the line into New York. Thence they can find their way home as they will.

I might have sent these New Englanders to many other places worthy of pilgrimage, some of which I mentioned earlier. I myself with literally hundreds of trips upstate to my credit have not begun to exhaust interesting places to visit. We have been so modest in crying up our state here in Pennsylvania that these New Englanders are almost shocked with surprise at the beauty of our countryside and of our old buildings. There is no end to what is beautiful and interesting and wonder waking in Pennsylvania.

American In Paris 19th—Centruy

(Continued on page 13)

Wales, May, 1880" (not the date of making). Two crystal lined wells, with silver lids and finial flames. Neo-classic, with a strong overlay of Victorian design. Probably made in 1860.

16. Condiment Set. Very unusual (as far as workmanship and design). All stamped O. M. Very ornate. Tray, two castors, center bowl, mustard or jam pot, with hinged lid, two small round-bowled spoons of Roman coins or medals, St. Peter on one side. The pieces are hand-raised and covered with a pierced and highly ornate lacework of silver.
17. Very large Ladle, the bowl is 5 ins. in diameter, all-over length is about 14 ins. Gold washed silver. Champleve enamel on outside and on handle. Inside the bowl is a decorative applied piece of metal or medallion, with enamel.
18. Malachite base as a mount for a silver gilt cart or troika. From Queen Sophie of Holland.
19. Six silver, gold washed Demi-Tasse Cups, with imperial china inserts. From the Emperor and Empress of Russia.
20. A Desk Ornament: Russian sled, with two drivers, three horses on flat stand, resembling snow, much detail, all in silver. From Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia.
21. Silver and gold Paper Weight. Presented by the Emperor of Germany. The imperial German coat of arms is wrought in silver and two shades of gold. The design includes enameling and coral studding.

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THE SUMMER months slip by quickly at the Museum with many of the usual activities waiting for cooler days to function; but, in the Summer, America tours quite regardless of the thermometer and it is with interest we note the list of Museum visitors, for the past two months, from such far corners as: Honduras; Atlanta, Georgia; Habana, Cuba; Berlin, Germany; Tacoma, Washington; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Boston, England;—just to mention a few. Today the world is very small!

When in 1927 the Site and Relic Society changed its name to the Historical Society of Germantown and moved from Vernon to its present home in the Harker House, given to the Society by Edward I. H. Howell and his sister, Mrs. Susan Hacker Bodine, the Committee in charge had a most arduous job which was done exceeding well. It was a matter of selection and arrangement, all before the days of the card file and Mr. Nagle, the much loved custodian, kept a deal of the index in his head!

This Spring the time had clearly come for a careful survey of the Society's possessions with a reclassification and accurate filing system. A delightful number of experts on various hobbies were found within the Society's membership and now an enthusiastic committee is working hard to classify and appraise the collections of fire arms, coins and medals, toys, pictures and prints, china, household utensils, etc.—all having to do with neighboring craftsmanship and history.

Obituary

The life of any organization, as of any individual, is richer and fuller for its friends and when the end of a life ends a friendship the value is not lost but even enhanced and deepened—a precious possession which time cannot rob.

In the death of Bevan A. Pennypacker the Historical Society, while mourning his loss, realizes how much in the past he contributed to the life of the organization. For many years he was a member of the Board and its Solicitor giving unsparingly of his time and ability to its needs, his gracious kindliness and quiet understanding helping over many a difficult situation.

Mr. Pennypacker's life was a full and busy one with many activities and interests, upholding always the standards of a family which has contributed greatly to the life and progress of the Philadelphia they loved.

The Historical Society, as the whole Germantown community, learned with regret of the sudden death of Mr. Alfred G. Scattergood—always himself a friend of the Society, his family has contributed much in the past to its development—two of his brothers-in-law—Samuel and Arthur Emlen—having served as presidents.

The Society learns with regret of the death of one of its prominent members, Elisha H. Waterman of Huntington Valley. Mr. Waterman was vice-president of the Waterman Manufacturing Co., makers of the famous fountain pens, and a grand-nephew of its founder.

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