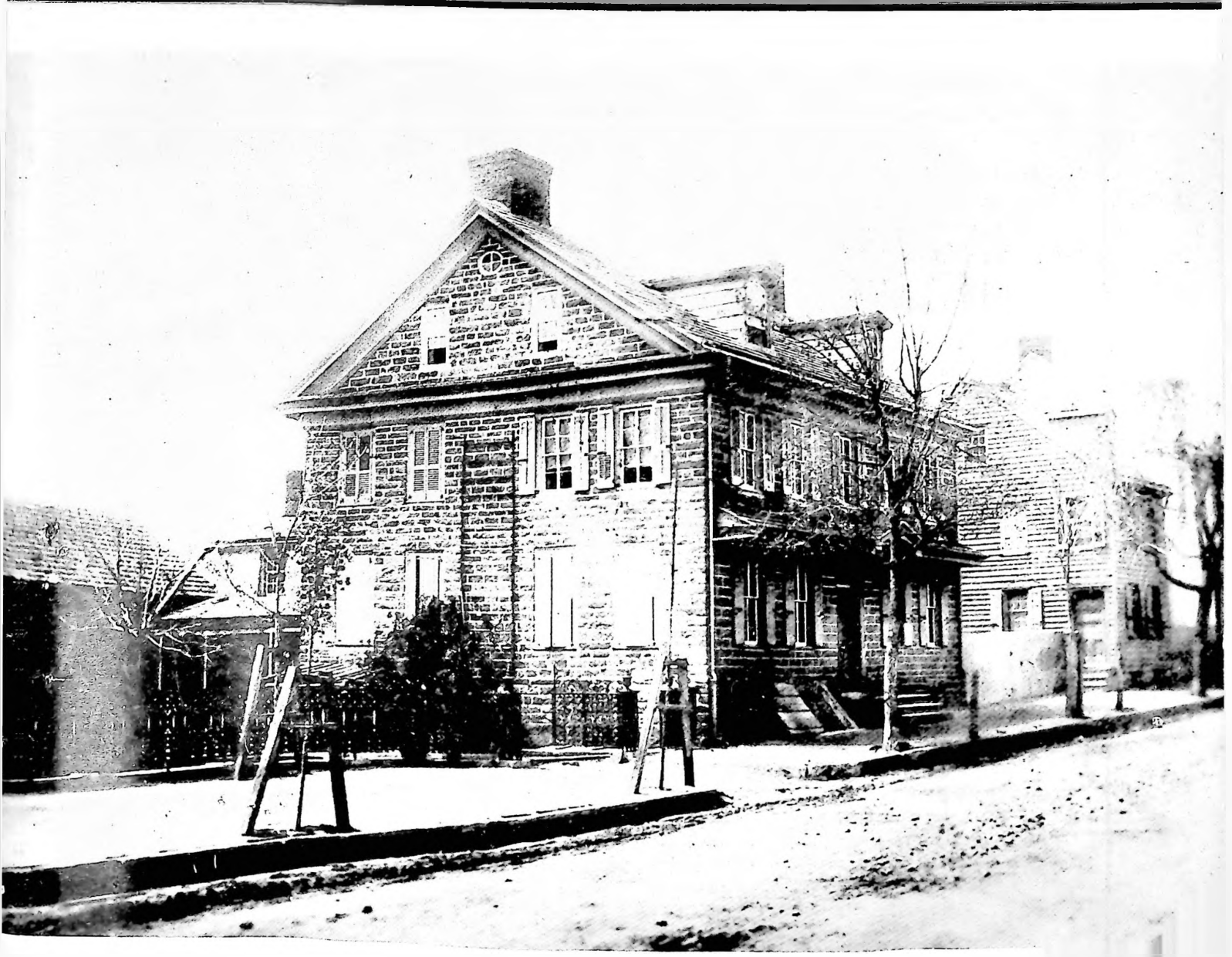
GERMANTOWNE CRIER



THE ENGLE HOUSE, 1859
One of a set of pictures of old houses in Germantown
taken for John Fanning Watson

GERMANTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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AIMS OF THE SOCIETY

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

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

Membership dues are:

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

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

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

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

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

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LECTURE PROGRAM 1956

The Lectures will be held in the Assembly Room of the Woman's Club of Germantown, 21 West Washington Lane. Meetings will start promptly at 8:30.

March 15th

THE CARPENTERS' COMPANY OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA by *George I. Lovatt, Jr.*

Mr. Lovatt is a member of the Philadelphia Chapter, American Institute of Architects and is presently serving Philadelphia as City Architect. He is one of four architect members of The Carpenters' Company, a society founded in 1724 by a group of master carpenters in order to improve their knowledge of architecture. Mr. Lovatt is the first honorary citizen of The Carpenters' Company of London. Carpenters' Hall, home of the Carpenters' Company was the meeting place of the First Continental Congress.

April 19th

WILLIAM RUSH, FIRST AMERICAN SCULPTOR by *Henri G. Marceau.*

Mr. Marceau, our efficient Program Chairman, who has brought to us many interesting speakers, has finally, after intensive persuasion, consented to address the Society.

Mr. Marceau is Director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art; A member of the Philadelphia Art Commission; and holds an Honorary Associateship in the Philadelphia Chapter, American Institute of Architects.

May—No Meeting. Germantown Week and Open House Tour.

June— Garden Party at Museum.
Details to be announced in May issue.

NEW MEMBERS

Members admitted since issue of Vol. 7 No. Sept.4, 1955:

A—MRS. SCHOFIELD ANDREWS
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GERMANTOWNE CRIER



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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 plus 50c postage if mailed.

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

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

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

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

The books are 9½ by 12 inches, bound in hard covers, and are available at cost of $4.50 per copy delivered, or $4.75 by mail to any address. Please address requests accompanied by check to. order of Germantown Historical Society to: Captain Edmund A Crenshaw, Jr., 519 Pelham Road, Philadelphia 19, Penna. or to Mr. Ernest Howard Yardley, 112 South 16th Street, Philadelphia 2, Penna.

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

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

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AIMS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS

The information given here permits our members, subscribers and advertisers to become familiar with the activities of the Society. We hope it will encourage growth, the expansion of interests, and greater co-operation in connection with the protection of historic sites and buildings in Germantown.

President's Report:

Baynton House Purchase Fund. An anonymous gift of $500.00 recently received increases the total subscriptions to $6,114.21. This amount is not sufficient to purchase the property (adjacent to the Museum) which would provide an extension of the present inadequate quarters. More room is needed for the Museum and Library. Gifts to the Fund are solicited.

Progress has been made in securing legislation at Harrisburg and at City Hall that will provide some safeguards to the preservation and restoration of historically and architecturally significant structures in our community. The State Senate has passed Senator Stiefel's bill for a study by the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission of the possible creation of a Germantown Colonial Compound to include important houses.

Mr. Edward Warwick has been appointed Chairman of the Relics Committee.

Treasurer's Report:

The Society has invested $5,613.00 of the Life Membership Funds in the common stock of three companies (which stocks are legal investments for trust funds) to obtain additional income.

Morris House Committee Report:

The long existing bank loan to the Committee was paid in full at the end of December last. This Committee is free of debt and has a credit balance. The Women's Committee, having made and hung appropriate draperies at the second floor windows of the house, now requests a donation of sufficient material for the first floor windows. This improvement is proving most attractive, as seen from the exterior as well as indoors. It is hoped that it will afford greater inducement for an increased number of visitors and, incidentally, more volunteer hostesses.

Membership applications with checks should be forwarded to Captain Edmund A. Crenshaw, Jr., Secretary.

Our Society is gratified by the recent appointment of two members to the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission:—

Mrs. Lawrence M. C. Smith and Col. Frank W. Melvin, Chairman.

Mrs. Smith is the daughter of the late Samuel F. Houston, who accomplished so much in the development of the Wissahickon Section of Fairmount Park.

YOUNG VISITORS TO THE MUSEUM

One of the pleasant and worthwhile functions of the Museum lies in the supervised visits of classes from Public and Private Schools. Almost invariably these young visitors are interested and full of curiosity as to the past history and way of life in the earlier days of this old town in which they live.

Recently a group from the third grade of the Friends School made the trip with Capt. Crenshaw acting as escort and here are a few illuminating extracts from the "Thank you" notes received—

"I liked best of all the big bell, the fire engine and the big table that used to be in the Market Square."

"I think that all the old-fashioned dolls were beautiful! I think the old guns were good. My favorite thing of all is the doctor's medical kit."

"I was surprised about the toys, they are very much like the toys nowadays. My favorite toy is the doll house and the checker game. I would like to know who invented the first piano. I wonder what it would be like if I lived in the olden days."

"I liked the old wooden clock and the big bell. For such an old house it stayed up very well."

"I should think living in the old days would not be too much fun."

"My favorite thing was that little doll. It looked like it was impossible to make but there it was!"



Two fine examples of Lowestoft China exhibited at the Morris House

GERMANTOWNE CRIER

Volume 8 MARCH, 1956 Number 1

Three Sketches of Germantown

By Cornelius Weygandt

The Germantown Wagon

IT IS a matter of argument as to whether the Germantown wagon or Germantown wool was the more distinctive product of Germantown. I heard much of Germantown wool through the knitting of Aunt Rachel. I was toted hither and yon in a Germantown wagon in boyhood and I came to drive Mother shopping down Germantown in one as I grew older. The Germantown wagon was a development of a farm wagon, smaller than the usual Pennsylvania spring wagon, its back seat made so it could be taken out, and a trunk, say, be put in to take to the railroad station. There was no cut under, so it took all out-of-doors to turn it around. In the front seat there was not too much room, your knees being close up to the dashboard. In the back seat, too, you were a bit scroughed up. It was a one horse affair. I never knew of but one two-horse Germantown wagon.

It was, however, a hardy and convenient sort of vehicle, very like what they called in New England, the Dearborn wagon. It was in universal use round about Philadelphia, more of it in evidence around the city than any other sort of conveyance. The socket for the whip was in the right hand forward corner. You had a lap cloth for the front seat and the back seat, that for the former as far back as I can remember, the delectable buffalo robe. There was room under the back seat to stow away packages.

With thought of the Germantown wagon comes thought of the horses that pulled it, Don first, and then the old grey mare, Nellie. She came from Adams County, in upstate Pennsylvania. She was a faithful, plodding sort, afraid of nothing save flowing water seen through the planking of a bridge. We had a thrilling experience together when I was a boy of thirteen. We had just driven into the covered wooden bridge across the Schuylkill at "The Falls," when a thunder at the west end of the bridge ahead of us made me aware of a herd of cattle stampeding there. I just managed to back around when the white faced steers bore down upon us. Nellie heard them, too, and started to gallop. They were all around us when we were out of the dark tunnel. They had dispersed by the time we reached Ridge Avenue.

I do not know what the range of the Germantown wagon was. I met them in Downingtown, West Chester, and over in Jersey, but not in Reading or Harrisburg or up Juniata. There were two famous makers of them in Germantown, Zell's on Rittenhouse Street, east of Greene, and one on Germantown Road below Bringhurst Street. The last one I saw came from School Lane west of Wissahickon Avenue. That was as late as 1930, when the automobile was omnipresent.

The Robin

THERE IS nothing in the American out-of-doors that cries so insistently for recognition as the robin, not even arbutus. Emily Dickinson, foremost woman poet in the English-speaking world, puts the relative importance of flowers and bird as she cries up the arbutus as "next to the robin in every human soul." Nothing she has written more fully attests her powers than that saying. There is insight in it, penetration, that swift divination that is a kind of magic. It is simple, direct, to the point, winning acceptance immediately. You cannot forget it. It is part of you from the first moment you met it.

Though so different in size, in ways, in song, from the English redbreast, the red of our robin's breast compelled its calling by the name of the beloved home country bird. The robin welcomed those early colonists. The clearings about their houses made hunting

grounds for the big thrush, provided it with provender of earth worms, of cherries, of strawberries, of all the fruits the seasons brought forth. The ivy the colonists planted on their house walls bore berries for the birds to feed upon when the ground was frozen and earth worms inaccessible. Their orchards gave the robins nesting trees after their hearts, the smoke from the house chimneys made the air repellent to hawks. The cheerful birds about made the colonists at home.

The early-formed phrase, robin's egg blue, revealed what that nest with foundation of mud and lining of straw-colored grasses meant to those folks who could not resist climbing to its low situation and feasting their eyes on the heavenly hue of the eggs. The coming of the birds in March proved that spring was here, their glad cries and the chorus of their songs at dawn were a daily delight. The birds were unafraid of the folks, they ran about them on the turf of the clearings, they swooped to the well curbs for sips of water from the filled buckets there. They sang vesper songs to put the children to sleep. Their comings and goings and doings were very part of the ritual of the day.

Where the robin is there are activities. He is a bustling, busy fellow, vociferous, bouncing, always on the move, running here and there and everywhere, with speed, buffeting fellow cocks, pursuing crows and sparrow-hawks that intrude on his premises, retiring to snuggeries to rest and to release his inward satisfaction with phrases of song and half song. The cock birds are off to roosts at twilight, and the hens, too, before there are eggs to keep warm. Their flights in dispersion are a feature of the evening. They indulge in happy songs from the tree tops before they are off to the roost.

Robins are about from early March well through November. Bunches of them turn up into December, and individuals stay with us all winter. A bird with white feathers in its wings wintered with us for three successive winters. Winterberry and holly and mistletoe stand them in good stead in the winter. They seek shelter in the vines on the house and in coniferous trees, white pines, Norway spruces, hemlocks and cedars. These winter stayers will venture into half song on sunny, windless mornings, and even call loudly time and again.

Robins are good parents. Their feeding of puffy young bigger than themselves is a feature of suburban lawns and lawns of deep country alike. Where lawns are scarce, as in our share of New Hampshire, robins spend much time along the roads. These New Hampshire birds have slightly different habits than our birds of southeastern Pennsylvania of which I have been writing. They are bigger birds than ours of the Wissahickon Hills, and not so friendly, and there are not nearly so many of them. They nest one year in the maples along the road in front of the house, and in another year in the little apple orchard back of the barn.

The robins I saw in the Feather River Canyon, on my way to California, seemed much wilder birds. I had a good chance to observe them, as our train was delayed there for quite a time. Their looks and their cries were like those of our eastern birds, but they were restless, keeping to the trees and with no parading on the ground after the fashion of our Pennsylvania birds. They had none of the hominess and geniality of the robins with which I was familiar. Perhaps in the winter on the coast they were more in the proper norm.

HONG'S WOODS

IN MY boyhood there were many big woodlots about Germantown. The Wissahickon Woods are still intact, but most of the others have been penetrated by houses and are nothing but suburban places with tall trees round about to show where deep woods once stood. There is a part of Carpenter's Woods, on Carpenter's Lane, east of Wissahickon Avenue, still with us, and part of the Water Works Woods and of Thomas's left through their inclusion in a city park.

Livezey's Post Woods, from which the Livezeys had the fencing of their farm on Livezey's Lane and extending back to the Cresheim Valley, is thinned out by the chestnut blight. The woods in East Germantown are all gone, a big one on East Township Line, now Stenton Avenue, where a shooter for millinery shops once showed me a rolled up affair full of scarlet tanagers. Gone, too, is Dead Horse Woods further up that same road, where Dad Darrach once brought down from its high nest a young crow that Joe Woolston could not teach to speak.

Gone, too, are the woods on Willow Grove Road east of Church Road, and several big patches in the White Marsh Valley. The like has been the fate of the woods on Unruh's Lane, or Rabbit Lane, and on the County Line east of that lane. On County Line, a farmer, with a dooryard fenced with split palings, caught two of us boys trespassing and made us jump in a corner of his barn as he kept a whip in action at six inches above the floor. He stopped when, tired out, we could no longer jump. Each of us got a cut across a leg above a shoetop.

I have memories of many places. Here we found maidenhair fern or pink ladyslippers, there we found a screech owl in a hole in a tree, in a third place "a potentate goodly in girth," the worse for liquor, tried to run down the two small boys of us in his buggy.

It was Hong's Wood was the woods best known to me in boyhood. It may well be I am the only one that knows it by that name now from its one time owner, a councilman of the long ago. It was a tract of perhaps twenty acres reaching from Greene Street at what is now Upsal Station over to what was once Township Line West, and is now Wissahickon Avenue. A country lane ran through it about along the line of what is now Hortter Street. A creek ran across that lane a hundred yards west of Greene Street, along which I first heard the winter wren sing on a morning

of late February. Just beyond what is now Lincoln Drive was a clearing where lived a seven day runner, Glick, I think, was his name, a son of one of those German families that had escaped from the fatherland on the threat of "Forty Eight."

There were Pfeils, whose house we inherited, Seibels, Krauses, Haubers, Gomeringers, but I forget many names.

My memories of these woods are of all sorts. I walked east on Pile's Lane from our house, crossed Wayne Avenue and took a slanting path over to what is now Lincoln Drive and Hortter Street. Thence there was another diagonal path to Upsal Station. On Pile's Lane I have seen a rabbit wallowing in dust; between Wayne Avenue and Lincoln Drive, on a footway, I came on a monumental battle of shrew moles. Each had the other by the throat and it took determined pressure from my foot to separate them. As you came out on what is now the Lincoln Drive corner there used to be a shadbush hanging over a bank, heavy with bloom in late April or early May. Close to Upsal Station a flying squirrel swooped down and alighted on the lapel of my ulster lined with groundhog fur. All the way through the woods were resonant from late April to early August with wood robin song. It does not so content me if I substitute the bird book "wood thrush" for the southeast Pennsylvania name.

There was always the cawing of crows as an accompaniment to a walk to the station. The red-eye was always vocal, too, and the gentle voice of the wood pewee repeating its call. Kentucky warblers and indigo buntings launched out of tree tops on their flight songs, there was always in my ears the harsh warbling of scarlet tanagers, and vociferations of brown thrashers and catbirds. My rarest bird seen on my way to and from the station was a rough-winged swallow that nested in a hole in the north bank, by a drain pipe, on Hortter Street near Wayne.

There have always been opossums in plenty in Hong's Woods, a raccoon and a fox now and then, rabbits galore, the first groundhog I ever saw in Germantown, in early July of 1954, weasels, grey squirrels, red squirrels and ground hackies, four varieties of wild mice, bats, flying squirrels. There were tortoises and garter snakes in old times, but it is years since I have seen either. There are moles and star nosed moles and shrew moles, flickers, hairy woodpeckers and downy woodpeckers, red-headed woodpeckers for two years in the long ago, nuthatches, little brown creepers, and, in winter, white-throats and snowbirds and tree sparrows and golden-crowned kinglets. Ruby-crowned kinglets were a delight with their long and intricate warbling on migration. Eagles and duckhawks, Cooper's hawks and sharpshins, redtails and sparrow hawks visit us here more or less frequently. The sparrow hawks used to nest here in a hole in a chestnut tree. The hosts of warblers fill the trees on migration. Chimney swifts break off twigs for their nests from the dead tops of the woods' trees. I have heard the woods



Old Germantown Water Works as Seen from Old Walnut Lane Bridge

Photograph taken in 1883 by J. Mitchell Elliot

reverberant with screech owl whooing and with the cries of katydids. Old men have told me they have heard the branches of the oaks and chestnuts and tulip poplars breaking under the weight of the extinct wild pigeons seeking places to roost.

The most fearsome thing in the neighborhood of Hong's Woods was Hauber's bull, who ranged a pasture under its southeast edge. That woods edge was *Ultima Thule* to me at seven, but it soon came to be but "the threshold of other worlds more bright." The woods, though, at that early age marked the limits of my wandering. They were a high barrier to the northwest when we lived on Tulpehocken Street. They became a windbreak for southeasters after we came to Wissahickon Avenue.

There were very few conifers in Hong's Woods, a few red cedars and a few hemlocks. My only lasting retrievement from them is a laurel in the heath bed in our front yard. As I write now, on May 24, 1955, it is a cascade of pinky white bloom, the most distinguished bush we have. It may be our chicken grapes are windsown from Hong's. Their fruit is negligible, but the scent of their blossoms in early June is the most delightful the year affords. Just now we have the honey locusts white and luscious, a proper prelude in scent to the grapes.

I do not know that Hong's Woods has been the background for romance. A neighbor of ours returning from Upsal Station was held up and frisked by gypsies on his way home. They had camped in the meadow by Lincoln Drive for the birth of a baby by one of their women. They were gone by dawn after the frisking. It was pleasant to see brown Swiss cattle from the high alps at pasture in our lowlands. They gave distinction to our humble fields. Fox hunting neighbors brought red coats and jumping horses to the quiet of our hills. Cattle passing daily gave a touch of deep country to suburbia. The houses roundabout have open fireplaces. In winter there is wood smoke on the air, heady and invigorating. In the lea of Hong's Woods is not a bad place to live.

WASHINGTON PRACTICED RELIGION



FRANCIS M. WETHERILL, S.T.D.

WHEN the name "Church of England" in the Colonies was changed to the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, Washington was a Delegate to the Continental Congress. While residing in Germantown at the time of the smallpox epidemic, and some six miles from Old Christ Church and St. Peter's, he attended the Mennonite Church and what is now called the Market Square Presbyterian Church. In those very busy war years, and over the roughest roads, as his diary records, his church attendance was about one-fourth of the Sundays. He was detained at home much of the time. Duties and emergencies on the farm prevented, and bad weather prohibited regular travel to Church.

We believe his holy faith was a factor in winning the Revolutionary War. It certainly gave him moral victory over himself, a sense that he served a holy, righteous cause. Faith in a heavenly Guide produced an heroic quality of leadership and endurance.

Let us enumerate a few specific instances where religion influenced the Father of his Country: (1) His burial of General Braddock. This he conducted personally while under fire and chased in retreat by the Indians. (2) On his own initiative he mustered Chaplains into the Continental Army with consent obtained from Congress. (3) He pardoned a prisoner because a man who asked his forgiveness risked his life for another evil doer. The Commander relates that he did so because the Saviour did just that for all of us. (4) Frequently he led his troops in prayer. (5) The Deity is mentioned under seventy-nine different titles in Army Orders and correspondence. This shows our hero must have meditated much upon the attributes of God. (6) Slavery is disapproved of on Christian grounds. (7) He denounces sin and shame which would lower the morale of his troops. (8) The rugged strength and bravery of the man is reminiscent of the words of the Apostle who said: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." (9) Christian charity was evidenced throughout his life and in his last Testament. He provided most liberally for the education of youth and for the freedom of his slaves, the care of their young, aged and infirm. (10) It has been falsely said that he was a profane man. No authentic historic records corroborate that hearsay.

Like his Master, Washington was willing to lay down his life for his friends. Greater Christian love hath no man. The record is astonishing as to his Christian fortitude, sacrifices and hardships.

The Golden Rule was the guide to this great soul's liberality. One of his barns was filled for aid of the poor. His overseer received specific instructions to keep up the custom of feeding the needy neighbors. Berdyaev has said, "The question of bread for my neighbor's body is a spiritual and a religious question."

As General of the Army, Washington took no compensation other than travel and headquarters' maintenance. His farms, fish factory, bakery, shops, etc., fell badly into the red while he was away as Commander and President for fourteen years.

Another Christian virtue looms up to be prodigious, namely hospitality. Mt. Vernon became, as it were, a roadhouse for friends and visitors and veterans passing north and south, so he writes to his Mother.

The Washington war diaries further illustrate, and tie down our argument that religion affected the General's habits and strategy. Self confidence and bravery are evidences of his faith in God. The Almighty had led him on so far, and through so many dangers. He would surely still lead him on, was our hero's religious opinion. Records continuously appear as to when and where he received inspiration from divine services. Their selection reveals a broad-minded believer—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish; also Quaker. The last is mentioned separately because in that persuasion one believes pretty much as he likes. So says Brinton's "Guide to Quaker Practice" and their Book of Discipline.

While at home he read the Bible to his family every evening. It is reported from many sources that alone in his bedroom he prayed audibly before retiring. Servants and guests did not know what he said, but they did know with whom he was conversing devotionally.

Nowhere in diary, speeches, letters nor military records of Washington has been found mention of the Holy Saviour. 'Tis a pity perhaps. On the other hand, like the Jews, he did not lightly use the Sacred Name.

(Continued on page 26)

THE ENGLE HOUSE — A Museum Piece

By Katharine Richardson Wireman

THE ENGLE House, which has just been demolished to make a more ample place for parking, was one of the oldest houses in Germantown. The Engles had been amongst the earliest settlers of the borough, having come, it is said, with Pastorius. Paul Engle, the first of the family, was chosen burgess in 1703, but declined to serve. At that period it became difficult to induce Germantowners to fill town offices and it was because of this fact that the borough franchise later was allowed to lapse. Paul Engle afterwards moved to Skippack township, in what is now Montgomery county. He died in 1732.

In the early days, the Engles were tanners, the tannery being at the rear of the house on Honey Run, the stream which flowed down the west side of Germantown Avenue and is now enclosed in a sewer. After the tannery was given up the little building, so close to the old town hall, became the resort of politicians and was known as the Bark Hotel. It was torn down many years ago. The only relics left of the tannery seem to be a strip of leather harness holding sleigh-bells and a board from the tanner's bench, perfectly preserved by the tanning fluid, which was found in the ground when the new cellar was dug in preparation for moving the house from its original site.

Benjamin Engle built the house in 1758. It stood immediately alongside of the Germantown Avenue sidewalk, north of the town hall lot. Land for the town hall had been bought partly from the estate of Samuel Harvey and partly from Richard Engle.

At the time of the Revolution Charles Engle lived in the house. The tradition is that Elizabeth Engle, standing in the doorway after the battle, saw the wounded General Agnew carried by on a door. After the battle the British soldiers were seen gathering up the American muskets and breaking them one by one over a cubical quartz stone which stood for many years at the gateway alongside the house to keep the wagon wheels from hitting the post. A good Engle horse was taken from the stable and a poor old English hack substituted.

One generation of Engles after the other lived in the old house. In 1816 the property was owned by George B. Engle who died in 1847 leaving the house to his wife, Susan, for life, after that it was to go to his son, Charles B. Engle. When Charles B. died he left the property to a daughter who had made her home with him, Mrs. Isabella Engle Chipley. She died October, 1904, leaving the place to her three children, and in 1905 her son, Charles E. Chipley, recompensed his sisters for their share of the property. The cornerstone in the wall of the house hereafter bore two dates on its exposed face, B. E. 1758 and 1905 C. E. C.

That year, Charles E. Chipley moved the house back about fifty feet or more and turned it diagonally away from the line of the street. It was put on rollers and rolled back with the furniture inside. Where the house had stood, he erected six stores, extending to the north end of the lot. This left space at the south end for a driveway to the house. The old iron fence enclosed a yard with a gate, near by stood one of the old lilac bushes, some trees and shrubs still remained. The house was further away from the dust and noise of the avenue and faced towards the town hall park, an oasis of green, stretching out to the street from the old town hall, a beautiful building, planned by the well-known architect, Napoleon La Brun, and completed in 1855.

At the time of the Civil War, June 1862, the town hall was offered as a hospital and the war department accepted the offer. Captain Biddle's Home Guard met there to drill and gave all the funds in their treasury to equip the hospital. In July a wooden addition was built capable of accommodating 200 to 300 patients. The following month it was named the Cuyler Hospital, and a guard house, kitchen and



Courtesy of David McKay Company

The Old Town Hall
Reproduction of an etching of Town Hall by Herbert Pullinger

bath house were added. Further enlargements were made in September. Dr. James Darrah was surgeon in charge, and Dr. John Moore Leedom and Dr. William H. Dunton were attending surgeons. After the war a room in the hall was reserved for the use of Civil War veterans. On sunny days they would sit in the park, on park benches placed under the avenue of trees, which lined both sides of the path to the street.

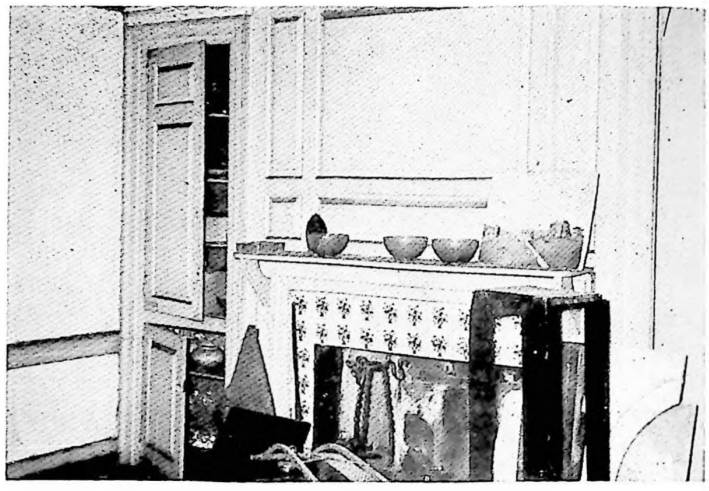
Across Haines street from the park, on the south west corner of Haines and Germantown Avenue, is a quaint building, still standing, which at one time was an open air market with stalls on the sidewalk. Heaped with vegetables, fruits, flowers and herbs of all kind in season they were a riot of color, which attracted artists who rode out in the street cars from the city to paint the picturesque sight. Saturday shoppers had often to make way for sketching easels.

These delightful scenes could be viewed from the front windows of the old house for the new town hall, which we have now, was not built until 1926. It marked the end of the charming little park and also that of the old town hall which was demolished in 1929. At this time the old clock made by Isaiah Lukens in 1828 for Independence Hall and moved to the old town hall in Germantown in 1877, was installed in the new town hall. On taking down the old hall it was found that it had been so well built and of such excellent materials it was very difficult to remove. If it had been retained, it would have been one hundred years old last year, and no doubt could have lasted several more centuries.

In 1946 Charles E. Chipley sold the Engle house with the stores and ground to L. Stanley Hunsberger, who removed the partitions between the stores and converted them into an attractive place to house the Lancaster County Farmers' Market. Since then, he has found an ancestor by name of Rorer who married an Engle, so tradition continues in the family ownership of the site.

To those of us who recall visiting there during the early nineteen hundreds, the house seemed like a museum piece. It had just been redecorated under the skilled supervision of Maurice Brix, who later became an authority on early American silver. (His collection was sold last winter at the Parke-Bernet Inc. Galleries New York. He had died many years before.)

A sideboard in the paneled dining room was loaded with beautiful silver, heirlooms of the family. Mrs. Chipley was a gracious hostess and beloved by her children. Aimee Chipley, in those days, was a perfect example of the "Gibson Girl" with long flowing skirts and a large picture hat. Her brown hair and eyes accentuated her clear white skin. "Make up" was not used by gentlewomen. Then, it belonged only to the stage. If one had been ill and wanted a more healthy glow, one could give one's cheeks a pinch or send to the garden for a red rose petal to



Interior of Engle house showing cupboard paneling and tile facing

crush and rub on the skin. Miss Chipley needed neither of these aids, the paleness became her. Some one had given her a pet marmoset which added an exotic touch. He would chatter from a high shelf which went around the walls of her room.

Olive, the youngest, was an artist, a devoted student in the Philadelphia art schools, ambitious to study in Paris. She arrived there but her health proved unequal to the task. She passed away some years ago. Charles E. Chipley presented his mother's full-length portrait to the Germantown Historical Society when he sold the house. It can be seen in the Museum.

An account of the house states that there were two seven foot wide fireplaces of stone in the dwelling, also kettles and other equipment which had been brought to America by the first Engle ancestors from Germany. Finely carved mantelpieces were in some rooms, others with Delft tiles. Wainscoting lined the hallway and the back hall door was double the width of others, perhaps to get in logs for the fires. The interior doors were of yellow pine with panels of white cedar. The front parlor had recessed window seats, after the Dutch, or German, style. In the kitchen was a very large fireplace where one could literally sit in the chimney corners as they tell about in the old tales, and not get burnt by the fire on hearth. Across the front of the house, between the first and second storeys was a watershed, or what we call now a "Germantown roof" which curved out into a slight canopy over the front door. This and the cellar door on the street served as distinguishing marks of the house.

Once again a place of beauty has given way to the needs of the inhabitants. Which is the most important? Only time can tell. Other localities, with much less to offer than Germantown, are Meccas for tourists. Our youth in America have much to learn from the old settlers who braved the seas in the frail boats of the period to make their homes in the wilderness, trusting to God alone for protection.

DOCTORS WHO DARED

Corageous Physicians of a Grim Episode

By Abel J. Evans

THE HISTORY of medicine in Philadelphia has no more devastating records than those chapters recounting the yellow fever epidemic of 1793, and several almost as serious which followed not too many years afterward. The worst plagues occurred in the period from 1793 to 1805. Overshadowed by the impact of the terrific epidemic of 1793 the later visits of the plague have been an almost forgotten episode in the fight against this dread disease. Though the epic summer of 1793 is familiar to many, few know of the terrible toll of sickness and death in the epidemics which followed in 1794, 1797, 1798 and 1805.

It was a time when courage was desperately needed —a period when courage was lacking even among many of the doctors themselves. However, many able younger members of the medical profession displayed conspicuous courage under the circumstances and worked heroically to save the stricken ones and provide measures against the spread of the disease.

Indelibly associated with the yellow fever is Dr. Benjamin Rush whose heroic work, radical method of treatment and bitter controversies have made his name well-known in the annals of medicine, while such older doctors of the epidemic period as the noted doctors Dr. John Redman, Dr. William Shippen, Jr., Dr Cadwalader Evans and Dr. John Jones are little mentioned. They too served with distinction in the battle against this direful disease. Dr. Rush was a prolific writer on innumerable subjects and he exerted a considerable influence on American medicine. He was a pioneer in advocating sounder methods in the treatment of the insane. Deeply interested in education; it was largely through his efforts that Dickinson College was founded in 1783 though named for the Revolutionary president of the Supreme Council of Pennsylvania at the time who was a generous donor to it. Both men were ardent patriots. Rush a signer of the Declaration of Independence and Dickinson a framer of the Constitution. In the early years preceding the Revolution, Dickinson's celebrated "Farmer's Letters" denounced Great Britain and aroused the people in all the Colonies.

As an example of outstanding courage and devotion to duty in the medical profession Dr. Rush stands supreme. He labored valiantly to control the disease and save his patients even though striken himself with the plague. But there were heroes among his less well-known colleagues and lay workers whose names have been forgotten. Little remembered is the heroic example of courage shown by Philadelphia's most wealthy merchant, Stephen Girard, and humble assistant, Peter Helm. Day by day they braved death and terrors to attend the sick in person at the Bush Hill Hospital. Girard got the fever but it was a light attack and he recovered quickly.

Then way out of town but now the thickly populated section of Spring Garden Street near Seventeenth the Bush Hill Mansion of Andrew Hamilton, architect of Independence Hall, had been taken over for hospital purposes in the epidemic of 1793. For a few years previously Bush Hill had been occupied by John Adams, first Vice-President of the United States, and his charming and vivacious wife Abigail Adams, after Philadelphia became the Capital of the United States in 1790. Evidence of the severity of the later epidemics was the providing additional hospital facilities in several sections of the city not only for the care but the quarantine of the numerous cases far from the center of the old city. An additional hospital was opened in 1797 at the Wigwam, a famous tavern or hotel at the end of Race Street on the bank of the Shuylkill at about 22nd Street. Tent colonies were established also on the Schuylkill from Chestnut to Spruce Street and a couple miles out of the city on the Germantown Road.

The epidemics of 1797 and 1798 were almost as devastating as that of 1793. The mortality was so appalling that multitudes fled in terror from the city. Emulating the courage and devotion to duty shown by Dr. Rush were the trio of brilliant and skilful young doctors, Dr. Thomas Chalkley James, Dr. Philip Syng Physick and Dr. Caspar Wistar. Having gained experience in previous epidemics as apprentices and associates of the older doctors they were in the midst of medical careers in which they became famous.

Dr. Thomas Chalkley James, celebrated early obstetrician and first professor of obstetrics in the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, did noble work. He was the grandson of Thomas Chalkley, a zealous Quaker preacher, who died from the disease (then known as Barbadoes distemper) while on a religious mission to the island Tortola, West Indies. His father Abel James was a leading merchant of the large shipping and importing firm of James & Drinker which operated extensively prior to the Revolution but whose business was ruined in the exciting times following the Stamp Act and the tea tax. His mother Rebecca Chalkley, daughter of Thomas Chalkley, married Abel James and when he died they inherited his home and named it Chalkley Hall in honor of this "man of great virtues." Both parents were pious Quakers and Thomas was sent to Friends School (Penn Charter) which was at Fourth and Chestnut Streets, not far from his home, for his early education. He received a good classical education under head-master Robert Proud, Pennsylvania's earliest historian.

(*Continued on page 23*)

ARTISTS OF GERMANTOWN

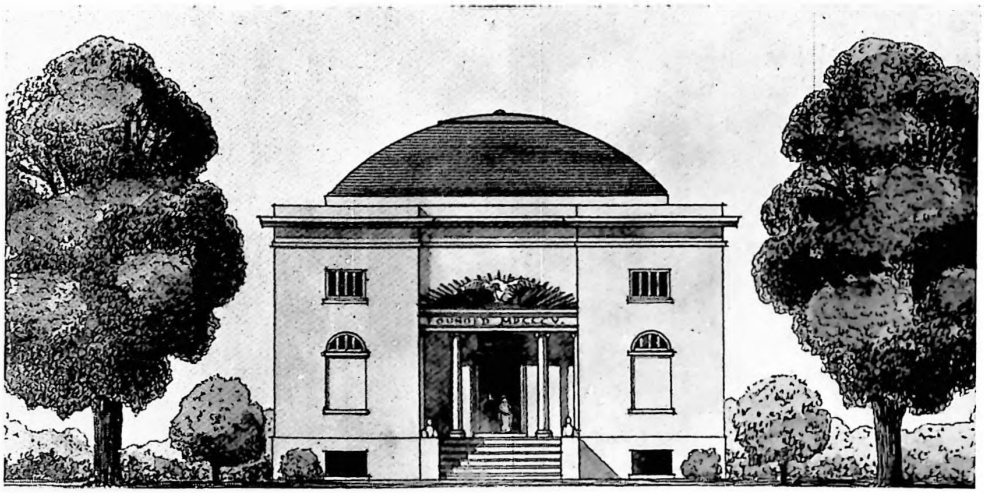
From an address given before the Site and Relics Society of Germantown, October 18, 1912

By Herbert Welsh

IT is claimed for Germantown that here the first oil painting of the American colonies was produced. This was a portrait of Kelpius by the brush of Dr. Christopher Witt, done in the year 1705. This picture is now preserved in the rooms of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

But Germantown derived a culminating and unique glory in respect to art, so far as portraiture was concerned, from the brief residence and marvellously successful labors of a great painter,—Gilbert Stuart. That fact alone, to anyone who appreciates the part played by art in the unfolding of civilization, through its ministry to the finer elements of the human spirit, presents a valid claim to lasting distinction. Gilbert Stuart was born in 1757, in a house not far from Newport, Rhode Island. Here his father, a Scotchman and probably a political refugee after the disastrous Jacobite rising of 1745, lived and conducted a snuff mill. There is a tradition that Gilbert Stuart's original name was Charles Gilbert,—the "Charles" having been dropped on account of its unpopular associations. Gilbert Stuart's mental abilities were of so high a character that they would undoubtedly have distinguished him in other professional lines had he chosen to follow them rather than that of art. Stuart was of the school of Reynolds,—and akin in feeling, taste and method to that group of great British portrait painters who were influenced by Sir Joshua Reynolds in those palmy days of the Eighteenth Century, and of this especial line of art. The technique of Stuart was simple and sound. His good pictures, and most of them were so, remain today as fresh, pure, and harmonious as in the time of their painting. Unlike Sir Joshua Reynolds he indulged in no risky experiments with uncertain fugitive mediums, but rightly judged that the simplest means were adequate to the creation of really fine works of art. He put his trust in "honest linseed" and simple turpentine. This confidence was justified by the verdict of time, and we are the gainers. Stuart in his best work showed himself an artist of the first order. Judged by that he was not only the best portrait painter of his day in America, not even Copley excepted, but he has never been surpassed, or even equalled in some of the more subtle qualities of his own peculiar line of art, by the most gifted and severely-trained of our modern American painters. His best work can stand the strain of comparison with the greatest portrait painters of the world. How can such qualities, considered as claims to pre-eminence, be verbally expressed? They cannot be so perfectly, but only approximately. Stuart's portraits show us the men and women of his day,—the elite of colonial and post-colonial society, in whom clearly-drawn, individual character invariably resides. Stuart's portraits are redolent with a grace, a dignity, a charm that has perhaps slightly evaporated from the descendants of their originals in our rougher quicker days of strain and struggle. But these portraits are supremely artistic because, with such slight apparent means, they convey so strong an impression of social refinement and distinction, of real men and women agreeably conversing with us. They are translated to our consciousness by subtle lines, by lovely color,—such as we recognize in nature, by deep luminous shadow which delightfully rests the eye, and by light, warm and glowing.—which delightfully excites it. Stuart's grasp of form, was masterly in its definiteness and delicacy, while his effects of color produced by few and simple pigments were both brilliant and true. As an example of his skill in depicting a beautiful woman we need but examine his head of Mrs. Blodget. This lovely unfinished picture, unfinished so far only as the accessories are concerned, hangs in the Academy of the Fine Arts, to which institution it was bequeathed by the late Henry C. Carey. It is scarcely a painting, but rather the mirrored image of a very beautiful aristocratic woman, with light brown hair, full-orbed grey eyes, and complexion of the rarest carnation and pearl. Equally fine, as an example of a male portrait, is the three-quarter length of General Knox, hanging in the Boston Museum of Arts. It is to a high degree individual and virile, with lovely contrasts and harmonies of color. Pale buff and deep blue of the Continental uniform pleasantly oppose each other. The warm yellows and reds of a full-toned complexion are fringed with the cool grey of powdered hair.

It was in the summer of 1796 that Stuart transferred his studio from the winter domicile at Fifth and Chestnut streets to the famous summer house,—now, alas, no longer existing,—which stood on the Wister place. This was situated on the Main street near Manheim. There it is believed that he painted the celebrated full length of Washington, known as the Lansdowne portrait. The original picture was sent to this country from England, and exhibited in the British section of the Gallery of the Fine Arts of the Centennial Exhibition. It is a noble and highly finished work of art, and identical with the full length of Washington in our Academy of the Fine Arts. The latter, I assume, is a replica of it, because the British picture, which I carefully and frequently examined when it was exhibited at the Centennial



First Building 1806-1845 North side of Chestnut St. between 10th and 11th Sts. From the original, courtesy of Penna. Academy of the Fine Arts, owners

Exhibition, was the richer and more thoroughly finished picture. Stuart had evidently expended his full force upon it.

More than thirty years ago it was my privilege to know, and to enjoy the friendship of, the late Miss Estelle Miercken, the last surviving member of an old and delightful Philadelphia family, of Dutch descent, as the name would imply. Miss Miercken had remarkable personal beauty, even in old age. She was of a singularly vivacious and kindly disposition, and of an old-time quaintness and courtliness of manner. She had inherited two beautiful portraits by Stuart, one of her father and the other of her mother. One of these,—that of her mother,—I was permitted, through her kindness, to copy. This work involved frequent visits to her house, and so afforded opportunity for many talks of past times,—in which, indeed, her mind mainly dwelt. She told me many interesting reminiscences of men and things long gone, as she sat quietly sewing in the winter sunshine of her sitting room window. Mrs. Miercken, her mother, was, as Stuart painted her, a beautiful and aristocratic-looking woman. Her hair was curled and powdered according to the fashion at the time. She was dressed in simple white—the portrait was painted in the summer season—the summer of 1796—and she wore about her throat a large fluted white collar The portrait of Mr. Miercken, her husband, represented a large and strikingly handsome man, looking directly out from the canvas at the spectator. Miss Miercken told me that when her parents sat for these portraits to Stuart they drove out in their private carriage from their residence in Southwark,—then an aristocratic part of the city,—to the little summer-house studio on the Wister place. It stood a short distance back from the Main street. What a pity that it could not have been preserved as a monument of the brief presence in Germantown of our great American portrait painter, Gilbert Stuart!

Charles Wilson Peale, Stuart's contemporary, but not his artistic equal, the well-known portraitist of Revolutionary days, also resided, and plied his brush for a brief period in Germantown. His place of residence and of professional endeavor was Belfield, the historic mansion of the Wister family. The room that Peale is supposed to have used as a studio is in the front of the house, to the left when one enters it. It has a high ceiling and large windows, and is well adapted to the use to which it is said to have been assigned. Peale was a native of the western shore of Maryland. He began life as a saddler. While not a great artist he was of fair abilities, great industry and ingenuity, and of marked public spirit. He served for a time as a soldier, fighting under Washington, during the War of the Revolution, in the campaign in the Jerseys. In later and more peaceful days he formed a museum of natural history, and delivered lectures on subjects related to that important branch of scientific inquiry. We are especially indebted to Peale for efforts which were at first abortive but finally successful, and which resulted in the foundation of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. For that achievement alone Charles Wilson Peale is worthy of our lasting gratitude, and we can forgive him the bitter irony of naming two of his sons respectively Rembrandt and Rubens, without transferring to them

HERBERT WELSH *was one of the pioneers in upholding the rights of the American Indian. On a visit to the Sioux country in 1882, at the invitation of Bishop Hare, he, with a companion, Henry E. Pancoast, learned of threatening injustices which would add to the already black record. The result of their report was the beginning of the Indian Rights Association, which held its seventy-third annual meeting on February 2nd this year.*

Herbert Welsh served for some time as its corresponding secretary and later became its president. He was its Honorary President in 1941, when he died at the age of ninety. Another injustice he fought was "boss rule" in Philadelphia.

His interest in art led him to be elected President of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which position he held for three years. His hobby was taking long walks, and his unbounded energy led him, each year, to walk the whole distance from his house on Baynton street, Germantown, to his Summer home in New Hampshire, even when of advanced age.

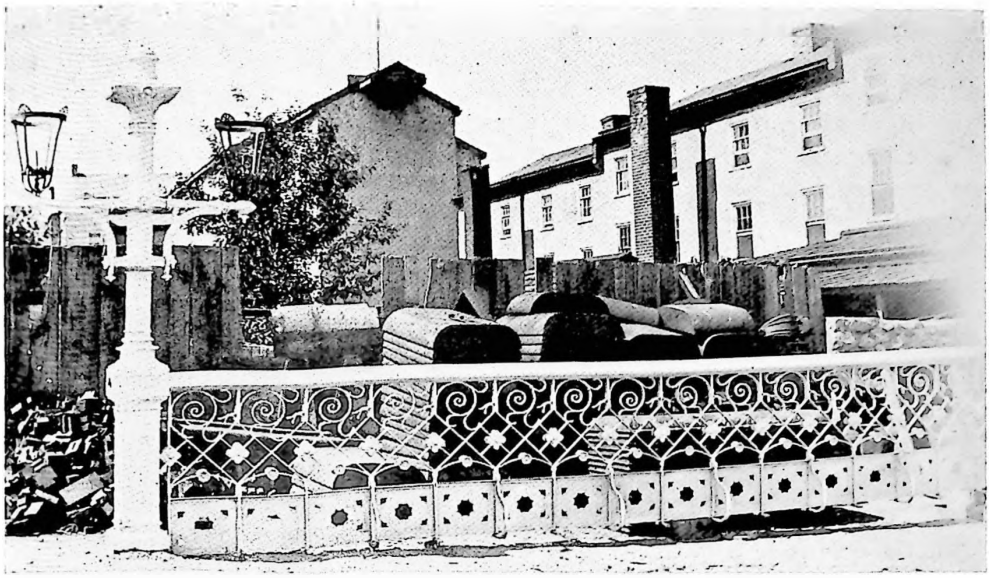
at the same time a vestige of the genius of those immortals in the realms of pictorial art!

"But times change and men change with them!" The school of art to which Stuart and Peale belonged, and of which Stuart was the most eminent example on this side of the Atlantic,—the school of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney and the great Scotchman, Sir Henry Raeburn, arose, grew into rich and glorious life, and then declined.

It was governed by traditions and conventions that, in the hands of great men, supplied dignity of pose, harmony of line, and fine effects of light and shade. The principles from which such results flowed had, in large measure, been evolved by the great Italian masters of the renaissance—notably Titian, Veronese, the Titans of the Venetian school. Their principles were artistic heirlooms descended from a remote past, that were accepted and used in subsequent generations even by the most gifted men who applied them to their particular and local uses. They were suited to an aristocratic and privileged society. Then came momentous changes, political and social, on the continent of Europe, which were ushered in by the sanguinary cataclysm of the French Revolution. It marked the breaking up of the feudal system, and the birth of modern democracy. The success of the American Colonists in their struggle with Great Britain, for complete political freedom and autonomy encouraged men abroad to believe in the feasibility of popular rule, as opposed to traditional arbitrary authority. Art instantly felt the breath of new life that had touched humanity, and she began to question tradition in the realm of aesthetics. The same general causes were at work in more separate secluded England, as well as in the broader continental field. With the change came the birth of the modern landscape school. It is unphilosophical and unjust to accord to any one man the unique honor of being its creator or initiator, whether it be Constable, or Turner, or John Sell Cotman in England, or Corot, or Rousseau, or Daubigny in France. But undoubtedly the exhibition of Constable's pictures in France, about the year 1830, charged as they were with an entirely novel and very splendid realism, revolutionized landscape painting in that country, and had an immense reverberating effect on it in Great Britain. But is not this the deeper and simpler truth? With the change in the prevailing philosophical views that came about in men's minds, most notably through the teachings of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the bonds of ancient traditional ideas broke, and men began to look at all things with new eyes. Having new eyes they suddenly saw a new world, and among other things that came within the range of surprised and delighted vision, was the fair field of external nature. They no longer looked upon stiff, formal and feelingless effigies of clouds and skies, vales and streams, that the old painters of the conventional period had, for the most part, been content to depict, but they saw nature more nearly as she was,—instinct with light, life, color and movement. It was a far fresher and more personal vision, that seemed in some inexplicable way to give us the impression of a beautiful and interesting world from the outside, but also,—and this was perhaps the most interesting and valuable part of it,—a new personal and individual note from within the artist himself. Out of this discovery was born the modern landscape school. And we may be assured thus it has by no means said its last word. To this school William T. Richards, for many years our fellow townsman and our dear and respected friend, belonged. He was an able, conscientious and highly accomplished artist. He found first in pure landscape, and not until later in marine subjects, his artistic inspiration. And—that which is a matter of especial interest to residents and lovers of Germantown, it was the valley of the Wissahickon with its magnificent wooded hills, and slow-moving winding stream, that early incited to action his exact and faithful brush. William T. Richards was a marvelous master of detail, rendering all the exquisite intricacies of foliage, and cloud, and water, with extraordinary exactness. Every artist of distinction, while he must fall within the lines of a given time and school of art, discovers the secret of nature in his own way. This is especially true of William T. Richards. The writer, a few years ago and a short time before the artist's departure for a more beautiful world, had the privilege of an interview and delightful conversation with him, at the home of a mutual friend residing in Germantown. Mr. Richards, then an old man and in delicate health, told me of his long and patient early struggles to make brush and palette obedient to his determination to attain the power of genuine personal expression. He sat down to labor during an entire summer upon the mysteries in form and color of a single humble blackberrybush. But when the prolonged toil was over the blackberrybush had been translated into a new, higher, and more enduring form of life, with an added infusion of the Richards spirit. During his long residence in Germantown Mr. Richards, with his family, occupied at different time various houses; but that in which he lived longest, and with which he is more especially associated, is a building of grey stone, standing at the corner of Penn and Wakefield streets. Indeed it was the cutting through of Wakefield street,—with the consequent destruction of the beautiful lawn that used to stretch to the northwest of his house,—letting in a stream of undesirable population,—that finally determined Mr. Richards to abandon Germantown as a place of residence. In this house he had a studio on the ground floor.

My old and dear friend, James Reid Lambdin, whose house and studio were on Price street, a little east of what in those days was known as Hancock street, but which is now called Baynton street, was a well-known and highly respected citizen and artist of Germantown. He painted both portraits and land-

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Section of railing from Long Branch Pier 1883. Fancy, expensive wrought iron with a cast iron lamp post

Relics of Long Branch, N. J. Came to Schuylkill*

An Adventure in Scrap Iron

By George Winterhalter Schultz

SEVENTY FIVE years ago I travelled over a large territory as a "drummer", as salesmen used to be called. My business was that of buying scrap iron and selling pig iron in carload lots. We called it "chasing smokestacks" because when coming into a town we had never visited before, we would look along the railroad for chimneys of mills or foundries where iron was bought or produced.

Purchase of an Antique Locomotive

One day near Gloversville and Montecello, New York, where gloves were the special product, I saw an old locomotive and purchased it from the little railroad company which served those towns. I expected to get the engine attached to a freight train and taken down to my scrap iron yard at Norristown, Pennsylvania, but I discovered that it was broad gauge, so I had to hire laborers to take the wheels and other pieces off and load the boiler on a track of standard gauge. It was very expensive. Later however I sold the boiler at a good price.

I boarded a sleeping car on a train to New York, and on arrival went to the Astor House for a shave and breakfast, then decided to ride down to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, which sometimes had piles of scrap metal for sale. That was not the case this time, so I changed to take a street car and ride over the Brooklyn Bridge to New York.

Discovers That He Had Only Three Cents

Taking out my wallet, I was surprised to find it empty. When travelling, I always kept in it a ten dollar note in the case of emergency, hiding it in a secret compartment. I recalled that when I left my berth in the sleeper to wait my turn at the wash basins, I found it made up on my return. My clothes had been laid on the seat with my wallet on top. No doubt this had offered a temptation to some dishonest person to take the money.

Frantically searching my pockets, all that I found was three pennys. The street car fare to Brooklyn Bridge was five cents and I was confronted with walking several miles. Remembering that there was a ferry which charged only three cents, I hurried down a hill and rode over to the battery, New York City. Walking up to Broadway I wondered what I should do. It was Saturday and I was without money to telegraph to relatives in the Philadelphia suburbs. In desperation it occurred to me that there was a hotel and bar owned by a man named Coleman whose reputation was that of a "good sport" and to whom gamblers, on elections, horse races, and other ventures of chance entrusted the stakes.

*Before long, Long Branch boomed and rivalled Saratoga as a resort particularly after the old Monmouth Park race track opened and gambling halls began to flourish. Through the 1880s and 1890s regular visitors included such famous names as Diamond Jim Brady, Lillian Russell, Lily Langtry, Jim Fiske, Phil and Henry Daly, the Goulds, Vanderbilts, Drexels, Astors and Guggenheims. Famous hostelries over the years have included the Elberon (where Presidents Hayes and Benjamin Harrison stopped), the Brighton, the Continental (which boasted 600 rooms and a piazza a half-mile long) and Price's (founded 1854) whose local reputation for fine food was spread with enthusiasm by President Grant who dined there frequently. Grant and President Garfield both had summer homes in Long Branch; in fact, Garfield died there after he was shot in 1881. President Wilson stayed at Shadow Lawn in West Long Branch. Another point of interest in Long Branch is St. James Episcopal Church, known familiarly as the Church of the Presidents because the above-mentioned Chief Executives often worshiped there during vacation visits. The church dates back to 1879.—
Courtesy of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

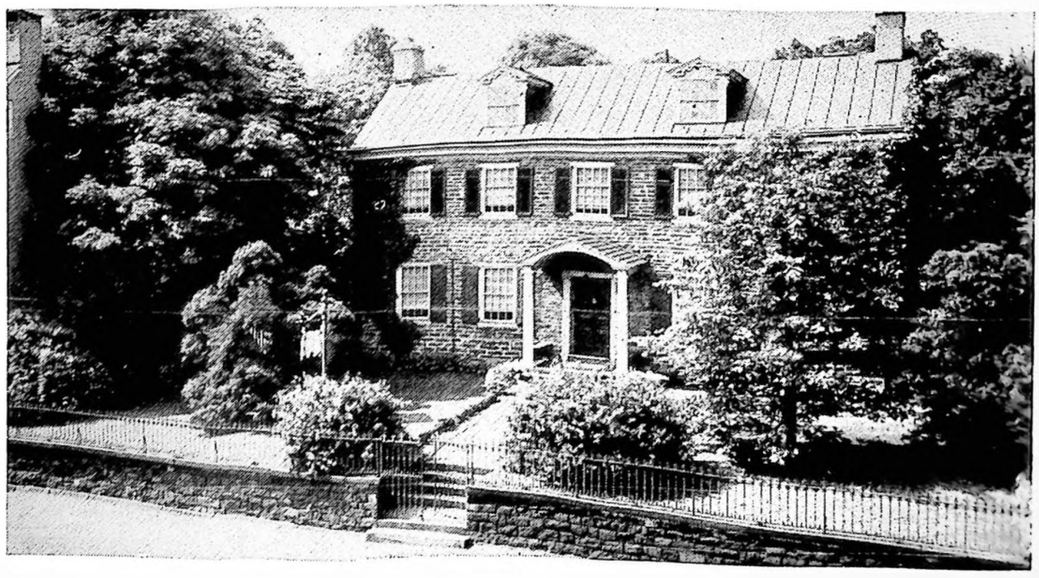
Interview with Mr. Coleman

It was past eleven o'clock that morning when, after a three mile walk, I entered the hotel and asked the bar-keeper to give my card to Mr. Coleman and to say I wished to see him on private business. The man said that Mr. Coleman always slept late because he had to stay up so late at night. However he obligingly went to a rear door, knocked and entered. Returning he said his boss would receive me. Mr. Coleman was sitting at his desk looking over papers. When I told him my name and said that I was stone broke and wished to borrow ten dollars to get to Philadelphia, he was furious. He burst forth: "You have a gall to come here a stranger, to make a quick touch, I intend to fire that bar-keeper." I pulled out my old silver pocket watch and passed it over to him. "That's no use to me," he said. I nudged it back and he relaxed. Picking up my card he asked what it meant that I "Dismantled Plants"? I told him I had a scrap yard with small building on it and a power gear which would cut bar and plate iron like butter, so after tearing down old works, bridges, etc., we prepared the material for re-use by rolling mills &c.

The Long Branch Pier

Mr. Coleman then said: "Well, I will loan you the $10 provided you stop off at Long Branch and inform me whether you would undertake to remove the pier? Reaching for a time table, he said if you take the street car down to the wharf, you can make the next train leaving from Jersey City on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Coleman told me there had been a three day September storm which had pounded the coast and washed away the entrance of his Pier and a large piece of his lawn, leaving a precipice 30 feet high. Also that other property owners lost a lot of beautiful grassy lawn and contractors were there building up bulkheads by contract labor. After looking the scene over, I took a train back to Philadelphia. On Monday I wrote Coleman that I would pay him One Dollar for his pier and enclosed him my check for the $10 loan. He wired back: "I accept. Get busy at once." So I went with my foreman, Andrew Furlong of Norristown, to Long Branch and after we sized the situation up, we were lucky to rent a small steam hoisting engine. I then left and got the crew from the iron yard to go up and work with Furlong. They first got some beams and boards and built up a bridge from the shore to the Pier entrance, and then stripped the far end building which had been the band room with seats for guests. Then they began to remove sections of the fancy wrought iron railing with its two side brass lanterns. There was about 300 feet of it on each side of Pier. Also we got planks of floor 2 in thick x 30 ft long. A few days later, I got a telegram from Furlong: "Another big storm raging. What shall I do?" I wired him to pull the hoisting engine ashore, load up all lumber and iron railing and ship to Norristown. There was two carloads of it and we sold the planks easily and later disposed of the railing to estates nearby for their large lawns.

I learned that all the rest of the Pier was washed away far down the New Jersey Coast. In retrospect, I believe Coleman would have been willing to pay $2000 for that job, but I was then an amateur business man and although I made little profit, there was at least no loss.



Germantown Historical Society Museum was occupied by David Hayfield Conynham at the time of the Revolution. It marks the lower end of the British Army encampment at Germantown

Buffalo Bill's Mother was a Germantown Girl

[From the Magazine section of the *Public Ledger*—
Philadelphia Sunday Morning—February 2nd, 1923.]

A NATIVE Philadelphian and the rip-roaring Wild West are a part of the unbreakable bond in that international character "Buffalo Bill."

Cody, Wyoming, erects Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's statue of Colonel William F. Cody. It will be not only the west which thrills with possessive pride, but the same pride of possession may legitimately be felt by Philadelphia likewise. Buffalo Bill's mother was a Germantown girl.

Buffalo Bill's first years of married life were spent in West Chester, Pa. It was Buffalo Bill's uncle in West Chester who inspired in the youth a deep and understanding love of horses. Therefore the monument, which is going to arise splendidly against the clear sky of Cody, Wyo., is going to be Philadelphia's monument too.

There are two reasons why scores of people flock to the Wildenstein Galleries on Fifth Avenue, New York, these days and stand before Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's model of her Colonel Cody statue. One reason is that the dashing equestrian figure of the young scout is considered the best bit of sculpture Mrs. Whitney has ever done. And the other is this Buffalo Bill himself: Buffalo Bill who even half a dozen years after his death has become a legend, the idol and spirit—as he was in life—one of the most picturesque phases in daring which the world has ever seen: the most romantic phase of American History, it may be added, and a phase which the nation and the world will never see again.

* * * * *

The sculptress had all the assistance possible from the surviving relatives of Buffalo Bill. They loaned her the Colonel's saddle, gun, and wide brimmed hat. Even the clothes worn by the model were those worn by Buffalo Bill in his scouting days. The old hat had been so much used and seen such service in sun and storm that Mrs. Whitney was dubious about handling it too much. A firm of hat manufacturers accordingly made a duplicate.

Cody, Wyo., the spot where the monument will be placed, is on the trail to the eastern entrance to Yellowstone Park. This is the country which Buffalo Bill explored, loved, and in no small measure made. He was the first to suggest irrigation for Wyoming. and the irrigation projects were the making of much of that remarkable state.

* * * * *

Buffalo Bill's mother was a Philadelphian, and she was, moreover. a Quaker. His father was a Bostonian. The mere fact that William himself was born in Iowa does not make him a Westerner. Many Westerners contend that Iowa is practically in the East, and no Westerner would admit for a minute that a child born of Philadelphia Quaker and Bostonian merchant parents was anything but an Easterner to the backbone.

"As a matter of fact, Buffalo Bill was merely echoing the sentiments of both his parents when he said, as he often did, that he looked on Philadelphia as 'home'," said Mrs. Mary Jester Allen, his niece.

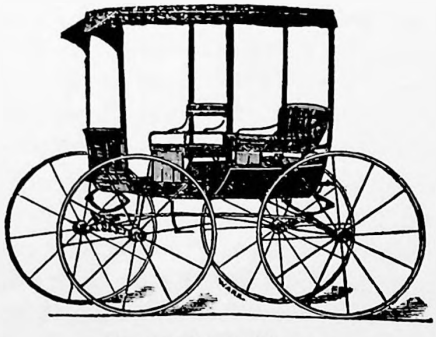
The Quaker maid who became the mother of the most dashing of Wild Westerners was Mary Laycock, of Germantown. She married Isaac Cody, of Boston. And though her great wealth enabled her to have a comfortable home in Philadelphia she fearlessly cast her lot with the pioneers when Isaac Cody decided to move out West.

Iowa and Missouri were not, to be sure, so wild as in the days when Plymouth was being founded. But they were sufficiently wild to overawe a young woman reared in civilized Germantown, had not the young woman possessed the intrepid spirit which was later so conspicuous an attribute of her son.

After being in Iowa long enough to discern the future in store for the West, Isaac Cody returned to Philadelphia on a mission now almost forgotten. He came back to induce Philadelphians to go out to colonize Missouri and Kansas. In this attempt he proved successful—still another bond between the Quaker City and the wild and wooly.

The colonizing adventure led, tragically enough, to Isaac Cody earning the title of the "first man killed in the Civil War." While the country was on the verge of war, Kansas hesitated over the question of whether to be a slave or a free State. Knowing that Isaac Cody possessed what was, for those days, unusual wealth, a committee of men in Leavenworth, Kansas, asked him to speak on the slavery question at a public meeting. They took it for granted that he was in favor of slavery. But they did not reckon on

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Germantown Wagon

The Shakespeare Club of Germantown

By Florence E. Taylor

ON OCTOBER tenth, 1955, a Germantown activity stepped unobtrusively across the dividing line between life and history. This was the Germantown Shakespeare Club that for forty-five years had devoted two afternoons a month, from October to May, to the study of the writings, life and the era of William Shakespeare.

The club was a small group of women, never numbering more than twenty-five at any one time, but in the course of its existence fifty-four people partook of its opportunities and added to its aims and accomplishments.

It began in the autumn of 1910 when Mrs. John C. Lindsay asked six of her friends to come to her house and discuss the possibility of forming a Shakespeare study group. The idea was enthusiastically received, a play chosen for study, and the second and fourth Monday of each month designated for stated meetings. This schedule has been carried forward throughout the life of the club, with a few exceptions; the May meeting was dropped and the Shakespeare birthday party, at the end of April, closed the season.

After a reasonable time spent on reading the plays, acquiring the Shakespearian idioms, the writing of papers began. Originally they were of an analytical type searching the motives and development of the characters in the current play. The historical plays brought forth papers on the historic backgrounds emphasizing the parts where dramatic treatment followed or deviated from history.

When the "Merchant of Venice" was being read, the Program Committee thought it would be interesting to know the status of Jews in England in the sixteenth century. The subject was assigned and accepted as usual, then it was found that the topic was entirely negative, there were no Jews in England at that period. The resultant paper sought the cause and a study of sixteenth century inter-racial tentions was the result.

This kind of work was only part of the club's output but there was a lighter side. After a few years of the club's existence five new members brought with them a flare for dramatics, one as a play-wright and the other as "producer", that developed a new trend in our programs. From our early days the families of members had been entertained at the close of the season by an evening of "Scenes from the Plays" memorized and presented by club personnel.

Now an entire play was being attempted, "Twelfth Night" and the rehearsals for an out-of-doors performance began. It never came to full presentation owing to serious illness in the club circle though the attempt was made twice. Scenes from it were given at Westside Presbyterian Church.

One play-wright suggested that sequels be written to any Shakespearian play by any member. Only three had the courage and imagination equal to the task, but two of the resultant plays came to production.

The instigator of the idea of writing was also a clever puppeteer. She and her family made and clothed the puppets, as well as the stage and scenery for "Romance of Reality," a sequel to "As You Like It." The costumes and furniture were authentic reproductions of the Elizabethian era copied from sixteenth century prints. They were masterpieces. The performance would have delighted Shakespeare. I feel sure, though he might have preferred his own words. In that case he certainly would have found satisfaction in a later production of "The Tempest," where the same puppets assumed other roles with Ariel added.

The second sequel was "Drop the Handkerchief" by our play-wright, a delightful parody of "Othelo." This was rehearsed and "put on" by our producer, club members taking all the roles.

"Sauce for the Gosling" was another parody from our play-wright's pen, utilizing the "Casket Scene" from the "Merchant of Venice" as the central theme. It was disrespect of the younger generation for tradition and was very "slangy."

One other play was staged: "The Way to Fortune" by Edward Wyrall, an incident in the early life of Shakespeare. Like the others, it was a "World Premier" and we were in danger of being a bit "puffed up" when invited to New York by the Shakespeare Association of America to produce it at their annual dinner meeting. Modesty and monetary consideration prevented us from competing with Broadway and we declined the invitation. The really outstanding feature of that effort was the making of our costumes with slashed trunks and sleeves.

Music was not neglected in our study of Shakespeare and several beautiful musicales of songs from the dramas delighted both members and their guests. Also one member provided a number of Christmas parties, when recordings of Shakespearean plays or music by noted artists were enjoyed. When noted

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Florence Taylor, *daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. Fred Taylor, has for many years, held a unique place in the cultural and religious life of Germantown, enriching by her judgment and understanding spirit, her many contacts with Quaker activities. Besides her study of Shakespeare, she is interested in composing music for the piano, in which she has enjoyed some success.*

actors or actresses came to Philadelphia in Shakeperean roles we attended a matinee together.

These diversions are culled from many years but the solid work of the club was faithfully maintained. We were not entirely ingrowing in our interests. In 1928 a prize was offered to the English Club of the Germantown High School for the best memorized interpretative presentation of a scene from Shakespeare. The affair was received with enthusiasm by both students and faculty and from a small beginning grew quite an elaborate contest under the inspiring guidance of Miss Prinz. Contestants were the members of the current graduating class and the contest was held twice in the school year. Judges were drawn from the teachers and one member of our club aided in the judging, a point system was used. The contests continued until 1947 after Miss Prinz had retired. She had given freely of herself to the project.

The quality of the work involved in preparing the programs was of a high order and some of the boys and girls showed marked histronic ability. It is hoped that the contact thus started has lived on in some of their lives.

The hand of time has pressed heavily on the little band of devotees of Avon's Bard. Some have moved away from Germantown, many have been called to the life beyond earthly vision and the time has come when we must write "Finis" to our club activities. Through the years we created something more than the record set forth: a "Field of the Cloth of Gold" scintellating with trust, friendship and love that are abiding.

CHESTNUT HILL: Some Random Recollections

By Frank S. Stone

(Conclusion of Article in December, 1955 Issue)

In the early 90's there was a little tennis club on the Biddle estate. It did not last for very long. The pretty little club house is now fast going into ruin.

In 1894 or thereabouts, people first began to hear of golf and to begin to play it in this vicinity. Those who had large enough places laid out little courses of their own. Among the first to play were the Sims at Laverock.

Cricket, now unfortunately so forsaken, was very popular and drew large crowds to the International matches where the local contingents were augmented by crowds of English from Kensington to applaud the fine playing of Patterson, King and others.

Among the memories of the past that of the Horse Show annually held at St. Martins is a very vivid one. It is easy to feel again the blaze of the hot sun of late May, to smell the tan bark, to hear the jinleg of the harness and the muffled thud of high-stepping hooves, as the light vehicles speed round and round the circle.

One sees the unfortunates "given the gate" and the lucky lined up to receive the coveted ribbons. There are saddle horses and "jumpers" and one sees the ever smiling "Fatty Bates" and Reggie Vanderbilt.

Back of the railing the coaches that have driven out from town are lined up and the people on top are eating their lunches. A late four-in-hand drives in and the mellow coach horn is sounded as the huge vehicle moves to its place. On one afternoon of the Horse Show Week, the cadets of the Chester Military Academy entertained with hair raising equestrian stunts.

In 1899 a contingent of regular U. S. Cavalry and light artillery camped on the grounds and went through their drills before an audience yet thrilling from the Spanish War.

The horse and carriage has so completely passed from our streets that one almost forgets the many kinds of vehicles with which one used to be so familiar.

There were among others the buggy so much used by doctors, the surrey with its fringe along the top, the big "station wagon" which one entered from the back, the buck board, the coupe', the exercise cart and many others.

The more formal carriages had brightly enameled panels in the sides in the curves of which one saw

oneself reflected in a comic distorted way like the trick mirrors in amusement parks.

Runaway horses often dashed into private places where Gravers Lane terminates in the east as they tried to continue their wild career in a straight line after leaving the street. The apparition of a galloping, fear-crazed horse with a white faced driver struggling to regain control from a rocking swaying vehicle was not an uncommon one.

The old high wheel bicycle began to be succeeded by the safety, at first with cushion tires, in 1890.

Then followed the great bicycle craze which ebbed in the early years of the present century. While the craze lasted, everyone who had no other accommodation, built a little "bicycle house" as they would build a private garage at the present time. Bicycle racks were necessary, too, beside front doors, at shops, etc.

One of the first "horseless carriages" seen about Chestnut Hill was the "Auto-Tri" so called because it had three wheels, constructed by Carl Kelsey.

The first cars were noisy, flimsy little affairs a sort of blend of motor cycle and buggy.

Upon meeting a horse, the thoughtful motorist drove up and stopped by the side of the road to allow the wild-eyed rearing beast to pass and thus to try and avoid a probably runaway.

It was quite an achievement to run your car all the way out from town without a complete break down. By the latter part of 1899 cars were sufficiently common not to attract a crowd or at any rate, not a very large crowd.

The 4th of July has been for a good many years now just a universally observed summer holiday; it has been shorn, fortunately, or not, of its old distinctive features.

In the old days, it began very early indeed with the crash and racket and roar of a far flung battle, as it continued all day and far into the night. As the day wore on the air became acrid with the smell of gun powder. Gun shy dogs had taken refuge under beds. In the afternoon, there was a balloon ascension from Fairmount Park; one hoped that the balloon would drift our way as it sometimes did. It was such a fantastic, incredible sight, the dark hued globe with the dangling basket with the daring aeronauts within moving majestically along the vast reaches of the sky so alien (then) to man and his activities.

When the night came, the sky glittered with fire works and many big paper fire balloons drifted by. There was always a chance that one of these might come to rest on the roof with probable exciting consequences. Altogether a day like no other of the 365.

The old inhabitant recalls the blizzard of '88 and trusts that it may long remain unequaled; there was the old Easter blizzard of 1915. In 1902, there was a remarkable ice storm; all one Washington's birthday night, the rain fell, freezing, accumulating in immensely thick and enormously heavy masses, until the trees were

"A forest where the clash
of iron branches sound",

and by morning, great branches were broken off by the weight of ice, spreading a devastation whose traces were visible almost to the present day. Morning, indeed, presented a strange sight—streets almost impassible, the whole effect that of the debris of a tropical hurricane overtaken by an ice age.

A similar, but alas! an irreparable destruction was wrought among the chestnut trees, that gave Chestnut Hill its name, by the chestnut blight. This has made chestnutting a forgotten autumnal pastime.

The Charlestown earthquake of August 31, 1886, was felt in Chestnut Hill. There was a very perceptible rumbling and shaking and small objects were jarred to the floor.

It seems as though in the old days winters were colder and summers were hotter. Flies were certainly far more numerous. It is no longer necessary to have on the dinner table a revolving clock work contraption with baize wings to disperse the small uninvited guests. The old time adjustable fly screens displayed beautiful landscapes painted in white; it would be interesting to find such screens now, forgotten, in the attic of some hardware store. Fly screens were put up about the time of year the pretty tin caps were put in the holes in the wall left when the stove pipes were taken down for the summer. These tin plates bore small lithographs of water wheels or what not, perhaps they are still made.

Mosquitoes are less numerous, or find it harder to get in the house and the stuffy mosquito net no longer hangs over every bed.

It would seem that the clearing out of woodsy places, the building of many more houses and a denser population has caused a decline in the variety at any rate of the native birds. Blue birds, humming birds, even crows are not so often seen to mention only a few kinds, but the robin with us yet in number as great as of old and

"I think the first sound
I shall hear in the eternal morn
Will be robins singing
As I hear them now
At early dawn
In Spring."

DOCTORS WHO DARED

(Continued from page 11)

Dr. James began his medical training under the old apprentice system as an apprentice to the eminent Dr. Adam Kuhn, a favorite pupil of the celebrated Swede Linnaeus. Learned and wise in medicine and botany, he became the first professor of botany in America when appointed to the University of Pennsylvania in 1768. He was born in Germantown and came there to live in the epidemic of 1793. He was the bitter opponent of Dr. Rush in the fierce controversy which raged over the best methods of treating the disease.

At twenty-one Chalkley James graduated from the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, the first medical school in America founded in 1765 by Dr. John Morgan, most brilliant physician and medical director of the Revolutionary Army. A year after graduation, in order to gain practical experience as a surgeon and funds for further study, Dr. James shipped on an East India Vessel for Cape of Good Hope and China. Later he studied medicine in Edinburgh and London, visiting in England and Ireland. He returned to Philadelphia in 1793 and soon built a large practice and became active in many community benevolent organizations. He was a founder and vice-president of the Penna. Historical Society, president of the Society for the Suppression of Lotteries, member of the Philosophical Society and numerous others of the time. He gave much time to science and research, and wrote extensively on scientific and literary subjects. His article on the discovery of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania contributed greatly to its introduction as a fuel. He began its use himself as early as 1804. He was an early disciple of Jenner in this country and an able defender of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox. At the beginning of the new century he was physician to the Welsh Society, founded 1727, and devotedly attended the sick and dying emigrants from Wales who were victims of the yellow fever epidemic at that period, in the City Hospital at the old Wigwam resort. Cited for his splendid service the Society in deep appreciation presented him with a fine silver service. His benevolent and valiant work in the years of the dreadful epidemics is beyond all praise.

Equally meriting unstinted praise were the two associates of Dr. James, the young doctors Physick and Wistar. They gave outstanding service and worked bravely in all the epidemics of this period. Called "The Father of American Surgery", Dr. Philip Syng Physick was the most eminent surgeon in the early history of our nation. His grandfather Philip Syng, for whom he was named, was the celebrated silversmith friend of Franklin associated with him in his electrical experiments. Today, however, he is remembered only as the talented silversmith who made the antique silver inkstand, now on president John Hancock's desk in Independence Hall, which was used by the signers of the Declaration of Independence in signing and sanding their names to that immortal document.

Dr. Physick's mother was Abigail Syng and his father Edmund Physick was one of the agents for the Penn family. Like Thomas James Philip received his early schooling in the Friends School (now Penn Charter). As his parents lived out of town Philip boarded at the nearby home in Chestnut Street of one of his excellent teachers John Todd, Sr. His son, John Todd, Jr., a young lawyer married the gay young Quakeress Dolly Payne, who later when a widow, married President Madison and became the most famous mistress of the White House.

Dr. Physick attended the University and after graduating studied with Dr. Adam Kuhn. He spent several years abroad studying medicine and surgery in London and Edinburgh where he took his M.D. in 1792. Soon he returned to Philadelphia and it was not long before he was in the turmoil of the worst plague in the city's history. He was a resident physician in Bush Hill Hospital and gave noble aid to Stephen Girard in that crisis. He was Girard's personal physician. He did faithful work among yellow fever patients in the later epidemics, though he contracted the fever twice himself. Dr. Physick's fame as a surgeon was nation-wide and he operated successfully on many prominent persons, among whom was Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court John Marshall. He was the physician at his death in Philadelphia in 1835 some years later.

Dr. Caspar Wistar was a skillful physician and a learned professor in the University of Pennsylvania's medical school of which he was a graduate. Scion of the well-known Wistar family he was a grandson of Caspar Wistar who came to Philadelphia from Germany in 1717 and founded the first glass works in this country not far from Salem, New Jersey. Young Caspar attended Friends School and the University. He helped to care for the wounded in the Battle of Germantown when sixteen years old which experience led him to study medicine. He became a private pupil of the capable and respected Dr. John Redman and attended medical lectures of doctors Morgan, Rush, Shippen and Kuhn at the new medical school of the University of Pennsylvania. He began practice under the aegis of Dr. John Jones, distinguished surgeon of the Revolutionary Army, who had cared for Washington and attended Franklin in his last illness. Dr. Jones was a grandson of Penn's physician Dr. Thomas Wynne who came over with him on the Welcome.

Dr. Wistar completed his medical studies abroad in London and Edinburgh then returned to Philadelphia, and soon thereafter started his long career as a brilliant professor in the University. He served courageously in the yellow fever epidemics and founded a society to promote vaccination. He was a member of Franklin's Junto and succeeded his

friend Thomas Jefferson as president of the American Philosophical Society. He kept open house for its members and visiting societies every Sunday night at his fine mansion on Fourth Street at Locust Street which originally was the home of Dr. Wm. Shippen and his daughter Nancy. Here was instituted the famed "Wistar Parties" which were continued long after his death. Here came from England the noted botanist and ornithologist Thomas Nuttall who became a fast friend. Nuttall spent some years in Philadelphia, was then appointed the curator of Harvard Botanical Gardens but after a number of years travelled through California and Hawaii and finally returned to England. On the death of Dr. Wistar he memoralized his friend by naming in his honor the beautiful fragrant flowering vine known to all flower lovers as "Wistaria." The Wistar Institute of Anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania is a memorial medical museum to Dr. Isaac J. Wistar, its founder and Dr. Caspar Wistar, long time notable professor there.

Two other forgotten young doctors who served courageously in this grim episode deserve recognition and praise. Dr. Isaac Cathrall, fellow student and associate of the three above, was distinguished for valiant work in the later epidemics. He gave remarkable attention to the victims of the disease and made careful investigations. Like Dr. James he wrote and issued treatises on it. He suffered severely from the fever but remained bravely at his post. Dr. Edward Stevens, a young doctor from the West Indies, was temporarily residing in the city. He was a boyhood friend of Alexander Hamilton, Treasurer of the United States, who was raised there. When Hamilton was stricken with the fever Dr. Stevens showed remarkable moral courage in treating him and saving his life by methods contrary to the generally accepted opinion of the bloodletting and purging method of Dr. Rush.

Recurring epidemics of this dreadful disease continued to plague the city for many years after this episode. Final victory over this great enemy of mankind, by a much later group of "doctors who dared," under the leadership of Dr. Walter Reed, was gained when it was established that mosquitoes were the carriers of the infection. Today all mankind enjoys the fruits of the devotion of the men who risked their lives to rid the world of one of its most dreaded diseases.

Buffalo Bill's Mother was a Germantown Girl

(*Continued from page 19*)

his being a Boston Yankee married to a Philadelphia Quaker. "I am proud to say that when Isaac Cody got up to speak he delivered a rousing oration against slavery," said Mrs. Allen, "he showed the injustice of the system. he cried out against its evils. and urged the people of Leavenworth to swing their State into the non-slavery list." "His unexpected views provoked a passionate outburst from the slave owners. Somebody climbed upon the platform and stabbed him. He was stabbed seven times—one can hardly realize now how desperate those days were, just before the beginning of the Civil War. "This frightful scene was what first brought my Uncle William up against the seamy side of life. As a little boy, only eleven years old, he stood in the crowd listening to his father when before his very eyes he saw him murdered. "You can well imagine that he did not run and hide. Frantically he beat his way through the mob to his father's side. Somehow—it must have been almost a miracle—he got his father off the platform. He even assisted him to a cornfield and hid him there till, a little later, Isaac Cody died—the first man killed in the Civil War."

* * * * * *

William Frederick Cody (1846-1917) American scout and showman known under the name of "Buffalo Bill" was born in Scott Co., Iowa.

He was a rider of the "Pony Express, a mail service established in the spring of 1860 by the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Co. to carry the mail overland from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, Calif., a distance of 1,950 miles, by means of relays of ponies, each pony expected to cover about 75 miles daily.

When the "Pony Express" was discontinued in 1861 upon the completion of the Pacific Telegraph Company's line, young Cody became a scout and guide for the U. S. Army. In 1865 he enlisted in the 7th Regiment of Kansas Cavalry, in which he served until the close of the Civil War.

In 1867 he made a contract with the Kansas Pacific Railway to furnish its employees with buffalo meat while the line was being extended through the wilderness, whence the name Buffalo Bill.

In 1868–72 he was again an army scout and guide, serving against the Sioux and Cheyennes and in 1872 was a member of the Nebraska house of representatives. During the Sioux-Cheyenne war of 1876 he served in the 5th U. S. Cavalry and at the battle of Indian Creek killed the Cheyenne chief, Yellow Head, in single combat. In 1883 he organized his "Wild West Show" a spectacular performance on a large scale, his first European tour taking place in 1887.

In the Nebraska National Guard he again served against the Sioux in 1890–91. He died in Denver, Colo., on Jan. 10th, 1917, and was buried in a tomb blasted from solid rock on Lookout Mountain 20 miles from Denver, Colo.—*Encyclopedia Brittanica.*

Artists of Germantown

(*Continued on page 14*)

scapes. He was, as I recollect him, of rather large and portly frame and medium height, whose high forehead and full flowing beard gave him a venerable and distinguished appearance. With this his character was in harmony, for he was a man of deep and unaffected piety and marked benevolence. George C. Lambdin, his son, who lived in his father's house, was also a painter of portraits to a limited extent, but mainly of flowers, and especially roses. These he depicted very beautifully and faithfully, both in water colors and in oils. There was a conservatory on his father's grounds, in which quantities of these beautiful roses, which he loved so well, were raised by an English gardener, as subjects for George Lambdin's brush.

W. H. Wilcox is another excellent Germantown artist of the older generation. He is a man of character and ability whose personal acquaintance I have enjoyed for nearly a lifetime. Many years ago I obtained from him a small water color drawing of violets and Quakerladies, the fresh, green leaves of the blossoming spring, side-by-side with the brown fallen oak leaves of departed autumn and winter. It is a modest picture which fulfils its mission—sweet and true in sentiment, vigorous in handling, fresh and pleasing in color. The painting, like the painter, is sincere and true.

Another faithful votary of what Washington Allston characterises as "our most innocent art," formerly a resident of Germantown, is George B. Wood, who, with his large and attractive family occupied an old characteristically solid stone mansion on the Main streams in through the windows, leading the imagination past heaps of heterogeneous objects, whose hard outlines are softened and rendered more tenderly picturesque by films of floating cobwebs, and shrouds of long-settled dust. In later years George Wood almost wholly abandoned the brush and took up the photographer's camera, with which—doubtless he was much helped by his artistic training—he was very successful.

Colin Campbell Cooper is another name in the artistic calendar which our town may fairly claim,a nd with just pride. His home used to be in a mansion far up the Main street on the East side and in the Mount Airy district. Tall Corinthian columns made this house one apart and separate from the less imposing neighbors. Perhaps it was the heavenward trend of those white columns subtly affecting in infancy the imagination of Colin Cooper which led him in years when his art had reached a rich and notable maturity, and when an excellent technique was at his command, to spread upon his canvas the looming and portentous skyscrapers of New York. Certain it is that he has found in them a task congenial to his brush. In their refined and powerful portrayal we are convinced that objects which at first we were inclined to believe devoid of artistic quality,—the ugly offspring of colossal fortunes accumulated in a mercenary age, at one of the greatest centres of its ferment and activity, have, after all, a beautiful,—or at least an interest,—of their own. At any rate the persuasion of Mr. Cooper's brush has almost convinced us of this view. Such is the witchery of art!

The name of Prosper Senat—brilliant and successful water-colorist.—is an added honor to Germantown. His facile brush has charmingly brought home to us Capri,—with its cliffs, orange gardens, and blue distant sea, the pale slim minarets and white far-reaching sands of Morocco, the plazas, palms, and Spanish churches of Mexico.

Germantown can claim, also, in recent years, Miss Violet Oakly, an artist of highest aims and great power whose rich imagination has, in a series of remarkable decorative paintings made the early settlement and religious history of our Commonwealth live again. An indication of the esteem in which Miss Oakly is held as an artist is given by the fact that she has been selected to complete at the State Capitol the decorative paintings left unfinished by the death of the lamented Abbey.

Two other well-known and highly esteemed names of women artists are associated with that of Violet Oakly as residents of Germantown,—Jessie Wilcox Smith and Elizabeth Shippen Green. Both of these are gifted and accomplished illustrators.

Two artist brothers of great distinction also belong to us,—Alexander and Birge Harrison. The former, first to win fame and the more widely known of the two, like William T. Richards, is especially known as a marine painter. His most notable canvases are of calm seas breaking on a coast over which hangs the rising or the setting moon; or whose monotonously breaking expanse of water is illumined with the opalescence of dawn, or is tender with the mystery of twilight. His brush of recent years seems to have forsaken the nude female figures—unduly green of hue and posed in open fields or thicket screens,—in which it earlier delighted. Alexander Harrison's rendering of the sea is broader and his color more tender and agreeable than that of Richards. Birge Harrison is purely a landscape painter. His treatment of nature shows a strong leaning toward her more tender and poetic moods;—the pathos and the purity of snow, twilight with its faint oppositions, its mystery and charm especially appeal to him. The brothers are akin in artistic sentiment and both rank very high in technical skill. Both Alexander and Birge as boys went to school in Germantown. After some business experience Alexander entered the service of the Coast Survey from which in a few years he resigned. He then began his art studies in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Birge Harrison studied there about the same time. Then a legacy from a relative gave both the boys an opportunity for study in Paris, where they worked together.

Ill health has obliged Birge to be a wide traveler, but Alexander has remained rather steadily in Paris, which is his home.

I conclude my article with a name that will at once be recognized as one of the most gifted and best known of modern artists, though his tool is the etcher's needle and the lithographer's pencil. He has expressed himself without entering at all the realms of color:—Joseph Pennell, artist, illustrator, and author. Mr. Pennell was not born in Germantown, but came here to live when he was eight years old. He was of Quaker origin, and his desire to become an artist was not at first encouraged by his family. But the determination, based upon a natural artistic ability of the highest order was too strong to be resisted. In the early days when Joseph Pennell was a boy in the employ of the Cope Brothers, Shippers, he made a number of small etchings of houses in Germantown; he also illustrated Townsend Ward's articles on the "Old Germantown Road," which were published in the Pennsylvania Magazine in 1888. It was only last summer that Mr. Pennell made a new series of lithographs of the same subject. What may be said in conclusion of Joseph Pennell's art, which has made him so great a reputation all over the world wherever the fine arts are known and esteemed, and has conferred on him medals and honors innumerable from foreign and American art academies, and from various exhibitions held in the leading cities of Europe? The subjects which have most interested Joseph Pennell, and on which the force of his fine talent has been expended, are the great monuments of architecture, seen in their appropriate setting of the crowded, winding, picturesque streets of European towns and cities. These he has rendered by a most sympathetic and subtle art, a fineness of line, a delicacy of light, a profundity of shadow that reproduces in us those indescribable sensations of intellectual pleasure that the scenes themselves awakened, under conditions of atmosphere and light that appeal most strongly to the artistic sense. But more than this which expressly marks the difference between fine art and bare nature—it is the infusion of imagination and feeling into the etchings and drawings of Pennell, that stirs us as the music of a noble violin under the bow of a gifted player. This is his personal perfectly developed gift. The soul of the artist is greater than the scenes out of which his creations are fashioned by so much as spirit is superior to matter. The admirable French genre painter of the eighteenth century, Chardin, said truly: "It is not with colors that an artist paints, but with feeling." Pennell, discarding color altogether, and limiting himself to black and white, gives us the city street, old or new, that is esteemed ordinarily picturesque or commonplace. Through it he lifts us and carries us away on the steady pinion of a trained imagination, out of dusky shadows, past the cathedral spire, or the monstrous rectangular office building of the modern American world, away beyond the floating clouds and into the airy realm of space, the land of dreams and joy.

And now, as I end this most imperfect record of those creators and translators of beauty whom we call "artists," who have found in Germantown a birthplace or a work shop, and so have conferred honor upon the town, may I offer a humble apology to any such whom, through ignorance or inadvertence I have failed to mention? And may I express the hope that the omission, being forgiven, may prove a blessing in disguise by prompting the selection of some worthier pen than mine to render the faulty chronicle complete?

HERBERT WELSH.



Nankin China at Morris House

Washington Practiced Religion

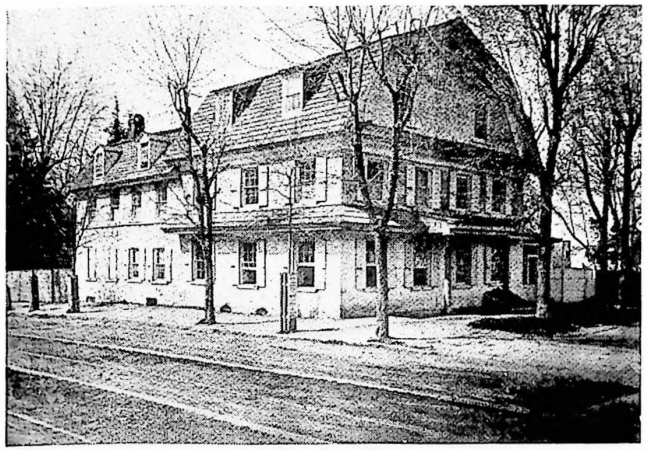
(*Continued from page 10*)

Surely Washington would not have ordered and promulgated so many religious fast and feast days unless he found their usage a spiritual help. In this respect he surveyed the limitations and territory of the soul as thoroughly as trangulated lines and terrain of many another frontier. This is indicative of a religious, pragmatic temperament. The wording and sentiments of dependence and gratitude to God in our first national proclamation for Thanksgiving Day was a superbly beautiful example of religious usage.

To his formal oath, when inaugurated to the Presidency, Washington adds: "So help me God!" As we all know that was not taken or repeated from the Constitution, but from his heart. For the people of his day knew him to be a man of honor and Christian practice.

At the end, just before his death, final conversations with Dr. Craig, a life-long friend and physician, and Colonel Lear, his secretary, tell of his confidence in a divine reward.

FRANCIS M. WETHERILL, S.T.D.



De La Plaine House on Market Square

THE DE LA PLAINE HOUSE

The name of De La Plaine or Delaplaine is found over and over again in the historical records of Germantown.

Jacob Delaplaine is listed in the minutes of the monthly meeting of the Society of Friends as one of the settlers who arrived in 1683–1690. In 1684 Jean De La Plaine arrived from Crefeld.

The name of James Delaplaine was included with that of Pastorius and others, as members of the Reformed church, 1690 though the church was not built until later.

When the Delaplaine house, which once stood at the northeast corner of Germantown avenue and School House Lane, was built, we do not know, but the sum of four English pounds, received from Paul Wolf, was paid by the community to James Delaplaine for a tract of land on the east side of Germantown avenue. This became Market Square, which name, it still retains today.

An incorporated government was established for the Germantown community in 1691. The charter was signed by William Penn, August 12th, 1688, and the Royal approval was given, May 3rd, 1691. The Charter constituted "*one body politique and corporate by the name of the Bailiff, Burgesses and Commonalty of German Towne, in the County of Philadelphia.*"

Herman Isaacs Optegraff is described as "towne president."

Under the charter were to be one bailiff, who was chief executive; four burgesses and six committeemen, who together, were to constitute the general court. Among those who held office during this period of independent government according to a list compiled by Dr. Seidinsticker, James Delaplaine served as Bailiff 1703–1706; Burgess 1700; Recorder 1698; Clerk with F. D. Pastorius, in 1698, and coroner in 1701–2.

Upon incorporation of the community, Pastorius devised an official seal. Germantown's earliest industries suggested the design. Pastorius' letter to his father dated October 16th, 1691 describes the seal "the above mentioned Council (of Germantown) now has a seal of its own, upon which is a trifolium having a grape vine on one leaf, a flax blossom on another and a weaver's spool on a third, with the inscription, 'Vinum, Linum et Textrinum.' This is to show that the people of the place live from grapes, flax and trade." Horses were branded with the town seal.

There was a pound at the east corner of Market Square in which stray animals were confined.

Reference:
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1688–1938 by Edward W. Hocker.

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