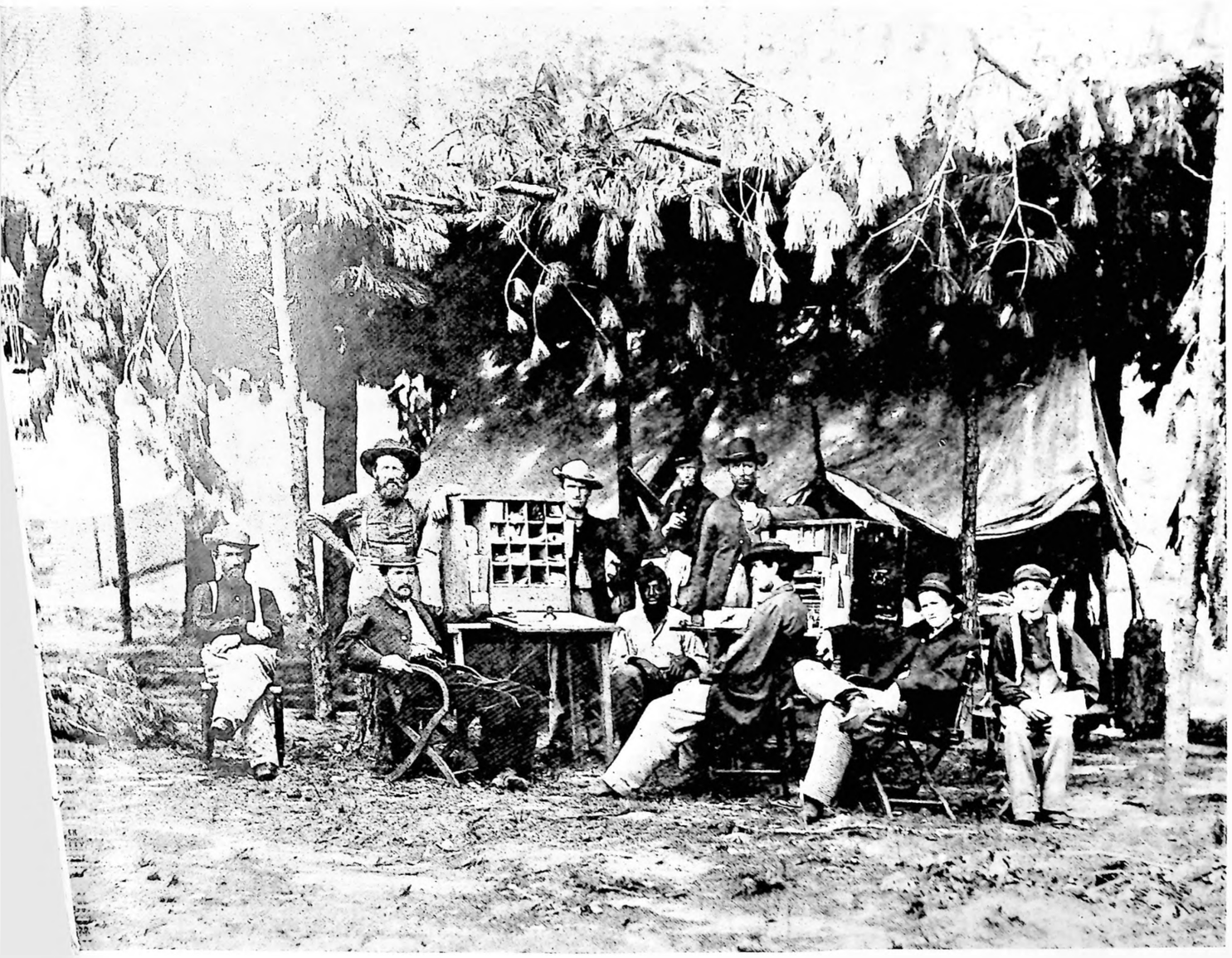
GERMANTOWNE CRIER



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Field Post Office — Union Army, Petersburg, Virginia,

August, 1864

(See story, page 19)

VOLUME 23, NUMBER 1 FIFTY CENTS WINTER, 1971



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GERMANTOWNE CRIER



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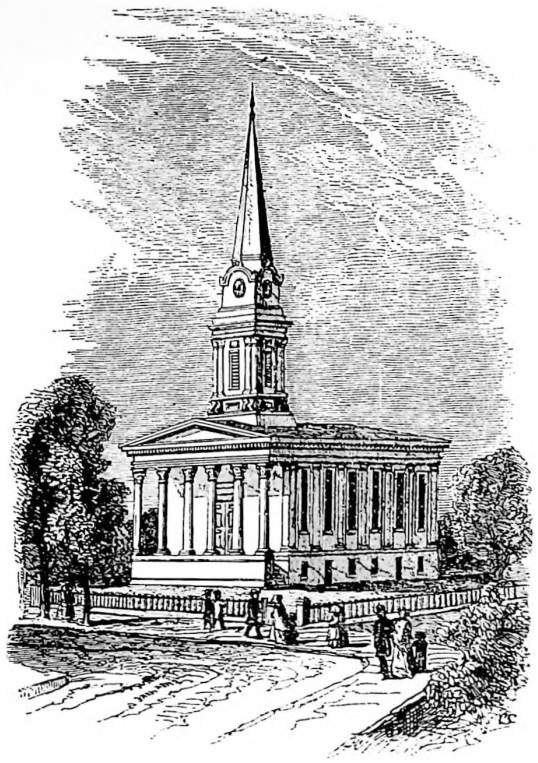
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The Civil War Letters of Captain John W. Mitchell

By CHARLES R. NASH, B.S., Ed.M., Ed.D.

Lecturer in Humanities, Temple University Technical Institute, Philadelphia. Formerly a teacher of English and Head of the Department in Philadelphia and Wilmington, at the high school and junior college level.

I am tired and sick of war. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell.

—William T. Sherman

Dedicated to the memory of Patrick Nash, 29th N. J. Volunteers, Union Army, Civil War, the greatgrandfather of the writer.

A recent acquisition of The Historical Society of Pennsylvania is a collection of sixty-five letters addressed to William Frederick Allen of Bordentown, New Jersey.* The Society acquired these items in 1965 in a rather strange fashion, for the letters were found in the gutter of Bringhurst Street, Germantown, by three boys, whose parents sent the correspondence to the Society. How the letters, sent to the late Mr. Allen (1846–1915), reached Germantown is not known. Perhaps a desk or some other receptacle was sold or willed to a Germantown resident who kept the correspondence, and later threw the letters out with the rubbish. At any rate, the boys, alert to a possibly valuable find, allowed a friend to contact the Society.

Only thirteen of the Allen Collection are from John Mitchell. It is this segment that makes up the body of this paper. The other letters to Allen are from friends whose letters do not seem to have the historical value of John's letters.

John Mitchell's letters tell a story that mounts in interest as one reads them.[1] In the first letter, John is a sergeant; as the correspondence progresses and the years pass, he rises to the rank of lieutenant and finally to captain; yet he is unable to vote for Abe Lincoln (Old Abe) in the election of 1864, as young Mitchell is not yet twenty-one. The reader gets a sense of drama as he approaches the last of the letters: Will John live to return to Bordentown?—Will he become a Captain?—or, worse luck, will he be wounded? While this melodramatic note is reminiscent of the old radio soap opera, it still makes a story of direct narrative flow and suspenseful intensity that we are happy to save from oblivion.

The first letter is dated January 4, 1863, near Falmouth, Virginia.

Dear Friend

Your letter came in the first mail we got since leaving Washington, but we get our mail regular every day now.

Well, Capt., the Holidays are over. How did you enjoy them? I hope you had a pleasant time. Christmas day I went over to see my Brother. He lays about a mile from here. He is a Lieutenant now, and has charge of an Ambulance Corps. New Year's day I was on guard, which I did not like very well.

I did not think last Christmas that I would ever be in the Army of the Potomac, but here I am and likely to be here too if little Mac (General George B. McClellan) does not soon take us in hand. The old troops are down on Burnside (Major-General Ambrose Burnside). They think him capable of commanding a corps but not the whole army. They want Mac.

The papers say the troops are in good spirits and eager for a fight. Well, it is a big thing, but I can't see it. I wish you could hear them talk. They are down on the war and want to go home, but they don't want to go in another fight. The last fight discouraged them. I haven't been over to the 23 Regiment yet, but they say they are very sick of it. They lay about eight miles from here.

I expect we will see a fight before a great while, but we have seen some service in marching. We marched from Washington to Liverpool Point in three days and a half, a distance of seventy-odd miles. There we crossed the river, landing at Agria Creek. We marched the rest in one day, about twenty miles, but Oh, wasn't I tired of my knapsack.

I felt a good many times like dropping down, but I stuck to it and kept up all the time. We had very bad roads all through Maryland; mud up to your knees, but Virginia is a very desolate looking country, not a

---

* The frontispiece, page one of the letter dated February 17th, 1865, is reproduced with the permission of *The Historical Society of Pennsylvania*, Nicholas Biddle Wainwright, Director. Mr. Conrad Wilson, Curator of the Manuscript Department, and Mr. Terry Jones, Assistant, are thanked for making the collections of *The Society*, 1300 Locust Street, Philadelphia, available.
This paper is section one of a book now in progress, *Letters, Both Blue and Gray*.

1. John Mitchell, William Frederick Allen, and Patrick Nash, all came from Bordentown. It is interesting to the writer to wonder whether his great-grandfather knew the other two men. Bordentown, a historical Colonial town, was the home of Francis Hopkinson, Signer; and the seat of Joseph Bonaparte's summer mansion with its network of escape tunnels to the Delaware.

Near Hatchers Run Va
Friday. February 17th 1865

Friend Willie.

Yours of the 6th was received some days ago. but we have been so busy that I have not been able to write. until to day. Of course you have read all the particulars of our last fight. our Regt was unusually lucky this time. we only lost four or five men.

We received our marching orders. on the night of the 5th and the next morning we struck tents and was on our road to Hatchers Run by six oclock, we only had to go three or four miles before reaching the Run. so we were soon engaged. Our Division turned off to the right. and went towards Armstrongs Ford. and soon engaged the enemy. it was very muddy. and we had great trouble in getting the Artilery along. in the afternoon our Regt was ordered back a short distance to corduroy the road. we were working in the evening when the Rebels made the charge our and the 3d Division. the bullets were flying among us pretty lively. when Gen Humphreys rode up: and ordered us to the front on double quick. we went out and supported the line. lost four men wounded. after dark we went back to work. and worked nearly all night.

fence to be seen. Very few houses, no people in them; nothing but soldiers.

Falmouth is a very small place, full of guards and patrols. We got our shelter tents the other day.

February 12, 1863

We have good times on picket now, for we picket close to the river in front of Fredericksburg. We are not allowed to talk to the Rebels, but we do,—when the officer of the day is not around. I don't go out now, for I am acting orderly.

You ask how do I like Hooker. Well, so far we like him first rate, for he has given us better food and more of it, but I don't know how it will be when he moves.

September 5, 1863 In Camp near Elkton, Va.

I thought the other day that we were going to have another spree with the Rebels. Last Monday morning we received orders to move at six o'clock. Our Division formed, and we marched to within four miles of Falmouth and about two from our former camp. Here we found our cavalry; as soon as we arrived, they left. So, it was plain to be seen that we were to hold the place while they made a dash somewhere. They never returned until Thursday, when we started back for our old camp; so you see, we did not shoot at them after all. You have heard how the Cavalry made out. They sunk the two gunboats which the Rebels had captured from us.

I hope Jersey will fill her quota up without resorting to the Draft. I think Bordentown will. The 14th Connecticut Regt. is filled up with substitutes. There are only two drafted men in the Regt., but the subs are a hard set; most of them are old soldiers and know the ropes. Quite a good many of them have deserted, but some of them have been caught and brought back and I think they will be shot.

Shooting so many of them has had a very good effect on their deserting. If it had been done two years ago, our Army would be strong enough now to whip the Rebs without resorting to a draft.

October 28, 1863 Camp near Warrenton

I suppose you have seen by the papers that we have been in three engagements since I wrote you last: first at Auburn Mills on Broad Run, then at Bristoe Station on the same day, and then near Centerville the next day. When they were engaged with Mott's Brigade, our Regt. held one of the fords and for a wonder did not get into the musketry firing; but we got a pretty good shelling, but Capt. we had a hard time at Bristoe Station. We were all tired for we had marched a long distance besides being in the skirmish in the morning at Broad Run.

When the firing began at Bristoe, we were marching by the flank not expecting a fight. They double quicked our Division, then gave us by the left flank, and we charged across a wide field to the Railroad under a heavy fire. I was never so near played out in my life, but I hung on to my knapsack. From the railroad we charged into a thick woods which was full of Rebs.

Here our Regt. came near being surrounded. It was now near night and we received orders to fall back on the railroad where we formed a line expecting the Rebels to advance, but they were wise and did not come. When it was dark enough, we left as quietly as possible and marched all night, arriving near Centerville just before daylight the next morning, tired and hungry. We had eat the last the day before. After a little rest at Centerville we advanced again to Warrenton where we are now, but I don't think we will stay here a great while.

May 20, 1864 Anderson Mills, Spotsylvania County, Va.

Capt. I have seen rougher times this campaign than ever I saw before. We broke camp the night of the 3d, marched all night, arriving at Chancelorville the evening of the 4th pretty well tired out. We left Chancelorville the next morning and came on to the Rebels about noon. We was engaged for the first in the evening about six o'clock in the Wilderness and it was well named Wilderness, for it was nothing but woods and swamps. Since then our Regt. was engaged every day until the 14th.

Yesterday Ewell's Corps made a dash on some of our train. They took a few wagons, but it done[1] them no good, for they were handsomely drove back by some new troops that have come to reinforce us.

A man was shot this morning in our Division for leaving his Regt. in the fight.[2]

I wish Major Thompson was here to take command of the Regt., for we have only six officers here now. Our Colonel and one Captain and one Lieutenant was killed and three Captains and three Lieutenants wounded. Before we left camp, they told me I was to have the next commission in the Regt.; but if you would speak a word to Major Thompson, it would hurry things up and I would be much obliged to you.

—This letter seems to demonstrate two things: first: Mitchell has a beautiful habit of understating that would no doubt please Ernest Hemingway. "A man was shot this morning."—No regrets expressed, no fears shown. Your editor has a feeling from several of these remarks that Mitchell thought deserters got their just rewards; second: research reveals that Allen was only eighteen at the time of this writing (b. 1846), so he evidently came from a very influential family since Mitchell holds his recommendation to Major Thompson so highly. He calls Allen "Capt.", but to our knowledge Allen captained only a boy brigade in Bordentown.

July 9th, 1864 Near Petersburg, Virginia

We are making ourselves as comfortable as the warm weather, dust, and Rebels will allow us.

You may see by the papers that we have very little

1. This error in grammar, with a few other mistakes, is retained to show the flavor of the young man's language. The modern linguist might very well say that Mitchell, for all his demonstrated fluency and power with the written word, occasionally lapsed into the low level of linguistic patterns used by his companions in arms. Or we might argue, "We was engaged" and "it done them no good" are more flavorful and forceful than our more bookish phrases today.
2. This quick justice would certainly call down charges of brutality in the Army of 1970.

musketry firing along the line except with pickets, but the artillery keep up an irregular fire all the time especially in the morning and evening.

I got the *Herald* which you sent me with the map showing our position exactly. We get the papers regular now. All the Army wants now is the Paymaster. There is plenty of sutlers, but as we have no money, they do us no good; but our sutler will be here soon. Then we can get all we want without money.

I wish the fighting was over—

I never saw such fighting in my life—one complete roar of musketry all the time. On the seventh our corps drove the Rebels more than a mile through the Wilderness several times and every time they drove us back. I wish you could have seen the woods after we had fought over it so much. There wasn't a tree the thickness of your finger that hadn't been cut to pieces with balls; and the dead and wounded was laying thick; it was an awful sight.

In the evening General Longstreet charged our works with his whole corps but was repulsed. *I never saw men slaughtered as they were.* Our Colonel was wounded that day with a shell but only slightly and so was Ed. Thomas slightly. He came back to the company day before yesterday. It seems strange to me every time there is hard fighting to do, our Brigade is in the front and our Regt. in the front line. It was so on the 10th near the Potomac River. Our Regt. was in front when we came on the Rebs. I never shot fifty rounds of cartridges away so quick before, but I came out all right, one ball just clearing my shoulder, tearing my coat.

On the 12th our Corps was moved to the left where the Rebs had taken a new and very strong position. We got there just before daylight, formed our lines and made a desperate charge on their work. They did not expect us so soon, so we took them by surprise, but they gave us a pretty warm reception for all that they heard us yell. We saw our advantage and every man did his best to reach their works. They hadn't time to give us much of their grape shot, for we captured their guns and turned them on the Rebs.

The prisoners run into our lines by the thousands. Oh, I tell you it was a grand sight. We took nearly nine thousand prisoners, eighteen guns, and 14 to 20 stand of colors and three officers. Some of the Rebs was sleeping at the time and some cooking breakfast. I made a very good breakfast of Rebel shortcake.

Our Colonel was killed just after we got the first line of works. My Capt. was wounded about the same time; they thought he would not live, but there is some hopes of his living now. I have had command of the company since then. Our company loss is two killed and thirteen wounded. Our Regt. loss, about two hundred. We were in a fight day before yesterday and Charles Atkinson of our Co. from Bordentown was killed. *I wish the fighting was over. I never heard tell of such fighting in my life.*

—Lafcadio Hearne, in one of his famous lectures at the University of Tokyo, once stated: The most powerful sentence is the short declarative sentence. There is no need to describe the puddles of red blood, for the reader knows blood is red, and he will correctly visualize it. Young Mitchell in the three sentences italicized shows his mastery of the sharp description, the telling phrase. No battle scene, photographed by Brady, could better tell of the horror:

I never saw men slaughtered as they were.
I wish the fighting was over.
I never heard tell of such fighting in my life.

These three sentences conjure up visions of Brady's famous battle field photograph where he caught the stark looks on the faces of the putrefied corpses on Cemetery Ridge.

It is our feeling that sentences, word pictures, and battle scene photography, form better theses for the declaration of peace than all the street demonstrations by youth who have never seen battle. After reading Mitchell's last letter, no one in his right mind would want any part of war.

Letter from newly commissioned Lieutenant John W. Mitchell

October 24, 1864 Camp near Petersburg, Virginia

Well, Capt., we are getting along fine, not doing much fighting except picket firing—not many get hurt.

Election passed off very quietly here with those who were allowed to vote. Happy to say a very large majority went for the Union.

I see in the paper Gov. Parker has applied to the President to have the Jersey soldiers go home to vote as citizens. I hope he will succeed.

If the soldiers do their duty with the ballotbox as well as they have in the fields we will put Old Abe in the Presidential Chair for four years more.

Capt., I firmly believe the Rebels' only hope now is in the coming election.

Friendly Enemies

Last evening I had a long talk with the Rebels on the picket line. They entertained great hopes of McClellan getting elected. They said he was going to have peace right away if he did.

They think he will let them do as they please. After a while they cheered for McClellan and we cheered for Old Abe and both parties went to firing again.

General Hancock sent an order out to be sent over to the Rebels. I tied it on the end of a ramrod and shot it over. It was an account of Sheridan's victory in the Valley. Rather a queer way to send news over—is it not?

—These items are worthy of Hollywood, or possibly, more typical of the black comedy from the Continent. The enemy pause to cheer the respective candidates, Lincoln, the Republican, cheered by the North; McClellan, the Democrat, receiving the vocal support of the enemy from the South. One can only

wonder what President Davis of CSA would have thought of this support for McClellan, the Yankee General. After a good demonstration and chat, the boys went back to firing at one another, but not too accurately we hope. The next scene shows Gen. Hancock's message being popped over to the enemy via cannon ball and ramrod. This is reminiscent of some of the silent comedies filmed about the First World War. This comic relief is welcome, but it is hardly consonant with the preceding passage concerning death, destruction, and slaughter; with the longing for the War to stop. It is this contradiction that points to the complete tragedy of the War Between the States.

Lieutenant Mitchell continues:

I received my commission the 14th of August and was mustered on the 18th.

There were great times at Brigade Headquarters the other evening. The officers of our Brigade made Gen. Smythe a present of a handsome sword and equipment complete: belt, sash, gauntlets, shoulder straps, epaulets and hat.

November 13, 1864 Picket Line, Appomattox River

Our Regt. have been lucky as the rest of the Brigade are all in the line of works, but we are doing picket duty along the Appomattox, a distance of about three or four miles.

The Rebels on the other side are very sociable and we do not fire at each other.

—This sociable attitude seems to indicate the men on both sides knew the game was almost over; Lee was to surrender to Grant on April 9, 1865 at Appomattox Court House, just five months after Mitchell wrote the preceding sentence.

The fight at the Bayton Plank Road, also called the Vaughn Road:

November 13 (continued)

I thought once that our Regt. would not get out as a Regt. At one time we were nearly surrounded. We were in such a tight place that we could not get away til one or two o'clock the next morning. After the whole army had left, we came off with the pickets.

The Rebels were within thirty or forty yards of us when we left and we had to leave our wounded where we were. It was hard to leave them, but we could do no other way.

It was our Brigade who charged and took their line of work. In doing it we had to cross a stream nearly waist deep. I am proud to say that ours were the first Colors over the works.

I wonder what Gen. Grant intends to do. It will soon be cold weather. As far as I can see, nothing indicates a move, but it takes such a short time to move us now, that we can judge nothing from appearances.

The Officer of the day said there was some talk of our Division moving back a little ways and going into winter quarters, but I think that it is too good to be true. Even if it was true, I would sooner stay here where we have nothing to do but keep a good watch on the Rebels. This is a very important line. If they were to break through here they would be in our rear.

Well, Jersey went for little Mac. I was in hopes she would go the other way. I, like yourself, could not vote. I am not twenty-one until next February.

If I had been a legal voter I could have got home.

There is a difference of opinion between us as to men. I cannot think McClellan as good a man as Lincoln for President. Even as a General, it has been proven that he was very slow; and as for associates, I think his are far worse than Mr. Lincoln's. I think the soldiers' vote would have changed Jersey's vote.

I would like to apply for a leave of absence, but I have no excuse.

I hear the Rebels on the other side of the river calling the hour

Ten o'clock and all is well

—On this note of dramatic irony, the young Lieutenant signed off to turn in, no doubt to sleep the dreamless sleep of the healthy young man who had not a care in the world. The mud, killing, hardship, the burden of the knapsack, all happily forgotten. So sleep the farmers on the slopes of Etna while the giant bubbles and boils.

December 1, 1864 Near Petersburg, Virginia

I have the best news to tell you I possibly could have.

We are going into winter quarters. We were relieved from our old quarters along the Appomattox night before last by the 9th Corps, and sorry I was to leave them too, for I thought of course we must fight if we moved.

We were told to make ourselves comfortable for the winter, but sometimes I think it is only a blind for the Rebs. I am going to fix up nice, though, and trust to luck.

The men will cut my stockade and put me up a good house, and I will let the Sutler bring me up a small stove from City Point. I would put up a fireplace, but brick and stone is very scarce. I don't like one built of wood and clay.

We have orders today to be ready at a moment's notice to march in light marching orders as Gen. Gregg intends to extend his picket lines, and it might bring on a general engagement and we have to settle it. I don't want them to bother us now; besides, I'm not very anxious to fight, the more I do of it the less I like it.

Sunday the 4th

Well, Capt., something interrupted me the other day, and I have not had a chance to finish until now. I have my tent up and am fixed very comfortable for the winter. I went on picket yesterday morning and came off this morning. It is much pleasanter doing picket duty here than being in the trenches. We are down nearly to the extreme left of the line. The cars run very near to our camp which makes it very pleasant.

Colonel Thompson has not returned to the Regt. yet.

I hear he still uses his crutches.

We have no field officers present.

Capt. Chew has had his commission as Major for a long time, but he cannot get mustered, but we hope he will soon be able to do so, for we have applied to Secre-

tary Stanton.

—John mentions several times that officers have been commissioned and cannot be mustered because there are not troops left to sustain the muster.

Thanksgiving 1864

John writes of his *Thanksgiven.* This spelling seems appropriate, though not spelled as we spell it: thanks were given,—so it's Thanksgiven Day—:

Thanksgiven day we had no turkey for dinner, but instead we had an oyster supper which was not so bad to take. The sutler furnished us with the oysters.

I believe there was over seven tons of roast turkey sent down for the men of this army. Also cakes, apples, pies, etc., but they had to pass through so many hands by the time the men got them there was no filling in any of the turkeys. My company of twenty men got one large turkey—not much was it?

—One cannot resist making a wry smile at the thought of all those hungry boys clawing out the stuffing, but how did the birds survive the ordeal? We may well imagine a few wings and legs being torn off too as the turkeys passed through all those hands.

To borrow the Toynbee phrase that is almost a cliche today: How history does go full cycle! John Gunther tells how during W.W. I the Russians allowed precious Rolls-Royce engines to rust on the dock because army communications had broken down, and the supplies were forgotten. And what ex-GI of WW II does not have his favorite stories of the cigarettes that were allowed to rot on the beach along with the candy bars and rations the men never received?

1865—The year of decision

January 19, 1865 Bordentown, N. J.

I saw the Gov. today. He endorsed my letter and I took it to the Adjutant General's office and he filled out my commission, but before it was ready, the Gov. left, so I could not get it signed, but they will forward it to the Regt. It may be there as soon as myself, but don't address me as Captain until I am mustered. There may be some trouble yet. I will write as soon as I arrive on the sacred soil.

—John had called at Willie Allen's office, but his friend was not there to greet Captain Mitchell.

—Ambition, The soldier's virtue—
Shakespeare

January 28, 1865 Near Petersburg, Va.

I reached camp on the 24th after a long and tedious journey. The ice in the Potomac and fog detained us so long. Besides, we met the steam boat Express in a sinking condition, and we had to take her load and stay by her till she sunk. Then we couldn't move until some boat took part of our load. I detest riding on a steam boat, so you can judge what a glorious time I had coming down.

Well, Willie, I have the other bar on my shoulder. I was mustered yesterday morning for our unexpired term of service. I think now I am as high as I can get.

—Here Captain Mitchell reveals three disparate themes:

The young man who is willing and able to do a good job of standing by the sinking steam boat. Duty comes first.

The little boy regresses to his early fears of boats and the rides he hates on the water; a bit of immaturity shows here.

The young male, successful in his Army career, speaks with pride of his promotion. Temporarily he has forgotten his desire to go home. Now he sounds like a career man. The Army is not so bad.

—And Mitchell is a bit cynical and resigned to the fact he will go no higher in rank. This rank matter was bitter in his thoughts as he complained in an early letter of Captain —— who used pull, dodged his duty, and went off to Washington where he was seen dancing with the prettiest girls in the capital set.

—These bits of insight help to give us a clue as to the character of the real John Mitchell: He is a good worker. He has withstood the flying bullets in battle, yet he is a little childish at times, proud of his success, resigned to his fate. He is not impressed by the desolate landscape of Virginia. He is ready to return to Bordentown, but he is willing to move to Indiana with his family. He has written a small book of letters to his friend Allen; however, when he returns to Bordentown for a visit, he cannot wait for his friend's return, so he leaves Cap. a note of regrets. He deplores the slaughter he has seen, yet he reports he has enjoyed his talks with the friendly Rebs. He gives shrewd appraisals of Lincoln and McClellan, and history has borne out the strength and veracity of his judgments.

*February 17th, 1865** Near Hatcher's Run, Va.

Friend Willie:

Yours of the 6th was received some days ago, but we have been so busy that I have not been able to write until today.

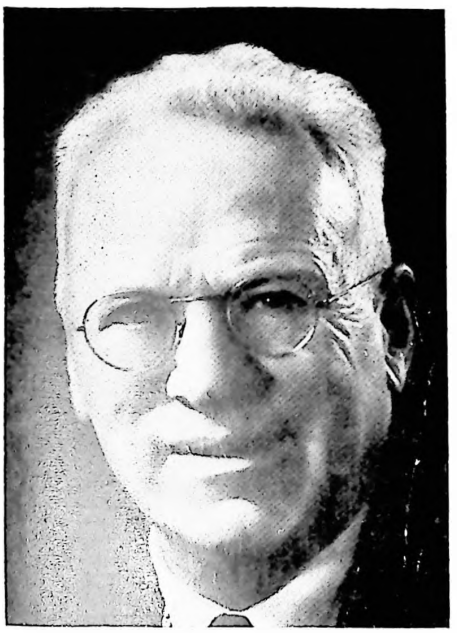
Of course, you have read all the particulars of our last fight. Our Regt. was unusually lucky this time. We only lost four or five men.

We received our marching orders on the night of the 4th and the next morning we struck tents and was on our road to Hatcher's Run by six o'clock. We only had to go three or four miles before reaching the Run. So we were soon engaged. Our Division turned off to the right and went towards Armstrong's Ford and soon engaged the enemy. It was very muddy and we had great trouble in getting the artillery along. In the afternoon our Regt. was ordered back a short distance to corduroy the road. We were working in the evening when the Rebels made the charge. The bullets were flying among us pretty lively. When Gen. Humberger rode up and ordered us to the

*See reproduction of Page 1 (frontispiece)

(*Continued on page 30*)

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT



One of the principal activities of the Society during the year now ending was the restoration of the Clarkson-Watson House at 5275-77 Germantown Avenue under the supervision of the architect, Mr. Henry J. Magaziner. In a previous year there was restored the exterior of this fine house which in the summer of 1793 was the residence of Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, and Edmund Randolph, Attorney of the Government of the United States. Mr. Magaziner reports that the work on the interior has been practically completed and some of the treasures of the Costume Committee, of which Mrs. J. Bradford Ritter is Chairman, have been moved into the house from the Bechtel House at 5226 Germantown Avenue, which has been rented to a tenant.

In the spring it is hoped that the new home of the Costumes Museum will be officially opened so that the members of the Society can see for themselves what the fine new home for this interesting part of the Society's collection of relics looks like with its display sections and storage facilities.

Another project which has been for some years the concern of the officers and managers is the area close to the Von Trott Annex at 5208 Germantown Avenue. The brick wall of the stable has been covered with cement plaster in harmony with the Baynton House and Annex exteriors. The long brick wall of the Annex which adjoins the garden of the Relics Museum at 5214 Germantown Avenue for some years needed new pointing. The work on that has been carried on in recent weeks and is nearly finished.

The woodwork on the exterior of the Baynton House itself has been painted in recent months and the interior walls and floors of rooms on the second floor, occupied by the Publications Committee, have also been placed in more satisfactory conditions through the generosity of Mrs. Joanna Schlechter, the Chairman of that Committee.

The Crier, under the editorship of Mrs. Schlechter, has been published regularly and has carried more advertisements than heretofore due to the activities of Mr. Frank J. Ollinger who, as House Committee Chairman, has also attended to the upkeep and maintenance of the other houses owned by the Society and occupied by it or rented to tenants whose rent has been collected regularly. As the nine houses of the Society are all over 150 years of age there is the constant need to make repairs to them to insure their proper preservation. The rents received from the tenants to whom certain houses have been rented are sufficient in amount to pay the taxes and make necessary repairs.

The annual visitation to houses in the Germantown area owned by other than the Society has resulted again in a substantial financial return while at the same time giving members of the Society and of the general public pleasure in going into these houses during Germantown Week. We are all most grateful to Dr. Gordon W. Venable and Mr. Frank J. Ollinger for their dedicated service to the Society and the community in organizing and supervising the tour year after year to the benefit of the Society's treasury.

Again we are grateful to Captain Crenshaw, our tireless manager and watchdog, and to Mrs. M. Bacon Bostwick, Chairman of the Relics Committee, for the many hours they have spent in attending to our museums at 5214 and 5218 Germantown Avenue, in the Conyngham-Hacker and Howell Houses.

At the annual meeting of the Society the officers were reelected and Mrs. Joanna Schlechter was elected a manager for the unexpired portion of the term of Mrs. North who has resigned. Mrs. Bostwick, Mrs. Weil and Messrs. Hornung, Magaziner and Venable were elected to new terms as managers.

Mrs. Alfred M. North has resigned as Chairman of the Hospitality Committee and has been succeeded by Mrs. Charles D. Root, Jr. The thanks of the Society are due to Mrs. North for her services in past years.

The excursion to the DuPont Museum at Winterhur, led by Mr. Frank R. Donahue, Jr., who doubles in his services to the Society as Solicitor, was a success. The Chairman of the Maxwell Mansion Committee has continued in charge of its efforts to create a Victorian Museum in the house at Greene and Tulpehocken Streets. From time to time the Library Committee, headed by Mr. Francis Shunk Brown, III, has reported accessions

(*Continued on page 28*)

HAPPENINGS IN GERMANTOWN
October 1969 — October 1970

WEATHER

Can it be Fall so soon? The trees are green with their summer leaves, just waiting for Jack Frost's nod to start to drop. The flowers still hold their beauty, and their fragrance blows over the garden. The days are warm and balmy and dry — oh, so very dry! But the calendar tells us we are going along at the usual pace.

As we look over the records of the past year there are a few highlights we might mention. October 1969 had a few lovely days but bitter cold the latter part of the month. Temperature of 25° on October 23rd was the lowest ever recorded for that date.

Heavy snows started Christmas day. 1969 seemed bound to leave us with beauty, if not total comfort, as the dropping temperatures and biting winds lashed those intrepid enough to brave them.

Below freezing weather and much snow continued, closing schools January 7th. January 8th was the coldest on record, 2° at midnight. Then there were those two or three weeks in February when sleety snows made walking and driving treacherous. Curbs were stacked with trash cans because the collectors were on strike. A most unsightly state of affairs.

Easter 1970 came early, and with it the most snow ever for an Easter day. A cool, comfortable June was very welcome, not knowing what was in store, for August was rated the hottest in the last 100 years.

HISTORIC HOUSES

The Great Road out of Philadelphia which winds its way up through Germantown and Chestnut Hill is dotted with many of the old houses, still standing. Some are privately owned and well cared for — some, as happens so often, have deteriorated almost beyond recognition, and others are in the process of, or have been restored. Of that group we mention Loudoun Mansion at Apsley Street, the latest of the restored houses. It is open to the public on Tuesday and Thursday, 1 - 4 P.M.

The annual Garden Party and supper for the benefit of Grumblethorpe was held June 14th at Grumblethorpe. Following the supper there was an auction conducted by Mr. William D. Morley.

The garden at the Deshler-Morris House has been the center of good hard work done by Mrs. Montgomery and her Committee. The transformation into a thing of beauty is most rewarding, and we cannot thank her enough for her interest and work. It is much appreciated. The girls of Scout Troop 271 planted 150 tulip bulbs which bloomed so colorfully along the walk.

The Christmas Tea was December 7th, a drizzly day, turning to sleet and very slippery. However it was a good party. Mrs. Monteith had her usual Hostess Picnic Party on September 30th. We were able to be on the lawn in spite of a few raindrops.

Each year a loan exhibit is featured as a special attraction at the University Hospital Antique's Show. This year it was the drawing room furniture, and other pieces, from the Chew House. It was, of course, displayed as a room, and was the center of great interest. Just recently, the end of August, fires broke out at the carriage house of Cliveden, the Chew estate, destroying valuable papers and a carriage in which George Washington rode.

"The pleasure of your Company for Upsala Punch" was held at Upsala, Sunday, April 5th, given by the Trustees of the Upsala Foundation, assisted by the Womens Committee. A lovely day and a nice party. The Upsala Card Party was May 21st. A smaller than usual group, but they all seemed to enjoy it.

The Ebenezer Maxwell Mansion has many interested admirers whose original ideas have raised money for the restoration of the House. Trips are always popular and a trip to Morristown N. J. was most interesting. The annual "Art-que" brought many to the House and the Victorian Seminar, May 2nd was of great interest. On February 8th a dinner was given at the Germantown Cricket Club in honor of Mr. Brendan Gill, vice-President of the Victorian Society in America who was the speaker of the evening.

CHURCHES

The highlight of the Annual Candelight Service at First United Methodist Church on Sunday, December 21-1969 was a performance of "Amahl and the Night Visitors". Under the direction of Michael Korn, organist of the church, it featured a full orchestra and an all professional cast. Before the play was given Medieval carols were sung by some of the church choir.

The Reverend Dr. V. Carney Hargroves, and Mrs. Hargroves had scarcely had time to unpack their bags after an eighteen day round the world tour, when fire broke out in the organ loft of the Second Baptist Church at Upsal Street and Germantown Avenue. The four alarm fire left the interior completely ruined, including the Memorial windows. Dr. Hargroves who has been minister of the church for thirty-eight years, is the newly elected President of the Baptist World Alliance.

EDUCATIONAL

"The old order changeth" at Germantown Friends School at 31 West Coulter Street. Mr. Henry Scattergood, Principal of the school for fifteen years, retired from G.F.S. at the end of the 1969-1970 school year. Under his leadership the school, and I quote, "grew in stature to become one of the Country's leading independent day schools." The new principal is Mr. Frederick C. Calder, Headmaster of the Town School in New York City.

A start has been made toward the erection of the new buildings planned by G.F.S. The old Coulter Inn at Germantown Avenue and Coulter Street has been torn down to make way for the new High School Science Building. Construction will begin in late summer.

Tuesday, September 15th, 1970 the new Clarence E. Pickett Middle School, at Chelten and Wayne Avenues, opened its doors to about 1300 5th, 6th, and 7th graders. At night the building can be used for community affairs. It is quite a building to behold, and it is hoped it will be as functional as planned.

For awhile it looked as though the Philadelphia public schools were not going to open for some time, but through negotiations the schools opened September 15, 1970, and the contract talks were resumed.

The Pennsylvania School for the Deaf in Mt. Airy, celebrated its 150th Anniversary, April 12th.

For the first time in its 108 year history LaSalle College is completely coeducational.

After twenty-four years of piloting the course of Springside School in Chestnut Hill, Miss Eleanor Potter retired in July. Miss Potter "gained wide recognition nationally as an outstanding leader in the field of secondary education." Miss Agatha Keliher of the Spence School has been named head of Springside.

Germantown Lutheran Academy has added a kindergarten this fall. It meets in two sessions. 8.45 to 11.30 A.M. and 12.15 to 3 P.M. There are twenty students in each class.

In November, 1969, the Young Woman's Christian Association of Germantown reached the Century mark. Special events highlighted the week with three basic themes for the celebration. "The first in Art, in tribute to the art department of the Y.W.C.A. The second is the recognition of area women who are successful in their chosen fields; and the third is emphasis on the international aspect of the Y.W.C.A.". Miss Marguerite L. Riegel was chairman of the celebration.

HOSPITALS

After much thought and deliberation the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania has changed its name. Now that it has become coeducational the segregated name led to discrimination, and even a possible loss of Federal support. So now it is named The Medical College of Pennsylvania and The Hospital of the Medical College of Pennsylvania.

Chestnut Hill's "Main Street Fair" is always a "must," as October comes around. Held on the grounds of the Hospital it has everything one could wish to attract the crowds that attend. It is a large moneymaker for the Equipment Fund. The Fair was held October 7th.

A circus theme highlighted the Rose Carnival this year. The Carnival is the big money raiser for Germantown Hospital. To carry out the atmosphere of a circus there was a gymnastic exhibition, a band concert and folk singing, as well as booths and games.

"Art for Patients" is a new program at Germantown Hospital. Original paintings are hung in the patient's rooms. In case of a long illness it may be changed frequently — and could even be purchased.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hospital. Original paintings are hung in the patients' rooms. In case of long illness they may be changed fre-

Those who enjoy Oriental Food but do not feel like driving all the way into Philadelphia, or elsewhere, to get some, might try a new Chinese Restaurant opened in July at the Mayfair House at Lincoln Drive and Johnson Streets. It features American as well as Chinese food, and parking is available in the Mayfair House Garage. The owner, Wang, is from the Republic of China on Taiwan.

A total eclipse of the sun took place March 7th, 1970. It was visible from Mexico to Nova Scotia. It was the last total eclipse the eastern United States will see in this century.

Now that the rehabilitation of Emlen Arms Apartments has been completed, Dedication ceremonies were held September 8th by the Philadlphia Housing Authority. It was redesigned to accommodate elderly citizens.

Penn Radio Cab Company was beset by many trials and tribulations this past spring, but fortunately seems to have been able to iron out some of its troubles. Ten new cabs were added to the fleet and service is back to normal.

The seventeen-year locusts which were heralded as descending on Philadelphia and surrounding areas this summer, must have become sidetracked before they reached Germantown. No cicadas around here!

The Chestnut Hill and Mt. Airy Business Men's Association announced there would be no display of fireworks on the 4th of July on the grounds of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf. For many years the Association has sponsored this event. The reason given —"Because of increasing attendance each year, and our inability to provide proper protection and facilities, we have decided to eliminate the fireworks".

For the first time in the history of the U.S. Postal Service, delivery of mail was halted by a wildcat strike. The principal issue in the postal strike was wages. No mail was delivered Friday, March 20, 1970, nor over the following week end. The Postal Union Leaders asked the mail carriers to return to work while negotiations were underway.

Six historically certified houses, known as "Cottage Row", on the east side of Germantown Avenue near Penn Street, have been torn down to make way for the Holsey Temple Christian Methodist Episcopal Church. It is now on Hunting Park Avenue. The Philadelphia Historical Commission gave its permission to the proposal, it is understood.

The Annual Tour of interesting and old Germantown houses took place May 9th, 1970. The chief new attraction this year was what is known as the "Castle" at 6015 Wayne Avenue. The house was built in 1887.

Altogether there were 14 houses open to the public. The tour is sponsored by our Society.

Large containers holding flowering trees have been distributed along Chelten Avenue. We trust their hoped for beauty will materialize in the spring.

"Madam X", the fun loving monkey who had escaped from somewhere, and enjoyed appearing at all sorts of outdoor activities and scaring everyone present, was finally captured by the combined forces of the Pennsylvania S.P.C.A. and the Simian Society, much to everyone's relief.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

The Reverend W. Hamilton Aulenbach, Rector of Christ Church and St. Michaels, Germantown's "Liveliest" Church, retired on October 4th, 1970, his 72nd birthday. Not that he is ready to retire but required to resign by a ruling of the Episcopal Church. It will be difficult to replace him with one of like vitality.

Mayor James H. J. Tate has created a new post, Architectural Advisor to the Philadelphia Historical Commission, and appointed Henry J. Magaziner, A.I.A. to hold it. Among other honors he holds, Mr. Magaziner is a member of the Board of Managers of the Germantown Historical Society.

Dr. Leonard Carmichael, a native Germantowner, is beginning a term as head of the American Philosophical Society. Dr. Carmichael is Vice President for Research and Exploration for the National Geographic Society.

Dr. Gordon Venable, a member of our Board of Managers has been elected President of Colonial Germantown.

The Reverend Doctor Edward T. Horn, 3rd has been elected President of the Board of Trustees at Germantown Lutheran Academy. Dr. Horn is pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church.

DEATHS

The Germantown Historical Society regrets to report the loss, by death, of the following members:

Dr. Jesse W. Beeghley
Mrs. Frank R. Donahue
Mrs. J. Russell Fawley
Mrs. Thomas Humphreys Jr.
Mrs. Robert F. Irwin, Jr.
Mrs. Charles M. James
Mr. John W. Keyes
Mr. Edward S. Kinley
Miss Sophie W. Peace
Dr. Elsie T. Reedy
Mrs. B. N. Shoemaker
Mr. Clyde Shuler
Mrs. Edward B. Smith
Mr. Fred W. Spellissy
Mrs. George Tyson
Mrs. Hilbert J. VanHengel
Mrs. Edward H. Warwick
Mrs. Holman White
Mr. Sydney L. Wright

RANDOM OBSERVATIONS

"Scrap Day" was held last April by pupils from Chestnut Hill schools. Armed with paper bags they gathered up all the litter and papers which had been left by careless Park visitors along the banks of the Wissahickon Creek. They called themselves "Student of Chestnut Hill Revolt against Pollution."

An article in the Germantown Courier for February 11, 1970 tell us the world's only School of Comedy is in Germantown. It is located at 628 W. Rittenhouse Street, and was opened last year.

Mrs. Ruth Steele, Executive Director of the West Mt. Airy Neighbors for the past eight years has resigned as of September 18th. Mrs. Steele will be working with the Board of Education, in the Planning Division.

The Annual Garden Party of the Germantown Historical Society was held Thursday, June 4, 1970, at the Trinity Lutheran Church, 5300 Germantown Avenue. Storms early in the day made it too damp to hold the party in the Historical Society's garden. Mrs. Henry R. Hallowell was the speaker. "Travels in Turkey" was her subject, with most interesting pictures.

The Annual Tour of the Society took us to visit the Henry Francis duPont Winterthur Museum. We took the regular afternon tour which is not the tour of 10 rooms that is open to the public at all times.

And here it is September again, closing the old Historical Year, and opening the new, leaving with us a blast of 90 plus temperatures as though loathe to go. One wonders sometimes whether the seasons do get mixed up somehow.

PHOEBE CARLILE KIDDER

COVER STORY

THE FRONT COVER — Photograph reproduced by special permission of *The Historical Society of Pennsylvania.*

In this photograph the famous Matthew Brady, who chronicled the Civil War with lens and crude plates, has caught the relaxed group in the heat of war. The sun blazes down on the the post office. The picture is so vivid you can almost smell the odor of the pines. Here the men come to get letters and packages from home.

The veterans pictured have no time to look spruce and neat. They are weary of the war, and the glory of the soldiers' life means plain hard work to them.

Back of this peaceful scene the guns are thundering from the fortifications of both armies. Here the fate of Richmond must be determined. The Army of the Potomac is besieging Petersburg, which protected the road to Richmond.

John Mitchell, whose letters follow on page nine, probably received his mail at a Post Office like this one in the woods. C. R. Nash

BOOK REVIEW

By CHARLES W. TWINING, *Teacher of Social Studies—Frankford High School—Philadelphia*

Early Transactions of the American Philosophical Society Published in the American Magazine During 1769 Reprinted in Facsimile by American Philosophical Society 1969

AS PHILADELPHIA looks forward to a bicentennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence, we find that the American Philosophical Society has already had one for some of its early reports in the reprinting of some colonial papers. From philosophy courses in universities of today we would not expect the specific practical concerns that are dealt with in these reports. These selections would seem to be reports for a science, medical, agricultural, or reader's digest if they were to appear today.

Historically we find that this society, which had its first meeting on January 2, 1769, grew out of "The American Society for promoting and propagating useful knowledge, held in Philadelphia." Concerning it Charles Thomson wrote, "Knowledge is of little Use, when confined to mere Speculation. But when speculative Truths are reduced to Practice, when Theories, grounded upon Experiments, are applied to common Purposes of life, and when, by these, Agriculture is improved, Trade enlarged, the Arts of Living made more easy and comfortable, and, of Course, the Increase and Happiness of Mankind promoted; Knowledge then becomes really useful."

As we examine the reports, reprinted in facsimile form, the non-final letter "s" which reminds us of an "f" is a constant reminder that we are reading from reports of a by-gone day.

Eight of the twenty "transactions," as the reports are called, deal in some way with agriculture. Topics range from a discussion of observations of native silk worms along the banks of the Schuylkill to "A Method for Destroying Wild Garlic in Grainfields", and "An Oil Made from the Seeds of the Common Large Sunflower."

Isaac Bartram's paper on the distillation of persimmons (spelled then persimon) reflects a concern for consideration of all possible values when he writes following his favorable report on the successful distillation:

> "The Persimon Tree is of a quick growth, and yields great quantities of fruit in a few years after it is planted. The wood is hard, has a fine close grain, and may be applied to many mechanical purposes; it burns well, and its ashes contain a very large proportion of salts.
> "These trees grow spontaneously near all our tide water rivers, and succeed in almost any kind of soil. They thrive best when planted in an open place. I would therefore recommend, that they should be fixed at about ten feet apart, round the fields, by which means they would be no incumbrance, but contribute to the support of the fences, as they would serve for live posts. The leaves soon rot, and become good manure, insomuch that it is remarkable that grass grows better under these trees, than any other.
> "Every farmer who has fifty acres of land, might plant three hundred trees round his fields; which being disposed as before directed, would be a great addition to the beauty of his farm."

When you finish reading still more of this you may well wonder why so many in the Philadelphia area are unfamiliar with this fruit and tree. More recent history would have to provide the answer.

Concern over the destructive powers of insects is reflected in the reports of a committee on "Means of Controlling Injury Done to Wheat by Flies" and another by Landon Carter on "The Fly-weavil that Destroys the Wheat" for which a change in the type of wheat grown was suggested as a solution. Pesticides had not yet begun adding to pollution.

Astronomers at the Franklin Institute might well check if the principles in "A Description of a New Orrery" are still valid today. Would they agree with the calculations and suggestions in the "Proposal for Observing the Transit of Venus, June 3, 1769" as reported by John Ewing?

The search for useful knowledge is reflected in the age old effort to get necessary chores done with less effort. Two articles with in mind were "A Self-moving or Sentinel Register" for furnaces and "A Bilge-pump Operated by the Motion of the Ship."

An account of the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in 1767 recalls the many other occasions and reports of this phenomenum.

For mathematicians and puzzle devotees there is "A General Method for Constructing Magic Squares."

No less than six of the published reports concern themselves with medical problems. As we picture the present industrialization of Bristol we may look askance at the title "Therapeutic Value of the Waters of Bristol, Pennsylvania."

I must admit that an "Essay on the Dry Belly Ache or Nervous Colick" provided interesting reading when my son was suffering from discomfort. Perhaps most interesting are the things that were found in the environment for treatment in those days before the development of so many man made drugs. These included tops of sumach, the inner bark of dogwood, Peruvian bark, and a "decoction of poppies." Only a medical man could tell how these suggestions have stood the test of time.

For a better appreciation of how our colonial forefathers sought to observe, experiment, and check their findings so that we might live better and more happily, try some reading of these reports in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society as published in American Magazine during 1769. The Society today is located at Independence Square, Philadelphia.

The Clarkson-Watson House, a Museum

5275-77 Germantown Ave.

By Mrs. J. Bradford Ritter
Chairman of Costume Committee

The Costume Museum of the Germantown Historical Society is moving from the Bechtel House to new and larger quarters in the Clarkson-Watson House at 5275 Germantown Avenue. This has been made possible by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. C. Smith. The Clarkson-Watson House is one of the more historically important buildings of Germantown. It was built in the mid eighteenth century and has since undergone many changes and additions. Henry J. Magaziner, architect, has restored the exterior to the period of 1793 and has made the first floor into an up-to-date museum for the display and preservation of costumes and accessories. For this purpose, the display and storage areas have been designed to be as free of dust as is possible and are equipped with year round temperature and humidity controls. Mr. Magaziner visited many costume museums while working on this project and has brought to us considerable knowledge of the care and keeping of fabrics.

From 1825 until 1869 the Clarkson-Watson House was the home of the first Bank of Germantown. John Fanning Watson, who was the bank's first cashier from its founding in 1814 until 1847, lived in the house and in 1830 published his famous "*Annals of Philadelphia*".

From him we learn that during the yellow fever epidemic of 1793, when Washington came to live in the Morris House, Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, and Edmund Randolph, Attorney General sought and obtained quarters in the Clarkson-Watson House through the courtesy of Matthew Clarkson whom family tradition records as the owner. In 1793 Matthew Clarkson was Mayor of Philadelphia, and be it said to his credit that he never left the city but gave help and comfort to all citizens until the scourge was over.

Watson also wrote in his "Annals" that during the Revolution "The house in which I now reside was once honored with the presence of Generals Washington, Knox, and Greene shortly after the battle of Germantown." Just prior to this the house was occupied by William Gerhard de Braham, His Majesty's Surveyor General of the District of North America. He was the author of the American Military Pocket Atlas published in 1776. Some time after this the site was purchased by another Englishman, Richard Bayley, who had made a fortune in the East India trade. He started a business brewing ale for that trade. In this venture he suffered complete failure and soon sold the house to the Bank of Germantown.

Let us step inside through the old front door into a small vestibule. On the right is the Museum's office. Passing through another very old door with a beautiful fanlight, we enter the main hall. On the right is a Victori-an hat rack looking very much at home. On the left is a small space in which will be displayed our Lucretia Mott (1793-1880) collection which was presented to the Germantown Historical Society by her great, great granddaughter, Mrs. H. Haviland Jordan of Worcester, Massachusetts. Mrs. Mott was an ardent abolitionist and a strong advocate of women's rights. She spent the last twenty-three years of her life at "Roadside" on Old York Road in a place then called Milestown. She and her husband, James Mott, had gone over to the Hicksite Friends and alternately attended Greene Street Meeting in Germantown and Abington Meeting. We have one of her dresses and many accessories. These make a most interesting and historic exhibition.

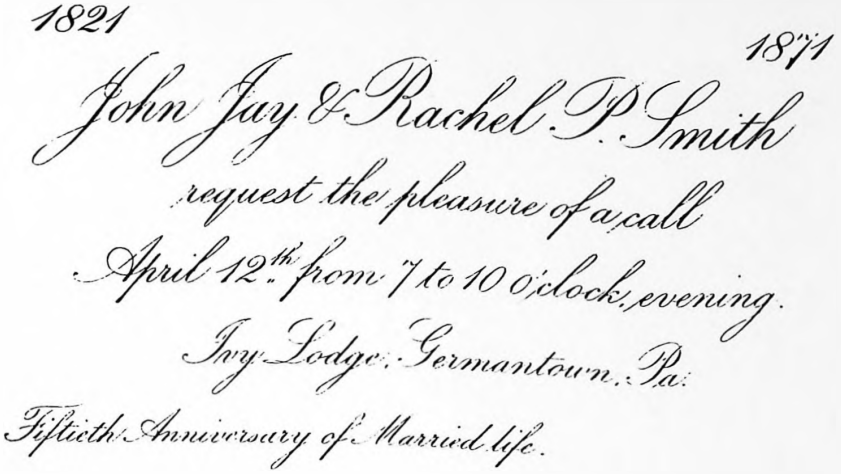
Going further along the passage, we see two partial rooms in which Victoriana will be the theme and costumes worn by residents of Germantown in that period will be seen. Next comes a small section filled with glass shelves on which accessories will be placed.

At the end of the main hall is a double door with interesting Victorian glass in its fanlight which leads to a cross hall. At the far left is an 1880 kitchen complete with dresser, sink and coal stove. Next to this and facing the front hall is the Quaker room which has always been one of our most popular displays. This will have in it many preVictorian articles. The remaining two rooms leading from the cross hall are for work and storage.

One of the curious items that has come to us is a hand blown green glass bottle which is said to have contained a mixture of whiskey, spices and herbs. A nostrum for cholera which appeared briefly in Germantown in 1828.

In the kitchen we need blue and white or ironstone china to fill the dresser shelves. We would also welcome kitchen utensils of the 1880's, a coal scuttle, a tea kettle, or any appropriate pots and pans. We have a small coal shovel and several irons, goffering, pleating and just plain ones. We have a soup kettle and an iron matchbox.

This new addition to the Historical Society's buildings will open in the spring of 1971. We hope you will all come to see this fine little museum and enjoy the things that will be on exhibit which so many of you have so kindly contributed.



FOR THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF
JOHN JAY AND RACHEL P. SMITH.

1821. 4 mo. 12, 1871. 1871.

Few are the hearts in marriage bound,
When youthful charms unfold,
For whom united years roll round,
And bring the Age of Gold.

And you whose lives so early met,
And joined in days of old,
Can scarce believe that time has yet
Brought on the Age of Gold.

So softly has he winged his flight—
So few his shadows cold,—
What rosy rays of morning light
Blend with the Age of Gold.

And we who fill your hall to-night,
By faith and love made bold,
To Heav'n in heartfelt prayer unite,
To bless your Age of Gold.

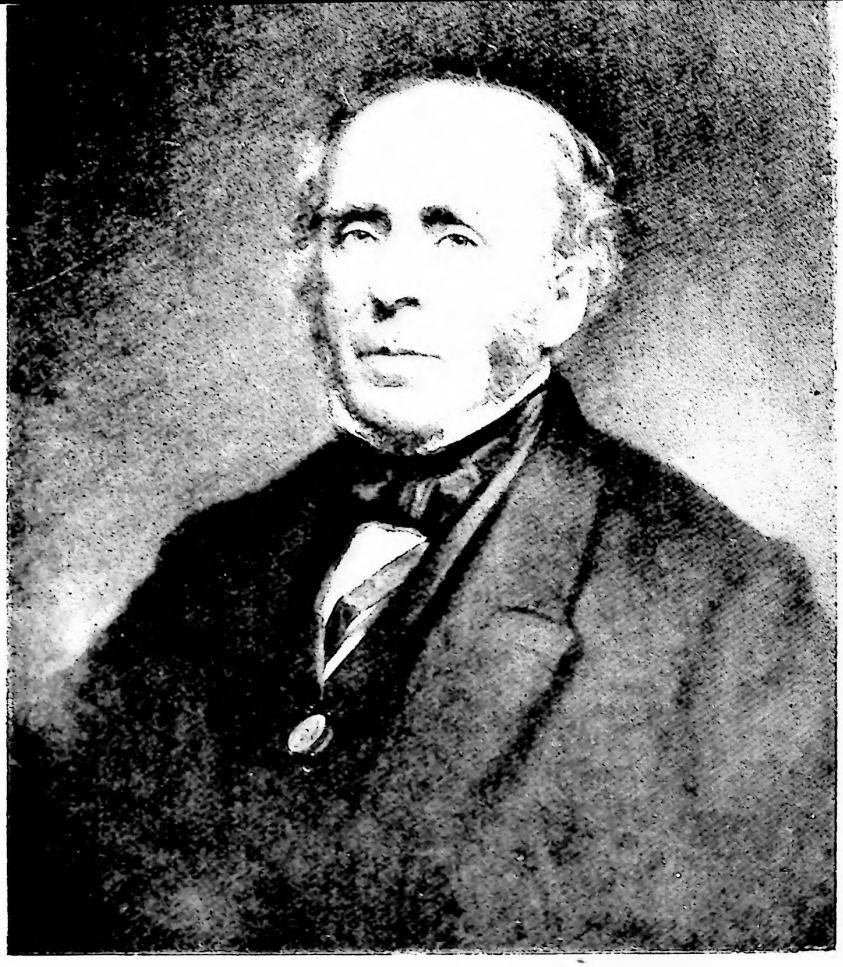
Till gates of Pearl and throne of Light,
Your happy eyes behold,
And joyful hymns of glory bright
Attune your harps of Gold.

Some pertinent facts pertaining to John Jay Smith, and his fiftieth wedding anniversary.

JOHN JAY SMITH was born June 16, 1798 at "Green Hill", outside of Burlington, New Jersey, son of John Jr. and Guiliedma Maria (Morris) Smith. His education began in the spring of 1810, at Westtown School and he did not fare well in spirit or health. Studies were furthered at an academy, in Burlington, New Jersey. He was apprenticed to a druggist in Philadelphia, where he earned pocket money by manufacturing ink. He also studied fencing and music. In 1820, he married Rachel Collins Pearsall, of Fleming, Long Island, New York. The union produced four sons and two daughters. John Jay became interested in the newspaper business and made paper from straw. In 1829, he was appointed librarian of the Loganian and Philadelphia library. He was one of the founders of Laurel Hill Cometery and the Girard Trust Company. John Jay died in 1881.

John Jay writes about his marriage.

Again settled in a delightful home, April 12, 1871, proved our union to have lasted for fifty years. The rarity of such duration marks the shortness of the average stay on earth. Where there are two to survive for half a century beyond the marriageable age, there are, of course, two opportunities or, as some would say, "chances," against the attainment of such a result. Comparatively few married persons reach old age together. Thd event seemed to require commem-



Jno. Jay Smith



Mary Pearsall Smith, wife of John Jay Smith.



Living room at Ivy Lodge

oration—at least so our children thought, and a golden wedding was determined upon.

There were not many examples of how such a ceremony should be conducted. Neither my wife nor myself had ever been invited to one, and so we determined to improvise a plan of our own. The house was enlarged for the occasion by enclosing the piazza and friends and neighbors contributed largely of flowers. Among the gifts of the latter, our numerous working hands at Laurel Hill contributed by sending very remarkable bouquets. One attached Irishman, long in my employ, brought his only pocket piece, a "golden guinea", which with an awkward explanation, was of course declined. Some of our friends, too, thought they were to send golden gifts that we had not anticipated. The preparations for a good meal were, without limitation, under the direction of a generous caterer, the successor of the famous Bogle.

All this our children will remember. But some grandchildren were so young that this recounting may be all but new to them, expecially young Master W. Wilson and Rachel P. Smith, then in almost infancy. Master Wilson said he enjoyed the wedding but there were too many men present, meaning the bevy of waiters.

John Jay had provided with the aid of our nephew, Charles Mortimer Morton, a good bowlful of golden dollars, coined for the occasion by favor of the Mint, with the date 1871, and these furnished about a handful for each of my children and daughters-in-law, with specimens for the youngsters, which I found were mostly pierced afterwards to wear as remembrances.

Our original certificate of Marriage was re-endorsed by one hundred and fifteen of the persons present, which fifty year old document, was in good preservation.

Letter of regret from Horace Binney. This characteristic letter is from the oldest friend invited:

"241 South Fourth St., April 6, 1871

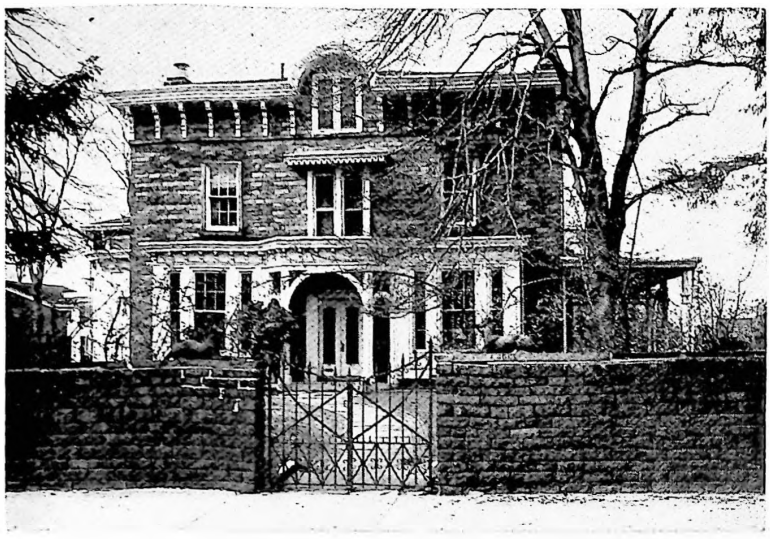
"John Jay Smith, Esq. Germantown

"My dear Sir,—I have received the card of yourself and Mrs. Smith inviting me to Ivy Lodge on the evening of the 12th inst., the fiftieth anniversary of your married life! I wish from my heart, I were able to accept the invitation! But after the Mercy of Heaven has accorded to me sixty-one of such blessed anniversaries, and spared me to lament their discontinuance by death, for five annual returns of the day, my friends will, I hope, without personal presence, permit me to congratulate them on the enjoyment of so many, though a less number, without severance. May they enjoy as many more as they may wish, and as God may see fit to grant, each one of them full of happiness and thankfulness; and at the last, may all golden weddings, and all happy ones, tho' less enduring upon earth, be crowned with indissoluble unity and blessedness in Heaven!

"Faithfully Yours,
"Hor Binney"

One hundred and twenty-four people were present and one hundred and one declined, many being in England or at a great distance.

Among those present were the following. Most of the surnames are readily recognized. Streets in Philadelphia carry the surnames of those numbered.



1—Hon. B. M. *Boyer*
2—Elizabeth R. *Fisher*
3—Mary R. *Haines*
4—John *Dickinson Logan*, M.D.
5—Lloyd *Mifflin*
6—Israel *Morris*
7—Anna Kirkbride *Morton*
8—Hannah L. *Wister*
9—Mary Anna *Wood*
Hon. Thomas Biddle
R. Buchanan Cincinnati
Henry W. Longfellow
Susan Longstreth
Martha Morris—Spruce St.
E. J. Rivinus, M.D.
Dillwyn and E. Sims.

Ivy Lodge residence of John Jay and Mary Pearsall Smith 29 E. Penn St., Germantown was used since approximately 1918, as a residence for female teachers, married couples (active in teaching) and retirees of the Coulter Street Friends' School. A group of wealthy Friends bought the property, from the Smith family and gave it as a gift to the School. The rumor goes—the house will be demolished in the near future and the grounds will be a playground for neighborhood children.

A thank you to Mary L. Haines of "Wyck", in Germantown, for the invitation card and poem. Also, for making a trip to Haverford College to search for the pertinent facts, mentioned in the article.

A thank you to Sally Smith, of Chestnut Hill, owner of John Jay Smith's book, published in 1892.

A thank you to Drayton M. Smith, of Mount Airy, Philadelphia, a direct descendant of John Jay, for his enthusiastic support of the publishing of the material in the "Crier".

A thank you to Katherine Dobson, a resident and retired teacher of Coulter Street Friends' School for her untiring efforts to supply important information to the "Crier".

HOSPITALITY

Mrs. Alfred M. North, Hospitality Chairman for the Society for many years, has resigned. The Society thanks Mrs. North for her faithful service and a job well done. The food served and the decorations at the meetings were always enjoyed by everyone attending the meetings.

Mrs. Charles D. Root, Jr., will be our new Chairman and we are sure she also will do a fine job. The Society wishes her well and agrees to give her it's fullest cooperation. Incidentally, Mrs. Root is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Crenshaw. Enough said. The enthusiasm of these fine people will be of great value to the hospitality group.

December

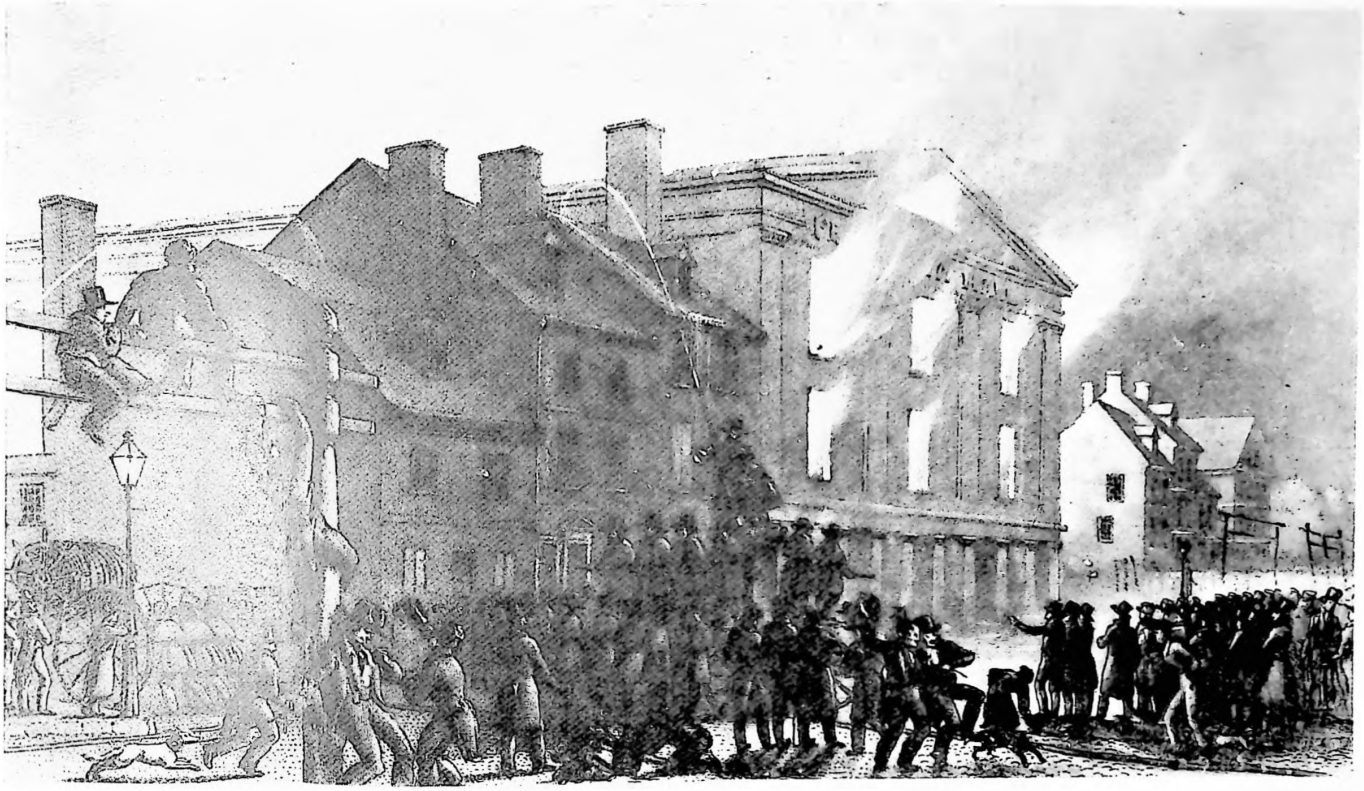
It is December. Oak leaves cling.
And clouds gray-puffed snow flurries bring,
From belfry soft church bells will chime
As flaming sky brings evening time.
While Christmas day is drawing near
We hope for peace in this New Year.

MARTHA D. TOURISON

The Night They Burned Pennsylvania Hall

by MARGARET H. BACON

Information Director of American Friends Service
and
Columnist for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin



ON THE morning of May 14, 1838 a beautiful new building in Philadelphia was dedicated to "Free Discussion, Virtue, Liberty and Independence." On the night of May 17, the building was a smoking ruins, and Philadelphia had learned more about itself—its mob spirit, its timid mayor, its vanishing police force—than it cared to know.

Pennsylvania Hall on Sixth between Mulberry and Sassafras Streets* had been built by a group of prominent Philadelphians with abolitionist leanings who felt Philadelphia had long needed a gathering place for the discussion of worthy causes. In the fall of 1837 they formed a company to raise funds for a suitable building "wherein the principles of Liberty and Equality and Civil Rights can be freely discussed and the evils of Slavery fearlessly portrayed." By Christmas time, the new building was advertised in an extra edition of the *National Enquirer*, and the managers were beginning to send out invitations to the dedication ceremonies.

But not all Philadelphians regarded the new building with equal enthusiasm. Among merchants who dealt with the South, as well as newly immigrant white laborers who feared the competition of free blacks, the abolitionists were cordially disliked. The fact that in Philadelphia, as in no other city, prominent black men and women were part of the new Anti-Slavery Society, and mixed socially with white members, was regarded by the ignorant as a fearful scandal. The new hall, it was whispered, would be one more place for this mixing to take place, leading to miscegenation, or "amalgamation" of the races.

The whispers were evidently heard beyond Philadelphia, for the managers were perplexed to have one prominent man after another decline their invitation to attend the opening ceremonies. John Quincy Adams had a previous engagement, Francis James was indisposed, and even Pennsylvania's own Thaddeus Stevens was unable to be present. In the end a relatively obscure Philadelphia lawyer, David Paul Brown, Esq. was asked to give the keynote address.

On the morning of the dedication a few of the invited guests arrived early to look around. The hall had been built, it was rumored, at a cost of $40,000 and it was clear that no expense had been spared. The first floor contained a small auditorium, committee rooms, offices and stores; the second floor housed a large hall with galleries. The whole was lit with modern gas, and there were ventilators in the ceiling to permit a flow of fresh air. A blue and white decorating scheme had been faithfully executed with chairs

* Mulberry Street was south of Race Street and is now non-existent. Sassafras Street is now Arch Street. The Pennsylvania building was between what is now Arch and Race Streets.

lined in blue silk plush, and sofas upholstered in blue damask, and the tables hung in blue silk.

The opening ceremonies began at 10 a.m. and though the hall was packed, the affair was decorous. The managers welcomed the group, read long letters from the many missing guests of honor, and then introduced the speaker. David Paul Brown spoke long and earnestly, if a bit dully, on freedom of speech in general and freedom to speak out against slavery in particular. The meeting adjourned for a late lunch, and in the afternoon the Hall was taken over by the Philadelphia Lyceum for a lecture on the benefits of physical education for children.

All reforms being linked in these early days of moral uplift, it seemed proper that the evening sessions should be devoted to a lecture on Temperance by the New England abolitionist, Arnold Buffum. Outside on the streets were many who might have benefited from Buffum's lecture, but on the whole the affair was still as peaceful as a ladies' tea party.

One of the small offices in the first floor of Pennsylvania Hall was to house the editorial headquarters of an abolitionist newspaper, *The Pennsylvania Freeman*. Its editor was a gaunt young New England journalist, politician and poet by the name of John Greenleaf Whittier. Whittier had written a long ode on the occasion of the dedication of the new hall, and on the second morning of the dedication ceremonies it was read to the assembled group. Just as the hope was being expressed that the new hall might be a place

> Where wealth and rank and worldly pomp and might
> Yield to the presence of the Truth and Right

a brickbat came hurtling through a window. The rest of the day, however, passed quietly enough with a talk on "Indian Wrongs" in the morning, a second meeting of the Lyceum in the afternoon, and a debate on the merits of African Colonization in the evening. Downstairs, in the small lecture hall, a group of ladies had meanwhile assembled to hold the first annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Convention of American women, but they seemed to be performing their true womanly function, and keeping well out of sight.

Wednesday, the third day was almost as uneventful. Word, however, had leaked out by this time that William Lloyd Garrison, the fire-eating abolitionist from Boston, was present and the crowd outside the hall had grown. The presence of Negroes in the hall seemed particularly to arouse the ire of the mob, and Negro women, coming and going to the Women's Convention, were jeered at. The managers must have drawn a huge sigh of relief when 3 p.m. came, and the Dedication ceremonies were brought officially to a close. Almost absent-mindedly they agreed to a request that the hall be used that night by several members of the women's group. Only later, and much too late, did they learn that it was the intention of the ladies to speak to a "mixed" audience.

In the 1830's, ladies—nice ladies—did not speak to groups containing members of the opposite sex. The Quakers let their women speak in Meeting for Worship, but in their business meetings they still met separately. Other groups were far more opposed; universally it was regarded as not quite womanly and not quite nice. So when a few impassioned lady abolitionists had begun last year speaking to mixed groups in New England, a shock wave had been felt up and down the East coast.

The first lady orators were the Grimke sisters. Born of wealthy, aristocratic slaveholding parents in South Carolina, Angelina and Sarah had freed their slaves, moved to Philadelphia, become Quakers, and in 1837 begun lecturing to mixed audiences in Massachusetts. Now they were here in Philadelphia for the dedication ceremonies as well as for a wedding. On Tuesday, Angelina had married Theodore Weld, a noted abolitionist and Presbyterian minister. Since it was a mixed marriage between a Quaker and a non-Quaker, John Greenleaf Whittier couldn't attend, but he sat outside the room in which his friends were wed.

On the evening of May 16, petite, pretty Angelina, a radiant new bride, stepped to the podium of the main auditorium in Pennsylvania Hall to face a huge audience. Alternately the crowds hissed and cheered as she made vain efforts to be heard. Maria Chapman was the next to attempt to speak, followed by Abby Kelley, a beautiful blue-eyed Quaker of Irish ancestry. It was Abby's maiden speech. All three were drowned out by the shouts and the shattering of glass as bricks were thrown against the windows. At one moment the doors burst open and a crowd surged in, deluged the hall, and then surged out again like a receding wave. Lucretia Mott rose to the rostrum to protest the attitudes of those who thought it improper for women to make public addresses. Let us hope, she said, that "such false notions of delicacy and propriety will not long obtain in this enlightened country."

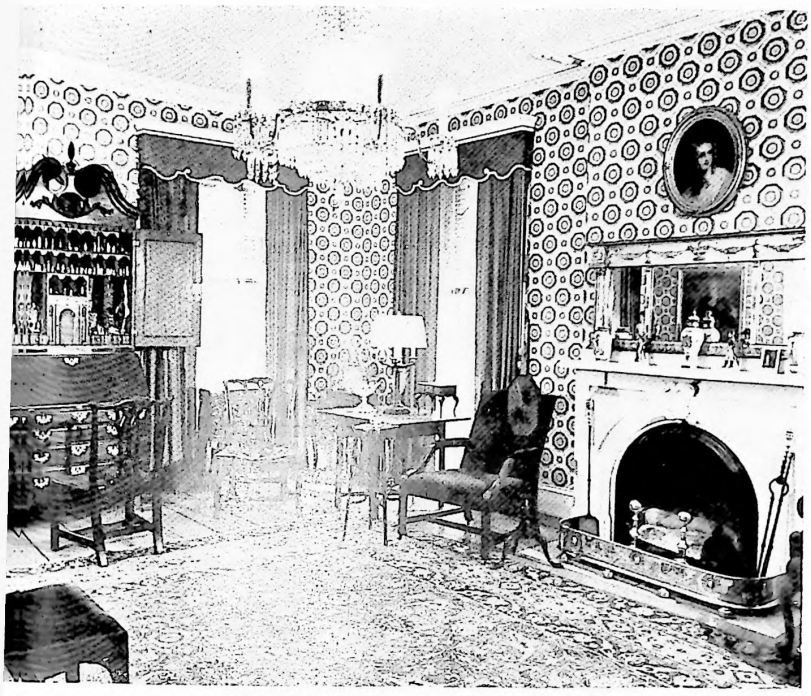
Perhaps in defense of his lady allies, William Lloyd Garrison now rose to make a speech. Never a man to trim his sails to the wind, Garrison spoke as he put it in good Anglo-Saxon English, giving his opinion not only of the slaveholders, but also of the moderates and temporizers, in fact, of all who did not agree exactly with him. Castigated in the process were a good many Philadelphians. The noise inside and outside the hall was deafening, and the tinkle of broken glass a regular occurrence. Dispersing finally, the abolitionists were jeered and taunted by members of the mob, but still no real outbreak of violence had occurred.

Garrison's speech, however, was evidently the last straw to the proslavery fashion. In the course of the night, posters were hastily printed and distributed throughout the city urging all citizens who had a proper regard for the rights of property and the preservation of the Constitution to gather at Pennsylvania Hall and interfere, forcefully if they must, with the meetings being held there.

Alarmed, a committee of the Board of Managers

(Continued on page 32)

Displays from the Museum









Whose Ice Cream Is This?

This question has been asked in these stores literally thousands of times in the past few years. Let us now answer the question once for all time. The answer is quite simple. It is ours! It is made especially for the 9 BIJOU ICED CREME PARLOURS here in Philadelphia, in our plant, and delivered in our truck. Our plant is located deep in Pennsylvania Dutch Country in a little town named CLEONA. It is about 5 miles west of Lebanon. Our plant is small but spotless. Our milk comes straight from those picture postcard farms in Lancaster and Lebanon Counties. Our ice cream contains none of the chemicals and glop that are so characteristic of most commercial ice creams. We have no gelatins, powdered milk, or dried fruits and artificial flavors. It is pure, delicious, and rich. It is fattening!

Our ice cream is completely unique in Philadelphia. A quart of our ice cream is as heavy as a half gallon of "super market" ice cream. It is expensive and that's why. By the pound it is a bargain! When you buy from a BIJOU, you are helping an independent businessman, not a giant corporation. Each store has its own operator, who is in business for himself.

Winter hours 7 p.m. to 11 p.m.
Sundays 3 p.m. to 11 p.m.

6149 Germantown Avenue
5302 Wayne Avenue
730 E. Chelten Avenue
4245 Ridge Avenue
19th & Cheltenham Avenue
7207 Germantown Avenue
(Closed for the winter)

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from page 15)

to ourselves and on the services rendered by Miss Mabel E. Irle. Mrs. Arthur E. Weil has continued her indefatigable efforts to increase the Society's membership and has been successful as the names of new members listed in the Crier demonstrate.

We are all appreciative of the efforts of Mrs. Richard Wilson, Mrs. Frank L. Monteith, and Dr. Venable as the Chairmen of the three Morris House Committees for their work in operating successfully the historic Morris House for which the Society is the custodian. Recently, planting in the grounds has been done through the efforts of Mrs. Knowlton Montgomery who, as a volunteer, has spent many hours in the garden.

Again we thank Mrs. Almon N. Kidder, our Historian, for her annual account of Germantown events and our Secretary, Miss Hinton, and Asistant Secretary, Mr. Leonard Denis, for the services they have rendered.

The meetings of the membership at the parish houses of Trinity Lutheran Church and Christ Church and St. Michael's were well attended by members and guests who were privileged to hear interesting talks by speakers whose services were engaged by Mr. Henry J. Magaziner, Chairman of the Meetings Committee, assisted by Mrs. Samuel Chew as Co-Chairman.

Altogether the Society has enjoyed another good year. Its financial condition continues to be sound under the administration of our painstaking treasurer, Mr. Wallace S. Martindale, Jr., who manages our funds and securities.

To all who in whatever way the Society is indebted for services rendered by them as its officers, managers and members, we owe our thanks and our appreciation. We look forward to another year of service to our members and the Germantown community.

HON. HARRY D. SAYLOR

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Victor 8-3232 Philadelphia, Pa. 19144

CIVIL WAR LETTERS

(Continued from page 14)

front on double quick, we went out and supported the line. Lost were four men wounded. After dark we went back to work and worked nearly all night. The next day we went to the front again and built breastworks and remained there all the time. That day the 5th Corps was drove back.

I tell you, Willie, our boys began to look wild when they saw the 5th Corps coming back like a flock of sheep, but fortunately, the Rebels didn't get in our rear, but one of our Regt. was killed and another wounded.

The next day was a cold rainy day and very disagreeable and to make it more so, I was out on the skirmish line. All the time a line of works was being built in our rear for us to fall back in, so early Saturday morning the troops fell back, but I was left out in command of our Brigade picket line.

I stayed out two days and was then relieved. I found all hands busy building quarters. Our camp now is about three miles from the old one. I had my old tent hauled over and put up and I am now nearly as comfortable as I was before.

I commenced to paper my tent yesterday, but run out of newspapers before I was half done, but I shall soon finish it. Since our move we have had a good deal of rain and the sacred soil is knee deep; but today is splendid, just like spring.

I suppose now I shall soon have no home in Jersey, for Father is going to move out to Indiana next month. Nearly all of our folks are out there, but I shall visit Bordentown when my time is out, if I am spared so long.

Two days more, Willie, and I will be twenty-one years old. I must celebrate it in some way. I have not decided yet how. I feel quite proud indeed to think I was commissioned as Captain before twenty-one.

I see from the tone of some of the southern papers that the mass of the southern people are for peace on any terms while some of their leading men are for war to the bitter end. I think we can accommodate them either way. They know to their cost that we are not backward in fighting. They know also that they can have peace, unconditional peace, at any time.

Ten Rebels came in our lines last night. They state that things and times are getting desperate over there.

We captured over thirty bales of cotton at the Armstrong house the other day and plenty of tobacco, and afterward we dug up quite a bag of gold and silver. Some soldier had his tent on the place. If it had been me I would never have forgiven myself for not finding it.

I have one of Armstrong's chairs (Frank C., Confederate soldier).

One of the boys saved it for me. It is a very useful trophy.

The end of the war is approaching, and the final letter from Captain Mitchell is dated

May 29, 1865 Near Munson's Hill, Va.

We have been so busy since we came to this place, I have hardly had a moment to call my own.

We have been busy getting our papers ready for muster out of service. They are all done at last and I think we will be mustered out tomorrow. If we do we will start for Jersey the next day and very likely be there this week. We are not going to take our recruits with us. They will be transferred to some other Regt. So there will not be a great many of us. Our Corps will be reviewed today by Gen Hancock and I must get ready.

I suppose you read of our review in Washington. I was in to see Sherman's Army.

I have a trophy for you. I got it at Farmville, an English rifle cut down. It is a rough concern, one of their cavalry carbines, but it will show you how they armed their cavalry just before Lee's surrender.

Hoping soon to see you, I remain

Yours truly
J. W. Mitchell
Capt. Co. D., 12th N. J. Vol.

****

We hope life was good to you, Captain John Mitchell.

****

"A man of action forced into a state
of thought is unhappy until he can get out of it."
—JOHN GALSWORTHY

REPORT ON RELICS

Since November, 1969, this Society has received many additions to its collection.

Dr. Thomas Livezey McLaughlin of Cleveland, Ohio, presented an American Spindle Back Arm Chair which was presented to the original Thomas Livezey by Benjamin Franklin, according to tradition. Also two fine oil paintings of Thomas Livezey and his wife, Anna Louise Phillips who were married November 29th, 1836. The paintings are by George F. Bensell.

The kitchen department was added to by Mrs. Bostwick with utensils from the Monastery. Mrs. James Wilson gave two rattan beaters and a copper clothes boiler.

Mr. Robert T. Benson of California presented a coin from the German-American Bi-Centennial. On the obverse is the seal of Philadelphia, and on the reverse the seal of Germantown 1638-1883.

A fine cradle from the Gowen Family was presented by Mrs. James Gowen.

Mrs. Theodora Green presented a sampler made by Sarah A. Nexubigin of Thorp School, age 9, 1816.

A quilt containing fine examples of feather stirching made by Hattie Smeltzer Unselt about 1880 was presented by her daughter Helen Enselt Broome.

Mr. Jerry MacFadden presented six photographs of places in and about Philadelphia.

We thank these people most kindly for thinking of our Museum.

MARGARET B. BOSTWICK, *Chairman*

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THE NIGHT THEY BURNED PENNSYLVANIA HALL

(*Continued from page 26*)

headed by Daniel Neall went to see the mayor, Colonel John Swift. Colonel Swift was not at the police station, nor could he be found at city hall. When finally tracked down he said he wanted to consult the Attorney General to find out whether or not the county was liable for damages in the event of violence.

"Liable!" Daniel Neall exclaimed. "But we are asking thee to protect our property."

"There are two sides to every question," the mayor responded tartly. "It is public opinion that makes mobs, and ninety-nine out of a hundred of those with whom I converse are against you."

Learning next that the City Solicitor had given express orders that no one was to be arrested in connection with the agitation, the managers went to see the Sheriff, who agreed to offer them some protection, but said he could only spare them three men. Further alarmed, they hurried back to their hall and asked Lucretia Mott to request of the women's convention that the Negro members not come that night, since their presence seemed to draw the ire of the mob. Lucretia delivered the message, but she said she did not agree with it, and that she hoped the women would not be put off by the appearance of danger.

It was, however, more than appearance. By nightfall the mob had grown to 17,000 and even the reluctant mayor at last saw something must be done. His solution was to ask the managers to turn the keys of the hall over to him. He then mildly addressed the shouting, shoving throng telling them that he had arranged that there be no meeting that night.

"Our city has long had the enviable position of a peaceful city, a city of order," he said. "We never call out the military here . . . I would, fellow citizens look upon you as my police, and I trust you will keep order. I now bid you farewell for the night."

The crowd gave three hearty cheers for the mayor (who promptly disappeared) and then got down to the business of the evening, bursting open the doors of the hall, ransacking the offices, piling combustibles on the speakers desk, turning on the gas, and applying the torch. By 9 p.m. flames were shooting skyward. Fire companies, rushing to the scene, were not allowed by the mob to do more than protect surrounding buildings. The Temple of Emancipation was offered up, in Whittier's words "a smoking sacrifice to the demon Slavery."

The fire seemed to whet the mob's appetite for violence. Once the hall was well on its way to destruction, the multitude grew restless and began to look for fresh prey. Someone suggested the Motts, and the crowd started up Ninth Street, headed for the house where James and Lucretia Mott and their friends sat wondering what would happen next. Just as the mob turned the corner, however, a friend of the Motts daringly rushed to the head of the straggling column and shouting, "On to the Mott's!" led the crowd in the opposite direction. Eventually, the excitement declined and the crowd dispersed, only to form again the next day. Now its mood ugly, it burned down Bethel Church, a Negro house of worship, and destroyed The Shelter for Colored Orphans, a Quaker philanthropy.

A final target was the *Public Ledger*, not because that newspaper had advocated abolition, but because it had dared to speak forth for freedom of speech and fair play. The *Ledger*, however, was forewarned, and had armed all its employees. When this news reached the mob, their enthusiasm for burning down newspaper establishments rapidly cooled.

As a matter of fact, they learned later, they had failed to close down even the *Pennsylvania Freeman*. The night before, when the mob was preparing to break into Pennsylvania Hall, Whittier had rushed to the home of his friend John Parrish, donned a wig and a long white overcoat, and joining the crowd which invaded his sanctum, rescued the galleys for the next issue. On the morning of May 18, therefore, the *Freeman* came out as usual, with a short report on the events of the night before.

Nor was this the only surprise on the morning after the fire. Nothing daunted, nine of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society held an open meeting on the street in front of the hall, while Lucretia Mott and her ladies went serenely on with their Convention, meeting in a nearby schoolroom, and making plans for next year's gathering in Philadelphia.

The courage of the abolitionists helped swing public opinion to their side, and the burning of Pennsylvania Hall became a national scandal. Incensed, the governor of Pennsylvania offered a reward for the capture of any who participated in the action, while Philadelphia's City Council appointed a committee of inquiry to look into the actions of the mayor and the police. Mr. Swift tried to counter the damage to his reputation by also offering a reward for the capture of the culprits, but he so worded his proposition that he actually meant only the one man who set the torch. He narrowly missed impeachment and was not returned to office.

The burning of Pennsylvania Hall came to be regarded as one of the turning points in the struggle against slavery. Formerly it had been believed by polite society that the opposition to abolition came mainly from respectable and law-abiding citizens. Now they had to face the fact that there was a close connection between slavery and violence.

Most of all, however, the event reminded Philadelphians that freedom of speech, born here in the cradle of liberty, had to be extended to all, and that if you were willing to see the reformers throttled you ended up with the mob at your own doorstep. It is a lesson that needs to be continually relearned.

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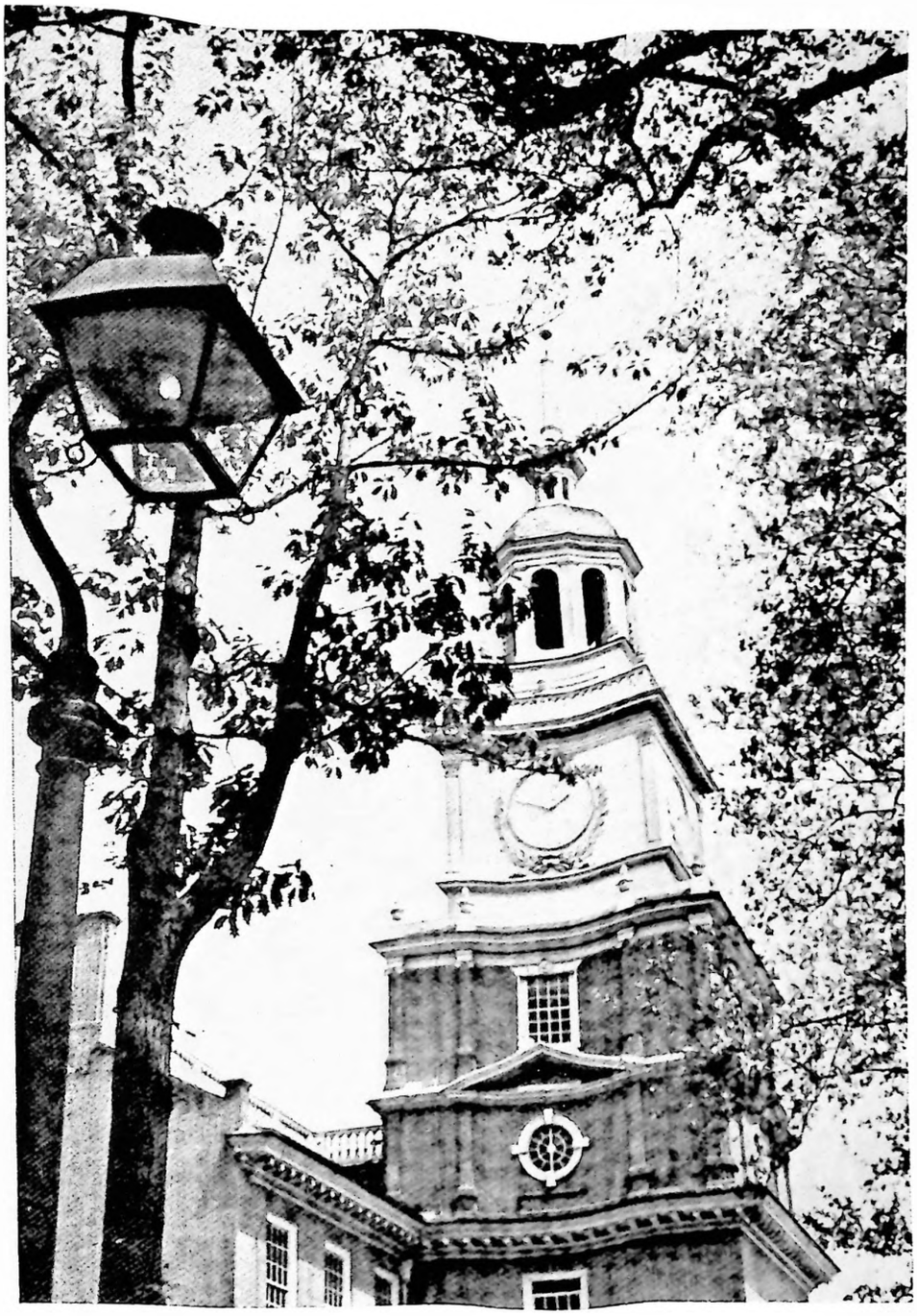
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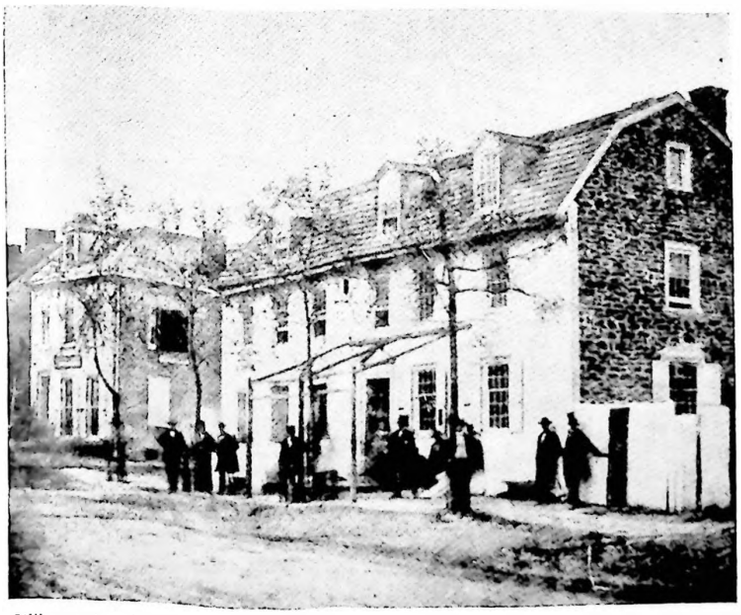
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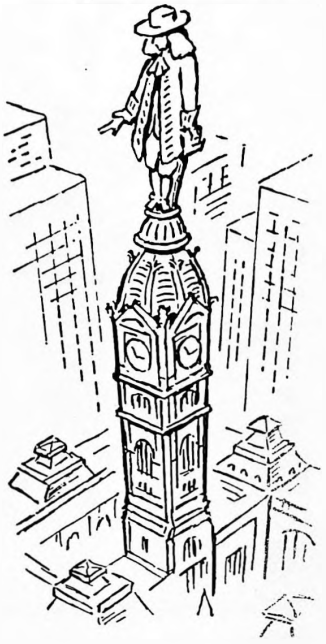
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