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Haunted corners of the Wissahickon (Story on page 79).

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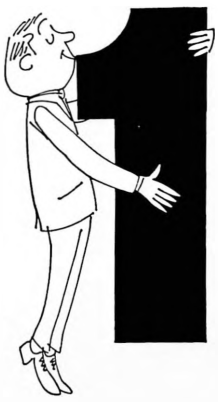
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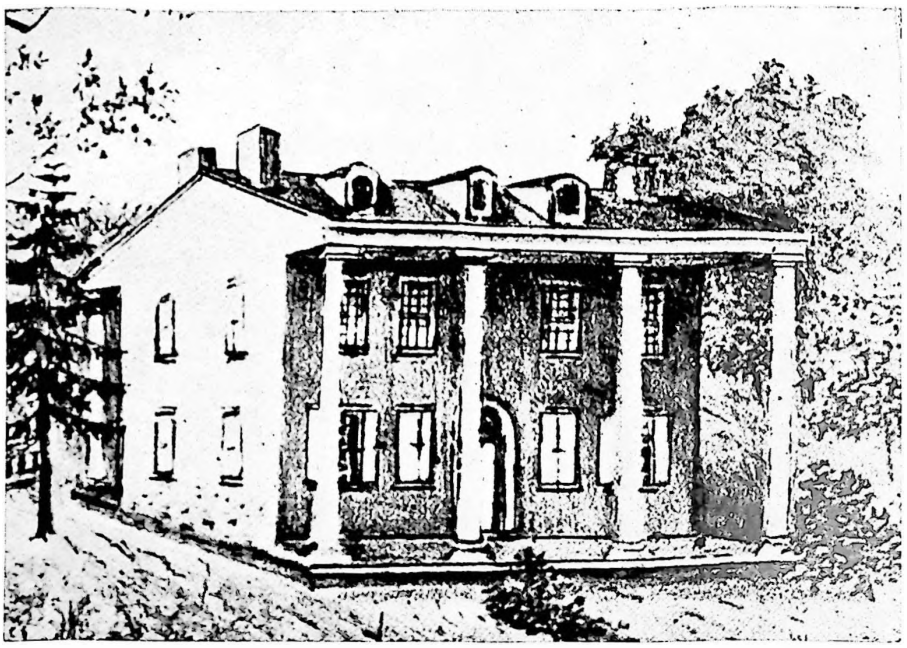
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Germantown Picture Quiz

The imposing structure pictured in this sketch was once a familiar landmark in Germantown. Its design is quite unusual for this area, featuring a two-story portico with four giant columns. Such tall porticoes were frequently a feature of southern United States architecture but achieved little popularity in the North.

Readers are invited to identify the location of the house by completing the following statement: "The mystery house was located on ———— (Street or Avenue) between ———— (Street or Avenue) and ———— (Street or Avenue)." Replies should be addressed to:

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The reader who is first to submit the correct response will receive a complimentary set of twelve brochures comprising the early publications of the Germantown Historical Society and its predecessor, the Site and Relic Society of Germantown.

Cryptogram

FUZGFIMSK FUOGJWIMGSNFP

YNF UOUSIB KUSUFNJ NKSUY'B

GFHUFJP YFGIU: IVU NFEP

IVUS ZFGRUUHUH IG IVNI

WSXGFIWSNIU ZJNRU RNJJUH

KUFENS—IGYS.

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The correct solution will be printed in the December issue of the CRIER, along with the names of readers submitting correct replies which are received not later than October 31.

The reader who is first to submit the correct response will be sent a set of twelve color post cards depicting historic houses of Germantown.

Phil-Ellena

The Countryseat of George W. Carpenter

By Edwin Iwanicki

PHIL-ELLENA, which might well be considered the most imposing countryseat built in the vicinity of Germantown in the nineteenth century, was a monument to the success in life of George W. Carpenter. The mansion and its grounds, furnishings, and dependencies were planned by Mr. Carpenter and in many ways reflected his personality: the versatility of his interests (artistic, scientific, and literary), the lavishness of his tastes, and the abundance of his economic resources.

The story of George W. Carpenter's career is a classic of the nineteenth-century self-made man. It is recounted in *Biographies of Successful Philadelphia Merchants* (1864)[1] that Carpenter was born at Germantown on July 31, 1802. After studying at the Germantown Academy, he entered as an assistant into the firm of Charles Marshall, Jr., at 310 Market Street, in 1820, for the purpose of learning the drug business.

The biographical sketch continues, in typical Victorian literary style, to expand upon his virtues and the rewards they brought him:

> His salary at Marshall's was small, and he had no hereditary fortune to help him along, but he was prudent and saving, and in a few years had accumulated sufficient to justify him in undertaking business on his own account. . . . he entered into business for himself with a fair prospect of success. It was in the year 1828 that he opened at No. 301 Market street, next door to the corner of Eighth street, north side, the small drug store in which, with a limited capital, the results of his savings, he launched out upon the sea of business.
>
> From the moment when George W. Carpenter went into business for himself, in 1828, until the day of his death, his success was extraordinary. Riches flowed in upon him with an undeviating current. In eight years he had accumulated enough, beyond all necessities upon account of his capital, to purchase a farm in the upper part of Germantown, which, under the influence of his taste, became one of the most splendid country seats in the United States.

In selecting the location for his remarkable dwelling, Mr. Carpenter seems to have been strongly influenced by sentiment, for he writes: "How pleasing is the spot, from which the home of birth, infancy, and childhood can be seen: and who is it that does not prefer his native fields to any other place—not that they are more beautiful, but because he was there brought up? The spot on which we passed our infant days possesses a secret charm, an inexpressible enchantment, superior to every other enjoyment. No other spot on the face of the earth can equal that on which the gambols of our infant days were passed without inquietude or care—without even the use or thought of drugs and medicines."[2]

Despite his sentimentality, Mr. Carpenter was a businessman—and a shrewd one. His interest in real estate was speculative as well as sentimental. Between 1830 and 1851 at least one hundred and seventy-five deeds were recorded at Philadelphia with Carpenter named as purchaser,[3] and this constitutes only a part of the total number of acquisitions made by him during his lifetime, representing large holdings in the vicinity of Germantown.

A few years after his death, which occurred in 1860, it was stated that he had foreseen

> . . . the splendid future of this quiet village, and put his spare profits into the purchase of Germantown property wherever he could find an eligible investment. The quiet and sleepy burghers, who had not the foresight of Mr. Carpenter, gladly availed themselves of his liberal offers, little dreaming that the prices which he paid would in a few years be increased fifty and a hundred fold. Long before his death, Mr. Carpenter was the owner of over five hundred acres of ground in Germantown, and he bought whenever an opportunity presented itself. The present [1864] value of this property, in comparison to its cost, is immense. Before he died, Mr. Carpenter was the owner of over four hundred houses in the city and county of Philadelphia . . .[4]

As might be expected of one so extensively involved in real estate dealings, George W. Carpenter was able to select an admirable site for his own dwelling. Relative to the present-day street pattern, the mansion may be said to have stood on the west side of Germantown Avenue (set back about two hundred feet from the street line), approximately halfway between Westview Street and Carpenter Lane.

---

[1](No Author), *Biographies of Successful Philadelphia Merchants* (Philadelphia: James K. Simon, 1864), pp. 124–129.

[2](George W. Carpenter), "A Brief Description of Phil-Ellena, the Country Seat of George W. Carpenter, at Germantown, Philadelphia County, Penn." (Philadelphia, 1844), pp. 22–23.

[3]"Grantee" Index, Department of Records, City Hall, Philadelphia.

[4]*Biographies of Successful Philadelphia Merchants*, p. 127.

This site no doubt recommended itself to Mr. Carpenter because of the extensive view which it afforded. The plans for his mansion included a cupola, or "observatory," which, he boasted, was "on an elevation of more than 500 feet above the level of Philadelphia." Expanding on the subject with obvious delight, he went on to observe:

> Here may be seen with the naked eye vessels plying on the Delaware, the various public buildings, and churches of the city, Girard College, the villages of Mantua, Hamilton, Roxborough, Chestnut Hill, &c., &c.; and in the intervening distance, the most fertile and luxuriant valleys, clothed with vegetation, forests of fruit and groves of shrubbery, extensive meadows, and beautiful lawns, dotted with cottages, far as the eye can reach . . .
>
> On the west, a short time before sunset in autumn, the most pleasing and interesting scenes present themselves to our view. The brilliant sun, sinking behind the elevated boundaries of the Wissahickon and Schuylkill, tinges the autumnal foliage of the forest with its golden rays . . .[5]

The beauty of the scene so enthralled Mr. Carpenter that he was moved to express himself in poetry, turning his thoughts to the "melodious warblings" of the "feathered choir."

The genial proprietor of Phil-Ellena, while he had his moments of romanticism, also wrote of his countryseat in the detailed, quantitative vein characteristic of scientific descriptions. Upon the completion of his dwelling, in 1844, he published, "for gratuitous distribution," a pamphlet entitled "A Brief Description of Phil-Ellena, the Country Seat of George W. Carpenter, at Germantown, Philadelphia County, Penn." This brochure was "intended . . . as a compliment to the Artists, Mechanics, and Labourers, employed in erecting and finishing the various buildings, furnishing materials, and laying out the grounds." Included in the pamphlet, a substantial part of which was published in the *Germantown Telegraph* the same year, was a list of fifty-one "artists, mechanics, etc." who contracted for various parts of the work. This was supplemented by an alphabetical list of 531 persons, comprising suppliers of materials and operatives, as far as could be ascertained, who were employed at the work.

Carpenter's "Brief Description of Phil-Ellena" is clearly the most detailed and authoritative source for information on the design and construction of the mansion and its dependencies. A statement on the title page establishes the date of construction: The countryseat was "commenced in 1841, and finished in 1844." The question of who designed the mansion is also precisely settled, for Carpenter writes:

> No architect was employed about the buildings;—the plan being that of the proprietor, assisted by Mr. Nathan Smedley, carpenter and chief builder, to whom great credit is due for his talents and skill in carrying out the various plans, as well as for numerous original designs. The proprietor is also greatly indebted to him for his assistance in projecting the design and plan of the main building and all the out-houses on the grounds; also for his faithful and indefatigable attention in superintending the work from the first entrance of the spade in the ground to the last nail which was driven, and the finishing stroke of the painter.
>
> The proprietor also takes this opportunity, of recommending Mr. Smedley as a carpenter and builder of the highest order of qualification, and as a prudent, careful, honest and industrious man, and worthy the full confidence of any person in town or country who may design to have buildings erected in the best manner with as little waste and unnecessary expense as possible. Great credit is also due to Mr. William Johnston, draftsman, for his faithful and accurate delineations and drawings of the mouldings, cornices, and various devices made use of in and about the building.[6]

An elevation of the mansion, included in Carpenter's brochure, bears the notation, "Drawn by W. Johnston." Significantly, Johnston was not mentioned as "architect" in this connection, though he was practicing architecture professionally at the time. Apparently, any assumption that he may have supplied the designs for Phil-Ellena is without foundation.

Carpenter describes the mansion house as being "of the Grecian order," the whole front of the building measuring about 165 feet, consisting of "a main building 101 feet in the clear, and two wings attached of 54 feet." Large porticoes at the front and back were each supported by six Ionic columns, "from the example of the Temple of Minerva Polas, which constitutes one of the porticos from the Erectheon Temple at Athens." The front of the mansion was further elaborated with two small porticoes, set back from the main portico. These flanking colonnades, each consisting of four columns, were modeled "from the example of the Ionic Temple near the river Illisus at Athens."[7]

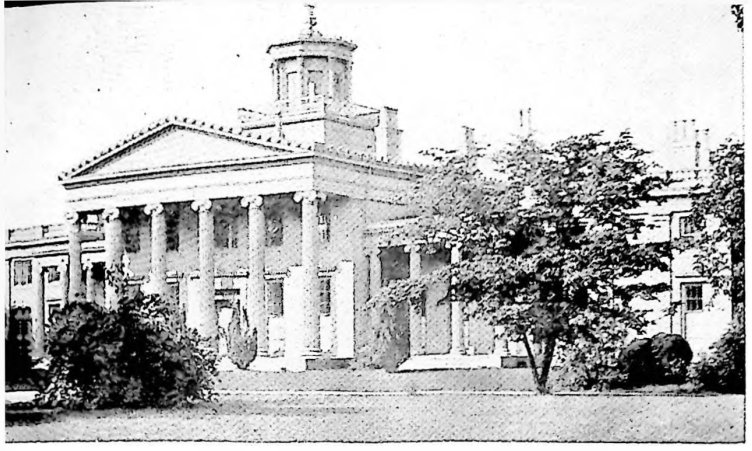
Apparently, the columns were of marble and the walls of stone, as three marble masons, four stone masons, and three granite masons are listed among the contractors employed in the construction. The outside of the mansion, Carpenter states, was covered with "mastic cement, which is far superior in beauty of finish and durability to the ordinary rough casting of lime, &c; no lime enters into the composition of the mastic, which . . . forms a cement impervious to water, hard as a stone, and of great durability."[8]

In the center of the roof of the building was an "octagonal observatory, supported by eight Grecian columns, with antique caps," and having "eight sets of sash doors . . . communicating with a balcony," which formed a four-foot-wide walk around the observatory, "enclosed by a neat Chinese railing."[9]

The architectural purist, though he may cringe at the thought of juxtaposing a "neat Chinese railing" with columns "of the Grecian order," must nonetheless admire Carpenter's archaeological interest in designing from specific Greek examples. This precise

[5] "A Brief Description of Phil-Ellena . . .," pp. 21–22.

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 28.
[7] *Ibid.*, pp. 6–7.
[8] *Ibid.*, p. 17.
[9] *Ibid.*, p. 21.



Carpenter Mansion—Phil-Ellena

borrowing of classical forms is perhaps especially remarkable for the Germantown area, which seems to have experienced singularly little of the enthusiasm for the Greek temple style which was rife in America during several decades of the nineteenth century.

The few examples, which can be mentioned, of columned porticoes on residential structures of Germantown and its vicinity are, indeed, awkwardly conceived, generally being imposed upon the facades of structures dating from the colonial or federal periods. Such is the case with Loudoun (the Armat mansion),[10] the home of Wyndham H. Stokes,[11] the so-called "Steamboat House,"[12] and even the extraordinarily embellished countryseat at nearby Falls of Schuylkill which had been built for Governor Mifflin.[13]

But if the Greek porticoes of Phil-Ellena were unequalled in local residential designs, at least the town could boast a church and a municipal building with classic colonnades surpassing the level of sheer improvisation. These structures were the First Baptist Church (1852–53), on East Price Street, designed by Samuel Sloan,[14] and the Town (or Ward) Hall (1854), at Germantown Avenue and Haines Street, designed by Napoleon LeBrun.[15]

The arrangement of rooms on the first floor of Carpenter's mansion is shown on a plan of the building. An entrance hall, a "saloon," and a stair hall combined to form a central passage from the front to the back portico, interrupted only by two pairs of Scagliola columns. The main rooms to the north of this central passage were two parlours, a breakfast room, and a kitchen (in the north wing); those to the south of the hall were two drawing rooms, a library, and a conservatory (in the south wing). The rooms on the central north-south axis of the building communicated by sliding doors, allowing an unbroken connection throughout. These rooms were well lighted, with tall windows running down to the floor and opening onto the porticoes. The second story was divided into fifteen rooms.

The name "Phil-Ellena," which is understood to have been given to the estate by Mr. Carpenter in honor of his wife (Ellen D. Carpenter), combines with her name a Greek syllable signifying affection.[16] The estate comprised an area of thirty-six acres, having a frontage of about six hundred feet on "the Main street of Germantown." It was secluded from the street by a stone wall about three feet high, on which was erected a "fancy fence richly ornamental, made of red cedar, and painted white." The wall was interrupted by three large circular gates, having fourteen "heavy massive posts with Gothic vases of large size." The gates at either end were used for carriage ways, while the center gateway was a pedestrian entrance.

Several buildings besides the mansion occupied the grounds. South of the main structure was an oblong building in the Grecian temple style, with porticoes front and back, each supported by four "fluted columns with antique caps of composite, in which the cap of the columns of the Tower of the Winds is the base." Niches in the front wall of this building, designated the "Museum," contained statues of Minerva and of Eloquence, "by Rush" (presumably John Rush, who was named as one of the carvers employed by Carpenter). Designed to contain collections relating to natural history, arts, and sciences, the interior was finished with an open gallery reached by a staircase in the rear.[17]

South of the Museum, and near the southeast gate of the estate, was the hothouse, covering an area of about six thousand square feet, and "enclosed by a sash, containing over twenty-five thousand lights of glass." A shed attached to the rear of the greenhouse covered six large furnaces, the heat from which safeguarded the plants during the severe winter weather.[18]

North of the mansion was a summer house of octagonal plan, supported by eight fluted columns and enclosed by eight double sash doors opening on the lawn. Its octagonal dome was surmounted by a forty-foot spire, and the small structure was further ornamented with figures carved by Rush. Under the summer house was an ice house cut out of solid rock, having a capacity of about 1,300 cubic feet of ice.[19]

West of the mansion house was a two-story stone

[10]Loudoun still stands in lower Germantown, at 4650 Germantown Avenue.

[11]The Stokes mansion, now demolished, stood on the west side of Germantown Avenue above Maplewood, on the site of Nos. 5600–12. It is depicted (Plate xxxvi) in a book entitled *Quaint Old Germantown in Pennsylvania* ("A Series of Sixty Former Landmarks of Germantown and Vicinity," drawn on zinc during the years 1863–1888, by John Richards [Richard]; collated, arranged, and annotated by Julius Friedrich Sachse, Litt.D. Printed mostly from the original zinc plates. Philadelphia, 1913.)

[12]The "Steamboat House," now demolished, stood on Germantown Avenue between Sedgwick Street and Mount Pleasant Avenue. An illustrated article on the house appeared in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, October 27, 1902 (clipping in Edwin C. Jellett's scrapbook, "Germantown Historical Miscellany," Vol. II, p. 445 [Germantown Historical Society library, L-1/9]).

[13]Edwin Iwanicki, "The Mifflin Mansion at the Falls of Schuylkill," *Germantowne Crier*, Vol. 17, No. 2 (May, 1965), pp. 53–59.

[14]Edwin Iwanicki, "Germantown's First Baptist Church," *Germantowne Crier*, Vol. 18, No. 2 (May, 1966), pp. 51–53, 60.

[15]On March 22, 1854, the *Germantown Telegraph* reported: "We are informed that the various contracts for constructing our Ward Hall, were given out, on Monday last, by the architect, Mr. Le Brun . . ." This building was replaced in the 1920's with another colonnaded town hall.

[16]*Biographies of Successful Philadelphia Merchants*, p. 127.

[17]"A Brief Description of Phil-Ellena . . . ," pp. 6, 24.

[18]*Ibid.*, pp. 6, 25.

[19]*Ibid.*, pp. 6, 25.

cottage, twenty by forty feet, which was occupied by Mr. Allen, the farmer. Adjacent to this was a "cottage barn" for cows and the working horses employed on the farm. East of the farm cottage was a capacious barn, fifty by eighty feet, with a wing on each side, for coach-house, harness room, wagon-house, etc. In the meadow south of the barn was a two-story spring house over a never-failing spring of water.[20]

An interesting structure on the estate was a three-story clock tower of unusual design. The flare of its roof, penthouse, and door-hoods caused it to be referred to as pagoda-like, while the round arches of its doors and windows gave it a touch of the Romanesque. A profusion of florid ornamentation around the clock faces suggested the extravagance of baroque design, while heavy brackets, balustraded balconies, and groups of three narrow round-topped windows provided more than a hint of the Italian villa style. At the risk of stretching a point, one might go on to mention the battered walls of the tower, characteristic of Egyptian architecture, and also the classical features of the one-story wing with its modillion and dentil cornice and its gable end treated as a pediment. All in all, then, the clock tower was certainly an extraordinary example of eclecticism.

This playfully contrived structure was apparently not among the original improvements on the estate, as it is not mentioned in "A Brief Description of Phil-Ellena." It is said that the tower rose to a height of sixty-five feet, and that its base contained an apartment which was used by Mr. Carpenter as an office.[21]

Careful attention was given to planning the grounds as well as the buildings. Mr. Carpenter wrote as follows concerning the lawns and gardens:

> The lawn in front of the building is large, and ornamented with fine forest trees interspersed with evergreens and shrubbery. The forest trees embrace some of the finest specimens of the elm, beach, sycamore, linden, tulip and English poplars, cedars, pines, &c., &c.; and the walks bordered with balm of Gileads, Norway spruce, silver pines, arbor vita's, Irish yews, and others.[22]
>
> . . . . . .
>
> On the south is seen the Kitchen Garden, covering an area of 45,000 square feet of ground, with six spacious graveled walks, crossing each other at right angles. These walks, as well as others comprising the various avenues of the lawn, are made by a depth of two feet of solid stone loosely thrown in and Macadamised on the top, and then covered with a thick stratum of red gravel from Coate's street, near Fairmount. These, and the whole of the ground plan, was constructed under the direction and supervision of Edwin M. Mather, ornamental gardener, of Pine street, Philadelphia.[23]

A later commentary[24] mentions a fountain as one of the lawn embellishments. The kitchen garden was apparently well cultivated, for on May 24, 1848, the *Germantown Telegraph* reported: "We have a Lemon from Phil-Ellena, in this borough, which measures 12 inches by 11 in circumference, and weighs something less than a pound. We'll keep it till the 4th of July and no longer."

To complete the improvements on his estate, Mr. Carpenter used subterranean aqueducts to channel several streams on his grounds in order to supply two artificial lakes stretching several hundred feet in length, and in width north and south about one hundred feet, with a depth of eight to ten feet at the dam. He states that "these lakes were made at a great expense; and the proprietor has called them Silver Lakes, from the beauty of nomenclature as well as a facetious signification from the quantity of silver sunk in their waters."

It is reported that the mansion cost about $150,000 to construct, and that at the time laborers were paid only 62½ cents per day, carpenters 75 cents, and bricklayers 87½ cents.[25]

During the years when Phil-Ellena was under construction, George W. Carpenter was residing in Philadelphia, at 130 North Ninth Street. Beginning in 1845 and continuing until his death, he was listed in city directories as a resident of Germantown. By 1844, the year the mansion was completed, its locality had come to be known as Mount Airy, though it was still commonly referred to as Germantown. A Philadelphia guide book published that same year contains this brief reference: "*Mount Airy.*—Though under another name, this village may be regarded as an extension of Germantown, which it resembles in every respect. It contains some thirty or forty dwellings."[26]

The mansion at Phil-Ellena was locally considered such an important building that it was prominently pictured on Rogerson and Murphy's map of Germantown Township (1851), in much the same way that drawings of the State House (Independence Hall) were used to embellish maps of Philadelphia. It is said that during Mr. Carpenter's lifetime the estate was open at all times to visitors and that thousands of persons were familiar with it.[27]

The proprietor of Phil-Ellena did not live to a ripe old age, and his death was reported in the *Germantown Telegraph* on June 13, 1860, as follows:

> At his residence in this place, on the 7th instant, GEORGE W. CARPENTER, in the 58th year of his age. The deceased had suffered from precarious health for several years, and his death at almost any time was not unexpected. He had pursued a very active life for over thirty-five years and for the last twenty years occupied a prominent position as a business man and capitalist. He was a native of Germantown and was among the first to embellish the town by the erection of his elegant mansion, in which he died. He has left a very large estate, accumulated by unremitted attention to busi-

[20] *Ibid.*, pp. 26–27.
[21] Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, January 31, 1902.
[22] "A Brief Description of Phil-Ellena . . .," p. 5.
[23] *Ibid.*, p. 26.
[24] S. F. Hotchkin, *Ancient and Modern Germantown, Mount Airy and Chestnut Hill* (Philadelphia: P. W. Ziegler & Co., 1889), p. 537.
[25] Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, January 31, 1902.
[26] H. S. Tanner, *A New Picture of Philadelphia, or the Stranger's Guide to the City and Adjoining Districts*, Third Edition (New York: T. R. Tanner, 1844), p. 131.
[27] *Biographies of Successful Philadelphia Merchants*, p. 127.

ness, and especially in the judicious investment of money in real estate, stocks, &c. He commenced the world without a dollar not earned by his own hands. His example should not be lost upon the rising generation.

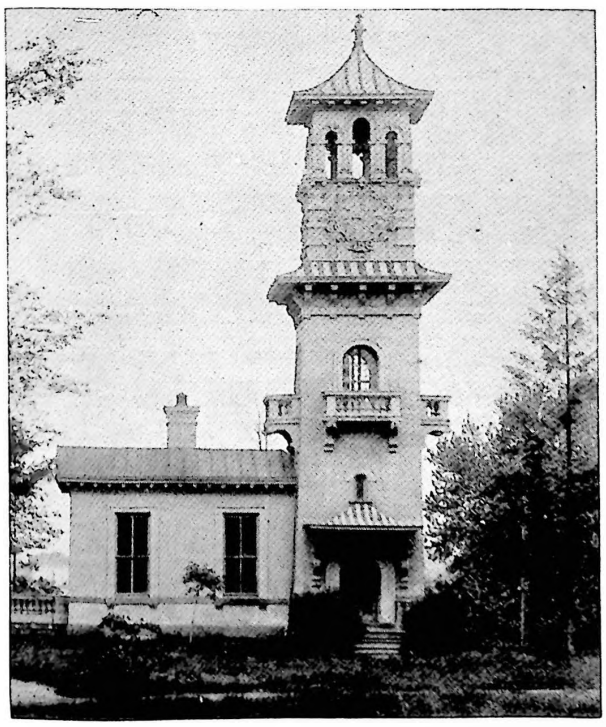
City directories for subsequent years up to 1893 list Ellen Carpenter, widow of George W. Carpenter, as resident at the mansion, the address of which was given as the corner of Germantown Avenue and Carpenter, or 5510 Germantown Avenue (in accordance with the old numbering system of Germantown which has since been superseded). In 1892 the heirs of George W. Carpenter transferred to Sydney L. Wright and the Provident Life and Trust Company the decedent's property "of every description," in trust, to dispose of the same.[28]

On the sixth, seventh, and eighth of June, 1893, many of the personal effects belonging to the Carpenter estate were sold on the premises. The catalogue[29] published by the auctioneers briefly describes many items of the "elegant household furniture, choice oil paintings, magnificent Carrara marble statuary, the valuable private library, and the horses, carriages, sleighs, harness, etc." The 743 items (plus 298 books) offered for sale were listed, for the most part, according to their location in the mansion, outbuildings, or grounds of the estate.

Among forty-four paintings listed, Thomas Sully, with nine works, was the artist best represented. A large collection of sculpture included three busts (David Rittenhouse, Dr. Alexander of Virginia, and one unknown piece) and four life-size figures (Flora, Summer, Light, and Achilles) carved in wood by William Rush, "the father of American sculpture."

[28]Deed Book T. G., No. 157, p. 508.
[29]A copy of the catalogue is in the library of the Germantown Historical Society.

Clock Tower at Phil-Ellena



The auctioneers printed this comment in the catalogue:

> William Rush was the first American sculptor. His works, which are principally in wood, are noted for their gracefulness, true proportions and beautiful workmanship. Specimens have become very scarce; single, small figures have been sold for $500 each. We are safe in saying that the opportunity will never be offered again to the public of possessing such choice specimens of workmanship of this master.

Many works of painting and sculpture were listed with the note, "Purchased by the late Mr. Carpenter at the sale of the effects of Joseph Bonaparte at Bordentown, New Jersey."

The local press, reporting on the auction, called it a "great sacrifice of statuary, paintings and other rare specimens of art":

> At the great sale of statuary, works of art, etc., belonging to the estate of the late George W. Carpenter, which took place on Wednesday, on the premises, Main and Carpenter streets, there were not many bidders, persons attending the auction having been required to procure tickets of admission to the mansion from the auctioneers in the city. Wealthy purchasers, however, did not predominate, and the articles were knocked down at surprisingly low bids.
>
> A magnificent painting of the Madonna Della Sedia, from the original at the Vatican in Rome and for which Mr. Carpenter paid $1500, was up some time before a bidder could be secured, and was finally sold for $175. Life-size marble busts of John Quincy Adams, Dr. Geo. Morton, Dr. Geo. McClelland, Dr. Parrish, James K. Polk, Dante, Henry Clay, Helen of Troy, Daniel Webster and other noted characters were sold at from $10 to $40 each. A life-size bust of Napoleon, a fine piece of sculpture in Carrara marble by Antonio Canova, sold for $250. A full-length figure of Apollo, sculptured in Carrara marble by Mariano Cozzeti in 1811, only brought $210. "A French Garden Party," a beautiful specimen of the early French school of painting, sold for $60. "The Triumphal Entry of Alexander the Great into Alexandria," a painting in which the linear perspective and coloring are superb and which was also purchased at the Bonaparte sale, was sold for $110. A full-length portrait of Geo. Washington, by Thomas Sully from Gilbert Stuart's celebrated picture, brought only $65. A full-length portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte, by David, in military uniform, which was purchased by Mr. Carpenter at the sale of the personal effects of Joseph Bonaparte at Bordentown and valued at $5000, was sold for $220. A very rare plan of Yorktown, Va., and the adjacent country, exhibiting the operations of the American, French and English armies during the siege of that place in 1781, was disposed of for $40. The marble statuary on the lawn, which formed one of the largest outdoor collections in the country, included busts of Andrew Jackson, Zachary Taylor, David Rittenhouse, Charles Sumner and a life-size figure of Henry Clay delivering his famous speech on the Missouri compromise bill in the House of Representatives, went off at surprisingly low figures. Scores of pieces of old Italian stone carving were disposed of and two of them, "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," and "Mary Weeping at the Foot of the Cross," attracted much attention and only found purchasers at low prices.[30]

A pair of stone lions disposed of at the Carpenter

[30]*The Germantown Guide*, June 10, 1893.

sale is known to have remained in Germantown. These lions now embellish the entrance to the museum of the Germantown Historical Society.[31] Any attempt to trace other items dispersed at that time would, no doubt, prove a tedious and perhaps largely fruitless venture.

Less than a month before the sale of personal effects took place, the trustees of the Carpenter estate, recognizing their inability to effect a sale of the real estate "for a price or upon terms satisfactory to them," joined with capitalists Anthony J. Drexel and Edward T. Stotesbury in the formation of "an unincorporated association to be known as the Carpenter Home stead Association," the purpose of which was the "ownership, improvement, development, and sale" of about one hundred acres of land, with improvements, including the mansion and its dependencies. In the deed[32] by which this transaction was effected it was noted that the "said one hundred acres of land are for the most part in an unimproved condition, and the expenditure of large sums of money is needed for the acquisition of neighboring and abutting tracts, the laying out, grading, and building of roads, the leveling of the surface of the tract, the building of sewers, and laying of water pipe, and for such other expenses as are incident to the proper development of suburban property."

By September of 1893 large building operations had begun on the Carpenter tract, as reported in the *Germantown Guide:*

> Wendell & Smith, who are representing the Drexel-Childs-Welsh syndicate, have secured building permits authorizing the erection of two more large houses on the land of the Carpenter estate, at Mt. Airy, where a mammoth electric power house will soon be erected. They expect to have 50 splendid houses under roof on this tract before winter, thus enabling them to meet the demand in the spring. As yet the old Carpenter homestead remains unsold, the firm holding out for $150,000 and the best offer yet made being $130,000.[33]

Two months later the syndicate developing the Carpenter property agreed to sell the mansion to John Lowber Welsh, as reported by the local press:

> John Lowber Welsh has secured the picturesque old homestead of the Carpenters, in the upper part of Germantown. The sale was effected by Wendell & Smith, on Saturday, and the transaction was closed Tuesday, when a memorandum of sale was made. The price paid is said to have been $110,000, or $11,000 an acre. The grounds surrounding the roomy old mansion comprise about 10 acres, upon which several buildings have been erected, none of which are in any way modern. The old house will be refitted throughout, without changing the general appearance or arrangement of the building. This property is one of the most valuable in Germantown, as well as one of the most desirable.[34]

Early in 1894 it was stated by a local newspaper[35] that forty thousand dollars would be expended by the Welsh-Drexel syndicate "in making additions and alterations to the old Carpenter mansion . . . , which will be converted into a first-class inn, to be known as 'The Carpenter.' "

Another local newspaper, reporting the same announcement, referred to plans for replacement rather than alteration of the Carpenter mansion:

> A large and handsome hotel, a long-felt want in the Twenty-second ward, is to be erected on the Carpenter property, at Mt. Airy, occupying the site of the old mansion. The plans, which were made by Furness & Evans, architects, of Philadelphia, show a three-story brick and stone building, of Colonial style of architecture, with all modern improvements, including electric lighting, steam heating, elevators, etc. The new hotel, which will be known as "The Carpenter," will be opened within a year, and from its splendid location, being within a short walk of the Pennsylvania and Reading Railroads and fronting on Main street, within a few steps of the trolley cars, thus making it conveniently accessible to the people of Chestnut Hill, Germantown and contiguous points, it will doubtless be a success from the start. The builder, we understand, will be Ashton D. Tourison [Ashton S. Tourison].
>
> The coming season will witness extensive improvements to the Carpenter property, under the supervision of Wendell & Smith, who are doing the syndicate's work. Many of the streets running through the property have been curbed and paved, cement walks have been laid, steam pipes have been put down, and a power house has been erected.
>
> The old Carpenter stable will be remodeled and converted into a handsome residence.[36]

Whatever the plan for "Carpenter Inn" may have been, it apparently "fell through," for in October, 1894, John Lowber Welsh sold the old mansion back to the development syndicate,[37] which was making considerable progress in transforming the Carpenter tract into a residential community known as "Pelham." The old greenhouses were razed in April, 1894,[38] but thoughts were still entertained of saving the mansion. In the summer of 1895, this report was current: "It was intended to separate the old Carpenter mansion in the middle and make two handsome dwellings, but the idea has been abandoned, as negotiations for the purchase of the property for a Methodist Episcopal Seminary are pending until the coming fall . . ."[39]

The latter idea was also abandoned eventually, and demolition was decided upon. The building was being torn down in February of 1897, as indicated by a brief notice in the Germantown *Independent-Gazette* dated the twelfth of that month:

(*Continued on page 92*)

[31] A typewritten note in scrapbook L-1/24, p. 28, at the library of the Germantown Historical Society, reads as follows: "At the Carpenter sale George W. Tarr bought a pair of stone lions. Later he gave them to his sister, Mrs. Treichler, wife of a druggist at Germantown avenue and Penn street. She gave them to the Site and Relic Society. They were placed at the entrance to the museum in Vernon Park and moved to 5214 Germantown avenue in 1927.—Mrs. Treichler's son, 1928."

[32] Deed Book T. G., No. 341, p. 1.

[33] *The Germantown Guide*, September 9, 1893.

[34] *The Germantown Guide*, November 25, 1893. The agreement of sale was executed by deed dated April 26, 1894.

[35] *The Germantown Guide*, February 24, 1894.

[36] *Germantown Weekly Independent*, February 16, 1894.

[37] Deed Book J. J. C., No. 13, p. 98.

[38] *The Germantown Independent*, April 13, 1894.

[39] *The Germantown Guide*, August 3, 1895.

Ten Haunted Corners of the Wissahickon

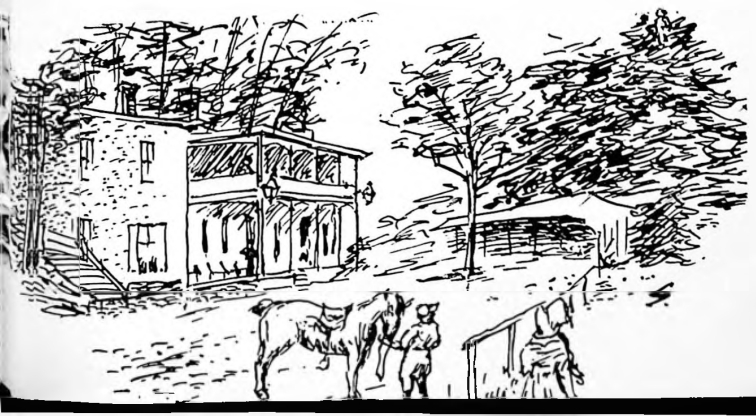
By George W. Sommer

I AM one who has long roamed every nook and corner of this picturesque glen—one who has become intimately acquainted with its highlands and recesses. But once I found myself in its most secluded spot. Here the trees and vines grew so thickly, no birds sang; it struck me that this could be the very abode of the genie who would watch over and protect this legendary region. I know not how I entered into another state of consciousness. Yet, as in a dream, I seemed to be taken by the Spirit of the Wissahickon, who evoked for me some of its long-vanished moments. For me, these scenes shall never be forgotten. Perhaps they may also serve to remind many others of our rich heritage.

All at once there was the throb of a message in the air. Indian drums were calling to a tribal council. Then, through the leafy canopy could be glimpsed brown bodies slipping along the forest aisles, and the mutter of excited voices rose through the hemlocks. Now throngs were sweating up the steep, leading to a high point in this wildest spot in all the Wissahickon Valley. There all were joined to fill every bit of level space. Before and below the council rock were grouped stern, impassive elders. On a promontory opposite, three drummers provided a background of sound. But now a hush fell over the tribe, as one of the council rose and climbed with agility to the rostrum. The chief—it could only be Tedyuscung—was presiding over a fateful conclave of these Leni-Lenape. It seemed to be their final powwow, for their hunting grounds had been despoiled till they would no longer support their race. Voices were raised in proposals for the necessary evacuation. Eventually all rose and faced as the chief pointed, toward the setting sun.

With the end of an era came a prospect of another nature. The somber picture became vague, faded away. Over a stone bridge clattered a festive party of young people, and turned into the yard of the Indian Rock Hotel. Some couples met outside in the open, to gaze upward. Far above was revealed a bright-colored figure portraying an Indian brave, with bow and spear, stepping westward. For a moment they gazed, then crossed and began to pick their way toward the height.

Indian Rock Hotel



Even as this scene faded, I seemed to leave it. With a strange moaning sound I was as if transported through the land. Again a vision of an ancestral gorge. Yet now the woods were suffused with the babble of childish accents. Calling, laughing, running, playing together were a band of red-skinned striplings, accompanying a wrinkled crone. Suddenly rounding a clump of hemlocks, they burst into a side valley. All stopped before the brook, here issuing between great rocks into a dark, seemingly bottomless pool. All gazed fascinated into this, as the old squaw recounted an age-old tale of the Devil's Pool. Returning to his repentant people, the Great Spirit pursued the Evil One who had afflicted them. Soon he was cornered in a fissure below. Seizing a huge boulder, their Good Genius let it fly, penning the other forever in his deep hideaway. The storyteller triumphantly pointed out the very thumb print the thrower had left on the rock before them. Only a moment did the scene overawe the little ones. Then, following a couple of older boys, they shed a few garments and soon were happily splashing in the chill water.

But nothing endures—nothing but change. Another view of this scene revealed horsemen descending the valley, saddlebags loaded with grain for the mill. Up the glen lie their homes in "Krisheim" they are saying, named after an ancestral German village.



Devil's Pool

With a moaning sound I was next transported in spirit into a placid vista, meeting of the waters, a wide flow joining its elder—the river. On the point of land was just visible a primitive hunters' cabin, its acre of land surrounded by a worn rail fence. Here deer came to drink. Indian canoes plied the waterway, bringing chiefs to smoke a peace pipe with the fishermen, whereupon those early sportsmen were

seen serving a repast of trout, shad, and catfish to their dark-skinned allies. This angling fraternity, limited to twenty-five members, they rightly called the Colony in Schuylkill.

Nearby on the bank of the stream was the yard of Andrew Robeson's "Wissahickon Mill." Here a scene of activity unfolded. Straining oxen brought logs for sawing; farmers' wagons took away their grist. All turned into the wide Ridge Road, leading to and from Philadelphia, five miles away. As I turned, my vision took in the imposing falls of the Wissahickon. Rocky crags blocked the waters of the creek, which leaped toward the mouth in a cascade twice my height. But the life of the valley beyond was hereby cut off from access to the Ridge Road. The prospect darkens. I was taken a short distance, it seemed, into the wilderness again.



Fire in the forest. Through giant oaks and pines swirled smoke and flames. On a hillside they called Rocks-Burrow bearded pilgrims in rough homespun robes were marching around the blaze as at an altar. I knew it was St. John's Eve, the night for their mystic rites. The ridge shook with German chants and prayers. I beheld just forty (a perfect number) of these Pietists—Rosicrucians, a branch of an ancient brotherhood. Like early Christians in spirit, they had retreated from central Europe, away from the allurements of the world, they said, to prepare for the coming millennium. Following the "Woman of Revelations," they elected "to fly to her place in the wilderness." But as the fire died down, my attention was directed to their log tabernacle high on the ridge. Just forty feet square, it rose to an observatory marked with their emblem—a red cross within a circle. Here unceasing watch was kept for a sign from heaven. As Magister Kelpius was retiring to his cave nearby, and the hermits to their cells, they were arrested by a cry from the lookouts. Gazing upward, all distinguished a vague white body moving through the air. It approached and took the real form of an angel. Receding into the shadows of the forest, it re-appeared as the fairest vision vouchsafed to humankind. The brethren raised cries of joy, then broke into pious invocations, but the apparition seemed repelled by their prayers. It gradually passed from our sight, and soon was seen no more. With a low moaning tone I was next taken away from that holy place.



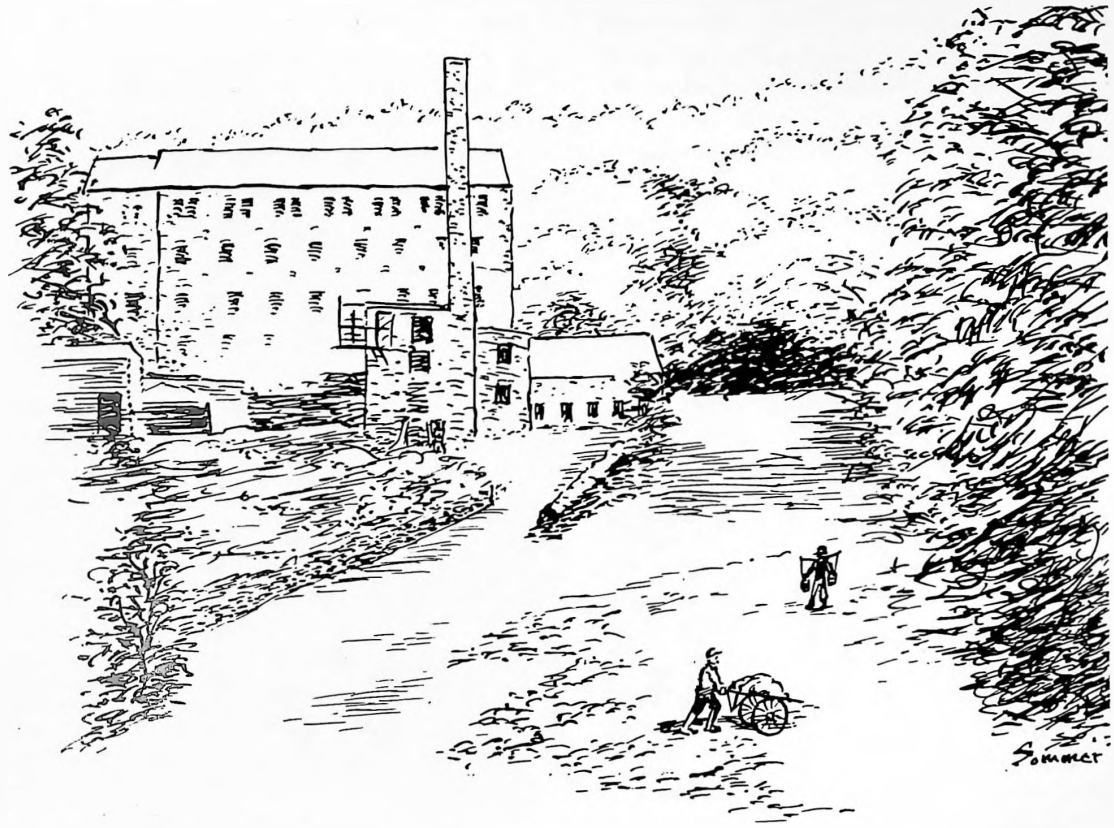
Yet, as if an echo of these consecrated men, another assemblage of faithful came into view. It was Christmas Day, to judge by the fir tree and decorations. Within a primitive farmhouse on the edge of the ravine, a dozen High German Baptists were taking a noonday meal. Most of them wore plain brown garb, were smooth shaven with long hair. It appeared the "Congregation of the Brethren" was being organized, they believed, to found the Dunkard faith in America. A little later, a solemn procession could be seen winding down an Indian trail which made a level approach to the Creek. On the bank all joined in a fervent invocation. Six postulants—two married couples and two single men—presented themselves and asked to be baptized. The elder took the hand of the first candidate for baptism, and the others in turn, and each was immersed thrice in the icy water. With the last dip a blessing was pronounced over them, and the baptismal hymn was rendered by the congregation. The setting sun behind them, all quickly re-ascended the slope for dry clothing. Then followed preparations for a "love feast," and the elder could be seen washing the feet of the faithful as a sign of his humility. But of this, no more could be perceived.



When my sight cleared, there came a new vision. Revealed was a simple dell enclosed in profuse undergrowth. A party of Indians was stealing down through the thickets, and was seen approaching a tiny settlement on the brookside. Modest structures and dwellings surrounded a great mill wheel. No inhabitants were in sight. The curious redmen stopped to peer into the windows of the largest building. With them I could see primitive machines for boiling scraps, also bleaching and drying apparatus. As white men emerged, the natives stole off to continue their way. The mill workers were holding their product, a single sheet of handmade paper. I found it was the family of William Rittenhouse. This modest operation in the wild was yet a real innovation. For this attempt, I sensed, was the first paper mill in America. And their output, they said, was already notable for its whiteness and quality.

The picture became vague and confused, but did not change greatly. Again I saw the hamlet, now grown in extent and importance. A party of men in dress of the Revolutionary period was on the farm road, crossing the wooden bridge. One, apparently a leader and addressed as David, was showing the others to a croft which he called his birthplace. But they were soon discussing science, astronomy, even monetary affairs of the infant republic. The vision faded; I could see no more. A low moaning accompanied us as I was carried farther on.





Livezey Mill

As a noticeable contrast, I was then given a glimpse of a bustling industrial community. Its highroad brought country wagons down to the miller's cottage. This picturesque stone messuage seemed built in three sections, not far from the stream and the splashing mill wheels. Opposite, approached by a stairway in the hillside, rose great structures which, I heard, were the largest grist mills in the colonies. The miller, in apron and white cap, was referring to the time when his father, Thomas Livezey, was proprietor of Glen Fern "near Wissahickon's mossy banks where purling fountains glide." Now, he declared, there were over half a hundred wheels of industry in the valley. Just then a wain laden with flax drove up. Meantime a caravan approached over the red bridge leading from the turnpike following the stream. Dust raised by the horses and carts obscured the scene, until it was finally lost to sight.

What further sights and sites could be discovered? Next from a lane they called Gorgas' I saw many men attacking the hillside opposite in a kind of mining operation. Crossing a brook and drawing closer, I was able to join them in this strange undertaking. Into this hillside of ancient rock a number of workmen were wielding picks and shovels, driving a shaft forty feet into the steep upland. Another was loading a donkey with the rock, some of which glittered in the sun. In their excited imagination all would soon be rich when the ore had been delivered to the British authorities in Philadelphia. Why, hadn't it been discovered just a week before by means of a witch hazel withe? One said he had learned that a company of townsmen, the "Roxboro Mining Company," was on the way up to stake claims on the whole highland.

My attention was attracted by shouts of a gang of boys nearby. Two had discovered a low opening which led into the hill. By pushing in prone a dozen feet, I saw them advance until they found themselves in a candlelit cell within the hill. Some passing miners from neighboring farms were recounting the story of the Haunted Mill opposite, which had been repeatedly burned down and rebuilt—seventeen times. As the picture passed away, I realized that the miners were fated not to succeed in their golden dreams.

The features following seem more nebulous, although they are connected with the burgeoning city far beyond. But I remember a hansom cab carrying two young blades from town on an outing. At the spot where the drive crossed the creek, they paused to observe the milldam and sawmill, where the miller's children were sporting in the water. So across the closely-built covered bridge and by the Lotus Inn on Shurs Lane. Before stopping, though, they must drive up to inspect an uptilted Indian profile in the rock, carved naturally centuries agone.

Later I could observe the *bons vivants* emerge on an upstairs balcony of the inn, which was framed in odorous honeysuckle. And shortly a colored waiter they called Pompey served them a steaming dinner of chicken and waffles with a proper flourish.



Indian Profile

Once more and far away I beheld a similar scene, yet now of a somewhat suburban character. It focused on a great red covered bridge, carrying a traffic of carriages, wagons and horsemen over the gorge. They jolted and slid downhill on a rugged stretch, passed the grist mill, dam and waterfall by the span, then met the turnpike they called Wissahickon Drive. Some farm wagons labored up the hill opposite by a steep course. Rustic fences and lampposts guided them above and under the ash trees toward Roxborough. Now the valley had become an adjunct of the nearing metropolis.

The vision was at an end. I came to myself in my solitary nook. Still somewhat in a daze, I recovered my faculties enough to stumble downhill. My feet eventually found a familiar trail. Hastening to the attractions of Valley Green, I purchased a copy of the new booklet on the valley, to get a better grasp of present-day realities.

HISTORIC GERMANTOWN

HISTORIC GERMANTOWN FROM THE FOUNDING TO THE EARLY PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, an authoritative book on local history and architecture, is recommended to all who have an interest in Germantown. This book (150 pages, 9½ by 12 inches), published by the American Philosophical Society in 1955, was written by Harry M. Tinkcom, Margaret B. Tinkcom, and Grant M. Simon.

This substantial volume is available for $5.00, plus a mailing charge of 50¢. Orders for the book may be sent to:

Captain Edmund A. Crenshaw, Jr.
519 Pelham Road
Philadelphia, Pa. 19119

Checks should be made payable to Captain Crenshaw.

A Map of
Historic Germantown

Designed by J. Riegel, Jr.

This detailed map, elaborated with numerous sketches, shows the locations of streets, historic buildings, churches, etc. It is replete with data concerning local people, places, and events.

Size: 19 by 25 inches
Price: Black and white, $4.00
Beautifully hand-colored, $25.00

The map may be ordered from:

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519 Pelham Road
Philadelphia, Pa. 19119

Checks should be made payable to Captain Crenshaw.



The Artists of Germantown

By Herbert Welsh

SURELY there is often as much both of value and charm in *retrospect* as in *prospect*—in looking backward over a long road travelled as forward over that which our feet are about to tread. Over incidents or objects half remembered, the imagination is apt to clamber with all the decorative beauty of a luxuriant vine which clings to the broken ruin, concealing the crevices and fissures that time has made in it, ornamenting it with its own individual growth, but not wholly effacing the original dignity of line and beauty of proportion.

How interesting and suggestive is the physical past of the historic Germantown in which the broad highway—known as the "*Germantown Road*"—followed the narrow line of the old Indian trail which determined its course, and about which its slow, peaceful growth clustered. With this material side of the old town a spiritual and intellectual existence of even greater interest and beauty intertwined. There was an element of religious life, both pure and vigorous among our Quaker and German antecedents, with notable evidences of a cognate philanthropic spirit shown in the early protests against Negro slavery, which found clear and courageous expression during the early days of the worthy and picturesque old town. It is not surprising that in a place where a solid basis of character and intelligence had been laid, on which modest affluence formed a superstructure, that the pictorial arts should appear and make headway.

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

But Germantown derived a culminating and unique glory in respect to art, so far as portraiture was concerned, from the brief residence and marvellously successful labors of a great painter—Gilbert Stuart. That fact alone, to anyone who appreciates the part played by art in the unfolding of civilization, through its ministry to the finer elements of the human spirit, presents a valid claim to lasting distinction. Gilbert Stuart was born in 1757, in a house not far from Newport, Rhode Island. Here his father, a Scotchman and probably a political refugee after the disastrous Jacobite rising of 1745, lived and conducted a snuff mill. There is a tradition that Gilbert Stuart's original name was Charles Gilbert, the "Charles" having been dropped on account of its unpopular associations. Gilbert Stuart's mental abilities were of so high a character that they would undoubtedly have distinguished him in other professional lines had he chosen to follow them rather than that of art. Stuart was of the school of Reynolds, and akin in feeling, taste, and method to that group of great British portrait painters who were influenced by Sir Joshua Reynolds in those palmy days of the eighteenth century, and of this especial line of art. The technique of Stuart was simple and sound. His good pictures, and most of them were so, remain today as fresh, pure, and harmonious as in the time of their painting. Unlike Sir Joshua Reynolds he indulged in no risky experiments with uncertain fugitive mediums, but rightly judged that the simplest means were adequate to the creation of really fine works of art. He put his trust in "honest linseed" and simple turpentine. This confidence was justified by the verdict of time, and we are the gainers. Stuart in his best work showed himself an artist of the first order. He was not only the best portrait painter of his day in America, not even Copley excepted, but he has never been surpassed, or even equalled, in some of the more subtle qualities of his own peculiar line of art, by the most gifted and severely-trained of our modern American painters. His best work can stand the strain of comparison with the greatest portrait painters of the world. How can such qualities, considered as claims to pre-eminence, be verbally expressed? They cannot be so perfectly, but only approximately. Stuart's portraits show us the men and women of his day, the elite of colonial and post-colonial society, in whom clearly-drawn, individual character invariably resides. Stuart's portraits are redolent with a grace, a dignity, a charm that has perhaps slightly evaporated from the descendants of their originals in our rougher, quicker days of strain and struggle. But these portraits are supremely artistic because, with such slight apparent means, they convey so strong an impression of social refinement and distinction, of real men and women agreeably conversing with us. They are translated to our consciousness by subtle lines, by lovely color, such as we recognize in nature, by deep luminous shadow which delightfully rests the eye, and by light, warm and glowing, which delightfully excites it. Stuart's grasp of form was masterly in its definiteness and delicacy, while his effects of color produced by

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Editor's Note: *The text of this article is adapted from an address delivered before the Site and Relic Society of Germantown on October 18, 1912, and subsequently published by the Society.*



Gilbert Stuart, engraved by A. B. Durand

few and simple pigments were both brilliant and true. As an example of his skill in depicting a beautiful woman we need but examine his head of Mrs. Blodget. This lovely unfinished picture, unfinished so far only as the accessories are concerned, hangs in the Academy of the Fine Arts, to which institution it was bequeathed by the late Henry C. Carey. It is scarcely a painting, but rather the mirrored image of a very beautiful aristocratic woman, with light brown hair, full-orbed gray eyes, and complexion of the rarest carnation and pearl. Equally fine, as an example of a male portrait, is the three-quarter-length of General Knox, hanging in the Boston Museum of Arts. It is to a high degree individual and virile, with lovely contrasts and harmonies of color. Pale buff and deep blue of the Continental uniform pleasantly oppose each other. The warm yellows and reds of a full-toned complexion are fringed with the cool gray of powdered hair.

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

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

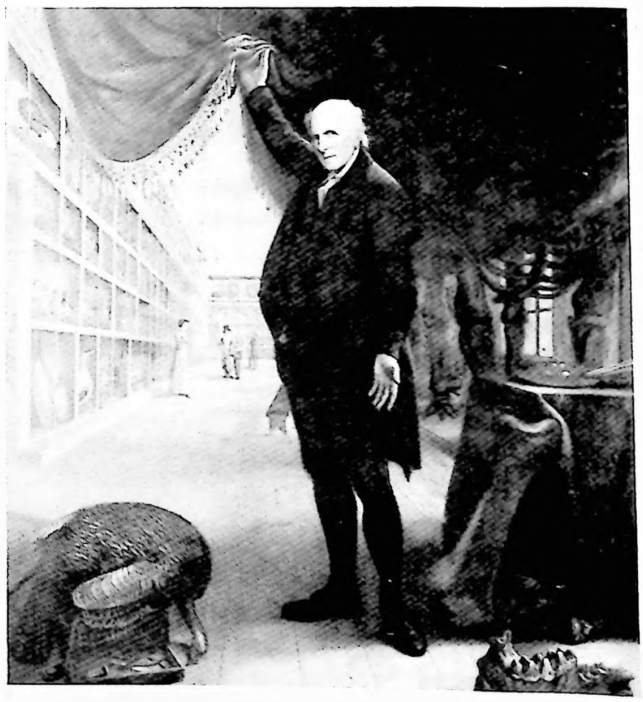
Charles Willson Peale, Stuart's contemporary, but not his artistic equal, the well-known portraitist of Revolutionary days, also resided and plied his brush for a brief period in Germantown. His place of residence and of professional endeavor was Belfield, the historic mansion of the Wister family. The room that Peale is supposed to have used as a studio is in the front of the house, to the left when one enters it. It has a high ceiling and large windows, and is well adapted to the use to which it is said to have been assigned. Peale was a native of the western shore of Maryland. He began life as a saddler. While not a great artist he was of fair abilities, great industry and ingenuity, and of marked public spirit. He served for a time as a soldier, fighting under Washington, during the War of the Revolution, in the campaign in the Jerseys. In later and more peaceful days he formed a museum of natural history, and delivered lectures on subjects related to that important branch of scientific inquiry. We are especially indebted to Peale for efforts which were at first abortive but finally successful, and which resulted in the foundation of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. For that achievement alone Charles Willson Peale is worthy of our lasting gratitude, and we can forgive him the bitter irony of naming two of his sons, respectively, Rem-

brandt and Rubens, without transferring to them at the same time a vestige of the genius of those immortals in the realms of pictorial art!

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

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

Charles Willson Peale. Self-portrait of the artist in his museum.



mysteries in form and color of a single humble blackberrybush. But when the prolonged toil was over the blackberrybush had been translated into a new, higher, and more enduring form of life, with an added infusion of the Richards spirit. During his long residence in Germantown Mr. Richards, with his family, occupied at different times various houses; but that in which he lived longest, and with which he is more especially associated, is a building of gray stone, standing at the corner of Penn and Wakefield Streets. Indeed it was the cutting through of Wakefield Street, with the consequent destruction of the beautiful lawn that used to stretch to the northwest of his house, that finally determined Mr. Richards to abandon Germantown as a place of residence. In that house he had a studio on the ground floor.

My old and dear friend James Reid Lambdin, whose house and studio were on Price Street, a little east of what in those days was known as Hancock Street, but which is now called Baynton Street, was a well-known and highly respected citizen and artist of Germantown. He painted both portraits and landscapes. He was, as I recollect him, of rather large and portly frame and medium height, with high forehead and full flowing beard which gave him a venerable and distinguished appearance. With this his character was in harmony, for he was a man of deep and unaffected piety and marked benevolence. George C. Lambdin, his son, who lived in his father's house, was also a painter of portraits to a limited extent, but mainly of flowers, and especially roses. These he depicted very beautifully and faithfully, both in water colors and in oils. There was a conservatory on his father's grounds, in which quantities of these beautiful roses, which he loved so well, were raised by an English gardener, as subjects for George Lambdin's brush.

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

Another faithful votary of what Washington Allston characterizes as "our most innocent art," formerly a resident of Germantown, is George B. Wood, who, with his large and attractive family, occupied an old, characteristically solid stone mansion on the Main Street above Upsal. A very interesting and delightful little picture from his brush, exhibited many years ago, represented one of the old workshops of our town with its presiding genius and master, a noted character in his day, busy at his daily task, amid a fascinating litter and countless odds and ends. Light streams in through the windows, leading the imagination past heaps of heterogeneous objects, whose hard outlines are softened and rendered more tenderly picturesque by films of floating cobwebs and shrouds of long-settled dust. In later years George Wood almost wholly abandoned the brush and took up the photographer's camera, with which—doubtless he was much helped by his artistic training—he was very successful.

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

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

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

Two artist brothers of great distinction also belong to us—Alexander and Birge Harrison. The former, first to win fame and the more widely-known of the two, like William T. Richards, is especially known as a marine painter. His most notable canvases are of calm seas breaking on a coast over which hangs the rising or the setting moon; or whose monotonously breaking expanse of water is illumined with the opalescence of dawn, or is tender with the mystery of twilight. His brush of recent years seems to have for-

(*Continued on page 91*)

Early Transportation to Germantown

By Naaman H. Keyser

TRANSPORTATION and roads are so intimately related that we can hardly consider one without referring to the other. Accustomed as we of this generation are to journey by speedy railroads, and along well-lighted avenues, we but little appreciate the inconveniences, the difficulties, and the danger associated with travel in the early history of our country, when transit facilities were of the most primitive character. When the early settlers came to Germantown, they made use of the narrow Indian trail. The burdens at that time were borne upon the backs of men, horses, and cattle. One of the early writers tells us, "They brought their grist on men's backs, save one man, who had a tame bull, which performed the labor."

As the settlement grew in population, roads were first opened for convenient access to the mills in the vicinity, as they were established on the various nearby creeks.

The earliest road or cross street, as it was called, was laid out to Townsend's mill, built on a branch of the Wingohocking Creek, in 1683. Subsequent to this, other mill roads were opened and named after the owners of the mills, the names of the roads changing with the ownership. Thus, for instance, Townsend's Mill Road became Lukens' Mill Road, now Church Lane, on account of the German Reformed Church on the Market Square at the end of the road. There was also a Church Road opened by Pastor Muhlenberg to connect a church circuit. This road still exists and in good repair, running through Ogontz.

We have had mill roads, church roads, limekiln roads, and the Schuylkill Ferry Road, which led to Fort St. David's, or Falls of Schuylkill, where there was a ferry. It is better known as Indian Queen Lane, after the hotel that stood on the corner of the Main Street, and is now known simply as Queen Lane in Germantown. Robeson's mill road followed in part the original Indian trail that led from the Wingohocking to the Wissahickon Creek. It was later called Ashmead's Lane and Bensel's Lane, and is now known as School House Lane. When the paper mill was erected on Monoshone Creek by William Rittenhouse, a road was opened to Germantown. It was afterwards called Poor House Lane, after the Borough Almshouse that was erected upon it. It is now Rittenhouse Street. Fisher's Lane is the old mill road that led to Hay's Mill; the part of the road within Germantown is now known as East Logan Street. The old Limekiln Road is the present Mermaid Lane.

In April, 1751, Nicholas Scull, Surveyor General, made a survey and prepared a map of such roads as were then opened. He gave a complete description of each, together with its length in perches.

The establishment of post roads was the first step in opening direct communication between towns and villages. Previous to this, the Indian trails, or the "blazed" paths, were laboriously followed by the aid of guides, or the wanderers depended upon the compass, the stars, or the sun, in order to find their way.

Later on, as the requirements of trade demanded, these rude trails were made more passable, and were cleared of obstructions and made more direct. Bridges were built, high hills were leveled and deep valleys filled in. At convenient distances houses of entertainment were erected, and as increasing trade called for more and more prompt and regular communication, the Commonwealth took the matter in hand and established "post roads." The more important of these were gradually improved until, from being passable only "when weather permitted," they became well-built highways that could be traveled upon both in summer and in winter, by day or by night. Three of these great highways led into Philadelphia, one directly from New York and one from Lancaster, which drained that extensive territory west of the Alleghenies. The third "great road" out of Philadelphia passed through Germantown. In the upper part of the township it branched off, one road leading to Reading, the other to Bethlehem.

At these points they met roads which followed the Tulpehocking Valley, the Schuylkill, the Delaware, the Lehigh, and Wyoming Valleys, where large numbers of early pioneers had settled, the Wyoming Valley being peopled by the Moravians, who were massacred by Mohawk Indians, led by Tories, during the Revolution.

The history of turnpike roads in the vicinity of Philadelphia began in 1792, with the building of Lancaster Road. Upon its completion, tollgates were established. This road is credited with being the first turnpike in the United States.

A few years after, in 1800–1801, the Germantown and Perkiomen Pike was established. This road, which commenced near Second Street, was in a wretched condition until the turnpike company took

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Editor's Note: *The text of this article is adapted from an address delivered at a meeting of the Site and Relic Society of Germantown on April 18, 1902, and subsequently published by the Society.*

it in hand. No wheeled vehicles could safely use it at the breaking up of winter, and horses and men sometimes foundered in the quicksands at Fairhill. It is related that Reuben Haines, who lived at "Wyck," when the road was in this condition, would saddle his horse to visit a neighbor, who lived only across the street. It was largely through the influence of Caspar Haines, a son of Reuben Haines, that this turnpike was built.

After roads were opened through the state, the usual means of conveyance were the stagecoach and Conestoga wagon. The "Conestoga," as it was called, was used for general transportation, such as collecting skins for the tanners, furs, flour, and produce, exchanging them for hardware, sugar, coffee, tea, seeds, dry goods, shoes, and other merchandise. The widely separated communities of Pennsylvania first suggested a vehicle with great freight-carrying capacity. One of these wagons, with a team of six horses, was able to carry 10,013 pounds over the Allegheny Mountains.

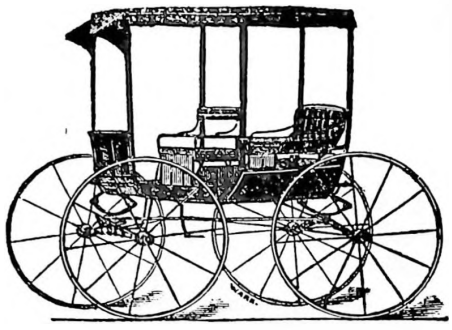
These vehicles were so named from the fact that the draught horses were high-bred animals, raised in the Conestoga Valley of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The wagon was long and canoe-shaped, with a decided curve in the bottom to obviate any slipping of the contents in transit up and down hill. The harness was of superior manufacture.

It was an animating sight to see five or six high-bred horses, half-covered with bear skins, or decorated with gaudily fringed housings, surmounted with a set of finely-tuned bells, with bridles adorned with loops and red trimming, moving over ground with brisk, elastic step, as if half conscious of their superior appearance, dragging their heavily laden caravan swiftly over the uneven roads.

Germantown, as soon as the roads were opened into the interior of the state, began to do a thriving business with the teamsters of these large wagons, many of them preferring to trade with the merchants of Germantown rather than run any risk with the quicksands and marshes between Germantown and Philadelphia. General stores were opened all along the Germantown Road.

About 1800 it was estimated that there were over one thousand Conestoga wagons running out of Philadelphia. James Stokes, somewhere about 1812, counted in one day more than five hundred wagons on the Germantown Road, many of them Conestogas. Among the early roadside storekeepers we notice such familiar names as Rex, Stoneburner, Miller, Adams, Frey, Bockius, and Ashmead. One of this family, William Ashmead, was the inventor of the so-called Germantown wagon, a light vehicle which was a great improvement over the heavy, cumbersome, imported coaches of those early days.

The Germantown wagon was really a development out of the light market wagon called a calf wagon, and was the product of the skill of the wheelwright and blacksmith. The claim has been made that John Bringhurst, a cousin of William Ashmead, was the real



Germantown Wagon

inventor, on account of his occupation as a wheelwright, but as William Ashmead was a blacksmith, and his son John, who was associated with him in business, was a wheelwright, there is but little doubt that this celebrated vehicle was a product of their shop. This reputation no doubt was conferred upon Bringhurst on account of his subsequent success as a maker of Germantown wagons and coaches. When General Washington was conducting his campaign in northern New Jersey, he wrote to his Deputy Quartermaster General, John Mitchell, who was then stationed in Philadelphia, under the date of March 20, 1780, the following letter, in part: "You do me a favor by enquiring & letting me know, as soon as possible, if any good coach maker in Philadelphia or German Town (Bringhurst, for instance) will engage to make me a genteel, plain chariot, with real harness, for four horses, to go with two postilions. I wish to know the terms, and in how short a time it can be done."

Ten days after this he writes in another letter: "In case you should purchase, please to have my arms and crest properly disp'd of on the chariot."

The following reply was sent to General Washington by Mitchell: "This day I went to Germantown & have prevailed on Mr. Bringhurst to let you have a chariot he has in hand,—it appears to be good work & well seasoned timber, the size is 3 feet 6½ inches high, and 3 feet 10 inches wide.—& I will have a very good second cloth, or better, if to be got, this will be ready in 6 weeks."

The price agreed upon was £210, and Bringhurst was to allow £27 for the old coach. There was some delay in finishing it, and Washington sent an impatient letter, to which Bringhurst curtly replied that if it did not suit him when finished, he need not take it.

On June 26th Mr. Mitchell writes to Washington: "Mrs. Washington is very well and expects to sett off for Virginia on Sunday next;—the chariot will be finished on Thursday or Friday next, & I believe will please your Lady."

The coach Washington used on his later visits to Germantown was built by G. W. Clark, of Philadelphia. This is the coach he probably had in Germantown while a resident here in 1793.

Christopher John Junkurth, a prominent manufacturer of these light wagons (Germantown), made so many, and his name became so closely associated with

their development that he was also credited with being their inventor. He also built stagecoaches, which were very often shipped to Bethlehem and elsewhere for sale. Jake Peters and William Stadleman, drivers of stagecoaches, would haul these coaches for him on their stage trips up the state. During the Civil War, Junkurth was an extensive manufacturer of army ambulances.

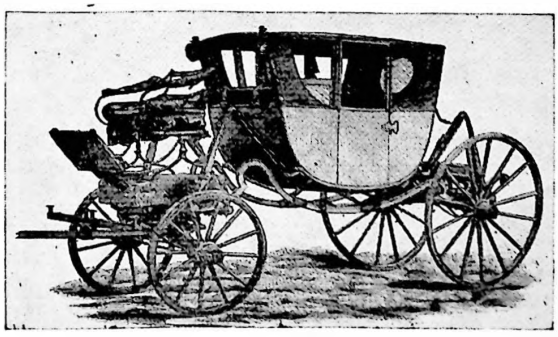
It was not long before stage lines were established throughout the state. There was a stage line running from a tavern on Dock Street near Second, out Second Street and Germantown Road to Cox's Tavern, on what is now the corner of Manheim Street. Other lines ran to Chestnut Hill, Bethlehem, and Reading. Several famous stopping-places of the stages survived until the twentieth century—Donat Tavern, Sadler's Arms (Green Tree), and King of Prussia Tavern. The "Wayne's Treaty with the Indians" (Ship House), another famous stopping-place, was razed in December, 1906.

The first means of conveyance in the Germantown Township was the two-wheeled cart, which occasionally had a covered top of canvas. These vehicles remained in use by the bakers of the town as late as 1840.

About 1829 a public meeting was held in Germantown to discuss the subject of a railroad to Philadelphia. Several gentlemen who had visited the gravity railroad at Mauch Chunk, gave a glowing account of it at this meeting. The company was organized and received its charter on February 17, 1831, under the name of Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad Company. The intention was to build the road on the west side of the town, but through the influence of Thomas R. Fisher, of "Wakefield," the route was changed to run on the east side. This necessitated bridging Germantown Road. The work on the abutments was done by a prominent mason of our town, Alexander Provest. The road started at Poplar Street and terminated at Cedar Hill, the elevation between Bringhurst Street and Shoemaker's Lane.

On June 6, 1832, the road was opened with great ceremony. The President, Edward H. Bonsall, had invited the Councils of the city of New York to be present. The cars were made in Baltimore and were drawn by horses, six trips a day being made. The fare at first was twenty-five cents, but in 1834 it was reduced to twelve and a half cents, or as the coin was then called, a Levy.

Washington's Coach



On November 23, 1832, the first locomotive manufactured in the United States, "Old Ironsides," made by Mathias W. Baldwin, was placed on the road. The contract price for the machine was four thousand dollars. It was of an ingenious design and beset the builder with many difficulties in its construction, but as it varied slightly from the specifications, the railroad company insisted on a reduction of five hundred dollars. Baldwin had so much trouble with the first locomotive that he vowed he would never build another. Nonetheless, the making of this locomotive led to the founding of Baldwin's Locomotive Works, which in the early part of 1907 completed its thirty thousandth engine.

In the newspapers it was stated that Old Ironsides would run daily in fair weather, and on rainy days horses would be used. The wet rails on the turns were too much for the engine. One of our old inhabitants afterwards related that he was on the first trip, and that about half-way the engine broke down, and the passengers had to walk home.

In March, 1833, the road was authorized to extend the single track on Ninth Street as far south as Vine Street, and to continue it to the terminal in Germantown, one hundred yards west of Main Street.

The rails of the first road were set on stones fastened with iron saddles, the spikes which held the cradles being soldered firmly in the stones. A number of these stones were used in the foundation walls of the Main Street station, and could be seen when the areaway was open in front of the building.

The second locomotive, named "Rocket," was built in England in 1837, by Braithwaite & Company, of London. It went into commission in March, 1838, and weighed five and one quarter tons. In a short time the company had several locomotives built. They were named "Comet," "Meteor," "Fort Erie," and "Superior," and ran their trains more frequently. The experiences of some of the first employes who worked on the road are very interesting. The crew that ran the last train out of Philadelphia in the evening, to get back to the city, where they lived, would push a coal car out from one of the coal yards, get in and run the car by gravity to Ninth Street and Girard Avenue, where they would push the car into one of the yards in the vicinity, then go home, returning on a passenger train in the morning, taking their train back to Philadelphia.

The first two conductors appointed on the road were Joseph Kite and Daniel Dungan. There was no conductor on the first train down in the morning, so one of the passengers would collect the fares and turn in the money and tickets on arrival at Ninth and Green Streets. Hillary Krickbaum collected these fares so often that the company finally appointed him conductor of the road. This was the third appointment. John Markley was engineer of "Old Ironsides." All the coal dealers of the town had to handle their own

coal cars. They were obliged to take their horses and draw the coal cars up from Nicetown planes, and when discharged, send them back by gravity. After the track was extended to Chestnut Hill, for a long while there was no telegraph communication, and should an accident or breakdown occur, one of the trainmen was dispatched to Germantown on foot to notify the superintendent. The company intended extending the road from Germantown to Norristown, and had so far progressed that they made numerous excavations. A deep cut was made west of Main Street, on the Wister property opposite the station. There was also one back of Robert Moffley's grounds, on Wayne Street, and there was another near the Wissahickon Creek. They had gone thus far when the project was abandoned, because the engineers declared it to be impracticable to build a bridge for railroad purposes over the Wissahickon. The excavation on the Wister property remained there until the city secured it for park purposes. It was in the part of the grounds that was allowed to grow wild, so as to shield the stables and back buildings on the north from view of the house. Creeping vines ran over it, tall trees added to the beauty and dogwood grew in and around it.

The difficulties of crossing the Wissahickon were finally overcome. The engineers found a point near the mouth of the stream where a bridge might be built at an elevation of about seventy-five feet. It was a wooden structure, 473 feet in length, and was the highest of any bridges built up to that period. The road was opened to Manayunk on October 18, 1834.

In 1839 the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company was formed. They built a line on the west side of the Schuylkill with a terminal on Broad Street, near Race. The first engine on this road, strange to relate, was not run out of Philadelphia, but was taken to Reading on a canal boat, and there transferred to the tracks. The "Gowan Marx," as it was called, weighed eleven tons. On its first run to Philadelphia it carried, besides sixty passengers, 1,635 barrels of flour, Reading at that time being a great milling center. There were also seventy-five and a quarter tons of bloom (pig iron), two hogsheads of whiskey, and six tons of coal, not for the engine's own use, as the furnace was still supplied with wood. The total weight was 379 tons, but now there are many engines that weigh half the entire weight of this train. The Philadelphia & Reading Company very soon secured control of the roads to Germantown and Norristown.

One of the first anthracite coal burning locomotives, the "Hiawatha," an invention of James Milholland, was placed on the road in 1859; it was characterized by the smokestack broadening out at the top. Engines of this type were used as switching engines in the seventies. They were a familiar sight around the car yards. The "Rocket" was in use until 1879, and its performance was 310,164 miles—a record which is considered remarkable. The engine was still in good running order during the World's Fair in 1893, when it ran to Chicago under its own steam. It was placed in the Field's Museum, at Chicago. "Old Ironsides" was considered a national curiosity, and was placed in the National Museum at Washington, but unfortunately was lost when that institution's building burned.

In September, 1863, the historic old Robeson Mill, known in Revolutionary days as the Vanderen Mill, which stood directly underneath the Wissahickon bridge, caught fire from some unaccountable cause, and with it the bridge was destroyed. It was the day on which the 119th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers was sworn in, and as their march was out Ridge Road to their camp grounds, they were able to assist the firemen in fighting the fire. The old bridge was replaced with a plain truss bridge on wooden girders. The railroad company has since erected on the same site one of the most beautiful stone viaducts in this part of the country.

About 1858 the horse car line was established on Germantown Road as far as Church Street. These cars ran south on Fourth Street. About 1872 there was a competing line of coaches, known as the Herdic coaches, that took passengers south on Broad Street, landing them in a more central part of the city. A dummy line was projected on the plank road, now Wayne Avenue, with a terminal on Chelten Avenue, in front of where the First Presbyterian Church now stands. It was a financial failure.

As evidence of the great progress that has been made, the Indian footpath, of which I first spoke, has been transformed into a well-paved and well-lighted avenue, nine miles long, commencing at Laurel Street, Philadelphia, and ending at the County Line, Chestnut Hill, and now known as Germantown Avenue.

The old railroad, with its six trains a day, horse-drawn in rainy weather, has been transformed into a high-speed commuter line. With this and a competing railroad on the west side, and with various bus and trolley lines with numerous connections, in place of the old stage and horse car, we see the marvelous strides the passing years have made in the matter of transportation to Germantown.

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

The Germantown Historical Society welcomes new members. Privileges of membership include attendance at all lectures, tours, and other functions sponsored by the Society. Members also receive current issues of the GERMANTOWNE CRIER without charge. Society dues are as follows:

Life (payable quarterly or at once)	$100.00
Sustaining or Business	10.00
Annual	6.00
Junior (under 18), Teacher, or Librarian	3.00

Interested persons are invited to obtain further information by contacting the chairman of the Membership Committee:

Mrs. Arthur E. Weil
3912 Netherfield Road
Philadelphia, Pa. 19129
(Telephone: VIctor 3-1067)

THE ARTISTS OF GERMANTOWN

(*Continued from page 86*)

saken the nude female figures—unduly green of hue and posed in open fields or thicket screens—in which it earlier delighted. Alexander Harrison's rendering of the sea is broader and his color more tender and agreeable than that of Richards. Birge Harrison is purely a landscape painter. His treatment of nature shows a strong leaning toward her more tender and poetic moods—the pathos and the purity of snow, twilight with its faint oppositions, its mystery and charm. The brothers are akin in artistic sentiment and both rank very high in technical skill. Both Alexander and Birge as boys went to school in Germantown. After some business experience Alexander entered the service of the Coast Survey from which in a few years he resigned. He then began his art studies in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Birge Harrison studied there about the same time. Then a legacy from a relative gave both the boys an opportunity for study in Paris, where they worked together. Ill health obliged Birge to be a wide traveler, but Alexander remained rather steadily in Paris.

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

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

Publications of the Germantown Historical Society

Magazine

The GERMANTOWNE CRIER, published in March, May, September, and December, is available at the subscription rate of $1.50 annually.

Nearly all of the sixty-nine past numbers of the CRIER are currently available. A complete assortment of available back issues may be had for $7.50, postage paid.

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Autumn Dawn on the New Jersey Coast

By Elizabeth Reeves Humphreys

Frost has breathed upon the sedge,
And sanderlings on stilt-like legs
Search for food in frenzied dartings
Around the ocean's wave-edge.
Pure and cold is the air of dawn—
Two fish hawks spread their white-lined wings
Flying inland with tireless strokes—
The last ones now have gone.

But in their place the gulls have come,
Playing games in swooping motion,
Gliding, slanting—grace incarnate—
Above the pink-laned ocean.
A spry old man is up when the sun
Opens wide its rose-touched gate,
And hanging a basket on his arm
Hunts where the mushrooms wait.
Well he knows when the frost fish run
And joins the birds on the foam-flecked beach
Filling his basket with flapping fish
Tossed within his reach.

The freshness of this dawn-sweet hour
Stays in his heart the whole day long—
Its peace, its glory and singing of water,
Its touch of sublime power.

Guide to the Wissahickon Valley

Compiled by Frances Ballard and Marion Rivinus, and recently published by the Friends of the Wissahickon, a thirty-six-page booklet, entitled *Guide to the Wissahickon Valley*, recounts some of the delights of that primeval woodland so dear to Germantown and so unique within an urban environment.

The concise chapters of the *Guide* hint of the enjoyment to be found in contemplating the geology and wildlife of the Wissahickon gorge as well as its colorful history. The booklet also mentions trails and points of interest to be noted by visitors to the valley. The Livezey house, Valley Green, Indian Rock, and the covered bridge are among the interesting features depicted by George W. Sommer, whose numerous sketches provide a visual summary of the Wissahickon. His map of the valley, forming a two-page spread in the *Guide*, shows the locations of historic sites, recreational facilities, and routes of access to the Wissahickon.

Prices at one dollar, the booklet is available at the office of the Friends of the Wissahickon, 8503 Germantown Avenue. Copies may also be obtained at Valley Green Inn and at the office of the Fairmount Park Commission, Room 129 City Hall.

REPORT OF THE RELICS COMMITTEE

John M. Welthall, *Chairman*

The Germantown Historical Society gratefully acknowledges the following gifts, which have recently been added to the collections of its Museum:

From **Miss Ruby W. Bain**—a brown satin wedding dress, *c.* 1880.

From **Emma M. Murphy**—four toy animals of wood covered with kidskin, *c.* 1850.

From **Mrs. Horace F. Robson**—Victorian dresses.

PHIL-ELLENA (*Continued from page 78*)

The old Carpenter mansion is being torn down and in its place a street will be cut through and modern buildings erected. A continuation of Mower street, from Carpenter to Westview, will pass directly through the site of the mansion. The clock tower, however, will be allowed to stand for the present.

In 1898 the land that had been occupied by the mansion and its dependencies was subdivided and sold.[40]

It is to be observed that the date of the mansion's demolition has been stated erroneously in many articles written years after the event. The misstatements most frequently seen are 1893, 1898, and 1900, during which years occurred, respectively, the auction sale of personal effects, the subdivision and sale of the land, and the death of Mrs. Carpenter.[41]

The "quaint old clock tower" was, until 1902, the last surviving structure of the Carpenter estate. In January of that year the tower was torn down, and a Philadelphia newspaper reported that "Germantown residents . . . witnessed with sorrow the passing away from their midst of another old landmark."[42] A clock face from the tower is preserved in the museum of the Germantown Historical Society.

The community of Pelham, which was built upon the Carpenter land, is notable for its picturesque winding roads shaded with trees, and for the architectural variety of its houses, built largely in the "colonial" and "Flemish" styles. Many were built of stone, others of brick or brick and stucco. Captain Edmund A. Crenshaw, Jr., notes that restrictions were included in deeds to Pelham properties in order to safeguard the character of the neighborhood: "All houses were built well back from the sidewalk; they could not occupy more than a certain proportion of the lot; no stables were allowed; and the development was in general well planned years before the existence of zoning laws . . ."[43]

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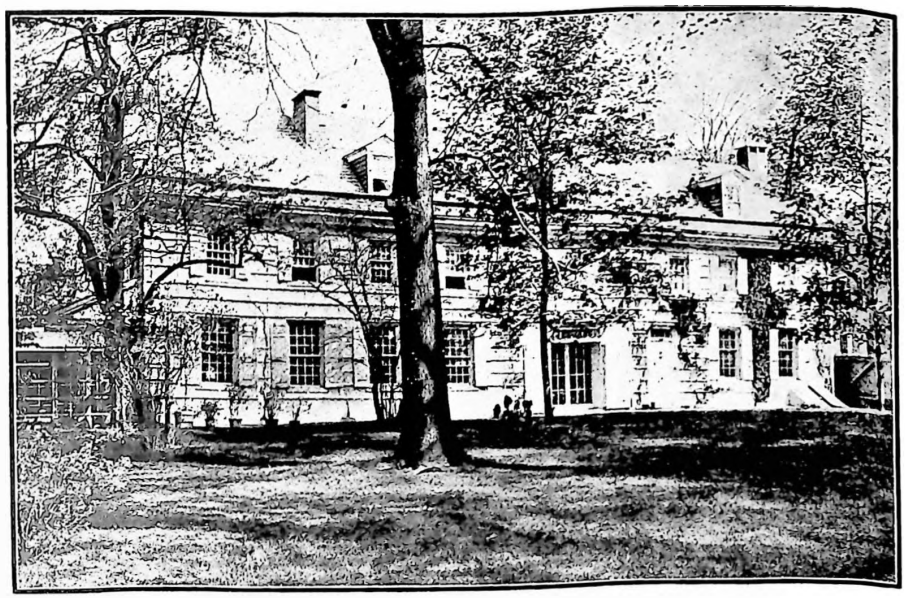
[40]Lots 7, 8, and 9 on plan 83N16, in Registry Unit, Department of Records, City Hall, Philadelphia.

[41]Ellen Douglas Carpenter's obituary appeared in *The Germantown Guide*, May 26, 1900.

[42]Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, January 31, 1902.

[43]Edmund Crenshaw, Jr., "Pelham . . . formerly Phil-Ellena: A Germantown Residential Development," *Germantowne Crier*, Vol. 5, No. 4 (December, 1953), p. 10.

A few of the many contemporary articles on the development of Pelham are found in *The Germantown Guide* (April 13, May 4, and August 3, 1895); *The Germantown Independent* (August 30 and September 6, 1895); and the Germantown *Independent-Gazette* (March 12, 1897, and July 22, 1920).



A NOTE OF THANKS

The Germantown Historical Society acknowledges with appreciation the generosity of the following firms in providing space for window displays publicizing the tour of Germantown houses which was held in May of this year: George Allen Inc., Germantown Savings Bank, James S. Jones and Company, Philadelphia Electric Company, Provident National Bank, C. A. Rowell.



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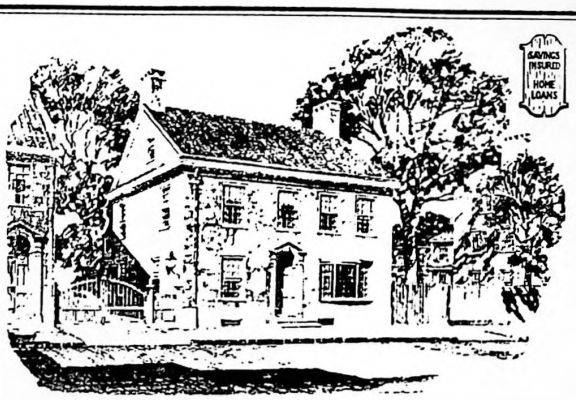
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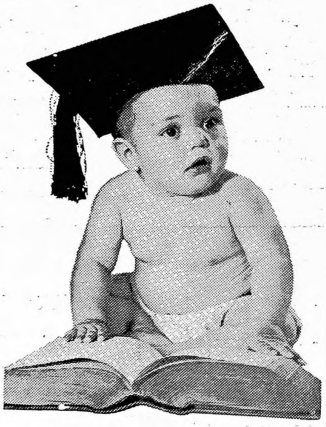
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