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GERMANTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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AIMS OF THE SOCIETY

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

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

Membership dues are:

Junior, Teacher, or Librarian Membership	$3.00
Annual	$6.00
Sustaining, or Business	10.00
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Subscription to the CRIER for non-members is $1.00.

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

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

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

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TEMPORARY MUSEUM CLOSING

For nearly a year your Society has had a committee to survey our Museum situation. It was appointed by President Saylor in response to many suggestions from our members for improvements and relocations of Museum displays.

Every museum requires a going over, after a period of years, as acquisitions accumulate. The committee consists of:

Earle N. Barber	Henri G. Marceau
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John S. Child	Mrs. J. Bradford Ritter
Ashley Halsey, Jr.	Albert Thomas Von Trott
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Mrs. Robert F. Irwin, Jr.	Capt. Edmund A. Crenshaw, *Secretary*
G. Clarence Johnson	Frank W. Melvin, *Chairman*
George A. Landell	
Dr. Thomas M. Logan	

Originally it was hoped that the Museum could be re-arranged over a period of a few weeks, or from March 14th to April 2nd.

However, the acquisition of needed showcases from Memorial Hall in Fairmount Park and the relocation of the exhibits as recently arranged, have presented a more serious task than could be anticipated, and your committee announces, with great regret, that it will be necessary to keep the Museum closed for an indefinite period, terminating sometime prior to the Garden Party on June 6th.

Too much credit cannot be given to some members of the committee who have engaged in hard, dirty, backbreaking work to provide us with a more attractive Museum.

May
No Meeting. Germantown Week, see announcement p. 14

June 6:
Garden Party. Our speaker will be Judge Harold D. Saylor, President of the Society. He will give an illustrated talk covering the highlights of his European trip of last summer. "A Short Visit to Scandanavia and Iceland."

GIFT MAPS

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

DECORATIVE TILES

We have on sale 6″x 6″ ceramic tiles showing a front view of the Morris House.

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ON THE COVER

Colonial Candle Making at John Wister's Tenant House, 5269 Germantown Ave., Germantown Progress Celebration, 1937.

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GERMANTOWNE CRIER



Vol. 7 MAY, 1955 No. 2

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Complete sets of the Germantowne Crier consisting of all numbers issued to date, are being offered (on order) at $3 per set plus 50c postage if mailed.

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

Various issues of Volume One and Two, of the old "Site and Relic Society's" publications, are for sale at the Museum. Some of the second volumes are in the name of the Germantown Historical Society, the old name being discontinued during that period. The publications start from the very beginning of the Society, and many of the articles were written by old historians now dead, and constitute first hand information. Complete list of these brochures is given on page 25.

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

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

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ABOUT THE MUSEUM

WHEN, in March 1954, Judge Saylor appointed a Committee under the able chairmanship of Col. Melvin to investigate the collections in the Museum, appraise and rearrange, everyone thought it a most needed and excellent plan but no one dreamed then that that idea would take the bit in its teeth, so to speak, and run away with itself!

Should you open the door of the Museum some pleasant afternoon you would be greeted by the lusty sound of a hammer, the whirr of a saw and a very definite odor of paint and—watch where you step, there are unexpected things under foot.

Briefly, after a deal of hard work in sorting, filing and evaluating the various types of articles by the members of the committee, chosen for specialized and interested knowledge, it was found that through the kind influence of Mr. Marceau a number of handsome cases, no longer needed in Memorial Hall, could be acquired.

Again with the aid of the saw and the hammer motivated by Capt. Crenshaw, Mr. Von Trott, Mr. Henry Ritter, and others, these cases have been installed in the Museum and the various refreshed and ordered exhibits are being placed.

Part of the interest and excitement which lends pleasure to the labor has lain in the discovery of unsuspected treasures. The collection of dolls which, through Mr. Von Trott's help is being catalogued by experts, is revealing some truly interesting possessions. Mr. Halsey has left no secrets among the weapons, and Dr. Logan can tell all about the coins and medals.

Mr. Clarence Johnson has given many hours to the classifying and organizing of the great number of pictures in various media and of varying interest which now are filed and catalogued.

Mr. Richard Herman has given of his expert knowledge on the fascinating hobby of old toys, the joy of all young visitors, and Mr. and Mrs. Von Trott and Mrs. Bostwick are giving definite and needed classification of the china.

When the opening day comes we hope the costume cases will be gay with a fresh array of period finery and that, as the months pass, the rotation of exhibits will be more regular.

Mrs. Bradford Ritter, chairman of relics, sees busy weeks ahead in the arrangement of cases with Germantown treasures from fans to flatirons and Mrs. Gruber, with an index memory and endless patience, helps everywhere—so it goes. All proving the fact that there is just too much to know about too many things —which makes living and learning a challenging business.

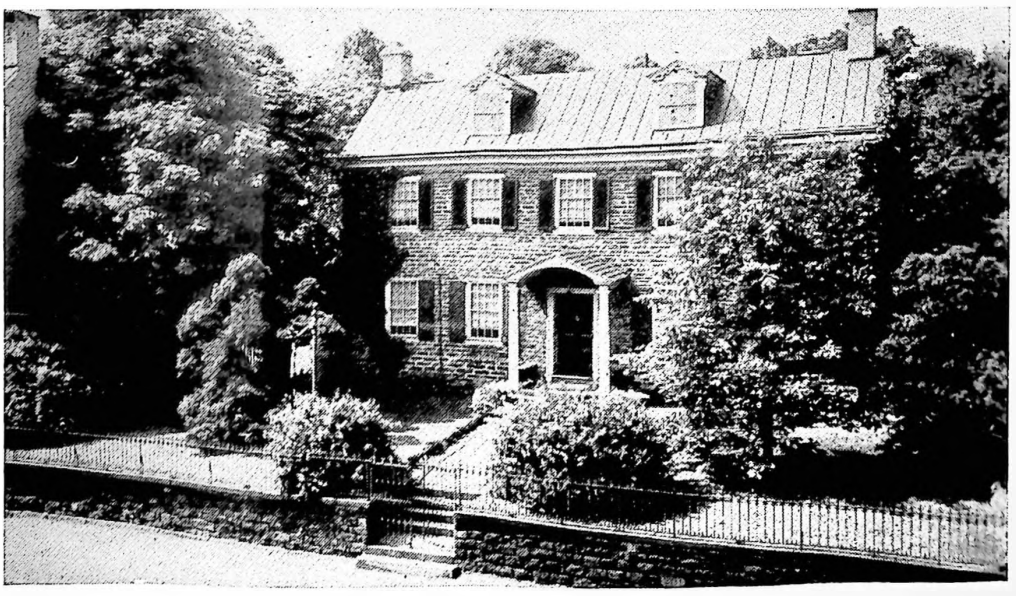
We are awaiting the opening of the dear, familiar old house with anticipation and gratitude. Watch your step, Metropolitan!

"Historic Germantown"

A survey of approximately two hundred historic sites and structures in Germantown undertaken by the Germantown Historical Society, and made possible by a grant from the Olin Foundation, has been completed. With the co-operation of the American Philosophical Society the history and salient facts concerning practically all of the sites and structures will be published within weeks under the title—"*Historic Germantown.*" The authors of the book are Harry M. Tinkcom and Margaret B. Tinkcom and Grant M. Simon under whose supervision the survey was conducted.

The publication now being printed contains over 150 pages, is illustrated with maps and photographs, is bound in boards and is 9¼ by 11¾ inches in size. It will be sold to members of the Historical Society only at $4.50 per volume with an extra charge of 25 cents for wrapping and postage when delivered by mail. As the price quoted is for direct sale only to members, requests for purchase should be sent to Captain Edmund A. Crenshaw, Jr., 519 Pelham Road, Philadelphia 19, or Ernest Howard Yardley, 112 S. 16th Street, Philadelphia 2. At a later date, as long as the available copies last, sales will also be made at the Museum and at meetings of the Society.

Checks payable to the order of the Society should accompany all orders.



MUSEUM

GERMANTOWNE CRIER

Volume 7 MAY, 1955 Number 2

"The State of Contemporary Art in America"

By Benton Spruance

IT IS a triumph of the spirit of contemporary western man that the topic which we are discussing this evening exists at all. For approximately a century of time—time which has witnessed constantly increasing pressure put upon the artist to abandon his pursuit altogether or to dilute its purity with the alchemist's gold of commercialism—the self-conscious, self-critical artist has accepted the role of queer fellow or of pariah that he might continue to reveal to his fellowmen the nature of his world. He has—I believe—refuted Tolstoy's doctrine that "times make men what they are," and has demonstrated the truth in Geoffrey Scott's avowal that "prosperity is a condition of great achievements—it is not their cause."

The vision that has animated western artists—the vision of the imposition of form and of internal order, has, however it has faded or blossomed, been constant. It is to that vision that the contemporary artist, like his predecessors of twenty centuries or more, has turned, finding in it his only raison d'être. This creative tradition of the west is not only constant, but it moves at its own pace, conditioned only superficially by the machine, by social mechanisms or by politics. Its changes are conditioned mainly by its own nature.

Clive Bell summed it up wittily when he remarked that "machinery has just as little or as much to do with fine art as it has to do with love or religion—artists, lovers and mystics may or may not find motor cars and telephones useful—here the matter ends."

If the contemporary artist has resisted the pressures of a machine age to bowdlerize his vision into the vociferous sales agent for a product—the sine qua non of whose success is a profit, and the motive for which profit is the conditioning factor in the current style of its art, he has also rolled with the punch of shifting declining patronage. After the creative debacle of Victorian patronage in this country as well as in Europe—after the brief, unhappy marriage with the government in the depression years of the thirties—the contemporary artist, aware of the anecdotal, documentary demands of each of these extreme forms of support, has learned to discount any hope of any patronage. We are all too involved now as partners in the patronage of death—or, if we are fortunate—of physical survival. A glance at your income tax form—or at a picture of the government's budget dollar—will convince you that the state of contemporary art is not apt to be influenced soon—however superficially—by pressures from those quarters.

Thus—through our resistance to Tolstoy's doctrine, we have become extrme individualists on the economic plane. Bedevilled by the demands of the equalities of mass, or herd democracy, we have encouraged, as a self-evident right, the privilege of self expression until all "on honeydew hath fed and drunk the milk of Paradise." Now, the state of contemporary art is fouled with the undigested fruit and the too strong regurgitated juice that has spewed from the incompetent hobbyists, spraying too many exhibitions with their odorous garbage Parenthetically, I would like to salute Andrew Wyeth at this time. His publicized one-man jury action following closely the similar judgment of Dorothy Grafly and Walter Stuempfig of a few years ago is one that is overdue. I have not seen the exhibition in question—nor am I sure that I would agree with his selections. But Wyeth is an artist and an honest man, and the directors of the exhibition knew his taste. It is obvious to me that his decisions, far from being meretricious, were on the side of Milton's ideal audience. This act, and the ensuing one by the three-man jury for the Biennial at the same institution, may well

As part of the program in celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Academy of the Fine Arts, was held on March 4, 1955, a Symposium entitled "The Contemporary Creative Arts in America Today."

We are honored to print the opening address given by Mr. Benton Spruance.

be the precursors of a much needed weighing of values. Individualism does not mean equality, even in a democracy.

The state of contemporary art is witness to, if not subjected by, another pressure of current folklore—in this instance, the opposite of individualism. The timid welcome extended to the artist a few years ago by many universities and teachers colleges has now become a suffocating embrace by alma mater on the institution's terms. An increasing number of graduates, having learned the role of teacher of art—as opposed to artist teacher, find more prestige and security in the advanced degree than in the way of creative expression. These teachers of "art", having learned enough of methodology to satisfy a state board, and enough of the craft of art to cover a canvas in dull repetition of their master's manner, move on to the green fields of other schools, other colleges, where, burdened by staggering teaching loads, their only choice is to teach that which they have already learned. The chain reaction is nicely set up. More little teachers are taught a formula for "art," more little hobbyists learn to think that "art is fun"—and the artists' supply dealer flourishes. As does the framer—mute testimony to that fact being seen on so many fireplace walls of these good amateurs.

This is all a good thing for earning a living, or for keeping potential delinquents out of trouble during their leisure hours, and, if it stopped there, the state of contemporary art could ignore this rude intrusion by economic and social mechanisms. However, the demands made on the true creators of art are of such dimension, demands made in the name of publicity, social responsibility, or just plain "mateyness," as E. M. Forster calls it, that in a period of romantic individualism as is this, an amazing paradox has occurred. The artists themselves have organized in self protection against such assaults.

It is not my intention now to speak of such organization because it has little to do with the topic under discussion. It is, indeed, a prime intention of the largest of these organizations, Artists Equity Association, to leave untouched the artist—to deal with the man. If this intention is respected some good may come of such fraternizing and the man-artist's compulsion toward social integration may be accomplished to some extent. Whether or not that integration would have a salutory effect on the creative scene it is too soon to say.

While organizations of an "arty" nature fail to influence the style of expression, other organizations, governments, can be more persuasive The climate of fear, nurtured in recent years by individuals and investigating committees, has tended to inhibit any non-conformist—and a Romantic individualist artist reacts more violently than most to such pressure.

The nature of the criticism from this quarter has been so irrational, so conditioned by prejudice, fear, and, I suspect, publicity-seeking, that nearly every style except that of the patriotic anecdote (if that can be called a style) has been pinpointed and exposed as something which it is not.

I like to think of Picasso—in Paris during the occupation. It was then that he created the "Man with the Lamb", one of the great achievements of the twentieth century, affirming in terms of great form the nature of the struggle of which I have been speaking.

I like to think that there is more serenity—more dignity—more security, if you please, in a canvas by Cézanne than in all the patriotic propaganda ever painted. These v rtues are important to us here only because they are conditions of a work of art—having been given birth by "the only objects in the material universe to possess internal order," to quote Mr. E. M. Forster once again.

I have tried to identify some of the pressures against which the contemporary artist has had to contend. As I said when I began these remarks the fact that there exists *any* state of contemporary art is a triumph indeed.

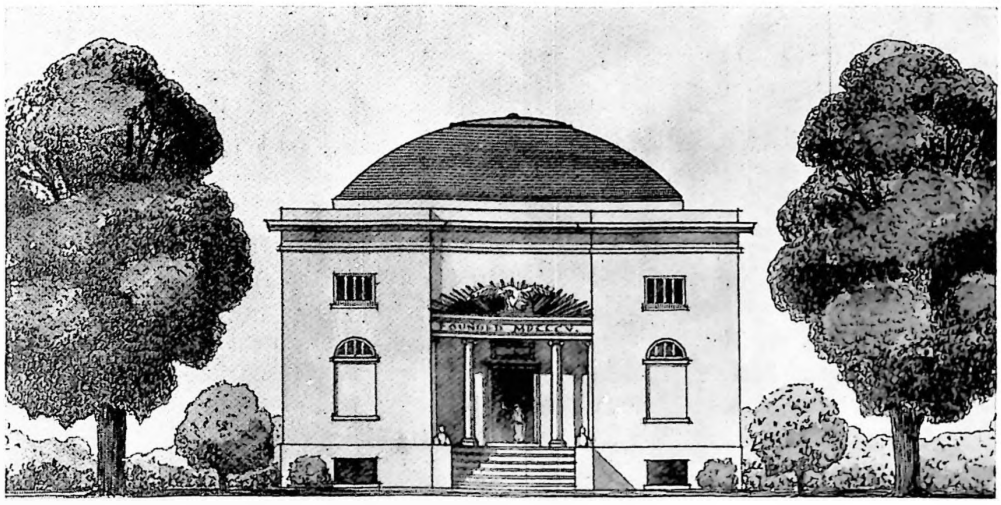
That there has been something of a row going on in our own creative family is less important to me now than that fine work is being created in both camps. Whether the image is of the external world—or of the unplumbed depths of the inner life—each image has its values of expression and communication if the artist is primarily concerned with the unique personal vision that s his identification in a highly organized world.

Germantown's distinguished artist, BENTON SPRUANCE, *who so kindly gives advice on exhibitions to be shown at Vernon during Germantown week, has, through the excellence and sincerity of his work won, over the years, more honors than fall to the lot of most creative artists.*

To name a few of the awards he has received in the last five years, we list: the Guggenheim Fellowship for Creative Work 1950; 1st prize, Regional Print Show at Art Alliance 1952; 1st award, Philadelphia Print Show 1953; 1st prize, National Academy of Design 1954; and 1st prize, American Color Print Society 1955.

Spruance is a member of the Philadelphia Art Commission; a member of the Pennell Fund Purchase Committee of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.; lecturer and instructor of lithography at the Philadelphia Museum School of Art, and Professor of Fine Arts at Beaver College. He received a Master of Fine Arts degree in 1935.

He is represented in the permanent collections of the Philadelphia Museum of Art; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; Congressional Library; National Gallery in Washington, D. C.; Whitney Museum; N. Y. Public Library; Addison Memorial Gallery, Andover, Mass.; and Carnegie Institute.



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

If you are still wondering what I believe to be the state of contemporary art, may I use some words by Mr. T. S. Eliot as a final protagonist? Poets say things so much better than do artists.

"And what there is to conquer
By strength and submission, has already been discovered
Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope
To emulate—but there is no competition—
There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
And found and lost again and again: and now, under conditions
That seem unpropitious. But perhaps neither gain nor loss.
For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business." —*From East Coker, 1940*

Panel at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts—Sesqui-centennial Celebration, 4th March, 1955

Notes on the Founding of Pennsylvania Academy of The Fine Arts

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE made two attempts to organize an art academy before he became successful. His first venture was opened to the public in 1791 but closed almost immediately. The second experiment, called the Columbianum, opened in 1795 and managed to continue open long enough to establish the reputation of being the first public exhibition of paintings in America, showing works of old masters together with those of modern painters. Financial difficulties and rivalry between two groups of artists, the foreign born and native born, soon brought it to a close.

Hearing that an academy was being started in New York by business men under the instigation of the artist, John Trumball, and mindful of his past experiences Peale rounded up seventy-five connoisseurs and placed only two artists on the board, himself and the wood carver, William Rush.

While the financiers were busy erecting a neo-Greek temple at Tenth and Chestnut Streets, holding exhibitions of old masters, and importing casts from France, Peale quietly slipped in the works of young Philadelphia aspirants. The result was that the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts received its charter in 1806, two years before that of its New York rival. It stands today a permanent monument to Peale's perseverance.[1]

The academy was accepted by Philadelphians wholeheartedly. Nicholas Biddle, secretary of the legation at Paris, purchased copies of the statuary seized by Napoleon in his conquests, and had them shipped to the Academy. "The Louvre models stood the town on end, and the managers were obliged to set apart one day a week for female visitors, when the nude figures were swathed from head to feet in muslin sheets."[2]

On 5th Mo. 9th, 1811, a young member of the Society of Friends, wrote to his brother, "There is a good deal of stir made about the exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts, which everybody is going to see and which they say everybody ought to see, for besides a great number of statues & paintings there are also those presented to Genl. Armstrong by Buonaparte amounting to the number of 500 elegant paintings & indeed I have heard so much said about them that I intend to go some day in the morning as soon as it is open & spend the day there. There was last evening an oration delivered before the society of Artists by Latrobe at which I was present which I will expect will be published in the Portfolio."[3]

"Leaving his museum in charge of his naturalist son Rubens, Peale retired from Philadelphia in 1810

(*Continued on page 24*)

Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the Science and Art Club of Germantown

By Stanley R. Yarnall

WE ARE meeting tonight, February 28, 1955, to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the founding of an ancient and honorable institution in our local history, the Science and Art Club of Germantown which held its first meeting, probably in the home of our first president, Charles W. Chandler, on the evening of February 5th, 1880. The subject was "The Honey Ant of the Garden of the Gods," the speaker an honored and beloved Presbyterian minister of West Philadelphia, Dr. H. C. McCook, D.D., the author of a widely read book on spiders, entitled *The Tenants of an Old Farm*, the precursor of hundreds of nature study books in years to follow. The book grew out of summer vacations with the Quaker family of Lownes who lived near Springfield Meeting House close to the incipient Swarthmore College. Dr. McCook's name appears later in the carefully kept record of all our meetings from February 5, 1880 to this night.

In the early record soon appeared the name of Edward H. Magill, the great early President of Swarthmore whose subject, certainly broad enough, was "The Profession of Teaching," and whose host was Justus C. Strawbridge. Not many months later, prophetic perhaps of the friendly rivalry of the the two Quaker colleges, Swarthmore and Haverford. William Wharton introduced Professor Isaac Sharpless to speak on "Celestial Photography," May 9, 1883, and five years later April 11, 1888 *President* Isaac Sharpless of Haverford College, addressed the club on "The Eclipse Expedition to Russia," of which expedition he was a member.

But to return to our first year—it was indicative of adherence to the clearly expressed statement of organization and purpose in the carefully considered "*Rules.*" Quote Rule II.—"Its object shall be by social gatherings at the houses of members and by discourses, essays or conversations to promote intellectual culture in the departments of Science, Art, and Literature." Please note these three important words are capitalized. Rule III. "The number of members shall be limited to fifty and shall consist of gentlemen of Germantown and vicinity who are interested in its objects." Following the initial meeting, already noted, the following members arranged these meetings:—Charles Matlack, "Art in Japan," Henry Carvill Lewis, our first Secretary, 1880-1884, subject "The Antiquity of Man in America," leader Professor Edward D. Cope, who was destined to address the Club four times in the next four years; Dr. Cope was one of our greatest American scientists, the recognized leader throughout his life in the field of paleontology; Apollos W. Harrison, a frequent leader for many years, "The Art of Engraving"; the year closing with a meeting arranged by Edward I. H. Howell the youngest of the founders, of whom mention will be made later, on "Novelties in Science and Art," shared by Messrs. Lewis, Howell, Harrison, Matlock, and Newhall. A special meeting following as a reception to Professor W. Boyd Dawkins of Manchester, England, a visiting scientist of note.

The first year also the Club set the pace for subsequent years in strict adherence to Rule XII—"No discussion on theological subjects or partisan politics shall be allowed." 1880 and 1881 must have been test years, for James A. Garfield was nominated for the Presidency and duly elected by a popular vote giving so narrow a Republican margin in Senate and House as to suggest a situation analogous in difficulty to Washington today, vice versa, however, in the matter of party-control, and July 2, 1881, President Garfield was shot in the railway station in Washington, and succumbed a few months later after a gallant struggle for recovery—our second martyred President, greatly loved, honored, and trusted.

I well remember it all, for as a little boy, with some ten small companions in blue suits and white shoulder scarfs I helped to carry a very large flag, or so it seemed to us, in one of our important Delaware County rallies with the mounted Republican Clubs riding with their torches in procession over the hills to Newton Square, the pivotal gathering place where five roads met, and later it was my responsible daily task to raise and lower our flag at the turn of the long lane that led to Ashley, grandfather's farm. And then the end of all things seemed to have come and the flag had to be set at half staff, half mast we called it then, when the dreadful news came on September 20th. Walt Whitman's "Captain, My Captain" through that experience, later became for me the perfect expression of tribute and affection in an irreparable loss.

Stanley R. Yarnall, A.B.—M.A. Haverford College; Honorary M.A. University of Pennsylvania, was the beloved headmaster of Germantown Friends' School, Coulter Street from 1898 to 1941. Every one in Germantown knew Master Stanley.

Yet the autumn program of the Science and Art Club of Germantown continued calm and undismayed. William Hacker—subject "Plants and Flowers," leader Prof. Thomas Meehan; R. S. Peabody, leader L. W. Miller, of the Philadelphia School of Industrial Art, "The Growing Needs of Artistic Culture," Samuel Chew, leader George C. Lambdin, "Van Dyck's Portraits."

Perhaps here an interlude may be appropriate to recall how Germantown may have looked in the early years of our Club's life to those in whose honor we are meeting. In September 1952 the GERMANTOWNE CRIER asked for some impressions of fifty-five years or more ago when I first came here as a young teacher. Here are a few of those memories:

"My first thought is of the Main Street, as we always called it. What a comfortable, home-like place it was then with its low gables and harmonious lines—the simple homes with their lots stretching back in sheltered gardens, very gradually changing to meet new business needs, with almost nothing of the modern building that has so transformed the old village thoroughfare, that now only oases are left of the German and Colonial styles.

"My favorite winter walk after the day's work was from Coulter Street to the Chew House in the glow of a red or amber sunset and then turn back again in the gathering dusk to Walnut Lane, turning at Wyck to Greene Street, while the Argand burners and the student lamps began to glow in cozy homes and more stately mansions, and so home to a good supper at my landlady's table—for dinner in such homes was then a midday affair. . . .

"Our streets were more interesting then; more people used their legs for the purpose of their creation, and it was possible to have the nod of recognition, the greeting or chat with friends and neighbors as we went about our business or our quieter pleasures. Individuality rather than uniformity was the rule, and one became familiar with real personalities. They were not mere blurs or floating visions as autos flashed past.

"Doctors and Clergymen seem to come before me. Dr. Dunton, quiet and sedate in his carriage; Dr. Downs, erect with his white beard and rather sombre equipage; Dr. Müller always driving rather fast, with a serious absorbed expression as though some major operation was just on or off.

"Then near St. Luke's one might see Mr. Upjohn, "Father" many called him—with his shoulders erect and head thrown back, walking vigorously, cane in hand; or near Calvary, Dr. Perry, that kindly Christian gentleman, gracious and ready to respond to all whom he met; or Samuel Emlen, the venerable ruddy-faced Friend walking between his comfortable home and the Coulter Street Meeting House where he worshipped so many years; or on Chelten Avenue, Dr. Jennings, always a striking figure, then at the beginning of his long and useful ministry, soon to become our most familiar and beloved religious leader. Bayard Henry was a large part of Germantown in those days.—A great citizen, dynamic, massive, a rare combination of gentleness and strength, our leader in political reform and civic righteousness.

"I must mention old Charles Wister, the last tenant of Grumblethorp, whom I love to remember as he drove out in Autumn and Winter afternoons in a sort of high old-fashioned gig. His competent housekeeper sat beside him and held the reins over the plump, friendly horse while the old man looked about him, the picture of comfort and content, his cheeks like rosy apples, and a blue-gray shawl pinned closely under his chin.

"One of the most striking changes is in traffic. There especially was individuality found. Instead of Buicks and Packards and Pontiacs, Plymouths, Chevrolets, Fords and a score of others, all so similar, the styles were as varied as colonial tastes in flowered waistcoats. Germantown gave its name to the standard family carriage of our country, and the substantial stables in the grounds of ample old homes bear witness to this fact. There was a rare quality of dignity and worth in the Germantown carriages. They bespoke a sort of well-being and background that gave one a real sense of values and permanence and morale, whether they were driven by their owners or by dignified coachmen who were as well known in the community as were the families who owned them or the horses that drew them. Then, too, there were buggies and Jenny Linds and a few glass-enclosed station wagons, especially in the neighborhood of Queen Lane and the other Pennsylvania Railroad stations, and on summer afternoons phaetons and brakes with beautifully turned-out teams for the Wissahickon.

"I might dwell on Manheim and the Cricket Club on summer afternoons with their delightful atmosphere of leisure sport and social well-being, culminating now and then in an international cricket match when Lord Hawkes brought his team over and everyone, who counted, turned out, four-in-hands and all, and filled the beautiful grandstand—now only a memory —and stood or sat around the field to cheer for the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, with a special interest in our Germantown contingent of great cricketers, E. W. and Percy Clark, George Patterson and Frank Bohlen. Those were great days.

"A word of moralizing.—The Germantown of 55 years ago was conscious of its past and true to it. It was conservative yet active in developing institutions that met its religious and civic needs—churches, schools, saving funds, banks, hospitals, Christian Associations, boys' clubs, libraries. Smaller numbers implied individual interest and support. Its citizens did their full share in the larger life of Philadelphia and led in political reform and the fight for righteousness. One felt with Paul of Tarsus—a citizen of no mean city.

"In the more crowded life of today, with its rapid tempo and sense of rush and confusion, we need in

historic celebrations to remember the roots from which we grow—the gentle, humane spirit of Pastorius, the concern for freedom and the rights of man. The love of quiet homes and gardens; unhurried industry based on intelligence and thrift; the development of a conservative community spirit. As we cherish these things, our present and future may be consistent with our past."

Rome was not built in a day and neither was the Science and Art Club. It took six years to reach its majority—fifty members. The record of that growth is interesting. Evidently there must have been good initial salesmanship, but that was followed by a surprising change of heart as the founding fathers either did not like each other too well or found the mixture of culture too strong, or perhaps the combination of Science and Art a bit incongruous or indigestible.

Here is the perplexing record:

1880—27 joined	14 resigned	net result	13
1881—27 "	15 "	" "	25
1882— 9 "	2 "	" "	32
1883—15 "	7 "	" "	40

In that year evidently some pressure salesmanship was turned on.

1884— 5 joined	1 resignation	net result	44
1885— 3 "	1 "	" "	46
1886— 5 "	no "	" "	51

Here is a grave situation. The constitutional limit is 50. I have done my best to clear the reputation of our founding fathers. Have they made a mathematical mistake? Or worse still, has there been some maneuvering to adapt the constitution to what might have been called a "situation?" I continue to wonder but my best solution is that three of the five new members that questionable year were J. Bertram Lippincott, Justus C. Strawbridge and William G. Warden, names not to be trifled with or perhaps counted with too meticulous accuracy. At any rate there we were with a full roster, plumb and more than plumb as the Irishman said, and after that there was no problem of resignations, or of filling inevitable vacancies. Life sentences became the normal expectation. You may be interested in the longevity record of our present members who have served twenty years or more and are still going strong. There are twelve of us.

Henry L. Davis, Jr.	joined	1906	49 years	to date
Stanley R. Yarnall	"	1914	41 "	"
Clarence M. Brown	"	1918	37 "	"
Carl W. Fenninger	"	1930	25 "	"
James McMullan	"	1930	25 "	"
R. Marshall Truitt	"	1930	25 "	"
William Woods	"	1932	23 "	"
Harold Evans	"	1934	21 "	"
Arthur U. Crosby	"	1935	20 "	"
Oscar G. Mertz	"	1935	20 "	"
Dr. Josephus Ullom	"	1935	20 "	"
D. Robert Yarnall	"	1935	20 "	"

Perhaps this is a good place to end this record of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows. But as I look over the full list of some 325 members of our Club, please pardon me if I recognize with perhaps excusable pride, satisfaction and affection the names of eleven old boys who once were pupils of mine, and perhaps, even more surprising I figure out the names of sixteen of my girls,—I dare not say old girls—who helped to stabilize and enrich the life of Germantown by having the good judgment to become wives of members of the Science and Art Club. Time prevents me from counting the possible scores of grandchildren, and I have not ventured on the list of great-grandchildren for fear I might make some serious mistake as the founding fathers did in 1886.

Here there should be a word on the distaff side of our Science and Art Club. The wives of the members are included in all invitations. This represents an essential element in the life of our old club and gives it an atmosphere and character of gracious welcome and hospitality which we cherish even though we somehow fail to record it. Our fellow member, William Woods, Secretary 1935-1941, Vice-President 1941-1943, President 1943-1945 mentions this feature in a delightful article he was asked to contribute to the GERMANTOWNE CRIER dated December 1950. I am glad to be able to quote it. "The Social hour is one of the most enjoyable features of the meetings. The members and their wives mingle freely together, and thus have the opportunity to become more intimately acquainted than would be possible if the meeting ended with the formal part of the programme. Warm and enduring friendships are thus frequently formed, and add to the enthusiasm with which the members look forward to the meetings."

So the years pass with their rich experiences and happy memories, often recalling significant programs in fields, as we scan the record, of astronomy, art, music, exploration, travel, scientific research and achievement, history, nature, general literature, drama, poetry, the line might be far extended.

There are records of four anniversaries—

20 years—1900 Club history Francis Howard Williams followed by a humorous address by James Mapes Dodge who always enlivened every gathering by his gaiety and charm.

40 years—1920 Progress of Industrial Art in the Last Forty Years by Leslie W. Miller of the Philadelphia School of Industrial Art. Club Reminiscences by Woodruff Jones and Edward I. H. Howell.

45 years—1925 Reminiscences by Edward I. H. Howell "Only Surviving Original Member." Here a word about him is in order.

Death ended his membership in 1930. Probably very few of us remember him—a delightful old bachelor. He and his maiden sister Anna, were characteristic of

(Continued on page 26)

Alterations at Wyck

A Letter from Reuben Haines to his wife Jane Bowne Haines Kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Haines

Germantown, 5 mo. 23rd. 1824.

My dear Jane:

When thee ran away and left me to get through with the repairs as well as I could without thee I determined not to let thee know how we were getting along or consult thee about them; but as thee finds I have altered my mind about the repairs myself, so thy last very acceptable letter bearing evidence of thy feeling some interest in our proceedings and showing some disposition to return to thy deserted husband has induced me to think thee has shown thyself entitled to be informed why I have concluded to make the repairs more extensive than I first contemplated. Thee very well knows few if any ever begin a career of vice: or commence the repairs of an old building: that stop exactly at the point they intended. It is not therefore to be expected I should prove myself different from all other mortals, and had thee been exposed to the same temptations thee would probably have fallen into the same errors. I am surrounded by flatterers who praise the alterations so much, are sure my wife will highly approve of them etc. etc. that I am encouraged to go on, and can find no satisfactory stopping place short of laying a new lower floor from one end of the house to the other. The dining room floor was so bad that Wm. Lehman wonders we did not get into the cellar. The Hall was so bad that *not one single foot of sound joice remained and the whole could have easily been passed through a sieve!!.* Fortunately there was no cellar under that or we should have been in it long ago. The joice under the front parlour were rotten in my father's time, but he supported the ends of them by beams that are in their turn decayed, and I feel little inclination to "patch the patches" when by a little more trouble and expense we can render the old mansion good enough to serve during the period of our joint lives be that prolonged to the greatest extent of our wishes. Whenever the front parlour floor comes up I have always contemplated pulling down the chimney, putting it where the front middle window is and removing that to where the closet is. I had thought to have left this part of the plan to be executed next year but many things conspire to render the present time more desirable. In the first place we have a good situation behind the wall by the coach house for all the rubbish, and the filling up is wanted. 2ndly Wm. Lehman who is almost unexceptionable will remain by me until it is done, and he is carpenter, mason and stone cutter as occasion requires. 3rd. Robert will remain with me for 2 months more at $20 per month and will complete all he has to do in that line. 4th. Jacob is an excellent labourer and we have his services in addition to Peter's who is to leave us in the fall. 5th. James is an excellent gardener so that instead of taking Robert off we have James to assist a good deal. 6thly. The painting may all be done at one time in the fall. 7thly. We have the pleasantest part of the season and the longest days to come. 8th. The Family are now scattered and I do not wish it to occur again. 9thly. My wife has *promised* to make no complaints and 10th and lastly I have my own consent and feel in the humor of it. I leave thee to add the other two reasons and say if I have not decided rightly. Caspar has put one coat of plaster on the chambers and kitchen. We have concluded to put up *no partitions* to the dining room but *two windows* on the garden similar to those in front making the dining room 16 feet by 26. *Thy closets* will be those of the front parlour removed into the kitchen against the partition of the dining room. A door could be made into it through the partition but it would spoil the symetry to dining room. We have a folding door cut through the wall of the hall opposite the niche, another is to be cut into the entry and another into the front parlour, the two latter so arranged as to meet together across the entry, cut the stairs off on one side and a vestibule on the other, and throw the parlour, Hall and dining room into one complete suite of rooms. This plan is due to Strickland who was up to see us last week. Everything will be done as cheap as possible and as plain as consistency will require.

John Boyd lodged with us last night and went to the City this morning. Uncle Benj. and Aunt Mary and Edward Marshall spent the day with us.

Very tenderly and affectionately thy R. H.



Wyck—6030 Germantown Avenue

Tour of Germantow

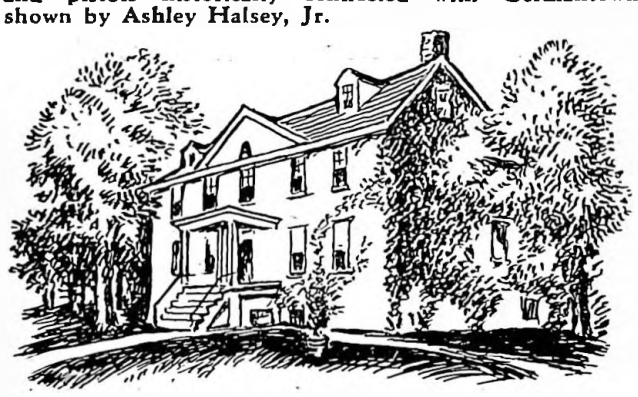
CONDUCTED BY THE GERMA

SUNDAY, MAY 15,



Loudoun, 4650 Germantown Ave., standing on the top of Neglee's Hill, was built in 1801 by Thomas Armat for his son, Thomas Wright Armat. The name Loudoun was taken from Loudoun County, Virginia, where Thomas Armat had first settled. The east side of the house is the original section. The front door originally faced on Germantown Ave. and the portico was added about 1830. The property passed through marriage to the Logan family, descendants of James Logan, and remained in their hands until 1939, when Maria D. Logan died, leaving the house to the City of Philadelphia under the jurisdiction of the Fairmount Park Commission. She also willed $150,000 in trust to the City, the income of which to be used for the upkeep of Loudoun in the condition in which it was turned over to the City. The house then became the headquarters of the Women's Permanent Emergency Association of Germantown, a charitable society founded at the time of the Johnstown Flood. The house contains interesting furniture and Armat and Logan family portraits.

In one room of Loudoun you have a glimpse of the gay nineties interpreted by Mrs. John McA. Harris, Jr. There also is a display of antique guns, swords and pistols historically connected with Germantown shown by Ashley Halsey, Jr.



Wakefield, 16th St. and Lindley Ave., was built by Thomas Fisher, 2nd, about 1798. Wakefield, England, was the birthplace of his grandmother. The land was part of Stenton, the original grant of 500 acres to James Logan, Secretary to William Penn. This corner of that property was inherited by Thomas Fisher's wife, a granddaughter of James Logan. Thomas Fisher, 2nd, was well educated and had traveled abroad. Although he and his wife were Quakers, his wife, contrary to Quaker custom at that time, dressed herself and her children richly in the prevailing fashion. There is a portrait in the house of the next occupant, Thomas Fisher's son, William Logan Fisher, who lived until the Civil War, and whose wife made Wakefield famous for hospitality. Wakefield remained in the same family until 1919, when the City of Philadelphia purchased it. Since 1925, Chapter II of the Colonial Dames of America has been granted use of Wakefield for its headquarters.

Wakefield is featuring a room for the tour emphasizing the Empire period at the opening of the 19th century presented by Mrs. Henry S. Ritter.



Grumblethorpe, 5267 Germantown Ave., originally known as "John Wister's Big House," was built by John Wister in 1744 as a summer home. The stone for its building was quarried on the place and the joists were cut from oaks in Wister's Woods, now Wister's Woods Park. The garden was famous for unusual trees and shrubs and it continues to hold its charm today. It was the home of Sally Wister of the famous "Journal." At the time of the Battle of Germantown, the house was occupied by General Agnew, who was wounded and brought back to this house to die. Today the house is owned by the Philadelphia Society for the Preservation of Landmarks, of which Miss Frances A. Wister is President.

Grumblethorpe will emphasize the colonial background presented by Mrs. Jose Alvarez.

The Morris House, 5442 Germantown Ave., was built in 1772. During the Battle of Germantown the British General Howe moved from Stenton and made his headquarters here. When in 1793 and 1794 a plague of yellow fever came to Philadelphia this beautiful country house was rented by President Washington. His cabinet members, including Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, moved to houses nearby. Four important cabinet meetings were held here. The house through inheritance has ben held bey the Perot and Morris families since 1804 until the last owner and his sons presented it in 1948 to the United States Government as a National Shrine.



The Johnson House, 6306 Germantown Ave., at the corner of Washington Lane, was built in 1768 by Dirk Johnson, an early settler of Germantown from northern Holland. The house was built for his son, John Johnson, who brought his bride, Rachel Livezey, directly there from Quaker Meeting where they were married. They were the occupants of the house at the time of the Battle of Germantown. During the battle, soldiers used as a breastwork the stone wall that separated the garden from the next property. A northwest wall still bears marks of bullets and cannon balls. During the Civil War period, John Johnson's son's widow was mistress of the house. She and her daughters used the house as a station of the "Underground Railway" which conveyed fugitive slaves from the South to Canada. The house remained in the Johnson family until 1917, when it was sold to the newly formed Woman's Club of Germantown which has carefully maintained this example of Colonial architecture.

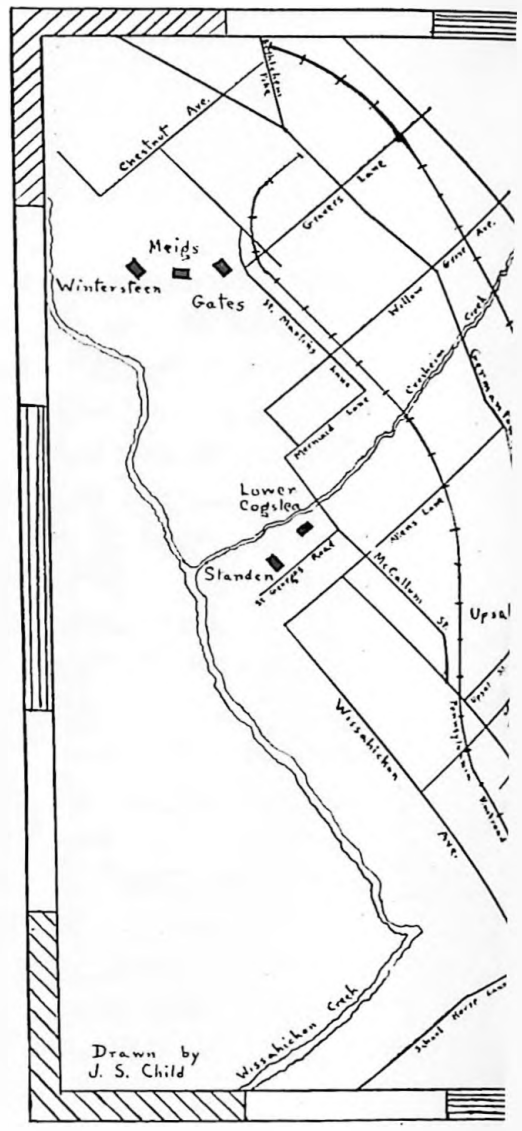
The Johnson House is featuring a room emphasizing the 1860's and the Civil War, presented by Mrs. Almon N. Kidder.



Upsala, 6430 Germantown Ave., was completed in 1798 by John Johnson, 3rd, grandson of the John Johnson, builder of the older Johnson House. It was one of the most magnificent houses of its time and was three years in building. Today it is considered one of the finest examples of late Georgian architecture. It was occupied by the Johnson family until shortly before 1943 when the house was already in process of demolition. At that moment the Upsala Foundation was formed by interested people to raise funds to buy the house. This foundation is now restoring it to its original charm. Connected to the back of the house is a small house built as a farm house nearly seventy years earlier than the main house. This farm house was in existence at the time of the Battle of Germantown when cannon, trained by the Americans on the Chew House onposite, were placed on the lawn.

A room in Upsala is emphasizing the period of the early 20th century presented by Mrs. Robert D. Hamilton, Jr. Also Upsala is featuring for the tour two unusual loan exhibits presented by their collectors — Toys from the collection of Richard Herman and 19th century shoes arranged by Mrs. Palmer Watson.

Women's Clubs and Special Groups are being invited to plan an enjoyable afternoon with this historic tour. For information on arrangements, please contact commitee member, Miss Eleanor S. Wistar, 3817 Oak Road, Phila., 29. (Phone GErmantown 8-0200)



BUS TRAN

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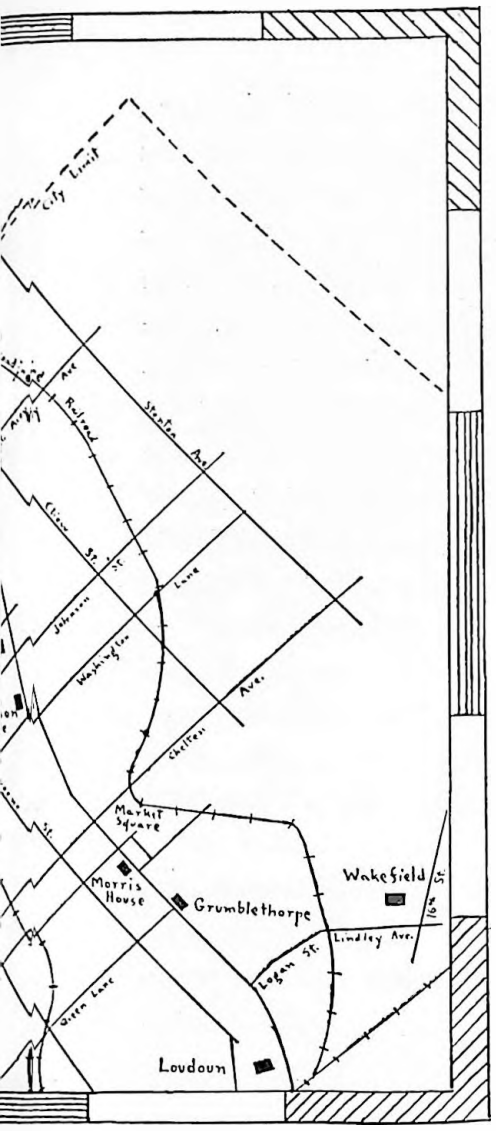
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For information write to
Oak Road, Phila. 29.

m and Chestnut Hill

TOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

9155 -- 1 to 6 P. M.



PORTATION

n aa party on a bus may Germantown Community a bus ticket) before May mitth, 6925 Sherman St., nessee 9-7105)

ket Square (Germantown ne) at frequent intervals il 22:30 PM and will all Free parking at Market own Saving Fund. Your ch Ebus will be:—

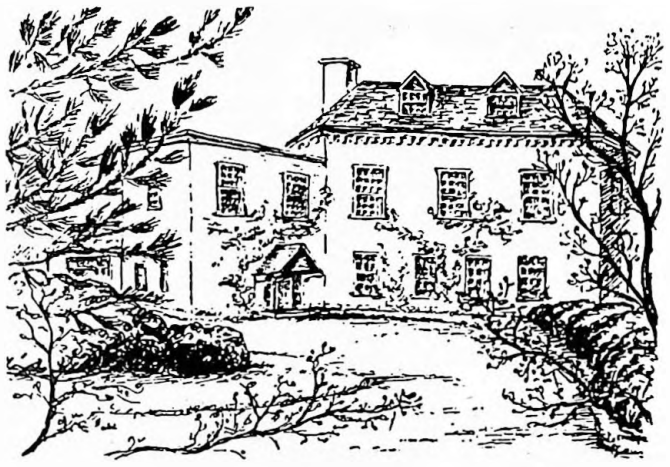
W. Thacher Longstreth
Jas. Somers Smith
George P. Williams, 3rd

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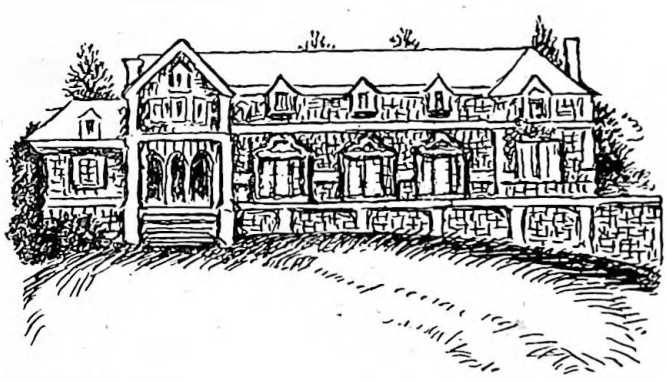
ETS

e purchased at any one of the eck to Germantown Commu- ladelphia 44, and tickets will et good for eleven visits and

iss Eleanor S. Wistar, 3817



Mrs. Robert R. Meigs' House, 8410 St. Martins Lane, was built as a much larger house in 1904 by the industrialist, Frederick W. Taylor. Mr. Taylor's property, which included the house and grounds now owned by Mrs. Gates, featured one of the most magnificent boxwood collections found anywhere. The boxwood bushes are the original ones planted by Count John Du Barry in 1803. After 1833, Owen Sheridan and his descendants retained the original character of the garden, and it became one of the most famous and picturesque gardens in Philadelphia long before Mr. Taylor made it a show place in 1904. Mr. Taylor willed the property to the University of Pennsylvania. The mansion and part of the property was purchased from the University in 1952 by Mrs. Meigs, who completely remodeled the house and eliminated more than a third of the building. An original feature of the house, a large window with a single pane of glass overlooking the Wissahickon Valley, is still retained. Standing in the dining room is a Rittenhouse clock and a rare print of the first landing in Japan in 1853 of Commodore Perry, who was an ancestor of the late Mr. Meigs.



Mrs. John Wintersteen's House, 8440 St. Martins Lane, was built for Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sill Clark, parents of the present Mayor of Philadelphia, under the supervision of the architect, Clarence C. Zantzinger. This magnificent house stands on a bluff above a beautiful expanse of lawn with an unsurpassed view of the Wissahickon Valley. Mrs. Wintersteen is the daughter of the late John D. McIlhenny, former President of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, which now holds most of his art collection. She is a well known patron of the arts and a Trustee of the Museum. The first and second floors of the house are open for this tour. In her wide travels, Mrs. Wintersteen has collected a great variety of art and sculpture from early Egyptian to modern. Special features are Chinese Chippendale furniture, a Phoenician figure, Japanese paintings and, recently acquired from Japan, a Hanewa figure of about 400 A.D.

HISTORIC TOUR COMMITTEE

of Germantown Historical Society

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MISS FRANCES M. CAMPBELL
MISS ELEANOR S. WISTAR
MISS FRANCES A. WISTER
MRS. NORMAN MELLOR
MRS. JOHN G. MILLER
MRS. FRANCIS R. STRAWBRIDGE
MRS. J. B. VAN SCIVER, JR.
MRS. JOHN R. WANAMAKER
MRS. HENRY F. WIREMAN
PAUL CRET HARBESON
FRANCIS D. PASTORIUS, V



Lower Cogslea, 627 St. Georges Road, Miss Violet Oakley and Miss Edith Emerson's house and studio, was originally the barn of the Hill family sheep farm. The farm dwelling still remains on the adjoining property and some ruins still remain of the woolen mill on the Cresheim Creek below. The farm was acquired by the Houston family in the late 19th century and Dr. and Mrs. George Woodward transformed the barn into a studio for three young artists. One of these artists, Miss Violet Oakley, was at that time in the midst of her monumental task of executing the vast mural paintings forming a frieze in the Governor's room, Senate and Supreme Court rooms of the new capitol building at Harrisburg. Portfolios of color reproductions of these mural paintings are on view in her studio with countless other examples of many years of Miss Oakley's work. Miss Edith Emerson's studio adjoining Miss Oakley's was originally the carriage house. Miss Emerson, formerly a student of Miss Oakley at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, is Curator of Woodmere Gallery and is a well known mural and portrait painter and illustrator.



Standen, St. Georges Road, the house of Mr. an Mrs. R. Marshall Truitt, was built in a lovely setting in 1927 along formal lines. The formal garden arranged by Charles Willing in a geometric design features a variety of chrysanthemums which should be at their height. The living room-greenhouse combination is unique and contains exotic and rare plants. Handsomely furnished, of special interest is a desk that was owned by Stephen Girard and two Audubon originals. Family portraits by Beauveau Borie and Jessie Wilcox Smith, and a tapestry mural by Mrs. Edward Bains (Miss Ethel Betts) may also be seen.



Mulberry House, St. Martins and Gravers Lanes, has been occupied by Mrs. Thomas S. Gates since 1950 when it was remodeled by the well known architect, Sidney E. Martin. The former house on this site was built prior to 1799 when it was described as being at the end of a beautiful avenue of cherry trees (now Gravers Lane) leading from the Germantown Road. In 1803 the farm was purchased by Count John Du Barry, a refugee from the French colony of San Domingo, who planted a mulberry grove for the cultivation of silk worms which he brought with him. He laid out the grounds in imitation of the gardens at Versailles and planted many boxwood. In 1833 the house was rebuilt and enlarged by Owen Sheridan, in whose family the house known as the Sheridan Mansion remained during the 19th century. Frederick W. Taylor bought the property in 1901 but he did not occupy this old house and built a new residence on the grounds. Mrs. Gates is a descendant of William Rittenhouse, whose paper mill in Germantown was the first in the colonies. There is a portrait of David Rittenhouse by Charles Willson Peale in the library.

Net proceeds of this tour are presented half and half to the Germantown Community Council and the Germantown Historical Society.

RHODODENDRON AND LAUREL FOR THE WISSAHICKON

By An Enthusiastic Amateur

BEFORE THE arrival of the white settlers, the appearance of our beautiful and beloved Wissahickon was probably even more charming and attractive than at present. No doubt many trees and shrubs grew there in primitive times which have become extinct, or which have become very scarce. Among these are the Rhododendrons and Laurel. Rhododendron abounds in similar locations and soil conditions from New York State to North Carolina. It is quite possible that the banks of the Wissahickon and its tributaries were lined with them in ancient times. Considerable Laurel and some Azaleas still exist in the more inaccessible locations, but the native Rhododendron is almost extinct. Local residents, owning property, with woodland replaced with Rhododendron have observed that each year one or more natural Rhododendron seedlings have grown, and this is also true of Laurel. It was these observations that developed into the idea that it is quite possible to re-establish Rhododendron and Laurel in the Wissahickon, which would greatly add to the beauty and attractiveness of its banks, appeal to lovers of nature, and give shelter to birds and wild life.

Tests have proven that the seedlings can be raised by planting the seed in moss. In nature only one out of five to ten thousand seeds may grow. Therefore many seeds must be planted to obtain relatively few plants. However, this is not so serious since each seed pod of the Rhododendron holds from two to three hundred seeds and there are from eight to ten pods to each flower.

Many recently planted seedlings by local residents are now growing. At the end of the first year such seedlings are no larger than the head of a pin. At the end of the second year they may measure from one-fourth to one-half inch in diameter. It takes from three to four years for the first full size leaves to appear; and from ten to fifteen years may elapse before the plant will bear flowers.

To replant the slopes of the Wissahickon, of course, is a large undertaking, and many more volunteers are needed. Those who wish to help in this worthy cause are requested to send their names and address and telephone number to Mrs. Clinton H. Brown, 8216 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill, the Secretary of the "Friends of the Wissahickon." When sending your name to her state in what part of the project you might be able to assist, such, for instance, as allowing seeds to be gathered from Rhododendrons growing on your property; gathering, extracting, or planting seeds; or by joining the "Friends of the Wissahickon" some of whose members are already engaged in the work. (dues Two Dollars a year).

Many members have patches of Rhododendron and Laurel Bushes, as also sections of ground with moss, where they might prefer to raise their own seedlings by planting them in such moss or in greenhouses. When such seedlings are large enough for transplanting to the banks of the Wissahickon, they might be transferred by the growers, giving such plants the care and protection they require in the early years. Cultural notes may be obtained from Mrs. Brown. Those who have places with wood and moss plots can be helpful by keeping notes of their observations and thus give to others the benefit of their experience in solving problems such as the preference of planting seed in the spring or fall, the covering of the seeds with slight quantities of river sand, methods used in preventing snow and rain from washing away or dislodging the seed, the importance of acid soil, etc.

One member gives a few simple suggestions: In the fall of each year gather the pods from the stems where the flowers have been—just before or after the first freeze is probably the best time. Seeds are ripe when the pods have turned brown, and must be gathered before they open. Pods are easily detached without injury to the plant; indeed it may do the plant good. The capsules should then be placed in a dry and airy room. When dry and brittle enough they should be crushed and the fine seed released. If not sown immediately they should be stored in a cool dry place, until ready for planting. Rhododendrons prefer a damp (not wet) soil. Moss should be selected for such planting, since it is apt to keep moist, even during summer. If in a partly shaded location, Laurel will grow on the hills and slopes of the Wissahickon and its tributaries, but it should be started in damp moss. When getting seeds from your own plants or from other Friends of the Wissahickon, they can be more evenly distributed if placed in a plastic salt shaker than when sown by hand. If the moss in which it is planted is on a slope, it is suggested that several cross cuts be made before sowing so as to catch and retain the seeds. These cross cuts can be rejoined by stamping them flat. After two years when ready for transplanting, they should be separated and transplanted at least eight to ten inches apart in moist moss. U. S. Agricultural leaflet No. 243, "Spagnum Moss for Seed Germination," is helpful, as also the following U. S. Agricultural leaflet, viz.: No. 1567 which deals with the propagation of "Trees, Shrubs, Rhododendrons, Azaleas, their culture and diseases."

REMINISCENCES OF AN ARMY SURGEON

By Dr. Carrington Macfarlane

Condensed by Elizabeth Macfarlane Mellor



Dr. C. Macfarlane

WHEN ONE thinks of war it is usually of great battles or strategic campaigns but the more personal side, the every day life of the individual, the privation and courage of the men who make a great army are forgotten. The following excerpts, high lighting very personal experiences, are from the memoirs of a young surgeon who served through the Civil War from Bull Run to the mustering out in 1865. He was in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons when the call for volunteers came and enlisted at once as an orderly, returning to pass his examinations and get his degree, then rejoining his regiment as a surgeon. He was under thirty when the war ended—a grim internship indeed.

Memoirs—1861–1865

On July 21st. was fought the battle of Bull Run. All day long we could hear the distant cannon but could learn nothing of what was going on. Our camp was early broken up and we stood all day under arms, ready to march at a moment's notice. At day break of the 22nd. the orders came and we were marched across the Long Bridge into Virginia. We now had some inkling of the disaster that had befallen our troops. All day we passed the troops hurrying to the rear, all regimental organization thrown aside and every man for himself. It was a terror stricken rabble that urged us to fly with them as the Black Horse Cavalry was close behind in hot pursuit and every man of us would be killed.

There is nothing so demoralizing as a panic and I have often wondered that we were so little affected by it. It was a motley and picturesque rabble. At the beginning of the war many of the volunteer regiments were uniformed according to the taste of their officers. So in the rout were mingled the regular uniform of our army with those of France and Germany, Kilted Highlanders and turbaned Turks fled side by side and Zouaves, selected from the old New York volunteer firemen—red shirts and black trousers.

We advanced that day to Bailey's Cross Roads, took position and put out pickets. We were the advance body of troops between the enemy and Washington. We all felt a little nervous; we were not yet used to it.

The army soon recovered from its defeat and we took and fortified more advanced positions. General McClellan was placed in command and all summer he put the army under a course of discipline and instruction that changed it from a rabble into the Army of the Potomac, the finest and most reliable army of the war; an army in which such a disaster as Bull Run would have been an impossibility.

* * * * *

In Washington we encamped on Kalorama Heights. The doctors here had a busy time. Camp life was so new to the men that many became sick with colic and fevers, while many were frightened and homesick. On the 28th of March we marched across the bridge into Virginia. We were without tents. The first night we camped in an open field. I with the great majority had to lie on the ground wrapped in our blankets. We built a fire of the pine rails but these were soon burnt out. The next morning one could imagine this field of sleeping soldiers, a vast graveyard, a heavy fall of snow had buried them, but each mound was a sleeping soldier. The next morning we marched to Alexandria and took transportation for Fortress Monroe.

We sailed down the Potomac and across Chesapeake Bay at night, and in the morning there opened up to us that most magnificent panorama—the harbor of Hampton Roads. It was the first day of April. The sun was in all its brilliancy. The air was warm and balmy as June. From our decks we could see Fortress Monroe on one side and fortifications on Rip-Raps on the other grimly guarding the harbor. Off in the distance was Chesapeake Bay and the ocean. Away on our right was Sewall's Point and the mouth of the Elizabeth river, out of which less than three weeks before came the Merrimac, the first iron-clad ship that ever fired a hostile shot. Off on our right we could see the spars of the Cumberland stretching out of the water, the first ship that ever tried to cope with one. It was the fate of the old regime ever contending with the new and going down

before it. We could see the mighty frigates and men-of-war, stately and terrible, showing row above row of cannon and gallant with flying colors. Then there were ships of all classes, and the little tugs making themselves important with bustle and noise.

Amidst of all this shipping, we could see a little gray, insignificant-looking craft whose sides reached hardly two feet above the water. On its center was a strange looking low tower, which we called a cheese-box, and which it resembled. Yet this modest, inoffensive-looking craft was also of the new order of things and worth more than all the rest of the fleet together. It was the Monitor, and she was all that stood between us and instant destruction. Then looking shoreward we saw the troops marching off with bands playing and colors flying, while in the distance we could see the white tents of the troops already landed and gone into camp.

At last our turn came. The steamer drew up to the dock, we disembarked and, with band playing and colors flying we marched to Newport News and went into camp.

Our camp was near the bay, and we frequently saw the Merrimac steam from behind Sewall's Point and advance towards our shipping. The Monitor would then steam out to meet her; they would fire a few shots at long range and the Merrimac would then retire. Neither dare engage the other, for should either be disabled the whole army and navy of that side would be completely at the mercy of the other.

April is not always sunshine and I think this spring must have been exceptionally wet. It required only a little rain to make deep and sticky mud on that water-soaked peninsula. The little mules of the commissary train were constantly stalled and had to be dragged out of the mud. When we were thirsty on the march we stamped a depression in the soil with a boot heel, let the water gather in it settle and then drink. We never had heard of germs and were not afraid.

* * * * *

On May 3rd Yorktown was evacuated and captured, and our camp was broken up. When the regiment advanced I was left behind with the sick brigade. The number of sick on the Peninsula was very great, but the mortality was comparatively small.

After a few days a train of forty wagons was sent me on which to put the sick and take them to the general hospitals which had been established at Yorktown.

Some long salt sheds on the dock were assigned me in which to put my sick. As there was no one to help me I had to take some, who could not help themselves, in my arms and carry them to the sheds. When everyone was cared for I was thoroughly tired out. I fastened my horse to a fence and with my saddle for a pillow I laid down in the dust of the road at his side and slept till morning. While I slept my horse was stolen, nor did I ever see him again. In the morning those of the sick who were able to go were put on transports for New York hospitals, while I was given a couple of days for rest.

* * * * *

In May I found an order sending me to Antioch Church to care for the sick collected there. Near the middle of the forenoon I started for my new post and found Antioch Church about three miles on the other side of Savage Station. Barely had I reached there when I heard the roar of a fierce battle in the direction from which I came. I was all excitement and anxiety and hastened back to Savage Station to learn what I could. Here all the surgeons were collected and here the wounded were brought in great numbers.

Among the first I saw was poor Colonel Bailey with whom I had been talking so few hours before, brought in dead. I remained there till night, dressing wounds and putting the wounded on cars, then back to my hospital. The next morning I was again at Savage Station where I remained all day with the wounded.

This was the battle of Seven Pines or, as it was often called, Fair Oaks. The attack was almost in the nature of a surprise. One or two regiments were indeed driven from the field before they could reach their guns, but most of the regiments fought bravely and only gave way after a fierce resistance and terrible slaughter.

Antioch Church was a little wooden building painted white, built in a clearing of not more than ten acres in the midst of a dense forest. There was not a house in sight, nor did I know where there was a house or where a congregation could be gathered from. At this church I found about two hundred sick, collected from many regiments.

The first thing to be done was to remove all the pews, leaving the broad floor for the men to lie on, their blankets their only bedding. On the outside of the church with part of the pew lumber I built a lean-to for myself to live in. We were there several weeks while McClellan was making ready to swing his force around onto the James River. Stuart's cavalry had made its famous raid around our rear and our base of supplies was cut off. At Antioch Church we were most of the time on the verge of starvation. We had no medical supplies except that occasionally a canteen containing a mixture of quinine and whiskey was sent us, a supply so small as to be almost useless. All we could do was to go among those dying men, give what comfort we could, write their letters, and as they died we made coffins of the pew lumber while it lasted, and on the pew doors we carved the names and regiment of the dead and placed them at the head of their graves. We made a large cemetery while we stayed there. Many a day I did not have a mouthful of food to give my patients, and I myself would strip the green blackberries from the bushes and try to appease my hunger.

One day as I lay in my kennel I saw a brisk, jolly little officer come out of the woods into the clearing, and I arose to meet him. He began, "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness. Here you have it. My name is Lodge, Dr. Lodge, and I am sent here to assist you." I took him with me into the kennel and for two days he bubbled over with fun and story. I never knew another man with such a flow of animal spirits. Then I was sent to my regiment, and then again at the end of three days I was sent back to the church. Dr. Lodge met me but there were no more smiles on his face. He was utterly crushed. Alone he could not endure seeing so much suffering which he could do nothing to relieve. He then bid me good-bye and I have never heard of him since. I continued my duties as priest and undertaker until the sick that remained were put into ambulances and taken to northern hospitals. I was at Antioch Church from the 31st. of May to about the 25th of June. It was a ghastly experience.

* * * * *

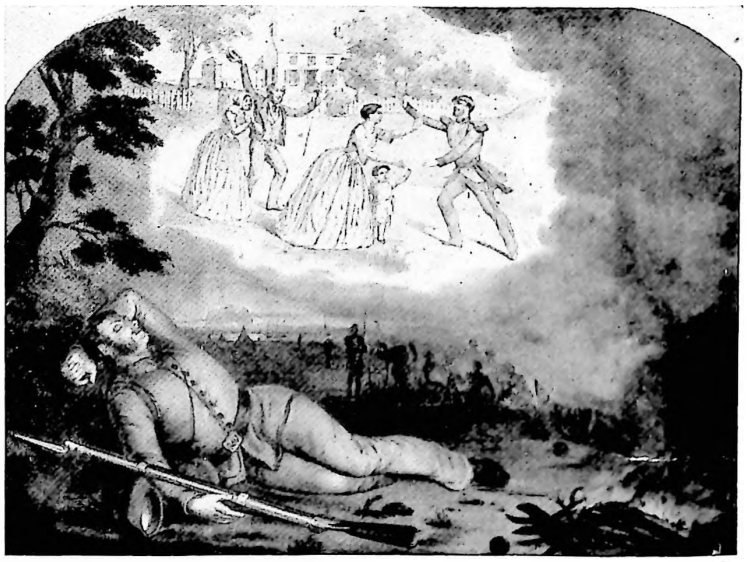
The desire among the men for vegetable food was almost irresistible. A day or two before reaching Harrison's Landing the regiment bivouacked in a large apple orchard. Early in July the apples were hardly half grown, but the men were crazy for them and did not leave a single one on a tree. While I was exhorting them not to eat the unripe fruit or there would not be a live man in the camp the next day, I was surreptitiously filling my own pockets. However, I boiled mine, while they ate theirs as soon as picked. The result was that next morning there was not a sick man at surgeon's call. Dysentery, diarrhoea and all kindred complaints were cured by the apples. These diseases all had their origin in or were aggravated by scurvy.

* * * * *

On December 29th we broke camp and embarked on the Kennebec, an old side-wheel steamer from the Kennebec river in Maine, the orders for our destination to be read when well out at sea. The second night out, when off Cape Hatteras, we encountered a severe gale in which the Monitor was lost. The next morning we saw the steamer Rhode Island which had the Monitor in tow, hovering around the scene of the disaster, in case she might pick up more of the survivors. All that night it seemed as if we could not live out the storm, and the great waves crashing beneath our guards seemed about to tear our frail craft asunder.

* * * * *

On the 12th. of April we were again on shipboard to join an expedition starting from Newberne, N. C. Half the regiment were on board the little steamer Belvidere and the other half, together with the 23rd. Massachusetts, were on the sailing ship John P. Morton. She was a large full-rigged vessel of over 3000 tons burden. We started in tow of a steamer, but during the night we were overtaken by a severe



A Soldier's Dream on the Battlefield. From a Currier and Ives print in the Germantown Historical Society Museum.

storm in which our tow line parted and we hoisted sail and put out to sea. After the storm came a calm which left us drifting about in the Gulf Stream for days, which were seemingly weeks. There was not a breath of air to fill our sails or to raise the pennant hanging down the mast. All day long the sun beat on the decks and the hold was like an oven. In the little cabin above, designed for the officers of the ship, were two or three officers of the 23rd. with their wives who had come down on a visit. These ladies helped wonderfully in whiling away the tediousness of the voyage. In this cabin I was first initiated into the mysteries of cribbage.

A thousand voracious appetites soon told upon our larder and one article after another dropped from our bill of fare until at last it got down to Indian meal and molasses—ship stores, I think, for it was the only time I ever saw them among soldiers' rations. These held out bravely for a few days when the molasses gave out; then it was mush three times a day for a little while and then no more mush.

Fortunately for us a light breeze was now filling our sails and almost imperceptibly we were drawing towards our destination. When we reached Beaufort Harbor, N. C., and cast our anchor we had been nearly forty-eight hours without food.

A tug boat came alongside and the officers were allowed to go ashore. Hard tack was brought on board for the men and hot food as soon as it could be cooked. If the men had been sent on shore in their starved condition, I don't think the State of North Carolina could have held them. We officers on shore made a night of it, going from cabin to cabin of the natives and making them cook the best they had, we paying them well for it. One staple, I remember, was fish fresh from the sea, and almost all could produce rations of a liquid variety. With song and story we passed a very jolly night.

(Continued in next issue)

FRANKLIN TREE: Origin is Veiled in Mystery

Bartram planted it here, but true beginning unknown

LATE summer days again carry to me requests from many friends of *The Inquirer* to explain the mysteries of the Franklin tree. Older residents recall when it was rare as whales in the Delaware.

Then they could find but a solitary flowering Franklin tree in all Philadelphia. And had they searched with the eyes of an eagle over the whole of America they could then have seen no other one. But now there are scores of Franklin trees which are direct descendants of that mysterious child of a forest where not another one was ever found again in 170 years.

Names of two Philadelphia immortals are blended in these strange white blossoms, Bartram and Franklin. It was the celebrated botanist who discovered the tree to which he appended the name of his friend, Poor Richard.

They know now how to reproduce Franklin trees by a simple method, but for much more than a century it seemed an almost hopeless job. This ease in growing this strangest of all trees in the United States accounts for the fact that they are becoming numerous.

Charles F. Jenkins has told me that he has had scores of little Franklins thriving at "Far Country," his Germantown estate. Barring its former extreme rarity, this tree has absorbed less of Mr. Jenkins' arboreal ambitions than have his 60 or 80 varieties of hemlock.

Home in a Swamp

While cruising through the swamps on the banks of Altamaha River in Georgia, John Bartram found the only specimen of the Franklin tree ever seen growing wild.

The noted Philadelphia botanist was accompanied by his son William. They were hunting for unusual plants, flowers and trees. Some of these would be exported to England. Bartram was, you must know, an exporter as well as an importer of rare flora. He stood foremost and alone in Colonial America in the field of botany.

Bartram pounced upon that remarkable find with zeal. Carefully he cut off a piece of it, which he carried through the forests hundreds of miles to his home here on the west bank of the Schuylkill. There it was planted in his greatest of arboretums of that day. He was lucky and the world fortunate when it took root. That sprig in time became the ancestor of all Franklin trees now in existence.

That Georgia swamp has since been combed by botanists, Boy Scouts and tree experts, but never a Franklin tree has been discovered there. Other Southern swamps and forests have also been searched, yet not a single tree of that kind has been seen.

The mystery of that smallish tree's appearance on the Altamaha has never been explained. It is the unsolved riddle in American botany. What happened to the tree Bartram found in that lonely swamp is another enigma. Was it drowned, as some suppose, or was it cut down? These are unraveled puzzles.

The Franklin tree is our tree of mystery. It flowers for weeks in the summer and those pale blossoms you see are enhanced in value to all who know the story of its discovery yet cannot penetrate the shroud which has ever concealed its origin on American soil.

The first Franklin tree known to grow in Germantown was on the estate of Dr. William J. Campbell, West Schoolhouse Lane, the father of the present occupants. It is thought that the father's much older sister, Mary, a botantist, might have had something to do with its being brought there as it was very old.

Dr. Campbell presented his friend, Charles F. Jenkins, with an offspring of that tree, which in its turn became the start of the Jenkins' collection mentioned by "Girard".

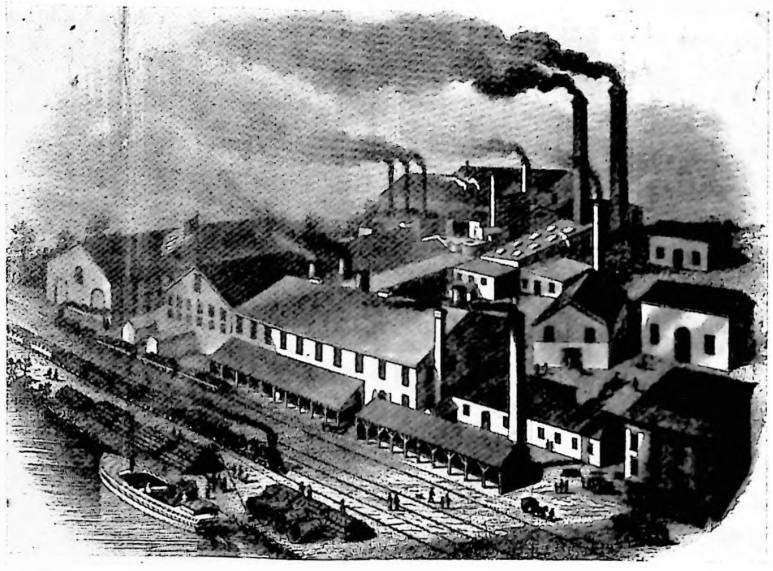
The parent tree went down with the hurricane of 1938 but two of its progeny remain on Schoolhouse Lane. They are said to be the largest of their species in this vicinity and in fine condition,—EDITOR.



John Kelpius. First portrait painted in oil in America, 1705, by Christopher Witt.

Lucinda and Plymouth Furnaces of Montgomery County

By George W. Schultz



S. Fulton & Co., established in 1845, manufacturers of pig iron and cast iron gas and water pipes

AN INDUSTRY which flourished in Norristown a half century ago and more was the manufacture of pig-iron. Hardly any vestige of the two large works along the Schuylkill remains. One was the large blast furnace of Isaac McHose and Son, and the other was a much older furnace, known as "Lucinda." They were close together and quite different in construction.

In the pioneer ironmasters' time when charcoal was the fuel, the custom was to christen a newly erected furnace after a female of the owner's family. The Lucinda Furnace was built in 1857 by General William Schall. The "Lucinda" for whom the furnace was named was General Schall's oldest daughter. It was last in blast in 1870, when it was sold to Samuel Fulton of Conshohocken.

The picture shows the Lucinda Furnace to have been of rather small tonnage capacity. Apparently it was an early anthracite hot-blast type. The vertical pipes conducted inflammable gas, given off by the combustion of coal, ore and limestone, down to a battery of boilers, which made steam to operate the blowing engine.

Bought Furnace in 1893

The writer bought the Lucinda Furnace in 1893 from an estate of which Judge Swartz of the Orphans Court was the executor, or at least he had authority to sell it. My foreman, Andrew J. Furlong, his father and son, with laborers, tore it down and I sold the iron, the red fire brick, the stone, etc., right around the neighborhood, as the estate wanted a lot cleared. A warehouse now stands on the site.

The McHose Furnace was dismantled some years later. Isaac McHose was of Scot descent, born in 1822 in Lehigh County, son of Isaac McHose, Sr., born 1783. Isaac, Jr., was originally a skilled bricklayer, and had a large brick works at Reading, where also fire brick were turned out. It grew to be the largest in the United States at the time, as McHose made a specialty of constructing anthracite blast furnaces. His contracts guaranteed complete satisfaction before delivery to the owner, and such was his reputation, that he had practically a monopoly throughout the iron region on this account.

Another local ironmaster of the 1880–90 period was Samuel Fulton of Conshohocken, who operated the two stone blast furnaces known as "Plymouth Furnaces" at that time. Named probably from the old time village of Plymouth Meeting.

Those furnaces for some years smelted very excellent magnetic ore from a vein in New York State near the Hudson River called the "Tilly Foster Iron Mines." It was especially suited for boiler plate iron made at the famous Lukens Rolling Mill at Coatesville. When Mr. Fulton could not get any more Tilly Foster ore he lost many customers, and turned to making what was called "Carbonized, or Silver Grey Pig Iron." He also had a large iron foundry for products at Conshohocken.

Fulton Clever Furnace Man

Mr. Fulton was a clever furnace man and used more rolling mill waste cinder than ore in his pig iron. It was low priced and not good for strong castings. This writer sold many thousands of tons of it and was personally acquainted with the fine white-haired ironmaster, who looked very like Honorable James G. Blaine, the Republican candidate for president who was defeated narrowly by Grover Cleveland in 1884. The Plymouth furnaces also have long since been demolished.

Two "Swede" furnaces on the Western side of the Schuylkill were owned and operated in my time by

the firm of R. Heckscher and Sons. In 1900, when the writer was developing and mining two rich magnetic ore mines in the Cumberland Valley, we sold this 62 per cent ore to Swede Furnaces as well as to the Pennsylvania Steel Company at Steelton.

An amazing incident comes to mind of the Heckschers sending for me to come out to the furnaces at once. On arrival, one of the sons escorted me to the ore bins and pointing to the last several carloads of our ore, said, "Mister, we thought we were buying iron ore from you but it seems that you shipped us *gold*, and we can't use that in our furnace."

It was all sparkling with iron pyrites, which meant sulphur. However, the Heckschers graciously consented to work off that hundred tons without making a claim or forcing me to take it away. We had sunk a shaft 100 feet deep at the ore mine and while the iron vein was thicker, the sulphites were objectionable to pig iron producers, as they would have to roast such ores.

WILLIAM SCHALL . . .

Referred to by C. W. Schultz belongs to the sterling German Protestant element infused into our state by religious persecutions in Europe during the early part of the eighteenth century. He is descended from Tobias Schall who settled in Earl Township, Berks County, just about the time the Rutters and Potts were founding the iron business in that locality.

Tobias, among other children, had one son George who in turn had a son George who became a member of the legislature from Berks Co. This George Schall married Catharine Eyster and of their six children the youngest son was William, born April 18th, 1812.

He was early trained to labor and the management of the iron business in which his father was engaged. From early childhood he lived at what was called District Forge in District Township Berks Co.

In 1833 he built Green Lane Forge in Marlborough Township, Montgomery County and worked successfully til 1848 when he removed to Norristown. In Norristown he purchased of Hon. John Freedly the large dwelling at the corner of Main and Hill streets together with a convenient plot of ground at the confluence of Schuylkill river and Stony creek. Here he erected an extensive marl works and not long afterwards the large rolling mill which employed a great number of hands.

From this time 1853 until 1857 when the commercial revolution overtook us, these works were among the most valued sources of our productive industry, doing a heavy business for many years the need was felt for a home supply of pig iron. Accordingly in 1857 before the revolution of that year, in company with his sons he proceeded to build "Lucinda Furnace" by the side of the other works.

This was put into operation not withstanding dull times and was kept in blast until the breaking out of the Rebellion when a temporary suspension occurred, as nearly all his sons entered the army with the Fourth Regiment. The war soon renewed the iron trade and for several years such a heavy business was done here that in 1864 General Schall and sons concluded to erect a rolling mill between the river and the railroad in the lower part of the borough. This was run until 1870 when it was sold to Samuel Fulton of Conshohocken.

The years 1867–1868 well known in American annals as the inauguration of the New Government policy of forced return to gold payments, as the period from 1875–1879 was the culmination of the same.

General Schall was among the hundreds financially ruined.

From "Lives of the Eminent Dead and Biographical Notes of Prominent Living Citizens of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania" By M. Auge published 1879, Norristown, Pa.

TRANSPORTATION IN 1821

Jacob Peters was one of the largest operators of stage coaches and omnibuses in Pennsylvania during the turnpike and stage coach era before the coming of the railroads. At this period of history Pennsylvania capital invested more in turnpikes and canals than any other state.

In 1821 he acquired an old hotel property at the northeast corner of Germantown Road and Highland Avenue and erected thereon a new hotel known as the Eagle and which, at his death, became the property of his daughter, whose home adjoined the hotel. The Eagle Hotel at Chestnut Hill was an important stopping place for a half dozen stage coach lines, which, starting from Philadelphia, ran to various places on the turnpikes radiating from Chestnut Hill. There were two lines that ran to Bethlehem, one of which was operated by Jacob Peters, one to Reading and others to nearby places. At their terminals these stage coaches connected with other lines going to distant points like Buffalo and Montreal.

Meanwhile John Stallman was operating omnibuses connecting Philadelphia and Chestnut Hill, probably using the Eagle Hotel as a terminal. The Eagle was popular with travelers and was strategically located just south of the toll-gate, which then was situated on Germantown Road at Evergreen Avenue on property owned by the Turnpike Company. Old records show that while turnpikes were a great boon to

travelers and farmers, toll-gates were something to be by-passed whenever detours were handy. This resulted in a large loss of revenue and corresponding gnashing of teeth on the part of the owners. However the toll-gate at Chestnut Hill seems to have been protected from chisellers or perhaps it was well policed. During the yellow fever period in Philadelphia this was selected as one of the quarantine points. Farmers bringing their produce to Philadelphia might unload there, but they could not pass; and no one traveling from the city could go beyond.

From a newspaper clipping of April 3, 1850, we learn that Jacob Peters had just bought out John Stallman's stage coach line to Philadelphia. Stallman had recently put on an impressive four-horse omnibus built by Jacob Ottinger. Jacob Peters must have acquired other new buses for he instituted an hourly service from Chestnut Hill to Philadelphia "commencing very early in the A.M. and continuing in the P.M. in regular operation." This hourly line was a great improvement. Prior to that time the last stage left Philadelphia for Chestnut Hill in the afternoon. Those who could not leave so early were compelled to remain in Philadelphia overnight "unless, as some did, they preferred to walk all the way to Chestnut Hill."

From the News Bulletin
Germantown Historical Society



Nankin Teapot at the Morris Home.

REQUEST FOR BOOKS

A small reference library is desired in the Museum, to assist in research incident to identity of various items received for exhibition.

Therefore, a plea is made to members and friends, for donations of books as listed below, or other publications of like nature.
Co. at the time of the Germantown Progress Celebration 1937.

REFERENCE BOOKS FOR USE IN HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM

	Title	By	Publisher
1.	"Pottery and Porcelain"	*Cox*	Crown 2 Vol.
2.	"The Blue China Book"	*Ada Walker Camehl.*	
3.	"Early American Pottery and China"	*John Spargo*	Century
4.	"American Antique Furniture" (2 Vol.)	*Edgar G. Miller, Jr.*	Lord Baltimore Press
5.	"Furniture Treasury" (3 Vol.)	*Wallace Nutting*	Old America Co.
6.	"The Furniture of Our Forefathers" (2 Vol.)	*Esther Singleton*	Doubleday-Page
7.	"The Book of American Clocks"	*Brooks Palmer*	Macmillan
8.	"Time and Timekeepers"	*Willis I. Milham*	Macmillan
9.	"The Practical Book of American Antiques"	*Eberlein & McClure*	Lippincott
10.	"An Encyclopedia of Antiques"	*Harold Lewis Bond.*	Tudor
11.	"American Furtinure" (from W nterthur)	*Jos. Downs*	Macmillan
12.	"Historic Silver of the Colonies and Its Makers.	*Bigelow*	Macmillan
13.	"Old Silver and Old Sheffield Plate"	*Okie*	Doubleday-Doran
14.	"American Silversmiths and Their Marks" II.	*Ensko*	
15.	"American Glass"	*McKearin*	Crown
16.	"Pressed Glass"	*Ruth Webb Lee*	
17.	"Cavalcade of Toys"	*Ruth and Larry Freeman*	Century House
18.	"American Historical Prints, Early Views of American Cities, etc., 1497–1891" *Very good.* Can be obtained by writing to New York Pub. Library		
19.	"History of Travel in America"	*S. Dunbar*	Tudor
20.	"Printing in the Americas"	*John Clyde Oswald*	Gregg

From the account book of a Philadelphia Gentleman, 1815
copied from the original by the editor

Cloth for a coat E. Crispen	$13.00	
making do.	7.50—	$20.50
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Liggitt—tea color		
1 pr. gloves		1.00
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2 waist coats & making		6.00
1 pr. shoes Kimble		3.00
1 do. Keating		3.00
2 do. Milliken		5.50
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2 shirts & making		5.00
2 Summer roundabouts & m.		10.00
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1 pr. Stockinet Pantaloons		10.00
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*While 5579 is "colonialized."

Obituary

The historical society regrets the sudden death of one of its members, CHARLES M. TAYLOR, March 30th, 1955. He had been connected with the Provident Mutual Life Ins. Co. for 38 years, retiring as an officer in 1952. Among Mr. Taylor's affiliations were The Hakluyt Society, an English society specializing in historic researches, and the Linguistic Society of America. He could speak twelve languages. At the time of Mr. Taylor's death he was very much interested in writing an article for the "Crier." Our publication is the poorer for its loss.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

(*Continued from page 9*)

and bought a large farm near Germantown"[4] (he named it "Belfield".) The house he and his family lived in is still standing and the elaborate garden he laid out is still there. He wrote, "That garden now became my hobby-horse."

"I wanted to make labour easy, and spared no pains to make machines for very many uses." He constructed corn-cutters and butter churns and straw-cutters, but all cost money and brought in little, while he was continually employed in fixing them. "Therefore I call them my follies, and great follies they have been," . . . "the climax of my follies I wanted to pump water."

This last folly was so successful he wrote: "The invention of these sails for mills and that of my wooden bridge I consider the most important of my mechanical works of my invention." Peale urged the City Council to pump all the water for Philadelphia by means of such mills. They replied that "the whole front on the Schuylkill belonging to the corporation at Fairmount would not afford sufficient room for one half the number that would be necessary." Peale's urge to invent machines was not over.

The *American Daily Advertiser* reported in 1819: "This whimsical pedestrian accelerator having excited much curiosity. Mr. Peale has made one which is now deposited in the museum. He rides around the walks of his garden, gets great pleasure from his experiments in manoeuvering it about."

Germantown residents must have enjoyed his experiments as he rode into the village on his "pedestrian accelerator," relishing as he wrote, "the stare of the multitude, and it was pleasing to gratify the (Germantown) children."

[1]"America's Old Masters" by James Thomas Flexner.
[2]"Philadelphia" by Horace Mather Lippencott.
[3]"Thomas Richardson of Durham, England and His Descendants in America" by Mary T. Seaman. Letter written by John Richardson to his brother Nathaniel. Sons of Joseph Richardson Jr. Silversmith.
[4]Flexner.

First Publications of the Germantown Historical Society

(Formerly The Site and Relic Society of Germantown)

VOLUME I

No. 1—"Market Square," by Elliston P. Morris; "School Lane Meeting," by Hannah Ann Zell; "Dorothy Meng and the Battle of Germantown," by Hannah Ann Zell; "Louisa M. Alcott," by Mrs. Francis Howard Williams; Letter of John Bechtel; "The Billmeyer House," by Horace Haverstick; "A Daughter of Germantown," by John M. Hartman. Supply exhausted.

No. 2—"Early Transportation to Germantown," by Naaman H. Keyser, D.D.S.; "The Concord School House," by Romaine Keyser, Illustrated, 36 pages. 50 cents.

No. 3—"Dramatic Features of Pennsylvania History," by Hampton L. Carson. Map. 22 pages. 25 cents.

No. 4—"Grumblethorpe," by Edwin C. Jellett; "Pomona Grove," by Mary W. Shoemaker; "Notes on Pomona," by Edwin C. Jellett. 38 pages and three full-size illustrations. 50 cents.

No. 5—"The Early Physicians of Germantown," by I. Pearson Willits, M.D. 18 pages. 25 cents.

No. 6—"Travels Near Home," by Harrison S. Morris. 25 cents.

No. 7—"The Cricket Grounds of Germantown," by George M. Newhall. 24 pages and 12 full-page illustrations, with map. 25 cents.

No. 8—"Tales of Old Taverns," by Fred Perry Powers. 40 pages and seven full-page illustrations. 25 cents.

No. 9—"The Artists of Germantown," by Herbert Welsh, 25 cents.

No. 10—"Gardens and Gardeners of Germantown," by Edwin C. Jellett. 96 pages and many illustrations. Supply exhausted.

No. 11—Index to Volume I. 52 pages. 25 cents.

VOLUME II

No. 1—"The Garden at Stenton," by Mrs. William Redwood Wright; "A Newcomer in Germantown," by Jane Campbell. 38 pages and three full-page illustrations. 25 cents.

No. 2—"Noted Women of Germantown," by Sarah Wheeler Johnson. 16 pages and six full-page illustrations. 25 cents.

No. 3—"Some Account of Wyck and Its Owners," by Caspar Wister Haines. 26 pages and ten full-page illustrations. 25 cents.

No. 4—"Newspaper Items Relating to Germantown, 1721–1807." 32 pages. 50 cents.

No. 5—"Old Germantown and Its People," by Edward I. H. Howell; "The Lawmakers of the Borough of Germantown," by Neil H. Lafferty; Notes from an Old Germantown Diary. 24 pages. Supply exhausted.

No. 6—"The Founding of the Sower Press," by Edward W. Hocker. 19 pages and three illustrations. 50 cents.

No. 7—"The Great Road Through Germantown." 50 cents.

I. "Conrad Weiser's Indian Friends and the Coal Lands," by George Wheeler.

II. "Milestones and Other Landmarks," by Anthony M. Hance.

No. 8—"A Doctor of Colonial Germantown," by Edward W. Hocker. 35 cents.

Charge for mailing. 3¢ per number.

Program Book on Germantown's 250th Anniversary, 68 pages, 10 x 7½ inches; contains much historical detail about the founding of Germantown and the founders; numerous illustrations. 25 cents.

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SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SCIENCE AND ART CLUB

(*Continued from page 12*)

the best Germantown had to offer in those earlier days—a perfect example of ideal home life, lived in the dignified old home on Germantown Avenue beside the present Historical Society, with charm and gracious hospitality and kindly human interest which enriched our meetings during the long span of their membership, fifty years.

50 years—1930 Early History of the Club—Edward I. H. Howell
The Historical Background that Gives Charm to Germantown, Charles F. Jenkins.
Germantown, Germantowners and Local Progress, Professor Cornelius Weygandt.

60 years—1940 again with papers by Charles F. Jenkins and Cornelius Weygandt with arrangements made by a group of members of whom I enjoyed being one. Of these gatherings only the printed record of the two addresses made in 1930 remains, and to that I shall make brief reference.

Dr. Weygandt especially names seven members who joined the Science and Art Club in years from 1822 to 1924, whom he regarded as "Symbolic of Our Culture." I will recall them in a few words although many more might well be added, all along the years of our Club life.

James Darrach, a beloved physician "one of the three doctors," says Dr. Weygandt, "whose names began with D who were THE doctors of Germantown," Darrach, Downs and Dunton, two of whom I included in my early recollections of Germantown, William T. Richards, the marine painter outstanding in his day, Thomas Meehan, our great nurseryman who discovered by chance in our Wissahickon Valley the sport pink dogwood and developed it for all time, Joseph Wharton, founder of the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania, iron master and metallurgist, nine of whose meetings are recorded on such subjects as gems, comets and meteors, modern steel forging, and argon and helium, Martin G. Brumbaugh, educator and governor of Pennsylvania, William H. Lambert, known and loved as Major Lambert with his outstanding collection of Thackerayana and his Lincolniana which he enjoyed displaying to those interested and on which he spoke at three Club meetings, and Whitmer Stone, ornithologist, and promoter of a love of birds and the development of young naturalists, author of *Bird Studies at Old Cape May*, which Dr. Weygandt pronounces "the best bird book that ever came out of America." Mrs. Yarnall and I remember gratefully the many occasions we

were privilieged as his health failed, to drive Mrs. Stone and him to Club meetings—two delightful companions, kindly, gentle and outreaching in their interest in our fellow members.

Without mentioning any present members, knowing I have already trespassed too far on your time in my memories and comments, I must in a minute or two merely name a few who represent the middle period of our fellowship whom I remember with especial appreciation, and affection for their personality, their distinction, their hospitality, their human interest and unfailing friendship

William T. Murphy, the banker, William L. Sullivan, D.D., scholar and religious philosopher, Frank R. Watson, and Caleb J. Milne, Jr. our two members whose homes were provided with pipe organs which made possible a number of evenings with programs of rare beauty and dignity,—Frank Watson on at least one occasion being himself the organist, Frank Miles Day and Charles Z. Klauder, great architects, Nicola D'Ascenzo, master of stained glass, Dr. Joseph McFarland, probably our member of broadest culture, Charles C. Wriggins, warmhearted friend and cheering comrade in all relationships, Col. William P. Barba, who, perhaps unconsciously, each evening so circulated among us that he seemed to, or actually did, give a warm handclasp and greeting to every member present before the close of the social period, Dr. Walter Mendelsohn whom it was always a joy to meet, Dr. William Beatty Jennings whom I have already mentioned, whose presence was at the same time a heartwarming experience, a jovial interlude and a cheerful benediction, and Charles F. Jenkins who seemed a sort of indulgent and yet well satisfied father to us all.

I will allow him to say the final word tonight by quoting the verses with which he closed the 60th anniversary program prefaced by these words—"Refusing to treat our 60th birthday party as a too solemn and august occasion I venture the following description of its history since it was started in 1880."—

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Sixty years of music ringing,
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Sixty years of wisdom tapping,
Sixty years of furtive napping,
Sixty years of sandwich eating,
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