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SOCIETY

Published Quarterly

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Volume 7 . . . Number 3

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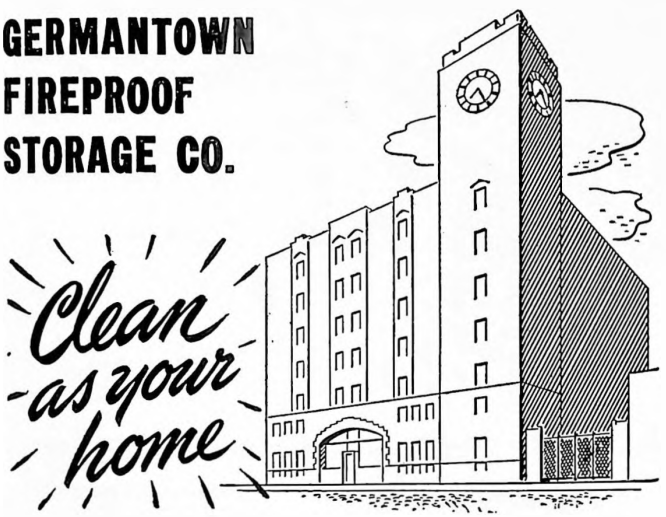
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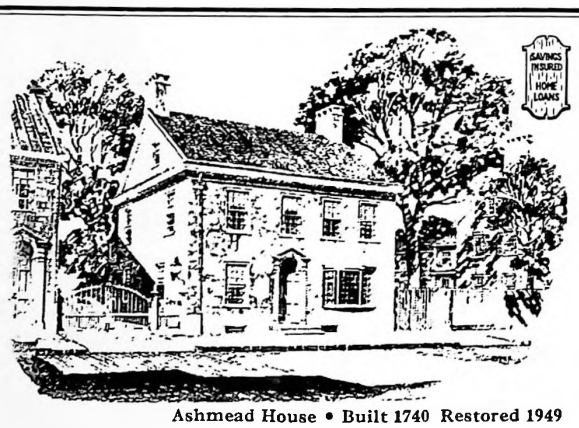
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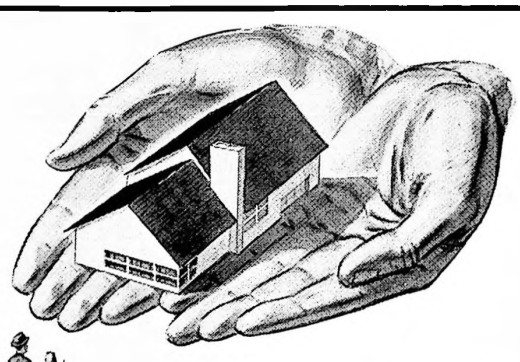
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AIMS OF THE SOCIETY

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

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

Membership dues are:

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

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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-the-less, an arduous burden.

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LECTURE PROGRAM 1955-1956

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

October 28th, 1955, Annual Meeting

DAVY CROCKETT'S COUNTRY by *Marguerita Phillips*

Mrs. Phillips is a member of the Society, a Vassar graduate, author and artist. She has appeared before the Society on three previous occasions. She will show her new color films of the Davy Crockett country, will demonstrate spinning wool on a Great Wheel and candle making. She will be assisted by her daughter, Camellia Kurt, talented young musician and first harpist of the Germantown Youth Orchestra. Miss Kurt will play the Dulcimer.

November 17th, 1955

SKETCHES OF PHILADELPHIA JEWISH HISTORY by *Edwin Wolf*

Mr. Wolf is the Curator of the Library Company of Philadelphia and a well-known bibliophile in several fields. He had a long and fruitful association with the late Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach. He is an authority on William Blake and co-author of the catalogue of the Blake exhibition held at the Philadelphia Museum of Art in 1939. Mr. Wolf, a student of American history and its sources, is well versed in the history of early Jewish settlers in this country.

January 19th, 1956

THE CHINA TRADE by *Jean Gordon Lee*

Miss Lee is the distinguished Curator of Oriental Art at the Philadelphia Museum of Art and a recognized world authority on Chinese Art. She organized the exhibition of blue-decorated porcelain of the Ming Dynasty held at the Museum in 1949 under the title, "Ming Blue-and-White." The catalogue for this exhibition has become an important addition to the literature on the subject. Miss Lee will discuss the "China Trade" with special reference to the 18th and 19th Century imports to this country by way of the clipper ships.

Lectures for balance of season will be announced in a later number.

NEW MEMBERS

Members admitted since issue of Vol. 7, No. 2, May 1955:

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GERMANTOWNE CRIER



Vol. 7 SEPTEMBER, 1955 No. 3

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SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS

Complete sets of the Germantowne Crier consisting of all numbers issued to date, are being offered (on order) at $3 per set 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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MUSEUM NEWS

In the early spring of 1954 Colonel Frank W. Melvin was appointed Chairman of the Museum Committee and requested to study the existing condition of the Museum, the type and arrangement of displays and to make recommendations as to desirable steps to make the Museum more attractive and for better arrangement and display of the relics now on hand.

Meetings were held from time to time for nearly a year, one or more members were assigned to catalog and study each classification of exhibit and to recommend proper methods of display.

In the spring of 1955 a group of volunteer workers obtained from old Memorial Hall in Fairmount Park some excellent display cases no longer required there, disassembled these and moved them to our Museum, where they were reassembled and painted. At the same time all ceilings, walls and wood work in the first floor rooms were repainted, paint was removed from the old floors and these were refinished and waxed, making a remarkable improvement in general appearance of the Museum.

Space was assigned to each class of exhibit and materials were arranged in the new cases. The general plan was to furnish the two main rooms on the first floor as representing the early periods of Germantown history, with furniture, portraits, etc, available. All other exhibits were placed in the cases in the long room at the rear of the first floor and the smaller room between that and the caretaker's quarters—also on a part of the rear enclosed porch. The Toy Room on the second floor was refitted and rearranged and painted and the costume room has been partially rehabilitated. Work on the second floor has not yet been completed. The first objective to make the first floor presentable for the annual Garden Party on June 6th was accomplished.

Some items of furniture have been refinished—also by volunteer workers—and it is hoped that more can be during the coming year. With the aid of members, who have time, other exhibits will be repaired and put in more presentable condition.

We still have room for all types of relics connected with early Germantown and particularly for suitable period furniture of early date, especially chairs. One or more antique chandeliers, andirons and fire tools, early pewter and china would add greatly to the completeness of the Museum.

Illustrations show progress made in this work. They were graciously donated by JANE VON TROTT. We hope that members who have not visited the Museum recently will take the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with it and the rearranged contents.



North Room Historical Society Museum

GERMANTOWNE CRIER

Volume 7 SEPTEMBER, 1955 Number

The Deshler Story

By Karl Theis Weger

ONE HUNDRED and fourteen days' confinement aboard a lumbering highsterned wooden sailing vessel crossing the Atlantic from Europe to America,—that was the experience of the Deshler brothers over two centuries ago. How many of us to-day would have the courage to leave our homeland to take such a journey to a new land fraught with unknown dangers?

The story of the Deshlers in American Colonial history properly begins in 1711 with a young man bearing the name David Deshler. The name Deshler is of Swiss origin. However, three branches of the family were members of the German nobility and were honored with escutcheons.

In the year above mentioned David Deshler was married to lovely 21-year-old Maria Wüster (Wister), of Hilsbach, a pretty little mountain village sixteen miles from his native city of Heidelberg.

Germany had played her part against France in the long and devastating War of the Spanish Succession. Prince Louis of Baden had proved to be a brilliant leader. David Deshler served under him as a captain of cavalry and as aide-de-camp to the Prince. Until 1718, when the peace of Utrecht was concluded, Captain Deshler was absent from home much of the time. Nevertheless, he sired three sons; David, the eldest, was born in 1712, Adam was next in 1715, then Anthony in 1717.

In 1719 Maria Deshler's parents, Hans Caspar Wüster (Wister) and Anna Catherine Wüster brought their son John to America, where they settled in Germantown.

Captain Deshler died in 1729 and Maria passed away two years later. When her brother John heard of her passing he invited his three nephews to join him.

The three young men no longer had any close family ties in Heidelberg. They were eager for adventure and a change of scene, so they gladly accepted their uncle's invitation. Each brother had received a modest patrimony which assured them a competence in the new world. They embarked at Rotterdam on the ship *Hope* on May 6, 1733. When they landed in Philadelphia on August 28, 1733, they found themselves in a small city of less than ten thousand inhabitants, and exceedingly new the young city seemed to them. They were welcomed by their prosperous uncle, John Wister, who took them to his home to live.

In our search for information about the three brothers we have been unsuccessful in locating details about the youngest brother. We only know that Anthony Deshler married Elizabeth Bensel. They had two sons and three daughters.

Adam Deshler did not remain long with his uncle John. Records show that he arrived in what was then Northampton County in 1733, where he met and married Appolonia Muhlenburg. Their first son, David, was born in 1734.

On May 5, 1751, John and Richard Penn deeded to Adam three tracts of land containing 301 acres near the branch of the Delaware River (now known as the Lehigh River) on or near the north bank of the Indian creek called Coplay. This location is now the town of Coplay, in Whitehall Township, Lehigh County, just a few miles north of Allentown. Adam became a prosperous farmer. He built a grist mill and from 1756 to 1758 he supplied the troops in the French and Indian War. He also built a high stone

house as a protection against the depredations of the Indians. This later became known as Deshler's Fort and served as a place of refuge for the people of the surrounding area. Adjoining the house was a large frame building. It was of sufficient size to quarter twenty soldiers and military supplies. Thus it also became a rendezvous for the Provincial troops during the Indian troubles of 1763.

While Adam's brother David was enjoying a life of peace in Philadelphia, as we shall see later, it is interesting to note what the pioneers were faced with a scant fifty miles from the city.

On the 8th of October, 1763, some 15 or 20 Indians who had attacked the house of John Stenton also made an attack upon the house of Nicholas Marks, Whitehall Township. The detailed account of the attack as here given is from the History of Pennsylvania, by William H. Egle published in 1876 by De Witt C. Goodrich & Company, Harrisburg.

"Early this morning, October 9, came Nicholas Marks (to Bethlehem) and brought the following account, viz: That yesterday, just after dinner, as he opened his door, he saw an Indian standing about two poles from the house, who endeavored to shoot at him; but Marks shutting the door immediately, the fellow slipped into a cellar close to the house. After this, Marks went out of the house with his wife and an apprentice boy, in order to make their escape, and saw another Indian standing behind a tree, who tried to shoot at them, but his gun missed. They then saw a third Indian running through the orchard, upon which they made the best of their way, about two miles off, to Adam Deshler's place, where twenty men in arms were assembled, who went first to the house of John Jacob Mickley, where they found a boy and girl, lying dead, and the girl scalped. From thence they went to Schneider and Marks' plantations and found both houses on fire, and a horse tied to the bushes. They also found Schneider, his wife and three children dead in the field, the man and woman scalped; and on going further, they found two others wounded; one of them was scalped. After this they returned to Deshler's with the two wounded girls. On the way they saw a woman, Jacob Alleman's wife, with a child lying dead in the road, and scalped. The number of Indians they think was about 15 or 20. I cannot describe the deplorable condition this poor country is in, most of the inhabitants of Allentown and other places are fled from their homes. I cannot ascertain the number killed but think it exceeds twenty."

Adam Deshler and his wife Appolonia had seven children; David was the first. He was born in 1734. He later became one of the first twelve taxable inhabitants in Allentown. He is credited with having built the first house there and of operating the first store. It was located on what is now south Seventh Street near Hamilton Street. During the Indian troubles of 1763 it was reported that there were only four muskets available in Allentown and that David Deshler's was the only one in working condition. David became the richest man of his time in the village and the most influential. During the Revolution he was one of the most prominent characters in the county. He acted as commissary of supplies for the army. In 1780 he advanced several thousand pounds from his private wealth to the Federal Treasury when their supply of money was depleted. His influence undoubtedly aided in bringing the Revolution to a successful conclusion. He died December 24, 1796.

Peter, Adam's second son, was born March 18, 1743. He became a farmer in Whitehall Township near his father. Later he moved to Allen Township. On October 29, 1765 he married Magdalena Mickley. She was a sister of John Jacob Mickley who conveyed the Liberty Bell to a safe hiding-place in Allentown when the British occupied Philadelphia. Peter was a participant in the battle of Germantown. He died September 28, 1800.

Adam gave his own name to his third son. Young Adam was born October 1, 1745. He stayed at home and farmed the old homestead. During the Revolution he served in Captain Zerfass' company from Whitehall Township. On November 7, 1769, he married Mary Catherine, daughter of Paul Balliet, a French Huguenot who traces his ancestry back to the Crusades. Adam and Mary Catherine had eight children and when she died on January 28, 1823, at the age of 71, she left thirty grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Adam Deshler, the elder, was reputed to be the "most honorable, humane and liberal man" in the region. He was a member of the Egypt Reformed Congregation. He died in 1789 and is buried in the church graveyard.

The writer is a great-, great-, great-, great-, grandson of Captain David Deshler of Baden through his son Adam.

After living with his uncle, John Wister, nearly four years, young David Deshler began to feel a bit restless. He had a strong urge to make a tour of his adopted country. In the spring of 1737 he packed a pair of saddlebags, procured a good horse and started ostensibly for Harris' Ferry (Harrisburg). At twenty-five years of age David was said to have been a very handsome man of commanding form. He was blue-eyed and flaxen-haired and much admired by the belles of the period.

Crossing the Schuykill at the rope ferry (now Market Street bridge), he took the road to Lancaster (Lancaster Avenue). The old highway to Lancaster was a busy one in those days, and David must have been duly impressed with the hustle and bustle of the young, rapidly expanding country with which he had cast his lot. Having been trained as a merchant by his uncle he probably was particularly impressed by the numerous amount of merchandise being carried westward by long trains of packhorses, there being sometimes as many as 200 or more animals tied head

to tail in a single file. The Conestoga wagon, which was to originate in Lancaster County did not come into use until nearly a score of years later. The roads were not sufficiently improved to accommodate the heavy wagons which later would begin to shuttle from east to west and back again in their wonderful task of knitting a nation together.

The country-side through which he rode was worthy of notice. Prosperous farms with sturdy, well-built houses and barns on both sides of the highway met his eye. They were interspersed with stretches of forests still in their primeval state.

It is reported that David passed the first and second nights of his trip at primitive wayside inns. He expected to spend the third one in Lancaster, but late in the afternoon an impending thunderstorm forced him to alter his plan, and look around for shelter. He was then in the Pequa settlement and amongst farms. The fact that the nearest house was the best did not deter him from riding up and asking for shelter. This proved to be a very important moment in his life. As he approached the door he saw lovely Mary Lefevre and fell in love at first sight. Less than two years later they were married, on March 20, 1739, to be exact. At the wedding, it is said, he looked superb dressed in a suit of sage-green satin, especially imported for the occasion. Immediately after the wedding the young couple started for Philadelphia in a coach and four, accompanied part of the way by a number of their guests as outriders.

Concurrent with his marriage David left his position in his uncle's establishment and entered into business on his own account as an importer of East India and English goods. He became a very solid citizen, did a great deal of good and gave liberally to charity. The subscription lists of the Pennsylvania Hospital contained his name as did all the charities of the time.

He was said to have been one of those quiet citizens who do their duty, live honestly and do not court publicity. His honesty became a byword. The expression, "as honest as David Deshler" became high praise and the best kind of recommendation for any man. Through these qualities and his increasing wealth he had immense influence with the large German segment of Philadelphia's inhabitants. It is said that in a number of instances the Royal Governor begged him to use his influence to direct their political preferences into desired channels.

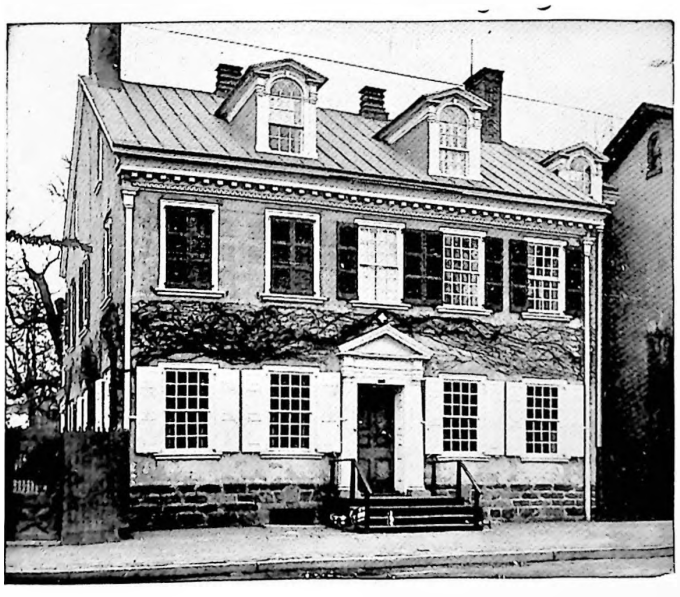
Shortly after their marriage David and Mary became convinced Friends and members of Arch Street Meeting. They had six children, of whom three daughters survived.

David's name appeared upon the Non-Importation Resolution of 1774. For 32 years, from 1758 to 1790 he was a director "Hand-in-Hand" Insurance company. He also was one of the original Trustees and a contributor to the founding of Germantown Academy in 1760. "Deshler's Salve," which is still sold by druggists owes its name to his wife. She purchased the recipe from a butcher and sold it first under the name "Butcher's Salve."

Before building his Germantown house David and his family spent their summers at "Fairfield." This was located in the area east of the present Ridge Avenue and north of the present Girard Avenue.

During the winters they occupied their city house located on the north side of High (Market) Street, west of Second Street, approximately the ground now known as 221-23 Market Street. The house was two stories high with attic and dormer windows. It was built of red and black bricks brought over from Holland. The property extended through to Church Alley and was handsomely laid out in box-bordered flower beds. Across the alley was Christ Church. It

(*Continued on page 27*)



Deshler-Morris House

KARL THEIS WEGER *and his son Karl, Jr., are believed to be the last male descendants, in this country, of the von Weger family of Schwarzwald, Bavaria, whose coat-of-arms was the same as that of the Hohenzollerns, except that the armorial bearings were silver instead of gold.*

He was educated at Germantown Friends School, Germantown Academy, and the University of Pennsylvania and is a member of the Society of Friends.

He inherited a partnership in the firm of "Weger Brothers", from his father and during World War I he took a farm and engaged in animal husbandry and subsequently experimented in hydroponics. He has worked in the fields of investments and real estate; business research and public relations. In recent years he has done organization and administrative work besides engaging in historical research.

President Washington and his family came to Germantown and occupied the Deshler-Morris house for several months in the fall of 1793. They found it so pleasant that they returned in July 1794 and stayed into September. In this connection it is interesting to read the impressions made on a visitor to Philadelphia who happened to attend congress meeting in the "Chamber of Representatives," on the "Northwest corner of the square."

"When Washington Opened Congress"

[*Translated and edited by* KENNETH ROBERTS and ANNA M. ROBERTS*
Sojourn in Philadelphia, From Moreau de St. Méry's American Journey]

"Promptly at noon on the nineteenth of September 1794 Washington arrived alone in a carriage drawn by four horses. His three servants and his coachman wear white liveries with red collars and cuffs. Seven high constables with white wands walked before the carriage, and in front of them were fourteen constables.

"When the president enters everyone rises. He seats himself in a chair ordinarily occupied by the Speaker of the house; then, a moment later, he rises, steps forward to a position between the two presidents of the Senate and the Chamber, but on a step above them. Then he bows and delivers his speech standing, the whole Congress also standing.

"Washington was dressed in black, his hair in a bag, a turned-up hat, and a sword. He did not wear his hat nor did any one else. There was no applause on the President's arrival or departure."

1794, November 16th he writes "I went to see Washington open Congress and hear his opening address. How wholly simple and natural it was! But this was Washington! This was the gathering of representatives of a nation that has won its liberty! What vast and great ideals in a group so united! How these republican forms appeal to the soul and stir the heart. What a destiny they foretell for this part of the world!"



Copy of painting of George Washington and his family by Savage, now displayed at the Morris House

In Philadelphia Moreau de St. Méry became acquainted with the **Franklin Stove.** He writes of it—

"An open fire is a truly rare luxury, and indeed something of a magnificence. Ordinarily rooms are heated by cast-iron stoves of sheet iron called Prussian. This sort grows fewer every day, however, and is being replaced by the stoves perfected by Franklin, because of which they are called Franklin stoves.

They stand on the floor of a room in front of the fireplace opening. The back of the stove is a piece of iron which slants forward to make an acute angle at the top of the fireplace. The smoke escapes by way of this angle. The wood is placed on andirons in the open stove. It can thus be placed far out in the room.

"On the bottom of the stove is placed a layer of four or five large sticks; above them as many layers, each with one less piece of wood than the last, as the stove can hold. Since the sticks are rounded and touch only in spots, the fire can pass between them and they all burn together.

"This instantly makes a hot fire which can be kept up by adding a small amount of wood at long intervals. Thus the heat remains strong and constant until bed time, and at least six or eight persons can sit around the fire, since it protrudes into the room."

Before de St. Méry left Philadelphia, **Kosciusko,**† the great Polish patriot and brilliant general in the American War of Independence, arrived. He writes, January 20th, 1798, "I saw General Kosciusko, who had come to Philadelphia. The Americans received him with great demonstrations of joy, unhitching the horses from his carriage and drawing it from the point where he had debarked to the lodging that had been reserved for him."

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†The Germantown Historical Society has on display in its museum, a bronze medal showing the profile of Thadeus Kosciusko. It was designed by the Polish artist, Stanislaw Ostrowski, who sculptured the statue of the Polish King Jagiello which stands in New York city's Central Park. The medal was struck in celebration of the bi-centenial of Kosciusko's birth, February 12th 1946. It was a present to the society.

*From *Moreau de St. Méry's American Journey, 1793-1798* by Kenneth Roberts and Anna M. Roberts. Copyright 1947 by Kenneth Roberts and Anna M. Roberts, reprinted by permission of the authors and Doubleday & Company Inc.

Account of a Journey to Baltimore and Washington in 1800

By John Johnson Jr. of Upsala

FOURTH DAY afternoon Nov. 26, 1800. Set out from Germantown on a Tour to Baltimore and Washington City in company with Cous'n Samuel Johnson and Patrick to take care of our horses etc. rode to Philadelphia and lodg'd at Uncle John Haworth's. Cloudy & cold day.

27th, Took leave of my Friends last Evening & this morning after Breakfast at Uncle Haworth's set off & rode to Chester & din'd at Anderson's tavern in Company with John Noble, an Englishman who was also on his way to Baltimore & Washington & was much pleased on finding we were going the same rout and agreed to accompany him. He is a very Polite & agreeable companion; we proceeded on to Wilmington this afternoon; Clear and warm for the season.

28th, Left Wilmington this morning and rode to Christiana to Breakfast; a fine country and good road; thence to Elkton & bated. Elkton is a small village situate on the head of Elk river; then proceeded on to Havre de Grace, passing through Charlestown, a small and very shabby town but most charming situation from which there is a beautiful view of Chesapeake bay. The country round about Charlestown is poor and barren.

Havre de Grace is situate on the river Susquehannah, which we crossed this evening in a boat, where it is 1¼ miles wide; the road we travelled today is generally pretty good tho hilly in places. Clear and remarkably warm, delightful weather for travelling. Took a walk this evening along the Bank of the river in company with John Noble, it being a beautiful moonlight evening, we had a pleasant and agreeable walk.

29th, Rode to Bushtown & Breakfasted. Thence to Nesstir's tavern & din'd then preceeded on to Baltimore at which we arrived about 6 o'clock.

The road from Havre de Grace to Baltimore is good though a few hills, the land poor and the country generally has a very barren appearance, a great proportion of it being a wilderness.

The inhabitants & their habitations along the road have a poor & wretched appearance. The weather continues, Clear and Warm, the roads beginning to be dusty; put up at Bryden's Inn, one of the best public houses I have been at.

30th, Cold & blustering Cous'n Samu'l and myself were at two meetings this day at which there was a large colletion of Friends.

Dec. 1st, Clear & Cold, took a walk through part of the city of Baltimore and Fells Point. The city is large, the streets generally wide and straight; the situation is low but is a much handsomer place than I expected. It is a good deal like Philadelphia only not so large or so many elegant buildings. Fells Point is 1 mile from the city & is an extremely dirty disagreeable place, it is nearly surrounded with mud & ponds of stagnant water. The principle part of the shipping business is done here, the depth of the water not being sufficient for any but small craft to come to the city.

2nd, Clear & pleasant weather for the season. Took a walk to see the New Gaol and Ellicot's mill. The Gaol is about 1 mile from the city and is a large elegant building part stone & part brick. Ellicot's Mill is 2 miles from the city on Patapsco river. It is supposed to be the largest & best mill in the country; there is 4 pair of stones, 7 feet in diameter & they have manufactured 145 Barrels of Flour per day. It is Built on the new plan with Elevators & there appears to be little to do in the mill but to set it going etc. and put the Flour in the Barrels. There is 65 feet fall in the river.

3rd, Clear & Warm, left Baltimore this morning about 10 o'clock in Company with our companion, John Noble, & rode to Spurriers tavern and din'd, then proceeded on to Blandensburg & put up at a good tavern. The road from Baltimore to Blandenberg is tolarable good, the country hilly & very poor and but little of it cultivated indeed the greater part of it appears to be so extremely poor as not to be worth cultivating. About 6 miles from Baltimore we cross'd Patapsco river in a flat, which is beteen 20 & 30 yds. wide.

4th, a good deal of Rain last night & this morning about 3 o'clock P.M. the rain abated & we proceeded on to the city of Washington; put up at Stelle's tavern, a good house, The land in the neighborhood of Blandenburg is tolerable but between Blandenburg & Washington it is very hilly poor and an entire Wilderness.

5th, Rain all day Walked to the Capitol to see Congress who was debating on a Bill to erect a Mausoleum to the memory of Gen'l George Washington,[1] several Federalist spoke in favor of it, the Democrats against it, after debating about 1 hr. they adjourned till second day, the 8th inst. Congress were so much agitated with the Election of President that they have not done any Business of consequence

[1] The corner stone of the Washington Monument was started in 1880 and the cap stone was set in position in 1884.

& it is expected they will not do much until it is known who will be President. [2]

6th, Snow this morning till about 10 o'clock when it cleared up cold & Blustery. We took a long ride through the city of Washington accompanied by Capt. Walsoncraft, a very agreeable polite man. The city is laid out on an extensive plan in the forks of the Potomak, which is a beautiful river navigable for large vessels up to the city. The situation of the city very handsome but at present there is little appearance of a city. The buildings being much scattered a few here & there from ¼ of a mile to one mile apart excepting in a few places where there is six or seven built close together, several of the houses are elegant, particularly the Presidents & the Capitol which are one mile apart. The Presidents house is the largest & most superb building I have seen. It is two story's high built of hewn stone nearly white. The situation is high and handsome being in sight and a ½ mile from the Potomac and about 200 yds. from a small creek called Tiber. There's only one wing of the Capitol finished at present for the accomodation of Congress which is large & Elegant built of the same kind of stone of the President's house & the foundation laid for the other part which probably will not be finished for several years, it being so prodigious large. When the whole is completed it will be a most magnificent building indeed. The prospect from the Capitol is very extensive & grand being in the center of the Columbian district on nearly the highest ground.[3]

There is also two large commodious brick buildings for the Public offices one on each side of the Presidents house, each about 200 yds. distant from it. The remainder of the city is filled with bushes, briers, woods & stumps and is extremely rough and wild.

7th, Clear & pleasant left Washington this morning & rode to Alexandria to Breakfast passed through George Town which is very rough & uneven town, situate on the Potomak about 2½ miles from the Capitol, here we crossed the river on a flat. Alexandria is a large and handsome town situated on the Potomak. It is regularly laid out on the same plan of Philadelphia. The country between Washington & Alexandria is rough & poor & but little of it cultivated.

From Alexandria we proceeded to Mt. Vernon the Seat of the late General Geo. Washington. It is 9 miles below Alexandria pleasantly situated on the Virginia bank of the river Potamak where it is 1½ miles wide. The mount is about 200 ft. above the surface of the river from which you have an extensive prospect of the country on each side of the river which has a beautiful & Romantick appearance in places being mountainous & others extensive valleys. You also have a prospect of the river for several miles the windings of which are beautiful through the hills & valleys, indeed the prospect exceeds all description.

The house is neat & elegant & has a venerable appearance there is a lofty Portico in front 96 feet in length & supported by 8 large pillars. On each side of the house is a thick Locust grove. Parallel with them, on the land side, are two large gardens. The entrance to which is by two serpentine gravel walks planted with weeping willows, different kinds of shrubs & ornamental trees. There is an extensive lawn both in front & rear of the house. In the front it descends gradually about half the distance between the house & the river then falls off rather abruptly. The gardens, groves, walks etc. are altogether beautiful & have the appearance of having been developed to the Greatest extent in the World. In riding too & while in the place, I felt distressed and melancholy at the loss of so great & good a man that I could not enjoy the sight of so beautiful a spot.

Returned to Alexandria this evening put up at Gadsby's city tavern excellant house.

8th, Spent this morning in Alexandria returned to the city of Washington in the afternoon, clear & moderate weather.

9th, This morning walked to the Capitol to see the Senate & Congress. The Senate Chamber is very large and elegant beyond description. The Representatives Chamber is small and is only a temporary place for them to make use of till the remainder of the Capitol is finished. The weather continues clear and moderate.

10th, Took a ride through George town thence along the banks of the river for about 3 miles which we crossed on a large handsome frame bridge & proceeded up about 11 miles to the great Falls of the Potomak, which is a very grand & Romantic sight. The river, much contracted by the prodigious large rocks, falls about 60 ft. in the course of 100 yds., in several pitches, the greatest perpendicular falls being about 20 ft. and makes a prodigious roaring. There is an abundance of rocks in the river & the banks on each side are high & solid rock. The surrounding country being extremely hilly makes it an uncommon wild place.

The country between Washington & the Great Falls is poor and hilly, it is up one and down another the whole way and a very bad road. Clear and warm delightful weather for the season. Returned to Washington in the evening.

11th, Left the city of Washington this morning & rode through George town to Montgomery Court house, on our way put up at Ogle's tavern, a good

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[2] The election of 1800, brought Thomas Jefferson, the Democratic-Republican's choice for President into office. The denial of a second term for John Adams was a defeat for the Federalist's party. "The result of the election revealed a grave fault in the provisions of the Constitution regarding elections. It led to the passing of the twelfth amendment to the Constitution." From "Our own United States," by John Van Duyn Southworth.

(by permission of the author)

[3] The Capital of the United States was removed from Philadelphia to Washington in June 1800.

house. The country is poor & the road tolerable good. Cloudy with a little rain.

12th, A good deal of rain last night & this morning till about 9 o'clock when the clouds broke & sun shone remarkably warm about time we set out & rode to Shell's tavern and bated, then proceeded to Fredricks town. The Country continues poor till you come to Monohacy river about 3 miles from Fredricks town where it has quite a different appearance being very good land. Fredricks town is large & there is several large handsome houses. It is pleasantly situated, the country round about the town is beautiful and well cultivated. There is a large mountain a few miles from town which has a romantic beautiful appearance. About 12 o'clock this day there was a most sudden change in the weather I ever experianced, from remarkably warm for the season, to extreme cold. Tremendously stormy now in the evening.

13th, Hard frost last night & extreme cold this morning. After breakfast we set out & proceeded on through Woodbridge & Taney town to Sweyer's tavern a good road and beautiful country. The land appears to be very good and well cultivated. Clear & cold.

14th, Rode through McAllister town a handsome pleasant little town to Heidelberger's tavern & bated, then thence to Yorktown, put up at Gosster's tavern. The country we rode through this day has the same beautiful appearance as that yesterday. York is a large handsome town pleasantly situated, the houses are generally brick and a number of them are elegant. It is supposed to be the 2nd. inland town in the United States.

15th, Clear & cold proceeded on to Susquehannah which was so full of ice that it was impossible to get across,—a great disappointment, being extremely anxious to get home, but endeavored to be contented and bear the disappointment as well as I possibly could. The land between York and the ferry is very good & there is a number of large good farms which appear to be well cultivated.

16th, This morning there was not as much ice in the river as yesterday but it appeared to be very full and moving fast, the river being very high. We ventured and fortunately got across, landed in a small town called Columbia, pleasantly situated on the bank of the river & proceeded to Lancaster, a good road and beautiful country. Clear and remarkably warm for the season.

17th, This morning walked through Lancaster which is large & supposed to be the first inland town in the United States. There are some handsome & well built brick houses but generally they are but one story & old fashioned. At present it is the seat of government of the State of Pennsylvania[4] & the Legislature are now in session. The house they set in is a large elegant Building in the center of the town. In the afternoon we took a ride in company with Sam'l W. Fisher to take a view of the country round about the town of which we had a grand prospect from a hill about 2 miles from the town near Conostoga river the windings of which together with a very extensive view of the country & town, forms a beautiful prospect. Returned again in the evening.

18th, Left Lancaster this morning bated at Slaymaker's & at Petits then proceeded to Downingtown on the Turnpike road which was very good and a beautiful country put up at Downing's tavern, an excellent house.

(*Continued on page 26*)

[4] Lancaster, the county seat of Lancaster Co., was the state capital of Pennsylvania from 1799 to 1812. American Standard Encyclopedia.



South Room
Germantown Historical
Society Museum

Historic Germantown

The long awaited "Survey Report" of historic Houses in Germantown has at last been received. This is the result of the $15,000 survey made by your Society and financed by the Olin Foundation.

The Book, a special limited edition, entitled "Historic Germantown" was published with the co-operation of the American Philosophical Society. It consists of 150 pages size 9½ x 12 inches, bound in hard covers and includes an outline of the early history of Germantown together with prints and photographs of important historic Germantown Houses with their floor plans and architectural and historical information.

Since we have more authentic Colonial and Revolutionary period houses in Germantown—many of them little changed from their original form—than exist in any other one place in the Country, this is an outstanding book and should be a welcome addition to any private or public library.

"Historic Germantown" is available to Members of this Society at a special price of $4.50 per copy with an extra charge of 25 cents if sent by mail.

Please address requests, accompanied by check to the order of the Germantown Historical Society to:

Captain Edmund A. Crenshaw, Jr.,
519 Pelham Road,
Philadelphia 19, Pennsylvania.

or to

Mr. Ernest Howard Yardley,
112 South 16th Street,
Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

"Just Old Nails"

By Thomas von Trott

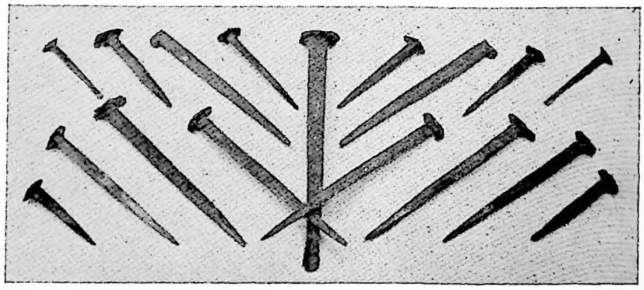
IN ORDER to make space for the new display cabinets in the Museum of the Germantown Historical Society, it was necessary for the Survey Committee to remove the old kitchen cupboard that occupied a complete wall in the small room at the rear of the building.

During the dismantling the old pine boards, when examined, were very interesting as they contained quite a few specimens of the early blacksmith's art in fashioning iron into nails for the builders. A number of the handmade nails were retrieved in perfect condition. The "blue iron" is as clean as though they were recently hammered into the boards. When you consider the age of the house you will know then how long they were there. (1772)

Who was the Germantown blacksmith that made them? Was it his apprentice? Who was he? Both should received recognition for holding Germantown together for so long.

No doubt quite a number of the houses of early Germantown were put together with the products from this colonial blacksmith's forge, and will stand for another hundred years, or more.

It is difficult for us to realize the energy that went, in early times, into the making of a single nail. We are told that the earliest "nail rods" were made in England, from Russian and Swedish iron. These



rods were first cut to the desired nail sizes. Each nail was then shaped and pointed in the forge. *

Iron was first produced in America about the middle of the Seventeenth century. It is probable that this iron was beaten into sheets and formed into nails. Slitting and rolling mills were soon established in this country, turning out nail rods. Nails of the early hand-forged variety possessed qualities of strength superior to those later made by machine. They were of fine soft iron and the forging process tended to make them especially tough. These early nails held their popularity until the end of the Eighteenth century, when the machine-made or "cold" nails were introduced. The first machine-made nails retained the shape of the earlier hand-made nails, but, of course, may nowadays be identified by the precision of their manufacture.

* "Colonial Furniture"—Wenger and Shea—1935.

NEAR GREAT...
or History Rewritten

By George E. Nitzsche

SHAKESPEARE said that "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them;" I cannot qualify for any of these. Had the immortal Bard added a fourth possibility, "some have near greatness thrust upon them," I could have made the grade.

During the summer of 1908, when in England, I heard of a small Norwegian steamer about to leave for the Arctic regions and Spitzbergen. After considerable phoning, I was accepted as a member of the party with the proviso that I share a small cabin in the hold with seven others. The steamer left Bergen, Norway, a few days later, and I was a happy member of the group, which consisted of about thirty, made up of at least a dozen nationalities. The Scandinavians, interested in botanizing, predominated. However, there were no language difficulties, since everyone on board was familiar with two or more tongues and could converse in French, German, Spanish, English or in Scandinavian. Being together for many weeks, we became well acquainted with each other, and formed a most congenial group. After leaving the North Cape, we had daylight at all times and plenty of leisure and unusual opportunities for recreation, study and pleasure. For some reason, the group thrust upon me the duty of "Master of Ceremonies," which added greatly to my enjoyment of the trip. On shore, I usually joined the Scandinavians in gathering specimens of the flora of Spitzbergen, of which I still possess a few highly prized ones. Among these is a "Polar Willow" about 2½ inches high, which,.one of the Scandinavian Professors informed me, is the only tree that has survived the rigors of the far North, and that the tallest specimens found are seldom more than three inches high.

Up to the end of the First World War, Spitzbergen was uninhabited, and not owned or governed by any country. Among our various pranks, we organized an international delegation to attend appropriate landing ceremonies. Thus, I, posing like a modern Columbus, with an improvised American flag, took possession of the Island in the name of the United States. The "official Photographer" took a photograph of the exercises. It was that photograph which, in part, was responsible for the story I am about to relate. We cruised about the Islands for days, and went considerably beyond the most northerly shore—and just as far as the pack ice of that region permitted us to go with safety. We spent some time at the headquarters of Wellman, who was then preparing a dash to the Pole; it was also the spot from which, shortly before, Andre started on his ill-fated balloon trip.

Weeks later, upon our return to Norway, we spent some time at Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, where I purchased from a whaler two Polar Bear skins which were to be packed and shipped "within a few days," but which did not arrive in Philadelphia until several months later. When they were delivered in my office at the University of Pennsylvania a newspaper reporter happened to come in to interview me about a University news item. When he asked me the cause of the strong pungent odor, I told him about the two Polar Bear skins I had purchased in Hammerfest months before and which had just arrived. The next morning a short item appeared in his paper about how "the intrepid Nitzsche shot two Polar Bears in the Artic last summer, the hides of which had just arrived at the University." The little item, while untrue, was rather amusing and of interest to some of my friends.

On my desk I had a number of photographs of various incidents and episodes of the expedition. Among them was the photograph of my taking possession of Spitzbergen in the name of the U. S. There was only one of these photographs in my collection, and therefore it must have been taken from my desk when I was out and copied, since I never missed it. I was stunned one morning to see a reproduction of it on the front page of the *Ledger*, together with an article, almost two columns long, and written in a serious vein about my "proposed trip to the North Pole." Since the article was rather long, I shall here give only a brief abstract of it. The headlines and titles were: "WILL SEEK THE POLE BY BALLOON ROUTE"—"Dr. Nitzsche of the University Preparing for Dash Next Summer —In Dirigible Aircraft—Plans contemplate a start from Spitzbergen—Aeroplane in Fleet." Then the article stated that I was preparing for a dash to the North Pole next July (1909) by means of balloons and aeroplanes, (as airplanes were called at the time) and that "Undeterred by the fate of Andre and the failure of Wellman, Dr. Nitzsche will make the attempt along novel lines. He will carry to the Island of Spitzbergen three balloons, and probably, in addition, an aeroplane. Spitzbergen is 1035 miles north of the Arctic Circle, and several hundred miles east of the north coast of Greenland. If the weather is favorable, he will have a straight course to travel until he reaches his goal. Dr. Nitzsche is very reticent concerning his proposed expedition, but it is understood that he considers airships to be the only practical equipment

for Polar expeditions. After closely following the experiments of Count Zeppelin and the Wright Brothers, Dr. Nitzsche is convinced that one airship can carry two men and baggage with ease, besides the operator. One other of the remaining two airships will carry a large quantity of gasoline, to be used by the fleet for fuel while the remaining balloon will carry the provisions and the scientific apparatus. The aeroplane will be used as a scout, (airplanes were still curiosities in 1908) and probably will be left in Spitzbergen when the expedition makes its dash north." The rest of the article was devoted to a description of my proposed plans, and a detailed account of various phases of it, followed by a description of Spitzbergen and the ice pack beyond. At that time there was no permanent habitation there, but I was supposed to have pointed out its many advantages, resources, etc., as a result of my researches. Immediately after I had read the article I went to see the editor of the *Ledger*, explaining to him that the article was a "hoax," and that there was no truth in it. He told me that they had received it from one of their best reporters, who had accepted the information in good faith from a University official. The city editor promised a retraction and not to punish the reporter. The retraction, however, was so short that it is doubtful whether it was noticed by anyone.

Fearing that my University job might be at stake, called on Provost Harrison and explained to him that the story was a hoax and that the photograph had been taken from my desk without my knowledge. He put his arm over my shoulder and said, "I read the article, but now I understand; don't worry, we want you to stay with us and continue to be useful and happy." His kindly attitude took a big load off my mind. The city editor of the evening paper phoned asking for an "exclusive" story. When I told him that it was a hoax, and begged him to treat it as such, he simply told me "To go to ——. I'll publish it as it appeared in the *Ledger*," which he did, with some improvements. The story led me into so many embarrassing situations that I almost felt that it would be easier to go where my friend consigned me than to the cold place to which I was supposed to be going.

The material spread and found its way into many other papers, into the Associated Press service and various Press syndicates, most of these accounts improving with time. The University was a subscriber to a news clipping bureau, so that every time an item mentioned me, as connected with the University of Pennsylvania, the "clipping" came to my office. There were thousands of newspaper clippings from all parts of the country and some foreign countries. They became so numerous that we were obliged to discontinue the service. Letters came streaming in from everywhere with suggestions, congratulations and offers to sell me all kinds of equipment. Quite a number of requests were received from editors for special and exclusive articles, giving detailed information. There were requests for pictures and photographs, inquiries concerning my starting station, proposed route, and descriptions of the proposed areoplane; how I expected an "automobile" to travel over the ice; my plans for maintaining an ample food supply, and plans for covering my line of retreat. I received many letters from friends and former students of the University, and a number of applications for joining my expedition. I also received several invitations from various Societies to give lectures, invitations to special luncheons and dinners, quantities of advertising literature devoted to the infant-industry of aeroplane and airship construction (all of which were still in the experimental stage), and some suggestions and offers of special balloons. Finally I got attractive offers from two newspapers to finance the adventure, if taken under their auspices. One of these papers sent a representative to me offering to back the expedition to the extent of fifty thousand dollars. This aroused my vanity somewhat and made me feel that I was at least becoming "Near Great" and that it might be fun to try it. Of course, not having any scientific knowledge of how to conduct any kind of expedition, I never gave the matter any serious thought, but it was hard to convince these enthusiasts that it was a hoax. Just when I thought everything had quieted down, the *New York Sun* printed a dispatch, taken from an article that had appeared in a Copenhagen, Denmark, newspaper stating that "Professor Nitzsche, of the University of Pennsylvania, is in communication with various persons in Trondhjam, Norway, with reference to a Polar Expedition which will start in July; it will comprise six persons, three balloons and a dirigible airship." This again opened up the whole matter since the Copenhagen dispatch was copied in many American papers. About this time I received a note from Paris from a young lady whom I had evidently met on one of my trips abroad, enclosing a clipping from a Paris paper about my proposed expedition, and stating that she was "greatly pleased to be personally acquainted with a great explorer." A few weeks later a syndicated article appeared in many papers, with a photograph of myself, which evidently was secured from one of the "morgues" of a Philadelphia paper. The climax was reached when, occupying the two center pages of a Chicago Sunday paper, an article appeared intitled, "Five Separate Expeditions Planning a Dash through the Arctic this Summer." With this article was an illustration of a world globe showing the North Polar regions and the various routes which were being taken by Amundsen, Peary, Nansen, Cook and Nitzsche. The authors of the five articles were given as Amundsen, H. H. Harrison, Count Zeppelin and myself. My own article was entitled, "Over the Air Lines to the Pole, by Dr. George Nitzsche. The article carried several illu-



North Room
Germantown Historical
Society Museum

strations. One picture was labeled "Interior of Nitzsche's Dirigible;" another, "A Type of Aeroplane which Dr. Nitzsche is Testing for his Flight." Another included a picture of myself in Eskimo attire, my dogs and sledges. The face in the Arctic cap was fine—how it was secured, I do not know. However, in that two page account I seemed to be the most important of the five explorers. As is well known, Cook claimed that he had discovered the Pole, and when he arrived in Europe in 1909 received many honors, citations and degrees. Peary reached the Pole on April 6, 1909, returned to Point Barrow, Alaska, many months afterwards, denounced Cook's claims as fraudulent, and finally Peary was given the credit of being the first to reach the North Pole.

It must be borne in mind that what I have just related happened before it was known that anyone had reached either of the Poles, and when aircraft was still in its experimental stage.

It was not until May 9, 1926, that Byrd reached the North Pole by airplane, leaving Spitzbergen in the morning and returning in the evening of the same day. When Peary discovered the North Pole on April 6, 1909, he was entirely out of touch with civilization for four hundred days. Just a few days after Byrd made his flight to the North Pole in 1926, Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile crossed the North Pole in a dirigible on May 12, 1926, also starting from Spitzbergen, and landing in Teller, Alaska, on May 14th. Their trip took 71 hours. It was from Spitzbergen that Andre started for the North Pole in a balloon on July 11, 1897, and the remains of his party and his records were not found until 33 years later on a remote Arctic island. Amundsen reached the South Pole on Dec. 14, 1911, and Robert Scott, of England, on Jan. 18, 1912, only to discover that Amundsen had gotten there before him.

In late fall of 1908 I had become engaged to marry, and when the articles appeared in February about my going to the Pole, it was with considerable embarrassment that I explained the episode to my fiancee, fearing that she might think me "just a little queer," but she, like the Provost, immediately put me at ease, and I felt better. She realized that I had not the scientific knowledge for such an adventure and was convinced that it was a hoax. When my colleagues at the University learned of my engagement they gave me a dinner and a citation, illustrated with a cartoon of my taking a jump from my dirigible into the arms of my beloved.

I thought this was about the last of the episode and that I had finally lived down the hoax, but it was not to be. When in April, 1909, I applied for a marriage license, it presented another opportunity for the local papers to print a number of articles, with prominent headlines and titles, such as:

"Will Go To The Altar, Not To The Arctic"

"Nitzsche To Travel North A Benedict"

"University Seeker Of North Pole Will Wed"

But some of the newspaper men continued to be skeptical about my abandoning my Polar dash; one paper stating that "despite his proposed marriage, it was authentically stated that George E. Nitzsche, traveler and explorer, has not abandoned his trip to the Pole." The *Inquirer*, however, finally stated that "Nitzsche will not start for the Polar Regions this summer; he says that he never intended to go, but others say that his intention to become a husband has not changed his plans."

In 1924 I attended an Army and Navy Officers' dinner. Next to me sat an officer who shook hands with me and said, "Major Nitzsche, I am Captain B., who fifteen years or so ago was a reporter on the old *Ledger*, when your talk with my city editor saved my job for me, which I needed very badly at the time." He told me that he wrote the North Pole article. When I asked him from whom he got the material, he said, "I received it in good faith from an official of the University but with the promise that I would not disclose the source—I simply assumed that you were too modest to give it out yourself—in fact, I was told so." He did not recall the name of the official.

So this is the tale of how I became "Near Great." When I take my last journey to the regions beyond, it is possible that I may again make the headlines, but I trust that my flight will continue upwards.

Great Out-Door

FLOWER SHOW

An adress given over the radio for "The Society for the Preservation of Natural Beauty" on the subject of "Wild Flowers" by Miss Elizabeth M. Campbell,

PENNSYLVANIA is a favored child with Old Mother Nature. Far and wide, throughout our State, she has distributed her wildflowers with a practiced and lavish hand.

Laurels cover the mountains, brooks are bordered with forget-me-nots, delicate columbines wave from rocky crags, lilies float on the pools, wind flowers dance in the woods, while the red cardinal flower dramatically stands with her feet in the brook.

Our Great Out-Door Flower Show is on!

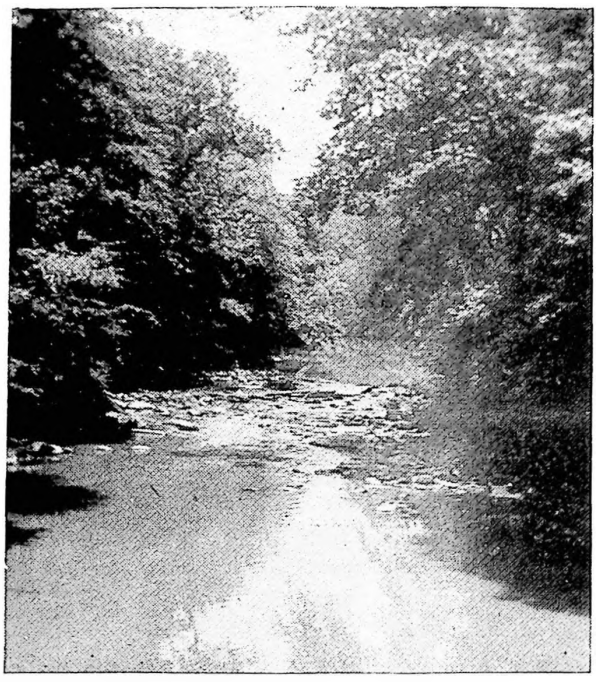
Each day, until a killing frost occurs, a steady succession of new flowers will take the center of the stage. Now it is those of spring, then early summer, and so on until the goldenrods of autumn warn us that the show will soon be closing.

What happens as each flower walks off the stage? It begins, at once, the work of reproducing itself for next year's show. Will it be successful?

Will you give it a chance? If it is picked, that blossom will make no seeds. Some plants cannot live if they lose their leaves, that exquisite flower, the pink lady slipper, or moccasin flower, is one of these. Others are lightly rooted, and cannot endure picking because, even when done carefully, it loosens the roots or drags them out of the ground and they die, as, for example, the trailing arbutus. I have seen the very last trace of arbutus vanish from a hill, once thickly carpeted with it, sacrificed to the ruthless pickers, each carrying only a little away, until there was none left.

Many of our choicest wild flowers are now being threatened with extermination. Will you help to conserve them? Let us learn to enjoy flowers through the senses of sight and smell, instead of through the sense of touch.

To learn the names of flowers, is to make many new friends, and what once may have seemed like an insignificant weed, takes on fresh color when we have made its acquaintance, such as red sorrel, shepherd's purse, or lamb's quarter—but, as the flower guides warn us, "Let us take the book to the flower, instead of the flower to the book."



Typical scene of Wissahickon Creek. Looking upstream from Paper Mill Road

Last year, at Valley Forge, during the ten days that the dogwood was in bloom, the Valley Forge police records show that over fifty-seven thousand carloads of people passed in slow procession to enjoy that magnificent display. No hand touched so much as a twig—the people in those fifty-seven thousand cars just looked and looked, storing up that beauty where it can remain forever fresh. That is the ideal way to enjoy the flowers. It means that this year, the snowy stretches of dogwood, in all their unspoiled symmetry, await you again. Would they be there if each had taken only a little twig?

There are some flowers still plentiful enough for cautious picking. We may pick, in order to conserve the ones needing protection.

Daisies and the common buttercup, the yellow mustard, pearly everlasting, bonesets, the yarrows, wild carrots, or Queen Ann's lace, the sweet-smelling bush clover, tall brown cat-tails, yellow cone flowers, yellow butter and eggs with their blue-green foliage, bouncing Bet, from almost white to dark magenta, the purple iron weed, the gaudy sunflowers, yellow St. John's wort, purple brunella or self heal, the wild asters, and the many goldenrods.

But even these flowers are better off if left where God placed them, for, next winter, when the earth is bare, silhouetted against the snow, or wintry sky, their brown stalks and picturesque seed containers will decorate the landscape.

This little article was printed originally in The Bee Hive but its charm is as real and its message as vital as when it was written twenty years ago.

Elizabeth Campbell was not only refined herself, she was a refining influence and fortunate indeed are the girls who for many years had the privilege of working under her at Springside. She imparted always that most precious of gifts—mental curiosity—not as drudgery but with a twinkle of humor and understanding that, were it flowers or birds or the plain three R's, made learning an exciting adventure.

Miss Campbell died June 16, 1955.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ARMY SURGEON

By Dr. Carrington Macfarlane

Condensed by Elizabeth Macfarlane Mellor

(*Continued from May*)

In addition to my military duties I had to care for the Negroes and had charge of a Negro smallpox hospital. I was furnished by the government with a sailboat and a yellow-skinned navigator to take me on daily trips to Fort Macon, and nearly every day we spent hours on the water fishing, where the catch was of the greatest profusion and variety. It was also the season for ripe figs, watermelons and peaches. An old planter whom I learned to know very well, living three or four miles from the village, had peaches and watermelons in great abundance. I rode frequently to his plantation and enjoyed his limitless hospitality. He told me that a few years before he had visited New York and on his return through New Jersey he bought a basket of peaches. As he ate them he dropped the pits into his pocket and afterwards planted them. This orchard was the result. Notwithstanding the ease with which peaches could be raised, there was not another peach tree in that whole country. The negroes kept me supplied with ripe figs and every morning I found a fresh basket of them in my room. I made a number of friends and acquaintances among the villagers, both ladies and gentlemen; and they were very cordial and agreeable.

* * * * *

I reached my new regiment, the 115th N.Y.V., and was mustered in as its Surgeon on the 20th day of July, 1863, and found it delightfully situated at Beaufort, N. C., on the same island where, a few months before, I was encamped with the 81st.

The town is built on one of the islands extending along the Atlantic coast. The soil is rich and deep, producing the famous Sea Island cotton. Before the war the island was inhabited in summer by wealthy Carolinians, and many of the homes were stately and pretentious. On the plantations were groves of live oaks and there were long avenues lined with them on either side.

We encamped in tents and over my tent stretched the branches of a lofty pecan nut tree. Up among the branches every night the mocking birds held high carnival, imitating the roosters, hens, besides every bird that sang. I often had to drive them away to get some sleep. Weeks and weeks passed here on St. Helena Island in the idyllic manner, and yet for all that we were not entirely happy. Even in paradise itself one would become discontented with nothing to do. This quiet guard duty did not harmonize with the disposition of our active energetic Colonel.

The discipline in the Army of the South, as our department was called, was nearly equal to that of the regular army. Great attention was paid to drill and the practice of military maneuvres. Always the men were well dressed. When in camp their shoes were blacked and the brass ornaments on their uniforms and their guns were highly polished, while at parade and guard mount the men wore white gloves. In the outdoor kitchens a stranger would be surprised to see the capacity an iron kettle has to receive a polish. The insides of these kettles were made to shine like silver. This holiday appearance could not always be kept up on the march or during an active campaign; the rain and dust soon took off the gloves. However the men always appeared well clothed if not over neat.

I well remember New Year's Day at Beaufort. From the Mohawk Valley, the home of the regiment, there came to us a very unique supply of old-fashioned eatables, handed down from their Dutch ancestors—sausages of curious make, rolichers and many other things I had never heard of before. To carry out the good old Dutch custom the Colonel received New Year Calls. To further grace the occasion h hung over the fire of logs in front of his tent a grea boiler of hot rum, a very enticing mixture of spirits, water, sugar, butter and spices, which was ladled into the glasses with a tin dipper. No need to say that the day was a great success. The presence of the boiling cauldron was soon heralded throughout the island and the officers of the other commands came pouring in from far and near, but, notwithstanding the kettle was kept always full and the dipper hung ready to hand. At the end of the day not a man was worse for his libations. There was something about our genial, good-natured Colonel that prevented anything like taking advantage of his hospitality. Everyone liked and thoroughly respected him. They knew, too, that no one was more intolerant of unsoldierly or ungentlemanly behavior.

* * * * *

In the early days of February, 1864, Barton's brigade of which the 115th was a part, and other troops amounting in all to twelve regiments were put on a fleet of steamers at Hilton Head to go we knew not where; for in order to preserve secrecy, these expeditions were sent out with sealed orders to be opened when we were well out at sea. I remember the beautiful days and the water of the ocean smooth and unruffled; then our coming into sight of the low-lying land of the Florida shore; our steaming past the tall white lighthouse and the straggling palmetto trees into the mouth of the St. John's river; then up the wharves of Jacksonville and the disembarkation.

The expedition was political in its character. In the autumn was to be held the presidential election

and it was deemed necessary to have all the Republican States possible in line. The sentiment in Florida was supposed to be loyal and we were to bring it into the Union.

The immediate command of the troops was in Gen. Truman Seymour, and he in turn under General Gilmore. As soon as we disembarked we were sent forward to attack a large body of troops we heard was encamped at Camp Finnegan within a few miles of the city. We made a forced march, but night overtook us and, as I remember it was near nine o'clock before we reached the camp. Word of our coming had, however, preceded us and the enemy did not wait, but fled in the most precipitate confusion. One could hardly say that the birds had flown, for we found multitudes securely locked up in their coops—a whole winter's supply. There were pigs there, too, in goodly numbers, and the capture of Camp Finnegan was not a bloodless one. The carnage was terrific and the memory of that massacre has always been a sweet morsel to roll under the tongue.

We remained at Camp Finnegan that night and the next day continued in pursuit of the enemy. We were now in the forest, the most beautiful I had ever seen; the great Georgia pines raising their straight, stemless shafts high in the air, then branching off into lofty domes and arches above our heads. The sod was strong beneath our feet; no underbrush to impede or anything to obstruct the vision except the tree trunks themselves. We could gallop our horses and draw our cannon and wagons wherever we pleased. At the streams and swamps the pines gave place to giant cypress trees, their strange-looking, gnarly knees fantastically protruding from the soil and the beautiful Spanish moss hanging in festoons from the lofty branches.

* * * * *

We were now ordered by General Gilmore to fortify and hold Sanderson and not risk a repulse by advancing to Lake City.

General Gilmore had already gone from Florida to Hilton Head and unfortunately his order was disregarded. Our advance incurred one of the severest battles of the war, considering the number of men engaged. At last the longed-for night came and we filled every ambulance, wagon and gun carriage with the wounded and sent them to the rear; also, great numbers of men who were severely wounded, but not in their legs, walked. We had the rebel prisons in our minds, and fear is a terrible spur to endurance. Many men who walked back that night to Barber's Station died of their wounds.

I sought my horse only to find that he had been ridden off by a man wounded through both thighs, from which wounds he died. I had to walk back the eighteen miles to Barber's Station. This retreat is another vivid memory. At first all seemed confusion as the cannons and wagons, horses and men hurried on and sought their allotted places in line; then the rapid march through those dark, gloomy woods, no one allowed to speak above a whisper, to make the slightest noise or even to scratch a match. It was an experience weird and exciting in the extreme. Then there was the danger of being pursued and attacked, but the enemy had been too badly punished; he was unable to follow up his advantage.

Towards morning we were back at Barber's Station and there I dressed wounds until daylight. We now had wagons enough to give every man a ride. I found my horse, mounted him and did not get off his back except at short intervals until eleven o'clock at night. Then I laid down behind a log in the woods, slept soundly all night and awoke rested and ready to continue our march. A few hours more of marching brought us to Jacksonville

* * * * *

I have oftentimes been spoken to about the horrors of the battlefield. The surgeon rarely goes upon one; his place is a little in the rear, but not always out of reach of bullets or shells. Several times our field hospital had been shelled and wounded men in them have died from the shock of added fright. To the field hospital all the wounded are brought. Here all of the surgeons of the division or corps are assembled and according to their rank their duties are assigned to them. A certain number are made operating surgeons and to each operating surgeon are assigned two assistants. The consultation and concurrence of these three is necessary as to the admissibility of performing a capital operation. A certain number inspect the wounded as they are brought in and select such as require immediate attention, sending them to the operating tables. Others attend to the loading of the ambulances that carry the wounded to the permanent hospitals, while again others watch over the kitchens and see that proper nourishment is provided for the sufferers. A perfect division of labor is established, involving the least possible neglect of the wounded. Every surgeon is busy with his particular duty and knows nothing of the battle waged about him. He has no time for idle sentiment and after all the noise of battle has ceased and all combatants except the sentinels on picket are stretched in slumber, the wounded, too, often asleep, the surgeon is still at his post on through the night and the next day or the day after, until every wounded man is cared for.

* * * * *

This whole summer was a continual succession of battles and skirmishes. Many of these in the printed records have a name other than that by which we knew them. Of many I have forgotten the names. At the close of the war I could count more than thirty fields on which we had been engaged.

So we went from one battle skirmish to another till winter set in and we went into winter quarters. In November the commissioners came down and received the soldiers' vote and Lincoln was elected for his second term of the presidency.

Our winter quarters we made as warm and com-

fortable as possible with the material we could get. We usually built a little hut three or four feet high with logs, their interstices being plastered with clay. On top of this was placed the tent; at the back a fireplace and chimney built of bricks and clay, topped off with a barrel or two if they could be found. Barrel staves were in great demand for many purposes, chiefly for beds; fastened side by side on two poles raised on four stakes driven into the ground, they made a royal bed. A mattress on it would have been a luxury no one hoped for or desired. A house was highly appreciated, not to live in, but to furnish material, lumber and bricks.

We were here several weeks until the early part of December, and with the exception that our pickets kept close watch of the enemy, we had very little to do.

On December 6th or 7th we were again on transports and out at sea on our way to Fort Fisher with Butler.

Who was the hero of Fort Fisher has been the subject of dispute for years. To my mind General Terry, who commanded and directed the expedition, should have the honor; but he said that General Pennypacker was the real hero, and that only for his bravery the place would not have been taken. General Curtis always unblushingly claimed the honor for himself as his brigade led the charge and perhaps his conduct at, and his representations of, the previous attempt under Butler, did more to bring about the second and successful expedition. Colonel Bell of the 3rd brigade was killed. After taking Fort Fisher we spent several weeks between it and Wilmington in the woods and marshes and on the seashore.

We captured Fort Anderson by marching around its flank and thus making it untenable. Three days afterwards on Washington's birthday we entered Wilmington.

General Sherman had now finished his famous march to the sea and the rebel prisons were everywhere thrown open. On the arrival of the prisoners we made room for them in the churches, town hall, warehouses and lofts of the city. These soon became one vast hospital. Typhus fever attacked and made sad inroads on their shattered frames. Our medical staff consisted of eighteen surgeons; of these six died of the fever and at the end of three weeks we were engaged with the prisoners, only two were able to attend to their duties from first to last. I did not have the fever, but when my work with them was done and the prisoners all sent north, I had to go to bed as a result of mental and physical exhaustion.

On the 2nd of April 1865, Richmond was captured, and the hundreds of battles fought around it culminated at length in its downfall—the thorough disorganization of the Confederacy. The next day the news reached us and I had orders to appear at headquarters in full uniform and mounted to join in a grand parade. There were two or three hundred officers from Sherman's command who joined in the



Dr. C. Macfarlane

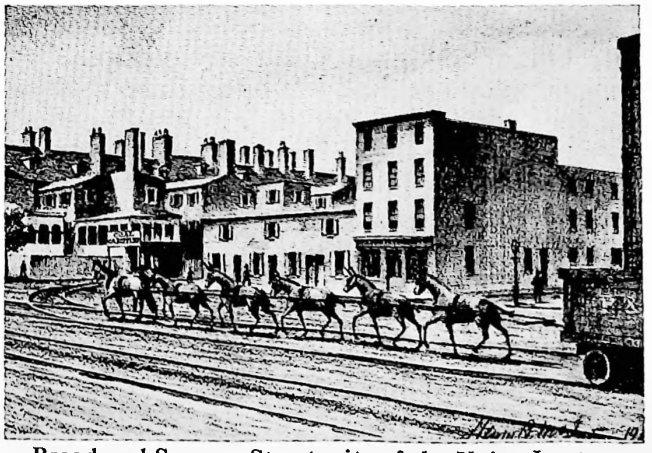
celebration and everyone was excited.

In less than two weeks after came the news of th assassination of Lincoln. The sorrow and horror of that deed has never been equaled in the world's history and with us, fighting in the South, it overshadowed every other feeling.

* * * * *

At Raleigh we were mustered out of the United States service and started at once for home.

I took with me to New York a new set of our regimental colors which had been given us and I had painted on each stripe in gold letters the name of thirteen of our principal battles. On the arrival of the ship that brought my regiment from the South I met them on the dock with their flag and as we marched up Broadway we were justly proud but we were more proud of the old colors, carried side by side with the new, so tattered and torn, war-worn and blood stained that they could not be unrolled from their flagstaffs. We knew all the storms of iron and lead they had passed through and, too, we knew all the brave men who died for the honor of carrying them.



Broad and Sansom Streets site of the Union League from a painting by Henry B. McIntire

An Eye Witness Account . . .

Yellow Fever Epidemic

AS TOLD BY ELIZABETH DRINKER IN HER DIARY

IN THE September issue of the CRIER we gave Elizabeth Drinker's account of the Battle of Germantown, and events of the days immediately following.

The summer of 1793 brought the first terrible yellow fever epidemic to the city, where the people died by the hundreds, and all those who could flee the city, did so.

The Drinkers took lodgings in Germantown for the duration, which lasted well into the fall. No cases were reported in the village, which was on high ground, and truly healthful.

1797 brought another visitation of yellow fever, and Elizabeth wrote in her diary on August 14th of that year "the alarm rather increases on account of ye fever. Some are going out of the city. Many have taken places in the country. Germantown, it is said, is all filled up." Perhaps that is why the Drinkers went to North-bank when they left the city.

Again the fever struck in 1798, and this time Elizabeth packed up and came back to Germantown. She took a room in Dr. Bensell's house, which was situated at the north-west corner of Germantown Road and School House Lane, then called Bensell's Lane.

On *August 17th* she notes in her diary "I have engaged Ben Oliver to take me tomorrow to Germantown."

"*August 19th.* W. D. and myself left home about 10 o'clock, in Ben Oliver's hack for Germantown—arrived there in meeting time. . . . S. Rhoads has engaged a room for me at ye widow Bensel's. We left them and arrived home about dusk.

August 20—H. D. has written to his son Henry to send his waggon down tomorrow for such things as will be proper to send away, so that we are preparing for a solemn movement and separation.

August 21—This afternoon our son Henry came with his man and waggon—himself in his chaise. The sight of him was pleasing, tho' attended with some fear, lest he should be affected by our air.

August 22—Clear and warm. Wind variable. Henry's waggon went away after breakfast, loaded. My two dear sons left us about 11 o'clock—Henry in his chair—William in our chaise with ye old mare, who is a little lame. A Chest of valuable papers, and a Trunk of plate is to be sent to the United States Bank in Third Street, and also a Trunk of valuable clothing. The dread and apparent danger increases—many are ill up town, and in Cable lane. I sent to know how S. Swett was, and to ask her if she would wish to remove from her present habitation, and board somewhere in or out of Germantown. She sent her love, and said she would choose to remain, as she had always done, at home. We sent her flour &c.

* * *

We have engaged Ben Oliver to take us this afternoon to Germantown. My husband intends to go in our waggon to North-bank, Jacob and Peter with him.

We arrived at our lodging room at ye widow Bensel's. Half of her house is taken by other persons, I know not whom, but we are entirely separated, ye doors between locked up. We hear a great noise and talking in ye next chamber to us.

August 23—I don't know exactly the situation of this house, but believe the wind is northeast—by the feel.

Two Frenchmen lodge in the room adjoining to us, with a door which opens into our room, which is locked, and ye old Lady has ye key. They were jabbering last night, but I could not understand them. They are nearer than I like; I stopped ye keyhole this morning with paper. Upwards of a dozen called (on us) this day; James Smith, James Logan, Hetty Smith and her daughter Sally, Hannah Pemberton, Sally Zane, and several of S. R.'s acquaintances.

August 24—Cloudy. One Richardet has taken and lives in the house next door, between S. R's and where we lodge. The three houses belong to Bensel's estate. They keep a public or Coffee house there. He is the same who kept ye New-tavern in Second street. If it would be right to let trifles incommode us, the noise late at night in the yard, ye lodgers in the next room, as they have part of this house, singing &c., would be very disagreeable.

I came with Sally Dawson to my room, after dinner, which she wiped over, dusted, and cleaned superficially. My situation at present, tho' I never thro' favor was dependent on any one, seems rather disagreeable to me, but I can let down or lower my pride —'twould be a pity if at this time of life it was not in my power. The old Lady here, is clever tho' queer.

August 27—The Thermometer yesterday stood at 92°.

After breakfast, I took a ride with H. Pemberton; we met an Ass in the road; the horses who had been frightened once or twice by him, went pretty well by him, but showed some signs of fear. He has scared several horses badly. Two young men were thrown out of a Chair by his braying. I returned to my room after riding.

August 28—I read in the paper of yesterday that one hundred and eleven cases were reported in 48 hours.

Rich[d] Allen, a black man of consequence, adver-

tises, that he wishes those of the citizens who have left Dogs and Cats shut up in their houses to starve, would employ some friend to let them out, as they disturb the neighbors, by their howlings &c.

I heard the Ass bray—never heard one before. I have wondered a horse should be frightened at a creature so near his own species, but ye noise is so singular, I am no longer surprised at it. 'Tis like a loud horn or trumpet.

We have not left our poor old Cat, whom we have had between 10 and 11 years, shut up to starve in the house; but we have shut her and her kitten out in the yard, and hired mulatto Rachel next door to take care of them.

August 29—I heard one of the Frenchmen in the next room vomiting very hard early this morning—about six. I arose directly. Perhaps it was occasioned by a debauch, but anything of that kind is alarming.

August 30—Rode out this morning with H. P.—Called at Parson Blair's, to enquire for Dr. Shippen.

August 31—Last night I observed that one of the Frenchmen who lodge in the next room is rather dull. He often sighs, and speaks low—whether sick or in trouble, I don't know. The other is as merry as he is sad: talks loud, squeals, laughs—perhaps to raise the other's spirits. Last night he was playing on the Flute. I never have seen their faces to know them, but have heard enough of their voices. We might as well lodge in the Tavern.

September 4—The Bank of Pennsylvania was this afternoon removed from Philadelphia, where it has lately been robbed of a considerable amount—to the schoolhouse in this town, escorted by McPherson's Blues.

September 5—Germantown is like a beehive—the people swarm. About two o'clock, four waggons loaded with cash &c. from the Bank of North America arrived here guarded by the Light-horse men. They are also deposited in the same schoolhouse where the contents of ye other was yesterday lodged. This draws great numbers to this place.

Heard to day of the deaths of Peter Fearon, and of Betsy Prichard, a young woman from Great Britain who kept school in Philad[a]. She died near Downingtown. James Waters died of the prevailing disorder two or three days ago; an industrious young man, Editor of the Weekly Magazine. His poor mother, Nurse Waters, will be almost heartbroken.

Sammy Rhoads received a letter from my husband relative to Bank business. Fifteen or twenty people are guarding ye Banks.

September 8—The accounts of this day are, between 50 and 60 deaths, 107 new cases. W. D. not as well as when at North-bank; chilly and unwell. He is like the rest of us, out of his element; my husband excepted, who is always at home, and never at home.

September 9—First day. This forenoon I was let blood by Jacob Smith, who lives when at home, in Chestnut street, opposite to Dr. Kuhn. He recommended him to me, and I think him an expert hand at ye business. He opened a vein that had never before been opened. My veins are small, and the largest lays over an artery, which makes it difficult for me to be bled, tho' I have been bled may be, 50 times in my life, or near to it.

September 10—After breakfast packed up, and prepared to set off. Bid farewell to our old Roomlady Bensel. We left Germantown between 9 and 10 o'clock, my husband, William, Sall Dawson and myself, with trunks, boxes &c. . . . pretty well loaded. Arrived between 12 and one, at Kimble's tavern, a little beyond the 13th milestone on the Bristol road, where I am now scribbling, and where we propose dining. John Fenno, printer said to be dead; I am sorry to hear it.

Met our son Henry at Bristol—and our maid Sarah came ashore a few minutes after from Burlington. Arrived at North-bank about 5 o'clock—a transition from noise, hurry and bustle to a calm retreat, where my giddy head may perhaps get a little better. William says, it seems as tho' he had got out of Purgatory into Paradise.

September 16—First day. A comparative table of deaths in Cobbett's paper of the 14th inst. 'From the 8th Aug. to 31st in '93, there were 264 deaths—from the same to same in '98, 621. From the 1st to the 14th Septr. in '93, there were 375 deaths—from the same to the same in '98—858 deaths.' In October '93 were the most deaths of any other time. Our city is at present so deserted that I think it can hardly be possible for so many to be taken, but of this I only conjecture.

September 21—H. D. returned with the newspapers. The yellow fever is in our Jail—one person died of it, another was sent to the Hospital. Some of the worst of the prisoners made an attempt to get out—took some advantage, but were stopped. Robert Wharton, Mayor, shot one of them; and wounded him mortally; another was killed on the spot, and a third badly wounded. They did not succeed in their attempt. 'Tis thought if they had, the city would have been in danger. Numbers have offered themselves as guards to the prison; in which act, there is great merit at this time."

* * *

Still at North-bank, she reports on *September 25*—"Ye United States Bank removed, or the contents thereof, from Philad[a] ye 22[d] inst to Germantown—to the house lately occupied by Richardet as a Coffee house or Tavern next door to S. Rhoads', escorted by a body of Light-horse. It occasioned a great stir in that neighborhood, where there was great abundance of it before."

On *October 1st* she records "The widow Johnson, daughter of William Norton, is dead in Germantown; Capt[n] Joseph Anthony in our city is also dead of ye prevailing disorder."

(*Continued on page 25*)

Protests Against Taxation

Minutes of General Assembly, November 9, 1786. "A petition from the Coach-makers, and others employed in the several branches of making coaches, chariots and other pleasurable carriages in Germantown, was read, stating, that the act for laying a tax upon pleasurable carriages has greatly distressed them in the carrying on the aforesaid business, and praying the said tax, or a part thereof, may be discontinued; and on motion, and by special order, the same was read the second time, and referred to a committee."

—Pennsylvania Gazette, Nov. 29, 1786

General Assembly, February 16, 1789. "A petition from about 200 inhabitants of Germantown, in the county of Philadelphia, was read, stating their inability to pay the enormous taxes assessed and levied on their property; and praying the attention of this House to the expenditure of the public revenue. Ordered to lie on the table."

—Pennsylvania Packet, Feb. 19, 1789.

Extract of a letter from Germantown, May 29. "An Excise officer in this place, some short time since, put over his door a sign, notifying that, there was the Office of Inspection. A number of citizens took the liberty, however, next day, to pull down the Inspector's sign. Three or four days afterward, the four quarters of a carrion were hung up in the place of the board that contained the notification."

—National Gazette, May 31, 1792.

Sixteen Townships Voted Here

"The county of Philadelphia, for the greater ease of the electors, is divided into three districts for holding their annual election, and is to be held at three different places on the same day of election, viz. on Tuesday the thirteenth inst. * * * The freemen of the townships of Germantown, Roxborough, Bristol, Oxford, Lower Dublin, Biberry, Cheltenham, Abington, Moreland, Upper Dublin, Horsham, Whitemarsh, Springfield, Plymouth, Blockley and Lower Merrion, at Jacob Coleman's, Germantown."

—Pennsylvania Evening Post, Oct. 9, 1778.

Jacob Coleman conducted the King of Prussia Inn, on the west side of Germantown avenue, north of School lane.

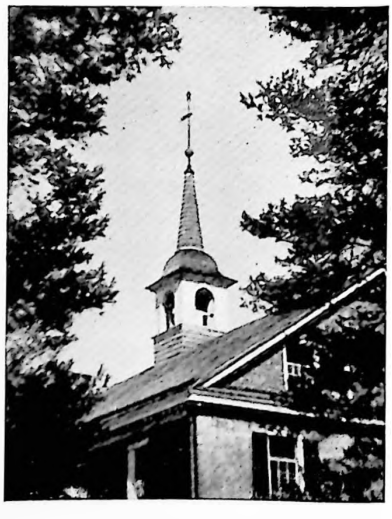
Germantown Adopts the Federal Contitution

"Germantown, Sept. 21. At a Meeting of a respectable number of the citizens of Germantown, Doctor Charles Bensel in the chair, the Constitution of the United States being read, Resolved unanimously, That we do highly approve of the proposed Constitution of the United States, and that we will concur with our fellow citizens in Philadelphia in praying the legislature immediately to adopt the measures recommended by the late Honorable Convention, for carrying the same into execution. Charles Bensel, Chairman."

—Pennsylvania Packet, Sept. 22, 1787.

The Constitutional Convention, in Philadelphia, completed its work on September 17, 1787.

From GERMANTOWN HISTORY
Vol. II – No. 4
Published by Germantown Historical Society



Steeple of Germantown Academy. George Washington Parke Custis, adopted son of George Washington attended school here during Washington's stay in Germantown in 1794.

The Water Works, Centre Square, PHILADELPHIA

By George Winterhalter Schultz

THE QUAINT picture of the building which once was on the space at Broad & Market Streets, now occupied by the CITY HALL, is a much reduced impression from a copperplate etching about 6 by 9″. The identity of the skilled artist is unknown.

This writer having a flair for antiques and curios, bought it at an auction sale at Freemans on Chestnut Street about 1912. Later I sold it to the Franklin Institute, which keeps it in their graphic arts department.

The plate of the WATER WORKS must have been engraved about the time the building was finished in 1801. From Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia" we get the impression that the Works were begun January 1799, and were white marble with a square first floor, a pillared portico supported by Doric columns in the Grecian style of architecture. It was topped by a round structure with many windows and a chimney at the top.

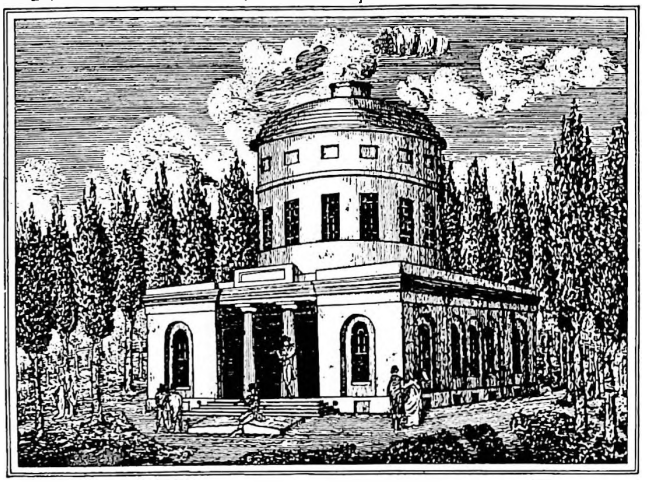
While indeed an artistic building, it was the subject of some ridicule by persons who styled it "THE PEPPER BOX." The enterprise itself had but little support from the citizens, who preferred their own water from hand pumps to that pumped up from the tepid Schuylkill River. However, recollecting the scourge of yellow fever in the year 1793, many people were inclined to patronize this public water supply.

It seems the boiler was made of wood and the water-pipes bored with large holes in the center (quite a few of these antique pipes have been dug up of late years). Some anthracite coal was shipped down to the City by canal from Pottsville and there was great agitation about using it in the "boiler," some asserting that the "stone coal" (as they then called it) would give off noxious gas and suffocate the inhabitants! As late as 1803 only $960 was collected for water rent, although the Works had cost $300,000. But gradually the income increased.

In 1818 a steam engine was put in service at the Fairmount Water Works to pump the Schuylkill supply to the Square. In 1809 a fountain was installed in front of the building, with figures of a swan and nymph. Later water was supplied direct to homes and factories and the old "PEPPER BOX" was torn down in 1833—sad to relate.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

The WATER WORKS, Centre Square, PHILADELPHIA.



YELLOW FEVER

(*Continued from page 23*)

By *November 1st*, word was received that "Dr. Rush and other Physicians say it is quite safe for citizens to return home," and on *November 5th* they were once more under their own rooftree in Philadelphia.

Before closing this portion of the diary, it will be interesting to note that on *November 20th* she records that "The greatest part of the cash lately taken from the Bank of Pennsylvania, was last night recovered to the amount of 158,000 dollars; within about 3000 of the whole sum robbed. It appears that one Isaac Davis, a carpenter, and a noted democrat, in conjunction with a porter belonging to the Bank, who died of the fever, were the sole agents in this nefarious business."

A footnote goes on to say that among several persons who were taken up on suspicion of having committed the robbery was Pat Lyon, a blacksmith, who had repaired some of the locks. Isaac Davis, a house-carpenter, was afterwards arrested, who had excited suspicion by his reckless expenditures. He made a confession, and implicated the porter of the bank who was in collusion with him, and who had since died.

The famous portrait of honest Pat Lyon at his forge, by John Naegle is one of the outstanding paintings featured in the 150th anniversary exhibition displayed at the Academy of Fine Arts at Broad and Cherry Streets, 1955.

TO BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON

(Continued from page 13)

19th, After breakfasting at Downing's we set off bated at the Warren and at Miller's tavern and arrived in Philadelphia in the evening, very much rejoiced to find my friends and relatives as well as when I left home and kindly received by them.

20th, This morning Cous'n Sam'l & myself took leave of our friend John Noble who accompanied us all the way and was a very agreeable companion and now intends going to New York in the afternoon. We proceeded on to Germantown & was kindly received by Cousins Casper & Hannah Haines who I was pleased to find even as well as usual, and our friends and relations generally well.

JOHN JOHNSON JUNIOR

MILEAGE FROM PHILADELPHIA TO BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON AND RETURN ON HORSEBACK

From	To	Miles
Gtn	Phila	7
Phila	Chester	15
Chester	Wilmington	13
Wilmington	Christiana	9
Christiana	Elkton	10
Elkton	Havre De Grace	18
Harve De Grace	Bushtown	12
Bushtown	Webster's Tavern	12
Webster's Tavern	Baltimore	13
Baltimore	Spurrier's Tavern	14
Spurrier's Tavern	Blandenburg	21
Blandenburg	Washington	6
Washington	George town	3
George town	Alexandria	8
Alexandria	Mt. Vernon	9
Mt. Vernon	Return to Wash	20
Washington	Potomak Falls	17
Potomak Falls	Return to Wash	17
Washington	Montgomery Ct. House	17
Montgomery Ct. House	Shell's Tavern	13
Shell's Tavern	Fredrick town	15
Fredrick town	Taney town	28
Taney town	Sweyer's Tavern	2
Sweyer's Tavern	Heidelberger's	15
Heidelberger's	Yorktown	15
Yorktown	Wright's ferry	11
Wright's ferry	Lancaster	11
Lancaster	Slaymaker's Tavern	13
Slaymaker's Tavern	Petits	6
Petits	Downingtown	13
Downingtown	Fahnster's Tavern	10
Fahnster's Tavern	Miller's	12
Miller's	Phila	10
Phila	Gtn	7
Miles		422

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Obituary

The Germantown Historical Society holds in affectionate remembrance:—

Mr. Howard W. Elkinton

Mrs. David Halstead

Miss Margaretta L. Hinchman

Mrs. Laird U. Park

Mr. Thomas C. Potts

Mrs. Lloyd Mellor Smith

Mr. Francis J. Stokes

Mr. Henry Frazer Harris

THE DESHLER STORY

(Continued from page 9)

is said that David and Mary greatly enjoyed listening to the chimes.

The house at 5442 Germantown Avenue, now known as the Morris house, was built by David Deshler in 1772. The property did not come into possession of the Morris family until 1804. It seems to the writer that it should rightfully be called the Deshler-Morris house as a memorial to a fine and valued gentleman of Colonial days. Before the house was completed Mary died, and David thereafter used it as a summer residence for his daughters and granddaughters. It is said that the front of the house would have been broader if David had been willing to cut down a very fine plum tree to the left of the house. The garden was the marvel of the neighborhood during his occupancy, and was flanked by thrifty orchards and vineyards.

In his declining years David is described as a man of venerable and majestic aspect. He was usually clad in brown or olive-green silk velvet, with coat and knee breeches to match. Silk stockings and shoes with large silver buckles completed his apparel. On the street he wore a tri-cornered hat and carried a heavy cane with an ivory top and silver band. He often used the cane to thump on the floor, to the terror of his mischievous grandchildren. After eighty vigorous and profitable years David passed away in 1792.

As we have seen, the Deshler line was a prolific one, but space does not permit us to enumerate the many fine and valuable deeds performed by the innumerable descendants, (now spread widely throughout the nation), of these three young brothers who arrived in Philadelphia 222 years ago.

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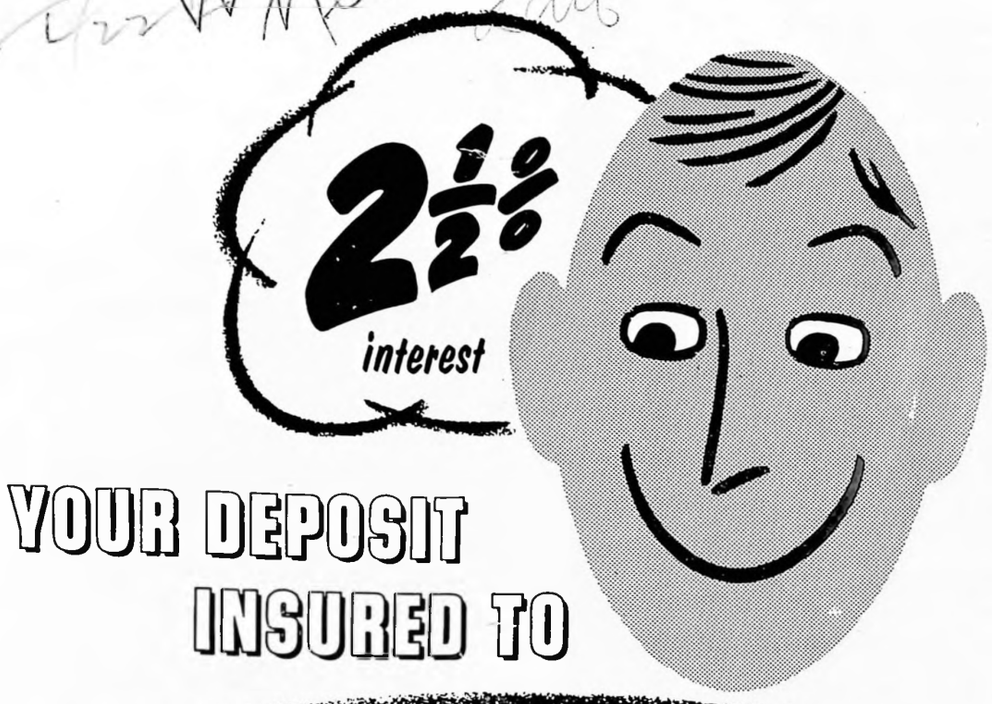
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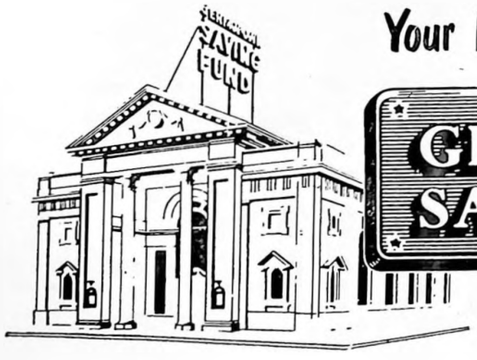
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