# GERMANTOWNE CRIER



CLIVEDEN—Germantown Avenue and Johnson Street
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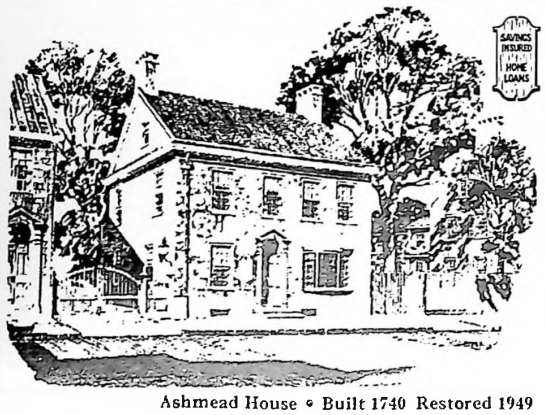
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## AIMS OF THE SOCIETY

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 and publications.

## SCHEDULE OF MEETINGS

October 22, Annual Meeting; Talk "History of American Railroading."

November 19, To be announced.

All meetings are scheduled for 8:00 P.M. unless otherwise indicated in Postal Notice.

## ANNUAL TOUR

The Germantown Historical Society, Saturday October 10, to the Hagley Museum and Winterthur Museum. Full information is on Postal Notices.

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Since May, 1959 issue

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# GERMANTOWNE CRIER



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## COVER STORY

"Cliveden" like nearly every old Germantown House, had a hardy flower garden of the standard type, but it was better known by its spring, by its great trees, and by the "Ghost" which walked its walls at the "Curfew Hour."

The flowers in the Garden were old fashioned monthly roses, phlox, sweet Williams, mignonette, heliotrope, lemon verbena, jasmine; and fruit trees, apples, pears, cherries and apricot; also box.

"Cliveden" historic association of course out tops every other interest, but everyone viewing its dignity, its majestic trees, its beautiful grounds, must rejoice that it is in possession of a family able to maintain its perfect order, with successors to preserve it, for it is Germantown's greatest private park, from Germantown History consisting of papers read before the Site & Relic Society of Germantown.

CHARLES JENKINS, Pres. 1915

### HISTORIC FALLSINGTON, INC.
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The historic Burges-Lippincott House, at Number 2 Meeting House Square, Fallsington, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, is now open to the public Thursdays through Saturdays, 11:00 a.m.–5:00 p.m. and Sundays, 1:00–5:00 p.m.

THE WOMENS CLUB OF GERMANTOWN, Germantown Avenue and Washington Lane will hold its nineteenth annual Antiques Exhibition and Sale, for the benefit of historic Johnson house, September 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, 1959 from eleven A.M. to ten P.M., closing September 24th at nine P.M.

This is the oldest Antiques Show in Philadelphia County. Last year this sale was held in October owing to the 275th anniversary of the founding of Germantown. As this is the date of the Main Street Fair for the benefit of the Chestnut Hill Hospital, the Antiques show and sale is returning to their original date in September.

Cards are available to members of the Germantown Historical Society at their museum, and at the Morris house, the Johnson house and at Upsala. Besides the show there will be home cooked luncheons and a snack bar. In addition to the regular Philadelphia dealers, several are coming in from Sicklersville and Moorestown, New Jersey. One is coming from Riviera Beach, Florida. The display promises to be quite excellent. It includes rare buttons, books, furniture, jewelry, lamps, china, glass, pottery, pewter, silver, copper, brass, also books, etchings, prints, statuettes, and dolls.

There will be Wedgwood, Chinese and oriental items, Americana, and English and American furniture. All of these things are shown at the Assembly hall 21 West Washington Lane.

In the Johnson house the members of the property committee will be able to point out the historic points of interest.

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# Poems by Elizabeth Reeves Humphreys

ELIZABETH REEVES HUMPHREYS' (Mrs. Thomas Humphreys Jr.) poems have been published in the New York Herald Tribune, the Christian Science Monitor and many other magazines and newspapers.

*THE PARADOX OF AUTUMN*

*A time of fulfillment, of fading away . . .*
*frost has touched the withering sedge*
*but the pumpkin's full, the grape sweet;*
*autumn is meeting summer's pledge.*

*The stems of phlox stand brown and dry*
*while laden branches of elderberry*
*are bright with cascades of scarlet fruit*
*where feasting chuckling birds make merry.*

*The pine has spread a russet rug*
*and on it scattered scalloped cones*
*to dance blue-flamed upon the hearth*
*in fragrant warmth as cold wind moans.*

*RETURN TO THE HOMESTEAD*

*Raindrops drip from leaf to leaf*
*Like slow hard tears . . .*
*A drainpipe sings its liquid song,*
*So many years.*

*The same old shutter rattles softly*
*Against the wall . . .*
*The buttonwood shakes branches, flings*
*A waterfall.*

*Familiar and remembered home-sounds,*
*Lullaby-sweet,*
*Singing me to sleep at night*
*With the rain's downbeat.*

GERMANTOWNE CRIER

Volume 11 SEPTEMBER, 1959 Number 3

# SOME GERMANTOWN HISTORIC SIDELIGHTS IN A MODERN "INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY"

By Margaret Morton Creese

CHRISTOPHER SAUR, printer, built a large stone house on Germantown Avenue. "Squire Baynton lived in this house." Dr. Owen J. Wister built on this site the fine house numbered 4653 and dwelt in it. Afterwards Moses Brown bought it and resided in it.'[1] Jacques Rozet lived in the forty-four hundred block (old style numbering) on Germantown Avenue. The first Moses Brown and his brother Jeremiah had come as young Quakers from New Hampshire. Jacques Rozet had come from France. M. Rozet's granddaughter, Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, was a definite influence in the planning of Drexel Institute, which her husband founded in 1891. (It was, in the first conception, planned to be for girls exclusively, and of course was coeducational from its opening.) Moses Brown's granddaughter, Mary Waln Wistar Brown, was the wearer of the dress illustrated here, which is now part of the remarkable collection of Philadelphia dresses which make up the Drexel Historic Costume Collection, used in The Laboratory for Young Designers.

Another of the Germantown forebears of Mary W. W. Brown was Diedrich Jansen, owner of "Wyck." Thones Kunders, one of the original settlers from whom she was descended also, lived on Germantown Avenue. In his house the first meetings, in Germantown, of the Friends, were held, and at his house the first formal protest against slavery in America was voiced and recorded.

Mary Waln Wistar Brown was born in the "Mason" house on School House Lane which her father Moses Brown, Jr. had built . The land, next door now the playing fields of the Germantown Friends School, belonged to Moses Brown. She lived at "Netherfield" on School Lane, (now torn down) which Moses Brown, Jr. owned after Jeremiah Brown, and, from 1903 until her death she lived with her husband, Dr. Thomas S. K. Morton, at "Roxboro." ("Roxboro", 3240 West School Lane opposite the Textile Institute now is the property of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rosenbaum) "Roxboro" was owned from 1803 until his death by her great uncle, Dr. Caspar Wistar, and bought by Moses Brown, Sr. at his death from his sons in 1835. The land seems to have been owned originally by a Charles Warner. Another parcel of land was purchased in 1835 by Moses Brown from Cornelius S. Smith and added to the above.[2]

One of the contributions of Jacques Rozet's granddaughter, Ellen Rozet Drexel, to American education, was probably the inclusion of a "School of Domestic Arts" which was at the time an ultra-modern feature of the original Drexel Institute. (How surprised Mrs. Drexel herself would be to see the girls studying the basic sciences, research, etc. which form the present "College of Home Economics.")

Since the time that Jacques Rozet lived in Germantown a great deal more has changed in this world than the way Germantown Avenue counts its house numbers. Around the arch that frames the entrance of Drexel's main building at thirty-second and Chestnut (see illustration) are medallions containing busts of men to represent the fields of education that Drexel's founder, Anthony J. Drexel, hoped, in 1891, would

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*Margaret Morton Creese (Mrs. James Creese), has her roots in Germantown, she writes, My Mother was born Mary Waln Wister Brown and became Mrs. Thomas S. K. Morton. My husband James Creese has been President of Drexel Institute of Technology since 1945.*

*I lived from 1903 to 1915 at Roxboro on West School House Lane, attended the Stevens School and St. Luke's Church, Germantown.*

*We bought our food at Mitchell & Fletchers, our notions at Jimmie Jones and my greatest treat was to go to Harkinson's for ice cream.*



**The Rittenhouse Clock belonging to Drexel Institute of Technology. The picture shows it standing in the Picture Gallery at Drexel. This clock is "regarded by all authorities as Rittenhouse's horological masterpiece."**

tempt boys and girls to study beyond high school. Newton represents Mathematics: Humboldt, Natural History: Jefferson, Government: Shakespeare, drama: Goethe, Poetry: Columbus, Navigation: Bach, Music: Galileo, Astronomy: William of Sens, Architecture: Michael Angelo, Sculpture: Faraday, Physics: Raphael, Painting.

In those days it was unusual to combine in the same institution Art, Science and Industry, which are the Divisions named on the Institute's seal. Mr. Drexel, however, was a deeply thoughtful and independent man,—he founded his institution of learning on principles, different from those then in style, which have made possible the smooth adaption of modern trends as new educational thought pushes forward the old boundaries in education, and the old "Institute" type becomes the modern scientific center of learning.

In the early days of the Institute, the Art curriculum, which is no longer a separate study, attracted a group of gifted young people to Drexel, among whom was Katherine Richardson, now Mrs. Katherine Richardson Wireman, an editor of the GERMANTOWN CRIER, whose ancestor, Joseph Richardson was the renowned silver designer. She was a devoted student of Howard Pyle who was the Head of the Art Department from 1894 to 1900. The teaching of Howard Pyle at Drexel made a lasting imprint on illustrative and applied art in the United States, if not on the international scene.

The students from Germantown who came, and still come by hundreds from Germantown, an up-and-coming group, do not seem to form as "historic" a connection as is our treasured museum piece, our Rittenhouse clock. Our clock, given by Mrs. George W. Childs after the death of her husband, is, we are proud to admit "regarded by all authorities as Rittenhouse's horological masterpiece."[3]

David Rittenhouse was born in 1732 in one of the familiar stone houses, still standing beside a little tributary of the Wissahickon near where Wissahickon Avenue crosses the Wissahickon Drive. In the early 18th century the teachings of Isaac Newton were not yet generally accepted. A few advanced individuals were interested, and in Philadelphia James Logan had imported a copy of the "Principia" in 1708, the Junto had imported a copy in 1732. Rittenhouse, fascinated by these great ideas, which he later fought to defend, was busy making clocks to support himself while using his spare time in studying.

The Rittenhouse clock which Drexel owns came to a very logical spot for its permanent resting place. The clock, when running, as it was allowed to do until 1944, tells the hour of the day, the day of the week, the day of the month, the month of the year and the "equation of time." It strikes the hour, the half-hour

**The entrance to the main building at Drexel Institute of Technology. Around the arch may be seen twelve medallions containing busts of men representing Arts and Sciences.**



and the quarter hour, and any four of any of ten different tunes may be played at any of these hours, on a set of chimes. A small "orrery" shows the position of heavenly bodies in the skies, and, besides the phases of the moon which are shown in the usual way a small "lunarian" shows the relative positions of the earth and the moon. Dr. J. M. Babb states[4] that you can "make accurate observations of the places of . . . six planets . . . at any time five thousand years before or after A.D. 1770." Concerning the "equation of time" Professor Russell Wehr head of the Physics Department at Drexel explains it as the difference (shown by a special hand on the dial) between true solar time and our accepted local time which is "mean solar time." That is to say, if the orbit of the earth were a circle instead of an ellipse all days would be the same length, twenty-four hours exactly, but as the earth's orbit is elliptical the days at some seasons are longer than the average of twenty-four hours and at other seasons they are shorter. For instance, on February 1st in Philadelphia the sun crosses the meridian ("true noon") at 12.14 and on November 1st "true noon" occurs at 11.44.

Although in these later years as modern knowledge has expanded due to the writings of Einstein and others, "Newtonian" physics has been absorbed and expanded into atomic physics, the writings of Newton, astonishing in his time, still must be considered vastly important in history.

Perhaps this very point illustrates a change not often realized. Although the "Principia" by Newton, one of the most searching books of scholarship on basic science of its day, was published before 1708, there was only one copy of it in Philadelphia until a second copy was imported nineteen years later. In the early eighteen hundreds, therefore, it can plainly be seen, education existed for a handful of people only, and those the wealthy. The elaborately complete university education—a solid base of the humanities on top of which is crammed the intensive work that is demanded by basic and applied science today, now is readily available and within reach of all. Nowadays, studying side by side, are the boy and the girl, child of big house or small (each, however, probably arriving in a car!). Unlike David Rittenhouse, studying by himself as best he could, unlike Anthony J. Drexel, son of an established banking house, whose education from the age of thirteen on was in apprentice form, it is now the American pattern that youngsters go to college. In college, the scholastic records show that throughout the years nature has distributed ability impartially not only to the children of scholars but also to those whose parents looked at college longingly from afar.



**Drawing by Howard Pyle reproduced from "The Wonder Clock"**



Photo Credit The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin (wedding gown) **This picture shows a model wearing the dress worn by Mary Waln Wistar Brown to her wedding to Dr. Thomas Story Kirkbride Morton, February 1888. The dress is now in the Costume Collection of Drexel Institute of Technology. The picture was taken at the time of an exhibition of dresses from the Historic Costume Collection at Drexel, June 3rd, 1959.**

It is an intriguing question, as we think of the houses, the worship, the artifacts of early days in Germantown to wonder how many of the sons of those first settlers of Germantown would have attained high records in scholarship if there had been, in their day, scientific college education—education with a purpose which would have appealed to them—such as the education which Drexel Institute of Technology provides for so many Germantown boys and girls of today.

[1]From THE GERMANTOWN ROAD AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS. The Pennsylvania Magazine, starting vol. 5, 1881.

[2]From Will of Moses Brown, Jr. 1888. In the Brown Collection, Haverford College.

[3]From an article in the PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE, 1932, by James Stokley, Assistant Director of the Franklin Institute. Vol. 56.

[4]The David Rittenhouse Bicentenary, by J. M. Babb. Scientific Monthly, Dec. 1932.

# Oldest Bath Tub in Germantown

By George .E. Nitzsche

AT THE END of a small improvised Italian Garden in Germantown, a local stone mason, thirty-seven years ago, utilized an ancient marble bath tub as a fish pond and fountain. A marble statue of a Greek Psyche reflects its image in the pool, and huge Azaleas of various varieties adorn the background, which in spring become a riot of color and a beautiful sight to behold.

The ancient marble tub undoubtedly is the oldest bath tub in Germantown, and probably one of the oldest historic specimens of its kind in America. It was cut out of a solid block of marble, is 5½ feet long, 2 feet wide, and more than 2 feet deep. The thickness of the marble averages more than four inches. The tub is artistically sculptured and smoothly finished, and weighs over a ton.

When Mrs. Nitzsche and I built our home on Westview Street in 1922, the Ford truck which brought the tub to Germantown broke down at the bottom of our hill and our precious antique landed in a narrow ravine in Wissahickon Park, where I thought it might some day become a puzzle to a future Archaeologist, since the depression was scheduled to be filled in, and we could not interest any contractor to retrieve our treasure. However, on a rainy day, we attached chains to the tub, and with the aid of two horses, slid our ton of marble on the mud to the top of our hill, and there it has nestled among the Azaleas for almost thirty-seven years.

This beautiful marble relic, when I acquired it, was said to be one of six similar tubs imported to Philadelphia from Italy about 1838 for a public bath house on South Third Street. This importation caused considerable excitement, and I was informed that a bill had been introduced in Council to prohibit the importation of any more bathtubs because they were indecent and unsanitary. The bill, I was told came within a few votes of passing. So far as I am aware, this tub of ours is the only one of the six still extant, although there was a rumor at the time we acquired it of the possibility of one in an old residence, about to be demolished, on Washington Square.



Although bathing has been practiced for thousands of years in many parts of the ancient world the Romans probably did more to popularize public and private bathing than any other ancient civilization, since they also established baths in many places of the present European countries. There were comparatively few private baths in the early days of the United States. Only the wealthy could afford anything that approached a bath room. Indeed, it was not until 1837 that the Schuylkill Water Works claimed to have a capacity to supply a thousand or more baths in Philadelphia. Of course, private bathrooms in dwellings were also dependent upon an adequate sewage system, which was not very extensive in those days. During this period baths and toilets were first installed in private houses on the North side of Chestnut Street, between 11th & 12th Streets, constructed for the Girard Estate.

Modern bathrooms and toilets in small communities came much later. As a boy in Nazareth, Pa., about 1883, I recall that my Uncle, a tinsmith, had the first portable tin bathtub, and a large group of his townsmen turned out to see it go into his house. The tub however had to be filled and emptied with buckets. Even in most of our cities and towns bathing in wooden wash tubs and buckets was customary in America until comparatively recent times.

What a revelation it would be to those of the early 1800s to learn that now, most private houses have a bathroom with running hot and cold water and a toilet; and that many of the larger dwellings, hotels and apartment houses, have baths and toilets connected with every bedroom. Indeed, the progress that has been made, since the last two world wars is almost beyond comprehension. *Editor's note.*

A tub of exactly similar description reposes in the garden of the American Catholic Historical Society at 715 Spruce Street the home of Nicholas Biddle. The tub was always known to have been imported from Italy and carved from a solid block of marble, and supposedly dated from Nicholas Biddle's occupancy, but it is more than likely one of the before mentioned set of six.

# Our Neighborhood in the Gay Nineties

By Randall T. Van Pelt

WE LIVED on the west side of Seminole Avenue, number 8718, between Rex Avenue and Chestnut Avenue. Next door was the Mitchell home—vacant in the winter, rented in the spring to many well-known families, such as the Stuarts—George S., his son, Edward T., and daughter, Elsie; and the Hughes—Lena and Billy. In the early nineties, on our side of Seminole Avenue, there was not another house on the entire Avenue, which extended from Chestnut Avenue to Willow Grove Avenue, almost a mile.

Across Seminole Avenue was a woods filled with chestnut trees (now the Jenk's home) and next to that the McBride's farm. John McBride lived there with his wife Rosie, in an old stone house, such as you might see in Ireland. There was a drinking well with the drop bucket and a grape arbor on the side of the house—what delicious grapes! He had a nice flower bed in the front and raised wonderful corn, potatoes and lima beans. Day after day in the late afternoon old John stood at his white picket-fence gate watching the neighbors go by. He was picturesque with close shaven beard, and it was said he was nearly one hundred years of age. Everybody stopped to have a chat with him.

Next to McBride's on the corner of Rex Avenue, Archibald Campbell Knowles built a lovely white house for his bride. Across Rex Avenue lived the Tingleys—Julian, the son, was popular and very clever; played the piano beautifully, was powerful, a regular Tarzan. He could leap from limb to limb on the trees; built caves and houses on tree tops, was a star foot ball player at Germantown Academy, and a fast cricket bowler at the Philadelphia Cricket Club.

Next lived the Frank Nealls in a lovely home; with cows, black sheep, collies. The Neall home had a high iron fence with climbing red rambler roses. Audenreid's home was next, and the Nells, who built late in the nineties, was adjacent to Highland Station, just off Highland Avenue.

Highland Station was a real meeting place in those days, with George W. Brownholtz the ticket agent. He sold not only tickets, but morning papers; the *Press*, *Ledger*, *Record*, *Times*, *Inquirer*, *North America;* magazines: *Puck*, *Judge*, *Life* and *Illustrated London News*, and a large assortment of candies. Fred Webb then was the popular assistant and later Fred became the Passenger Representative of the P.R.R. at San Francisco. The gates at Highland Station grade crossing were a feature. Tony—one legged—was the attendant in charge. He raised and lowered them faithfully for 10 hours a day. The gathering at the Station was gay—the 8:01 A.M. train very popular; carriages arriving in dozens, late comers running to get aboard. The 7:51 from Chestnut Hill, the "Flyer," was the only train which did not stop at Highland Station. If you were New York City bound, the 7:20 A.M. was the connection, changing at Germantown Junction, now North Philadelphia. What excitement at the Junction when the New York Express steamed in with the dignified conductor, dressed in cut-away coat, standing on the bottom step, announcing "First Stop Jersey City." From Germantown Junction to Broad Street Station, all now extinct, were the stations of Ridge Avenue, Engleside, Zoological Gardens and Powelton Avenue.

Getting back to Seminole Avenue, after crossing the tracks and Highland Avenue, lived Samuel Y. Hoebner, with his three attractive daughters. On down the other side of Gravers Lane, lived the Barrolls; then the Philip Hoebners, his lovely daughter Nannette, later a famous artist; the Leas; the Seviers; the Rogers and last of all Henry D. Welsh who lived in a large, gray, stone, castle-like house on the corner at Willow Grove Avenue. Seminole Avenue, though not long, was quite a highway, with macadam surface, and board walks in front of the houses; lamp gas lights at regular intervals. If you did not have horses and carriages, you walked. It was not unusual to see the Hon. Richard Vaux, with his long white curls, carrying his cane and wearing a silk top hat; or George Stuart Patterson, Senior, on his way to the Philadelphia Cricket Club at Wissahickon Heights, now called St. Martins; the Charles A. Newhalls, Rebecca, George, Lilly and Mrs. Newhall, cutting across the field next door to us, on their way to Highland Station. Many people had to walk and liked it, though in the spring and fall many fine carriages, tandems, horseback riders and an occasional tallyho passed by; and in the winter, sleighs went back and forth, their bells jingling merrily.

At the north end of Seminole Avenue there was a delightful path through the woods leading to the Wissahickon Creek. The path was known to us as the Old Plank Road or the Stonebreaker. Before my time there was a stone breaking machine and a plank road leading to it and to a stone quarry.

Around the corner on Chestnut Avenue, on the other side of the Mitchells, lived the Charles A. Bordas, our oldest friends in Chestnut Hill. Next, lived the Lanes; the Newhalls; the Dawson Hoopes, and in the large "castle" at the end, the Chancellor English's. In the same neighborhood were the Robert Glendinnings; the Samuel Welshes and the Lowbers. Across the way on Thomas Mill Road, Archibald Campbell Knowles, our former Seminole Avenue

neighbor, built a beautiful home, designed after Mt. Vernon (Washington's home).

Returning to Seminole Avenue we come to its intersection with Rex Avenue. On the corner was the old Rex Mansion, surrounded by chestnut trees from which, in a good season, chestnuts fell like rain and we gathered many quarts.

Rex Avenue, going West, led to the Wissahickon Creek. It was a dirt road. On it was the Newhall spring where we got our drinking water; across Rex Avenue from the spring was a swamp and meadow. Here we got water cress, picked daisies, violets and butter cups. Rex Avenue was ideal for coasting when the snow was packed. You could go from Seminole Avenue to the Wissahickon Creek, a good half mile—no traffic, perfectly safe on the old bumpy road—a fine long coast, but my what a long walk back,—though worth it, every step. What fun we had!

Going East on Rex Avenue, leads to the "Hill," Main Street (Germantown Avenue). At the top, on the corner, was the old Cope home, with extensive gardens on Rex Avenue. Turning south on Main Street brought you to Buckenhorst's Confectionery Store. Here was an ice cream parlor—ice cream 5¢ a plate, small size; 10¢ large; all kinds of Dutch bread and cakes. Next, was the Post Office; then Isaac Russell's—fine meats and vegetables; Buckman's drug store followed; then Miss Haas's notions and dry goods. The barber, Conrad Grebe's Shop, was next; hair cut 15¢, shave 10¢. Each shaving customer had his own cup and brush. Mrs. Grebe had a little store in front where she sold fine candies and all kinds of knickknacks. The P.R.R. Station was next, and across Evergreen Avenue, on the corner, Streeper's Pharmacy, with a fine soda fountain. It is still an institution—STREEPERS. On the east side of Germantown Avenue, several blocks down, was Mommie Gable's Shop. She sold the best marbles and other objects coveted by children. As you opened the door, a bell rang and Mommie stepped into the store from her kitchen. She spoke only when you asked, "how much?" Across from Streepers was Gillies—Oysters & Fish Market; on the other corner Buckingham's—meats and vegetables. On the corner of Bethlehem Pike was the "Dust Pan," a popular summer boarding house; front porch crowded with guests in rocking chairs, watching the crowds go; by playing cards, gossiping.

The "Dust Pan" was so named because, while it was only a summer hotel, it was at the extreme end of Bethlehem Pike, a dirt road, and when you sat on the porch you were sprinkled with dust from the wagons and carriages.

Across Main Street, opposite Rex Avenue, was my first school where I attended with my three sisters—Miss Stoke's School. Many well-knowns were students, including Bill Roper, the Hollingworths, the Kelseys, the Newhalls. Adjacent to the school was the Public Library and the office and residence of Dr. Robert Bolling, who brought me into this world in '85.

Some of the interesting incidents of the nineties were:

1. The best grocery stores of Philadelphia and Chestnut Hill had representatives call once or twice a week at your residence to take your order. Each representative had his horse and buggy.

2. The Knickerbocker Ice Company had their heavy ice wagons call daily to deliver ice. All the children gathered around the wagon to get some of the ice chips.

3. The hucksters called every day selling fine vegetables, meats and, in season, Fresh Delaware Shad.

4. The lamp lighter, with his ladder, lighting the lamps in the evening, turning them off in the morning.

5. The police officers on their beats. Across the street from our home was a patrol box, where the officer reported. In the night, if awake, you would hear him give his number to headquarters and then slam the heavy steel door.

6. The old English sergeant commanding the children, when coasting was best, "No coasting on the 'ighway!"

7. Old John, the handyman in the neighborhood, was said to use a wheel barrow to help walk straight when he had had too much beer after his visit to a Main Street tavern.

8. The man, dressed in white linen, carrying his wares atop of head, calling, "Honey Comb, fresh honey comb."

9. The trolley rides down Main Street to Philadelphia. They advertised, "The longest and most picturesque ride in the world for 5¢." It was some 16 miles from South 8th Street to Chestnut Hill Park, the White City, an amusement park.

10. Trolley parties, brilliantly lighted cars, many lights, to Willow Grove. It was quite a social event to give a party to the Grove—hear Sousa's Band; Creatore; Damrosch; Victor Herbert; see the beautiful fountain.

11. The cricket games at the Philadelphia Cricket Club and at Manheim. The best English teams—Oxford and Cambridge; Lord Hawkes' eleven; Prince Ranji Cingi, an Indian Prince, leading a famous team; the great Jessop, a terrific batter, and Dr. Grace—all famous teams in competition with the Gentlemen of Philadelphia. Special trains—first stop Wissahickon Heights—large crowds in attendance.

There were many outstanding cricketers in the Philadelphia district. A few I remember were, the Newhall brothers and sons; the Clarks, Percy and brothers; George Stuart Patterson, Jr.; J. B. King, said to be the greatest bowler, not only in the U.S.A. but in England; A. M. Wood; Christopher C. Morris; the Scattergood brothers; Philip LeRoy; John H. Mason; J. Marshall Crosman. In the last days of cricket, Edward Hopkinson and Edward Van Pelt, my brother, were highly rated. In my school days, nearly all the schools competed in the Cassatt Cup

*(Continued on page 27)*

# A BY-WAY OF THE GODS

by Charles Francis Saunders

*This is a lesson the American has yet to learn—capability of amusement on a low key . . . we crave the astonishing the exciting, the far away, and do not know the highways of the Gods when we see them.*—John Burroughs.

*"Byway of the Gods" is a delightful account of a walking trip by Charles Francis Saunders.*

*This is in a small, leather bound volume, hand lettered and illustrated by Mr. Saunders himself. It is owned by his Cousin, Lelia Canby Hughes. Christiana, Peach Bottom and other places mentioned are still on the map through the country side is cut up by modern roads. Conowingo Dam is better known than the Susquehanna Canal. This pastoral narrative belongs to the era when Walking was one of the pleasures of life.*

IT WAS SUNDAY, September the first, eighteen hundred and eighty nine, and half past six in the morning, when I shuck the dust of Bachelor's Hall from my feet, and set out for Broad Street Station and the Octoraro. My companions were a faithful old Norfolk jacket and the spirit of Thoreau, Burroughs and George Borrow. To be sure I did not make the acquaintance of the last named good fellow until a couple of months later, but I think he must have been along, for I was bound on such an errand as the author of "Wild Wales," could not have resisted. I was going to walk ten or twelve miles down the Octoraro Creek, then across the country to Peach Bottom on the Susquehanna, thence up the River to the mouth of the Conestoga, and through the Valley of the Conestoga to Lancaster. Two days of unadulterated tramping—two days of progress towards "The Youth of the World"—two days of pilgrimage on "the Highway of the Gods."

At half past six of a summers Sunday morning, there is not much astir in the city. Ones' footfalls echo sharply from the other side of the way, so deserted are the streets. Still there is some life; the street cars rumble by, crowded with excursionists, going out of town for the day.

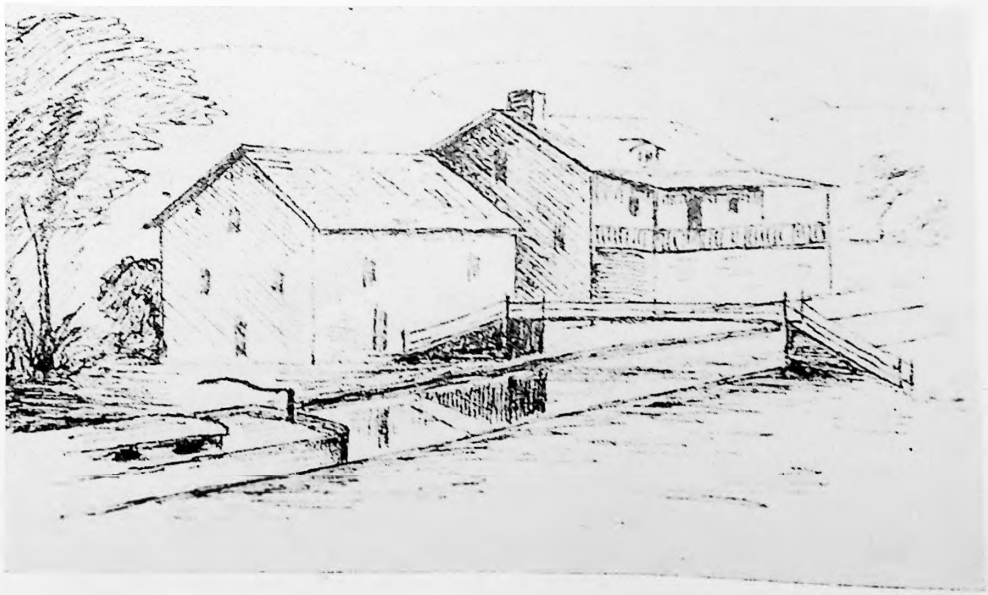
The news boys are beginning to cry "New York and Philadelphia Sunday morning Pa-pers." John Bartender, in undershirt and suspenders, leans against his door post smoking his morning pipe, and unconcernedly watching some strayed reveller stumbling—shall we say home?

Faith went to bed last night, leaving the milk pitcher on the front steps, and this morning it stands there filled, and the Sunday paper wrapped around the knob. And there comes the baker trundling his cart before him—and the sun round eyed and solemn, peeping over the eastern house tops into a world of serious enterprise.

At the railway station there is bustle enough—Toiling humanity, clad in flannel and white muslin, throngs the ticket offices and the entrance to the trains. Toiling humanity has shut up its house and is betaking itself with newspaper, lunch basket and babies to the country for a whiff of fresh air to return thence in the evening, rather cross and tired, but probably benefitted on the whole.

The nearest point to Philadelphia on the Octoraro is Christianna; here the train and I parted company. We had crossed the creek a few hundred yards before reaching the station and as I supposed myself smart enough to find it without asking any questions, I complacently took the wrong road and walked away from it. Not coming to it soon, I took to the fields in the direction I considered the Octoraro lay.

After some dispiriting struggles with bogs, I was forced back to my old road, but found another, lead-



**Lock on the Susquehanna Canal—one of the sketches from the book.**



**Ancient roadside dwelling on a hill**

ing away from it, which brought me to a creek—at last the Octoraro, I thought. A peaceful stream—flowing noiselessly between grassy banks, and widening out soon after I reached it, as though expanding into a welcome. Here lily pads lay basking in the sunshine, and tall reeds were sleepily nodding to the quiet music of the breeze rustling the leaves of the birch trees on the bank.

After a while, however, it dawned on me that this stream was flowing North, whereas the course of the Octoraro, geographer's say, is to the South. A tall man dripping with perspiration and carrying his coat on his arm, was trudging along just ahead of me. I asked him if this was the Octoraro. "No, said he, "it is a mile over the hill to your left." So bidding a reluctant adieu to the little creek and the pleasant road that followed it, I started over the hill towards the waters of my quest.

A mile, as near as I could guess, brought me to a meadow, through which ran a stream whose waters flashed merrily in the sun. It did not seem large enough for the Octoraro—but if it was not the Octorara, where was the Octoraro? Closer inspection showed that the course of this stream like the first, was northerly too—therefore it was not the Octoraro. I sat down to chew "the food of sweet and bitter fancy."

Thinking I knew all about a country I had never been in before, I had several times that morning neglected to avail myself of opportunities to inquire my way of passers by, and now behold me in a deserted little valley with never a soul in sight of whom to question my route—only the joyous brook springing away to the north as fast as it could go, while my heart was in the south. Half way up the opposite hillside stood a cabin. I determined to go there and seek information, but when I arrived, no one was at home but the dog, a sociable fellow enough but uncommunicative.

A fate who had been following me ever since I left Christiana, licked her lips and smiled maliciously. "Going down the Octororo to the Susquehanna are you?" said she, jogging me with her elbow. "Yes," said I, "I am." And slamming the gate behind me, I turned my back on the way I had come, and strode up the hill. It was sort of a blind path I took, leading I knew not whither, but I meant to find out.

Presently I reached a road through a wood, and there a man in a carriage overtook me. I asked him about the Octoraro. "You have come the wrong road," he said. "Yes," I said meekly; "I knew that, but would he be kind enough to direct me to the right road?" He did remorselessly and to the bitter end. Following his directions, at least as many of them as I could remember, I came, in about half an hour, to the veritable banks of the Octoraro—a pleasant winding stream, whose course at this point was bounded by sturdy hills on one side and broad meadows on the other. It ran South! I felt now that I was fairly started for the Susquehanna, and sticking a purple aster in my buttonhole, my heart sang a jubilee. I met a man coming out of a field where he had just turned a horse loose. He was going my way and we fell to talking. When I told him I was bound for Peach Bottom, he said he knew the road well, "But, Lord, Sunday, and no day to travel, ye can't get nothing to eat." He told me he worked at day labor for a farmer at Andrews' Bridge—a cross-road hamlet we were approaching. He added he did not care to hire by the month. To my remark that he was surer of steady employment hiring by the month, he replied, that that was just his trouble—he found it too steady. He had the frank manner of the man of the world, and entertained me with some account of his life in the city, where he had once served as teamster to a grain carter, and when after a day's work was done, he had lived the debonair life of a Lombard Street swell. Returning to the gossip of Andrew's Bridge he said the

*(Continued on page 24)*

# PHILADELPHIA

By Charles Wharton Stork

Haven of peace, propriety, good manners,
And undisturbed tradition.
Stand on the platform of the Art Museum
And, looking back along the Parkway toward
The crags of the great buildings, try to grasp
The scene before you: rugged power combined
With restful spaciousness.
Motor along the winding Schuylkill through
The loveliest of parks; then, turning up
The Lincoln Driveway, note the miles on miles
Of homes, each one set back, with trees and shrubs,
Comely and hospitable.
Here is a city not to talk about
But to be lived in. How it opens to
The country: mild, historic Germantown;
And the more dashing, up-to-date Main Line!
There's no large city anywhere is half
So easy of access, with its wide approaches
And regular streets.
Here is a center of industry without bustle;
Where men go down to business, get it done,
And come back early to a quiet dinner
And ample sociabilities with friends.
There's not much night life in the Quaker town;
The visitor with no acquaintance here
Must find it dull, for after six o'clock
The streets are almost empty, and the same
Is true of daytime on a Sunday. What's
The reason? Folks enjoy themselves at home.
To the outsider Philadelphia is
The birthplace of the nation, where the tower
Of Independence Hall still nestles white
And modest, like a cradle long disused,
Amid the overtowering modern growths.
But Philadelphians as a whole have not
Much patriot fervor. When the British came,
They found the gentry of the capital
Most friendly to them. Balls and masquerades
Beguiled their leisure, while at Valley Forge
The ragged Continentals froze and starved.
That's Philadelphia, she can never be
Discourteous even to a foe.
Battle and bloodshed never have been known
Along her streets. There's too much kindness in
Her make-up for the bitterness and pride
Of ugly passions to disturb her calm;
But tell her of misfortune or distress,
And Quaker hands will dig down promptly in
Their chinking pockets.
So has it always been from earliest days,
When worthy Penn and his red brothers met
To seal the treaty never written down
And never broken. Every race and creed
Has here found welcome.

Walk along Chestnut Street and you will still
Find the old spirit; no one jostles you,
No one resents you, there are pleasant looks
On all the faces.
The city has its aristocracy:
Its Biddles, Morrises, Cadwaladers,
And Chews and Whartons; but you'll seek in vain
For any stiff class-consciousness, instead
You'll find a gentle deference, a desire
To meet your tastes and wishes, let you talk
And be your natural self. You go to tea
Or dinner, and the first thing always said
Is, "How long are you staying?", with the thought,
"We hope to entertain you while you're here."
The spirit is pervasive, everywhere
You'll notice personal contacts: business heads
Will pass the time of day with doormen, clerks
And elevator boys, and ladies ask
The shop girls how the family's getting on
And whether Johnny has good marks at school.
This is a town where people hold their jobs,
Where every cook and gardener gets to be
An institution; it's a sort of big
Good-natured country village.
It's true that Philadelphia lacks ambition,
The get-ahead-activeness that's supposed
To be American; but it isn't true
She lacks men prominent in every form
Of human enterprise. Pick out what field
You will, you'll find a Philadelphian at
Or near the top; in medicine or in law,
Science or art or scholarship or sport.
The secret is that Philadelphia lets
Her sons alone, to follow each his bent
For its own sake. She never notices,
Until from London, Paris or New York
The news of honors and distinctions comes
To rouse her, and she murmurs in surprise,
"It seems he's got quite famous, dearie me!
Why did he work so? Wasn't it enough
To be a Philadelphian?"
One can't grow lyric for a place like this,
Yet one may well be grateful. After all
It's better to be nourished wholesomely
Than forced with stimulants. Though I might add:
The Philadelphian who aspires to grow
Above the common mark should get away
From home sometimes.
But famous, mediocre or a flat
Misfit, the man who grows up here will find
Consideration in failure or success
Alike for his mere being. People can't
Be hard in Philadelphia.
To feel the very heart-throb of the place

Go to a coming-out tea in the fall
At Haverford, Bryn Mawr or Chestnut Hill.
The woods are gorgeous with the golden touch
Of Indian summer, and within are banked
Chrysanthemums and roses, with bouquets
Of orchids. Through the flowery labyrinth
Parade those livelier flowers, the debutantes.
And in the midst, her face the very shrine
Of happiness, behold the day's fair queen,
With sunny, rippling locks and just a hint
Of mischief in her soft responsive eyes!
Matrons, the freshness of their youth undimmed
In glance and motion, kiss her on the cheek
And say, "You're so much like your mother, child;
Almost, not quite, as beautiful as she was."
"Oh, do you think so? I could never be
Like mother." Then a beau of sixty-five,
Dapper and voluble, with *boutonnaire*
And frivolous cravat, steps up to pay
His compliment. A shy, good-looking youth
Can only blurt out, "Gee! you're looking swell."
"Thanks *so* much for the perfect roses, Don."
There's music now and most delicious food:
Chicken croquettes and salad, oysters, ham,
Punch, cakes, ice cream and water ice, dispensed
By colored waiters with the same delight
Of serving food as you must have to eat.
Everyone talks to everyone, and all
Unite to praise the queen, while she, unspoiled
And inexhaustible, is sprinkling out
Her sweet, gay laughing gratitude like drops
Of holy water.
Yes, come to Philadelphia in the fall,
Attend a coming-out here, and you'll taste
The nectar of an earthly paradise.

* * *

Dr. Stork replies to the Editor, "you ask when I wrote 'Philadelphia', for a while I was in doubt, until I suddenly remembered that it must have been written soon after September, 1939, the day I was torpedoed off the coast of Ireland. This recalled a somewhat romantic episode of that time which may be of interest to your readers.

"When I wrote the scene of the debutante party I was thinking of a particular scene and a particular debutante, one of my pupils at Harcum Junior College, as charming a young lady as I ever met in any of my classes. We were corresponding during the summer and I received a letter from her in Moscow. She had heard of my being on the 'Athenia' and the instant I came into the room, she ran up to me and kissed me. Small wonder that I thought of her when I wrote the scene, I described the torpedoing in the longest poem ever published in the Saturday Evening Post of November 4th, 1939, under the title Sketches of an Athenian.

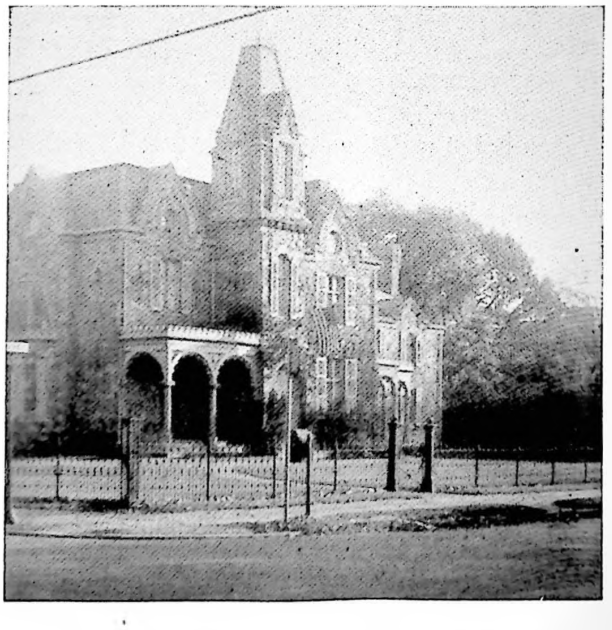
# The Bechtel House

Through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence M. C. Smith, the Germantown Historical Society is about to receive title to the property at 5226 Germantown Avenue. This is the Bechtel House, built in 1742, and except for the store windows set in the front is almost in its original state. The Society will use it to house its Costume Collection, for which purpose it was given.

The Costume Committee has already accepted a permanent loan of six pieces of Victorian furniture and a tole tray from the estate of Miss Lydia Fisher Warner. This is highly appropriate as the majority of our costumes fall within that category. However we hope we will acquire other things, costumes, furniture and accessories more in keeping with the age of this house and it is essential to a good exhibit to have all these in a corresponding period.

An attractive modern apartment has been made on the second floor where a custodian will live. Marvelous storage facilities for the collection have been installed and when it is moved to these wonderful new quarters better care of costumes and better exhibits should result. It is hoped that this little Costume Museum will open in the late Fall.

Josephine U. Ritter, *Chairman*
(Mrs. James Bradford Ritter)



**An old Germantown landmark at Greene and Tulpehocken St. soon to be replaced by an apartment house.**

# A Plug for the Ten Trip Ticket, or Riding the Rails

By Marian Martin Rivinus

IN THE EARLY nineteen hundreds, my Father, Judge J. Willis Martin, drove a pair of grey horses from Chestnut Hill, through the Park to City Hall daily, except week-ends. Said horses were attached to a carriage suitable to the weather and even a sleigh upon occasions. Every morning promptly at 8:30 the coachman would bring the team around to the front door, where the members of the family, city inclined, were gathered on the old fashioned front porch. Father would appear and mount the Box Seat, he always drove the whole way. After all the passengers were comfortably settled, rugs tucked in, and the coachman up behind, the whip would crack and off we would go.

Those were wonderful fresh mornings and the family chatter over projects for the day stimulating. Frequently, Eli Kirk Price, Vice President of the Park Commission, and Judge Martin's Brother-in-law, was a passenger. As we progressed, he would point out recently accomplished and projected improvements to the Park. It was a happy, peaceful time with occasional interruptions when, there would be the sound of overtaking, rapidly beating hoofs, which would start our horses into a run, only to be passed by Mr. Stotesbury and Mr. Willing in their respective sulkeys, breezing their famous trotters.

On arrival at City Hall, everyone dismounted and went their several ways, full of fresh air and vigor, while the coachman took the horses to our town stable. Court opened at ten o'clock and I never knew Father to be late. There were no traffic jams and frenzied nerves in those days.

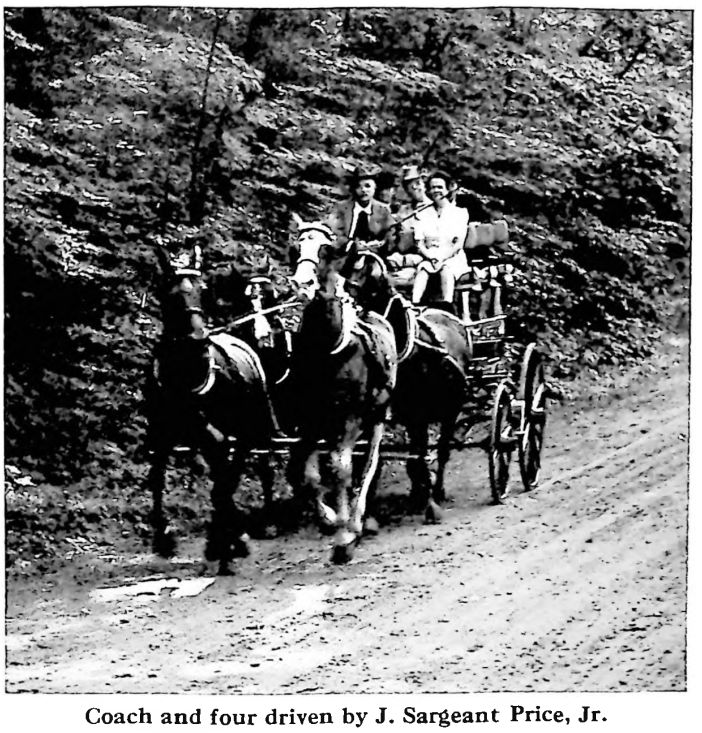
In the afternoon we all foregathered at the same spot about 3:30 for the return journey.

The coachman arrived with another pair of greys, the first ones remaining in town overnight for the afternoon trip the next day. Father liked to drive at a good clip with fresh and active horses.

The 1900's have worn on, and the great god automobile has absorbed the scene. Passengers spring into their seats, having frequently left a partly consumed breakfast. For some unaccountable reason, an automobile does not seem able to stand as quietly as a horse, and the driver's neurotic foot is on the accelerator before the doors are actually closed. Then, immersed in carbon monoxide gas fumes, we weave bumper to bumper in to town.

If anything has been changed in the Park, our eyes are so full of traffic, we are unable to see it, and if we did, it would be suicide to try to stop and look at it.

Leaving the River Drive, we discover that the street we came out on last evening is blocked off and all the other streets are one way, naturally, the wrong way for us. Finally we arrive at our destination to find we are so late, our regular parking place is occupied.



**Coach and four driven by J. Sargeant Price, Jr.**

With taut nerves, lungs starved of fresh air, and in a general state of fury, we spend the rest of the day trying to get through our occupations soon enough to "beat the afternoon rush." No wonder the Pill Boys are flourishing.

At long last the Mayor and the Railroad heads have seen a ray of light. Here is where the ten ticket tripper comes in.

The train schedule has been stepped up and the price of the tickets stepped down. One gets on the train, tickets in pocket, and the morning paper or a magazine or book in hand, and lets the engineer bear the traffic responsibility. It is surprising how much one can read in a short half hour. One arrives in town in much less time with no parking problems, up to date with the news, and what is more to the point, relaxed nerves and a clear head to face the day's problems. Sometimes we meet an old friend on the train we have not seen for some time and have a pleasant chat, making us arrive at our office with the first smile in a long time.

More power to the Mayor and his cohorts and may they keep up the good work.

As a passing suggestion, would it not be a wiser way to spend those vast Federal monies in rehabilitating the Railroads than defacing our fast vanishing country-side with concrete ribbons?

# INN HISTORY

# or MILLS, MILES and MERGERS

by Dorothy Freider Lorch

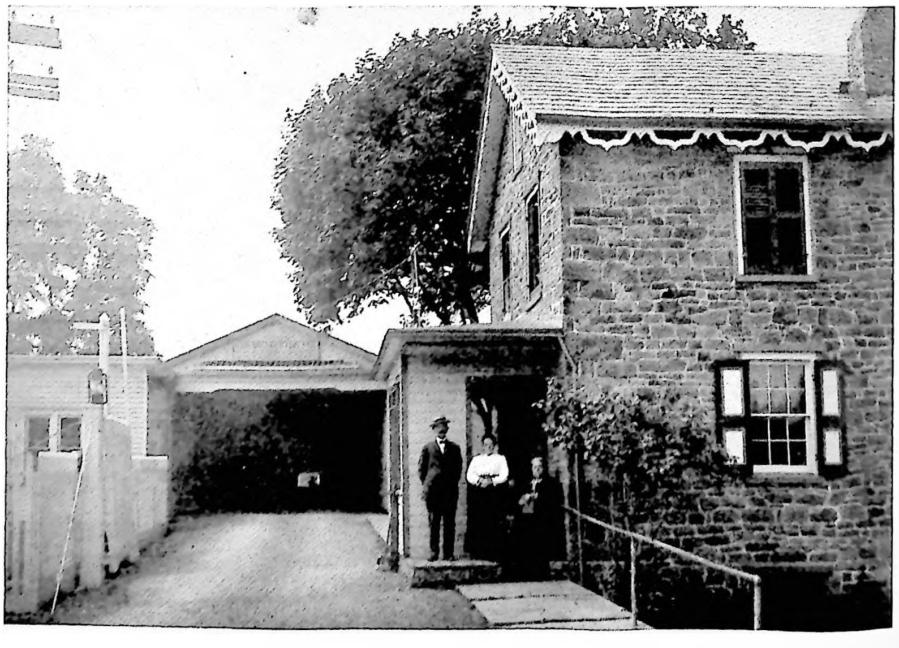
Along the Pathway of Glory in perusal of history, it becomes apparent that events of importance relegate into obscurity, incidents and places forming links of necessary importance en route.

It is also a great temptation to the chronicler of history to weave imagination and conjecture between the bare facts of truth, tying them together into an entire pattern of romance. But facts are true and conjecture, though often proven intuitively correct, is nonetheless fiction. The fascination surrounding the study of history is contained in this romantic byplay of imagination. Perhaps a few words, such as a changed name of a place, or that of a less important individual, a bill of sale, a recounting of some little incident may give a clue to a new vision of the past, bringing it nearer to our everyday understanding, so we may live with it closely and love it warmly and not just revere it awesomely.

Because the poignant appeal of an old Inn restored caught to the comet-tail of imagination the research involved, while tracking down the early history of Center Bridge Inn, zigzagged along the course of historic splendor to almost fizzle out on a line from an old adage, "—for want of a nail a kingdom was lost." In this instance it could have been misquoted as —,— for want of miles some history was lost' and applied to Center Bridge Inn, which is on the Delaware River Road 3½ miles *above* New Hope. Route # 263 Upper Old York Road crossing Del. River Rd. # 32 Center Bridge Pa. opposite Stockton, New Jersey. (original site of Reading's Landing, later Howell's Ferry).

The Inn was originally built about 1765 by Joseph Mitchell on property purchased from Brasilian Foster, whose land grant of 1000 acres, obtained in 1696, included ferry tract property on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware River. Mitchell's Ferry House (Center Bridge Inn) no doubt accommodated passengers ferried to and from the Howell's-Reading Landing on the opposite Jersey bank of the river; inventory of the Will of Joseph Mitchell, who died 1791, gives list of items willed to his small family, of articles on hand in the Ferry House in sums of dozens and barrels and kegs in quantities, in excess of even the larger wealthier families of the era.

The route across the Howell's-Reading Landing was *taken by the earliest travelers as the most direct route* from New York (New Amsterdam) through the Jerseys into Pennsylvania to the well known Indian Villages in the vicinity, before the country become thickly populated. (Playwicky and Lahaska). Both John Reading and his son-in-law, Daniel Howell had been trying to have the Old York Road, in both New Jersey and Pennsylvania, legally sanctioned as



**Entrance over covered bridge Center Bridge, Pa., to Stockton, New Jersey. Built 1813 Toll collected on Jersey side. Sign above reads—"Ten Dollars Fine for Riding or Driving at a Faster Gait."**

a King's Highway, crossing at their early ferry landing. This early road became what is now known as Upper Old York Road crossing from Pennsylvania to New Jersey. Due to the prosperity of the large Heath Mills, Parry Mills later, and others in the vicinity of what became New Hope, drawing traffic away from the upper ferry crossing, the earlier route using Mitchel-Howell Crossing (Maple Grove—later named Center Bridge) became rerouted through the more commercialized area.

With the rerouting of the road, 3½ miles down river from Upper Old York Road, we find we have mills and miles, ferry crossings and roads to deal with, and only vague and scattered references to pinpoint Mitchel's Ferry House (Center Bridge Inn) out of the maze of activity going on about it. The period between 1760–1768–69 was extremely prosperous and flourishing in the American Colony which was soon to assert its independence from British rule and become the United States of America. In order not to confuse the reader, and allow for careful balancing and study of the facts and dates, the following quotes from authentic accepted references may be followed in order to draw one's own conclusions. From there on a continued investigation, by more thorough search of early documents and deeds (concerning these particular names of Ferry Tract & Ferry Inn owners) could lead an historical Sherlock Holmes in a daze of fascination along a trail blazed by tantalizing minute parcels of information, in a lifetime pursuit.

In the early years of pioneer traveling through Pennsylvania and New Jersey, arriving at New York by land was a rugged hardship over Indian Trails and footpaths where often a horse had to be led by the rider walking ahead breaking the brush before proceeding. The earliest roads out of Philadelphia to New York crossed the river on one of the few ferries established at the time at Morrisville via ferry across the Delaware into Jersey where Trenton located much later. This early route out from Philadelphia (before the Stagecoach route came into effect from New York to Philadelphia—1769) followed along the river on the Pennsylvania side through Kensington, Bridesburg, Frankford, Oxford, Pennypack, Neshaminy ferry and over the Bristol Ferry, thence the road traversed the Jerseys to Perth Amboy and New York. Although this was the most accessible route to New York it was not the earliest route by horseback or on foot and had no connection with the Old York Road until a later date in the settlement of the Colonies.

From Bucks County Historical Papers:—

"The earliest roads through New Jersey and Pennsylvania were wilderness trails used by the Indians, and though when first laid out and marked and surveyed by overseers as of great width, were frequently little more than footpaths. The Old York Road through the Jerseys was an Indian trail of this character. Along the Raritan River reference is made . . . . . near the south branch of the Raritan was an Indian village of Tmarmahacking and from there a path led to the Indian Village of Wishelemensey not far from the site of Ringoes. There another Indian path crossed, which came up from Falls of the Delaware . . . on the Pennsylvania side, near the upper branch of Old York Road and on the Croasdale Tract was located the Indian town Tcoqueminsey. And thence the path was directed through the Indian Plantations at Lahaska now *Buckingham* (at that time named Centerville, Pa.: location of Bogarts Tavern; later renamed The General Greene Tavern) From there the path led to Neshaminy and down that stream was the Indian village of Playwicky."

Still earlier routes into Jersey were taken over the New Castle Ferry, however access to the other side of the river from the northern areas of Philadelphia most assuredly followed the Indian Route where Reading's Landing provided means of crossing on the Jersey side. John Reading had previous experience as a ferryman in Gloucester, having secured the license from Gloucester to Wicaco in 1695.

"Early in the year 1711, at a meeting of the council of the providence of Pennsylvania, a petition was read praying for a road to begin at John Reading's Landing in Amwell, New Jersey, and to extend from that point direct to Philadelphia. Reading's Landing was located 19 miles above the falls of the Delaware but owing to the curved course taken by the river the distance from Philadelphia in a direct line was not much longer than the distance from Philadelphia to the Falls. There was no Trenton in those days and a survey of Mahlon Stacy Lands made by William Emly Jr., in 1714, with an excellent map, showing the limited habitation there, is deposited with Basses' Surveys. One of the promoters of that road was a Jerseyman, John Reading, a member of the Council of West Jersey, proprietors. The Lotting Purchase of the West Jersey Society of June 20, 1708, had extended the bounds of the West Jersey territory to a point a little above Reading's Landing at the present site of Stockton, and the same year the township of Amwell was set off from Burlington County. Matters were getting into shape for a further subdivision by the purchase of the West Jersies Societies Great Tract. The survey for which was returned by Daniel Leeds in June 1711. The influence of John Reading at that time was at its height. His name was soon to be under consideration for appointment to the Governor's Council.

### Beginning of Germantown Road

"On the Pennsylvania side a steady increase of population was working its way into the woods back from the river. There was a road laid out in 1705 from the house of William Cooper in Buckingham Township to the Delaware River at Bristol (through Newtown). And that road crossed the path leading to Solebury, later to be the Old York Road. Along that path doubtless many of the inhabitants passed



**Centre Bridge Inn about 1910-15 before covered Bridge was washed out during a flood. Porch was not originally on Inn when a Ferry Landing Tavern—and is not on the present Inn. Inn is on Delaware River Road (route 32) at intersection of (Route 263) Original route of Old York Road over to Amwell (Flemington) and Raritan, Perth Amboy and on to New York.**

their way, and it probably continued to Round Meadow (Willow Grove) where some Welsh and English families had by that date settled. The Welsh Road, so called, had been laid out to North Wales in 1702 (passing through what is now Doylestown) so that the time was right in Pennsylvania as well as New Jersey to consider a new route to New York."

"From the habitations that clustered about the crossing of the roads from Bristol to the house of William Cooper the road seemed to pass through many miles of a wilderness until it approached the crossing of the Welsh Road, which road was laid out in 1702 from Gwynedd to the mills in Pennapack. *And in 1704 a road had been petitioned for by the inhabitants of North Wales, which Cartway was to extend from Philadelphia to North Wales passing through Germantown. That was the beginning of Germantown Road.* AND INTO THIS LATTER ROAD AT WHAT WAS CALLED RISING SUN THE PETITIONERS (for Old York Road thru Pa.) HAD PLANNED TO JOIN THEIR ROAD. (intersection of Germantown Ave; Rising Sun and York Rd. at present).

EARLY PETIITON FOR YORK ROAD TO BEGIN AT PA. SIDE OF RIVER OPPOSITE READING'S LANDING

"At the meeting of the council held in Philadephia January 27, 1711. 'A petition of several inhabitants and free holders of the township of Buckingham and Solebury was read praying that a convenient road may be laid out and established from those upper parts of Philadelphia according to the courses and maner following, viz.: *To begin* at the side of the river Delaware *opposite John Reading's Landing* from thence the most convenient course to Buckingham Meeting House and from thence the most convenient course through the land of Thomas Watson, north side. And from thence the direct and convenient course to Stephen Jenkins on the west side of his house (Jenkintown) and from thence the most direct and convenient course to the house of Richard Walln now in possession of John Shoemaker (approximately Ogontz section up to Broad & Olney . . . the early land tracts being hugh plantations later broken up by the original owners of grants and sold, etc.) and so forward to the most direct and convenient courses to Philadelphia. Which said petition being signed by a great many inhabitants; and the said road promising, as intended to be laid out, to be of great use and service to the public."

"The road began at the Delaware River opposite John Readings Landing on the 1000 acre tract of Brasilian Foster to whom it had been surveyed and granted in 1696."

As mentioned earlier 500 acres of this tract including Ferry tract property on the Pa. side oppostie John Reading's Landing, became the property of Joseph Mitchell about 1750–64. Although no mention is found of record of license for keeping a tavern or patent for Ferry to either John Reading or Joseph Mitchel until October 25, 1746. There is a record that Benjamin Howell, a son of Daniel Howell (John Reading's son-in-law) obtained a patent for a ferry at the Reading-Howell's landing, from the province of New Jersey. Nonetheless it is evident the Reading Landing was used extensively, first by the Indians before the White Man's arrival, and in Reading's time from as early as about 1705 until 1726–30 . . . until John Wells obtained from the General Assembly of Pennsylvania a permit license "to establish a ferry for seven years ensuing." (Ferry permit to Wells 1717 —License for Ordinary 1727).

The new ferry, crossing in the heart of the commercialized mill area, became the more popular route due to John Wells establishing an 'Ordinary' Public Tavern, or Inn, for accommodation of travelers. About 13 years after the inhabitants submitted the first petition for the original course of the Old York Road over Reading's Landing, they submitted two other petitions praying that the road to Well's Ferry be established as the official road instead.

"In the year 1730, Daniel Howell, residing at the Reading Landing (now Stockton) endeavored to bring influence to bear to make his landing the route for the crossing of the Old York Road. *Purcell* endeavored to check his designs by petitioning the Governor of New Jersey, and the governor and Council of the Providence of Pennsylvania.

"Daniel Howell was a son-in-law of Gov. John

Reading, he was also an associate Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and a Captain of the Militia. He was not without influential backing in the neighborhood. His son, Daniel, married Julianna Holcombe a neighbor of John *Purcel*, and these influences may in a measure account for the paucity of Amwell names in this petition.

*John Purcel sold to Emanuel Coryell the ferry tract (N.J.) and removed to Bethlehem township.*"

Petition from the Files of the State Library
at Harrisburg, Pa.
Amwell Township in New Jersey
January 21, 1930/31

To the Right Honorable the Governor of Pennsylvania and the Honorable Council:

The Humble Petition of Us the Inhabitants in parts of your several neighboring Province of Nova Caesarea, Humbly sheweth that whereas we are assured a certain Person named Daniel Howell is endeavoring to procure a New Road through your province from York to Philadelphia and is for that end preparing or has actually presented a petition to your Excellency. We thought it therefore our Duty to inform you that the said Daniel Howell is acted only by a private interest and that he has already got a road laid out here to the extreme danger of our country and in opposition to a very good road and ferry here, as well as in your Excellency's Province of all of which We in our humble petition informed our own Governor, and knowing further your discountenancing the said Daniel Howell will in great measure defeat his pernicious designs here. We make bold to humbly petition your Excellency and your council to give no encouragement to the said evil person. We being extremely well satisfied with the Road now in use to that commonly called Well's Ferry which we esteem by much the most convenient for Philadelphia or York's. And your petitioners shall ever pray etc.

signed by 34 Petitioners," Etc.

All of this transpired well before the Revolutionary War period and prior to the famed Coryell's ownership of the tract and tavern (New Hope). In spite of the muddle of confusion in studying ownership of operation of Ferry Tracts and Landings; whether through King's Grant, by purchase, or inheritance direct, or merger by marriage—through genealogy second to none but those in the Bible—the name Joseph Mitchel, in association with Coryell is conspicuously noticeable by the meager information attached to it. It becomes more and more apparent that but for the difference of those 3½ miles, the Mitchel-Howell Ferry might (or perhaps should?) be holding acclaim *along with* Coryell Ferry in the annals of American History.

Two very revealing paragraphs make it easily possible to assume that Mitchel's Ferry House was owned and perhaps operated by the famed John Coryell during the same span of time in the Revolutionary War Period when General George Washington wrote reports from 'Headquarters Coryell's Ferry'. This could mean he was sometimes at the one or the other, inasmuch as they were both within close distance. Also both Coryell's Ferry Crossing and Mitchel's Ferry Crossing required special guarding due to their easy accessibility back and forth across the river, and their nearness to Beaumonts, where the main body of General Washington's Army was encamped; and during the Revolution the ferries and ferry taverns must have been the rendezvous of many American officers.

From Bucks County Historical Papers:

"*About the year 1764 John Coryell*, a son of Emanuel Coryell, who had obtained a license for the ferry on the Jersey side of the Delaware, became interested in land in the ferry tract in Pennsylvania. On the 5th mo. 9th day, 1765, John Coryell purchased property from Joseph Wetherall and Annie his wife, who was a daughter of Benjamin Canby (owner of New Hope Ferry Tavern following Wells ownership) a portion of ferry tract including the ferry. *John Coryell also bought from Joseph Mitchel property on both sides of the Upper York Road at the Crossing to Reading's Landing and Howell's Ferry.* The tract containing four hundred and fifty acres and the purchase price 2700 pounds Sterling. John Coryell operated the lower ferry tract and maintained a tavern there. *He obtained a license to keep a house of entertainment in Solebury, Pa. in June 1774.* But he was evidently operating the tavern here (meaning New Hope) for sometime before this date."

"JOHN CORYELL BECAME DEEPLY INVOLVED IN DEBT, PROBABLY AS A RESULT OF THE PURCHASE OF LAND OF JOHN MITCHEL ON EITHER SIDE OF YORK ROAD. The ferry property sold from him in 1785 by Samuel Dean, high Sheriff Bucks County, under a writ in which Joseph Mitchel was plaintiff and John Coryell was defendant. The sale was held at public house of David Frost, in Lahaska, February 14, 1782. The purchaser was John Beaumont, Upper Makefield and the price paid was 900 pounds Sterling."

From the above account it is evident that John Coryell owned the land the Mitchel Ferry House had recently been erected upon, and perhaps had Joseph Mitchel operating the Ferry House as a tavern during the period of the American Revolution when General Washington's Army was encamped throughout the area.

Going over accounts of Washington's whereabouts in the area at the time it is not difficult to imagine that in all probability General Washington must assuredly have stopped at Mitchel's Ferry House as it was in a strategic point where the British and Hessian troops might try to make a crossing to the Pennsylvania side to rush the American Army into further retreat. Also, the Mitchel's Ferry House (opposite Howell's Ferry Landing on the Jersey shore) was too close to authenticated landmarks of Historic reference to have been overlooked by General

Washington's keen observations. He doubtless reconnoitered that section soon after he crossed the river, and made himself acquainted with its defensive positions.

For almost three weeks prior to the time of General Washington's memorable re-crossing of the Delaware, December 25–26, 1776, to rout the British-Hessian Troops and recapture Trenton, Washington ordered four Brigades under Lord Sterling, Mercer, Stephen and De Formoy to scatter regiments *at close intervals covering all the Ferry Crossings from Yardley to Easton along the West bank of the river.* Colonel Cadwalader had instructions to post guard called redoubts, down to Trenton Falls, Bordentown and Bristol. Orders were to obtain all Durham boats (these were the flat bottom shallow craft used at the time for ferry crossings) and small craft along the river; they were to be collected and kept safely hidden against the British and Hessians on the East Bank of the river securing them in order to cross the river and attack. There can be no doubt that a heavier guard was placed at all the ferry crossings and especially at Mitchell-Howell Ferry because of its approximate closeness to Coryell's Ferry (New Hope-Lambertville).

Letter to Congress, December 18, 1776, from General Washington from Morrisville, Pa. "Headquarters Trenton Falls" reads:—

"The apparent designs of the enemy to avoid the ferry and land our troops above and below us have induced me to remove from this place the greater part of the troops and throw them into different dispositions on the river whereby I hope not only to be able to impede their passage but also avoid the danger of being enclosed in this angle of the river . . . I cannot divest myself of the opinion that their principal design is to ford the river *somewhere above Trenton* to which design I have had particular respect in the new arrangement wherein I am so far happy to have the general concurrence of the General Officers of this place. Four Brigades of the Army under Generals Lord Sterling, Mercer, Stephen and De Formoy *extend from Yardley up to Coryell's Ferry* posted in such manner as to afford assistance to each other in case of attack. General Ewing with the Flying Camp of Pennsylvania and a few Jersey Troops under General Dickinson are posted from Yardley's Ferry down to the ferry opposite Bordentown. Gen. Cadwallader with the Pennsylvania Militia occupies ground above and below Neshaminy River as far down as Dunk's Ferry at which Col. Nixon is placed with the Third Batallion of Philadelphia . . . *I shall remove further up the river* to be near the main body of my small army, with which every possible opposition shall be given to any further approach of the enemy towards Philadelphia."

'There is every reason to believe that the camp at Beaumonts included more than four Regiments under the immediate command of Lord Sterling. It was located in what is still known as 'Camp Woods' lying between the eastern base of Bowman's Hill and the Delaware River and was the chief camp of the forces who participated in the Battle of Trenton. It was from there that Washington wrote a number of his official letters at "Camp above the Falls" between December 14 and 24th.'

General Washington was only a very close distance from the Mitchel-Howell Ferry when visiting with General Greene at Bogarts Tavern (General Greene Inn—later Buckingham) Centerville with the York road forking in either the direction of Coryell's Ferry, (New Hope) or to Upper Old York Road to the Mitchel-Howell Ferry (now Center Bridge—then known as Maple Grove).

"Washington, fearing some of the boats on the river might fall into enemy hands, directed General Greene to look to their safety. On December 10th, he was at Bogart's Tavern (Gen. Greene Inn . . . Buckingham) (now Centreville, 1880) Buckingham Township, Bucks County, whence he wrote General Ewing, at Sherrerd's Ferry, above New Hope, to send sixteen Durham boats and four flats down to McKonkey's Ferry, as soon as possible. General Maxwell was instructed to collect the boats as high up as there was danger of their being seized by the enemy, and put under strong guard. The boats which could not be secured were to be destroyed. Boats were also to be collected at the ferries opposite Tinicum Township, a few miles above New Hope."

"General Sullivan, with Lee's Division in a destitute condition, joined Washington on the 20th December; and the same day Gates came in with the remnant of four New England regiments 500 strong. *The former crossed the Delaware* at *Alexandria, now Frenchtown,* while the latter marched from Esopus, on the Hudson, to the Minnesinks on the Delaware, and *crossed at Easton,* where boats had been collected."

These troops had to march down the river road past all the ferry crossings along the way to Beaumonts, requiring close guarding from the British on the opposite Jersey shore. It is difficult to account for the reasons Mitchel's Ferry House seems to have been lost in the maze. However, many of the Ferry Crossings became known by the name of the ferry-boatman instead of the owners. It seems the Center Bridge Ferry became known as Robinson's Ferry, whether from the name of a later ferryman after the Revolution, or at the time during that period . . . or as already implied; the Mitchel Ferry House standing upon land which was purchased by Coryell was being run by Joseph Mitchel for Coryell and therefore was referred to as 'Coryell's Ferry' just as the one in the New Hope area was referred thus also. So over the years and in the mix-up over the clearing of historical facts, data became confused so that one of Coryell's Inns could well have lost its original identity or mark of location.

Another significant reference to the Mitchel-Howell Ferry is in the accounts of Lord Sterling's Log Book-Diary in the National Archives Building of the

Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. (War of Rev. Orderly Book—Vol. 18).

"July 29—1777 (after recapture of Trenton)

We marched from Quakertown, New Jersey and then advanced about 17 mi. which was about 5 mi. from Howell's Ferry (N.J.) going to Philadelphia.

July 31, 1777

Orders to cross Delaware, which we did and got our cannon, ammunition and baggage over safe but lost two horse wagon by getting it afoul of rocks in river and a very strong stream running. Marched about 2 mi. from Ferry, Pa. and encamped.

August 1, 1777

This morning at 4 A.M. we marched 20 mi. from Howell's it being 13 miles distance from Philadelphia where we encamped."

Lord Sterling no doubt was on his way to report to General Washington at the Headquarter Farm near the Neshaminy—Hartsville, Pa.; before the armies crossed country to Whitmarsh (which would have been about 13 mi. distance from Philadelphia using Germantown Pike Rd.)

Washington was at Headquarters Farm from August 10--28, 1777; after the complete recapture of Trenton, routing the British from that area. Gen. Washington had written to Col. Cadwalader who was in command of the camps guarding the Neshaminy . . . Dec. 12, 1776 . . ."—if you should find yourself unable to defend the passes of the Meshaname, (Neshaminy) if the enemy should rout you from your post, you are to *repair to the strong ground, near Germantown*, unless you have orders from me or some other general officer to the contrary."

General Washington's Army was encamped in the Bucks County area for about three weeks previous to the famed Crossing of the Delaware. There are several days in succession at varying intervals with no recording of official information to account for Washington's exact whereabouts and it can be readily seen from records that he was constantly riding over the territory studying the terrain, the encampment of the troops and redoubts. It would be nice to know that at some time during his trying days of decision he took an evening out to relax before the huge open fireplaces in the warmth of the large hearth at the Mitchel Ferry House (Centre Bridge Inn) to renew his strength while arranging his plans for the heroic Crossing of the Delaware.

Whether this could be true or not, the fact remains that the present Center Bridge Inn, evidently in possession under the name of Coryell for that historic span of time during the Revolutionary War Period, is still in existence. Ignoring any attachment to historic acclaim, Center Bridge Inn retains the distinction of being intact as an example of the architecture of early Ferry Houses in that time. For that reason alone, it seems important to hope it may remain in the hands of owners and proprietors such as is the present host in ownership, Mr. Robert Molusky.

Great pains have been taken to keep all the early charm intact in the restoration of Center Bridge Inn (while including modern conveniences) which makes it possible for guests to enjoy excellent dinners in either one of the two indoor dining rooms, or the Tavern Room; in an atmosphere outside the realms of the usual commercial Inn or Tavern. Summer or winter the enormous walk-in fireplaces accommodate themselves to the climate, the coolness of the old quarried fieldstone structures around them, plus the heavy thickness of the walls retains the pleasant chill of the comfortable night air throughout the daylight hours. The outdoor terraces, used during the summer also, have a pleasant view of the Canal and Delaware River across to Stockton; which is a relaxing scene for the lazy, afterglow hours while eating outdoors by candlelight.

In cool weather, or during the winter, the warm, comforting shimmer cast by the embers of the huge tree trunks used for logs, outlines the smooth, waxed finish of age along the rough-hewn beams reflected on the uneven random board floors, worn into trodden hollows at door entrances and stair landings and across the front of the well used hearths. To really have the satisfaction of being in the time and presence of Early America there are accommodations for staying overnight in one of the comfortable pine panelled bedrooms; each room is furnished with liveable antiques having individual, alcoved old-fashioned marble topped recessed wash basins; toilet-shower facilities adjoining every room.

Remaining as an overnight guest or only visiting for a graciously served and well prepared meal, Center Bridge Inn is alive with old memories. It is an easy place in which to dream of the myriad happenings of enormous importance that took place in the entire surrounding area; recalling that the Ferry Houses, Inns and Taverns along the highways were Islands of Cheer to the weary travelers. They were beacons of hope to the disheartened troops passing or encamped nearby; the only line of communication from point to point over vast expanses of wilderness.

However lost in the annals of history the importance of these few remaining Inns and Taverns may have receded in time; we can only hope that *all the original* Inns of the area will continue to be preserved and enjoyed in one of the too few remaining territories still retaining much of its natural wild beauty and early pioneer enchantment. Here along the Delaware, so near Washington's Memorable Crossing, these same Inns are giving a haven of refuge from the overcrowded nearby cities. From here all roads led back to the important towns and cities . . . and from here they were guarded and kept safe . . . now it is our turn to guard and protect them.


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Mr. Austin Daveson—in possession of early papers of Joseph Mitchel of Mitchel's Ferry House (Center Bridge Inn).

## BY-WAY OF THE GODS

*(Continued from page 14)*

proprietor of the store there was a very rich man—"Why he makes more in a day" said he, "than you and me would in a week." He had previously told me his own income was one dollar a week.

It was about eleven o'clock when we reached Andrew's Bridge, and I passed through without stopping, although my friend warned me the tavern there was the last I was likely to meet for a long distance on the Octoraro. But I could not get anything to eat at that time of day and as to waiting an hour, I could scarcely afford so much time.

There was no road that followed the creek closely, and I frequently took to the meadows in order not to lose the stream. Often I would lie flat and dip my hot head in the running water—rising a new man—or stretch myself out on the grass—an idle witness to great tragedies—as for instance the gulping down of a fly by a frog, or the fall of a leaf into the water bearing an agonized caterpillar away to a lingering death by drowning.

Towards noon hunger seized me in a land innocent of taverns. For a while I bore it in savage silence, dis liking to ask for anything at a farm house, where they either deny you, which you don't like, or treat you as a deserving tramp,which you like less. But at last, the sight of a young Dutchman smoking his after dinner pipe upon a bridge, a picture of good living and ox-like contentment—goaded me to frenzy.

I determined to try my luck at the next house. So I walked boldly along until I came to it, and then my courage failing me, I took a bite of pride and passed on. The next house seemed too baronial, for the like of me. The next was a modest cottage on the slope of a hill, falling to the Octoraro. As my stock of pride by this time was quite consumed, I knocked mildly at the door. Opening, it disclosed a woman and a swarm of children. I think her name must have been Mother Hubbard for her cupboard was bare, and I, poor dog, departed homeless.

A lot of milk cans, strewn about the premises at the next place but one, lured me in. My knocking was answered by a youthful Lancastrian who was engaged in the conquest and absorption of a large piece of bread and molasses, and who informed me, behind the fastness of a screen door, that he was the only one at home, that I could get nothing there, but I might find refreshment at the tenant house, which he pointed out to me. At the tenant house I found a laboring man and his wife and a couple of children, seated around a little table, eating bread, bacon and sweet potatoes boiled in their jackets. The people made room for me and treated me royally "Now don't be noways backward, reach out and help yourself." We talked of the bad weather—the weather is always bad for farmers—and of the crops,



**Scene along the Susquehanna**

and my host said he supposed I was looking for work. To my reply that I was walking for the fun of it, he smiled good humor, but evidently did not understand. I paid him fifteen cents for the entertainment, and we parted most amicably—he to sit in the shade and sleep probably—I, to track the Octoraro.

Two o'clock and White Rock, a station on the grass grown narrow gauge Railroad that crosses the Octororo on the way from Oxford to Peach Bottom. The stream here bears quite a likeness to the lower Wissahickon—its green current flowing between steep hills covered with trees from crest to foot—and from this point to its mouth is said to be its most romantic part. I found this out six months later, for now I left it to take up my fortune with the Conowingo Road which extends straight away from the Octororo towards the Susquehanna—a barren looking highway, steeped that afternoon in dust and sunshine. Down this road with feelings akin to a lobster reddening in the genial heat of a pot of hot water, I took my way.

I was spiritually borne up, however, by dreams of the coming Susquehanna—for tucked away in my mind, was that legend of a country passing fair in the valley of the "Big River." Being Sunday, a more than ordinary quiet reigned on the farms past which I went. The shutters of the houses were closed to keep the flies from disturbing afternoon naps—in the orchards pigs lay lazily grunting, and curling their limp tails—and chickens were crooning and dusting themselves in the deserted road. Until the sun got low, and the tinkle of the milk pails, making rarest music in the barn yards, announced the approach of evening. And then following the road as it climbed a hill, I beheld from the summit the broad waters of the Susquehanna. What Balboa felt when he first looked down upon the waves of the Pacific breaking at his feet—that in a small way I think I experienced, when, from this hilltop, I caught my first glimpse of the stream I had been walking towards all day, rolling oceanwards among its hundreds of reedy islets. The sun was near to its setting, and its level rays shot a pathway of yellow light across the river's surface. Descending the hill, past a picturesque old grist mill

and through the valley, a little creek came sprawling down from the hills through a ravine more wild and beautiful than anything I had yet seen that day. The road soon brought me to the sign of the White Hall Hotel, a homely looking hostelry on the river's bank. This was part of Peach Bottom—the rest of it was on the opposite side of the River. I was just in time for supper—to wit, beef steak, potatoes, cold tomatoes, coffee, and local gossip. After which all hands adjourned to the front of the house to loaf away the evening.

Before the barroom door was a brick pavement, and here the landlord sat in his rocker vigorously rocking—picking his teeth the while and swinging his leg over the chair arm. Two river men swapped stories about the old times—when the rafting business was in its prime—and some fishermen, who had been spending the day after bass, recounted their adventures. A young fellow with a banjo appealed to our esthetic sensibilities by rendering, in a really first class manner, a number of popular songs, walkarounds and hoe-downs—regardless of the day; "Sunday," said he, never get any farther down than the tops of the telegraph poles in this place."

Night had fallen as we sat, and the river, which is here a mile and a half wide and full of eddies and ripples, rocks and reeds, and thousands of green little islands—became a thing of unutterable beauty. The moon was sinking to the western hills as tho Endymion lay sleeping there—and the old Latinian stories being told again. Down upon the restless expanse of waters, the moon beams fell in a band of light like glittering crystals extending half way towards the further shore —now almost hidden from view by the rising mist. To sit in the doorway of the White Hall Hotel looking across that misty moon lit river, and listen to the droning talk of the river men and the merry picking of the banjo was like a drought of Neponthe working for forgetfulness of Mammon and the city. A quiet life—sung of by the poets and sighed for by tired strugglers in the world's ceaseless battle—it is indeed a blessed thing, or is it a tempter, luring away from the work that should be done? Or is the beauty of this outward world only a symbol striving to read which may bring us to heights of wisdom that we dream not of? I was up betimes next morning to see the sun do battle with the fog, which lay thick upon the river, and writhed uneasily under the steady advance of the sunshine, curling in vaporous wreaths like ghosts of coiling serpents. Poor ghosts of a night that is past! What show have you against the god of the living day?

Now and then queer little flat bottomed skiffs, poled by men standing in the stern, came gliding out of the mist, bearing passengers from the other side. A small steamboat lay at the Hotel wharf leisurely getting up steam to take a load of sheep across. Some men with dinner kettles on their arms passed by to their work. At seven o'clock a train from Perryville came along and dropped a passenger or two. Peach Bottom, in short, was awake and grappling with the problems of a new week. In front of his door the landlord of the White Hall Hotel stood, reflectively. The day apparently presented no new problems for him to solve nor awakened in him any prompting to special activity, still; who knows? Perhaps in that unresponsive bosom, there may be at times some faint aspirations for a larger life—a vague idea that man has not been created a little lower than the angels only to keep tavern and listen to scandal.

At a quarter to eight I was enroute again. The road along the river bank was ankle high in grass, and in five minutes my shoes were soaked through with dew. All nature was adrip that morning. The densely wooded hills at whose feet I was walking were bursting with springs and rivulets that came tumbling down their stony courses to the Susquehanna—faithful little workers, each eager to contribute its mite to the great ocean that floats the argosies of a world.

All about me wild flowers were growing in profusion—for hundreds of years the trees on either side of the road, would meet overhead, festooned with swinging vines just reddening at the approach of autumn—so that my path seemed an aisle in one of nature's holy places, through which the murmur of the river sounded, like a long drawn organ note. Occasionally I would pass a white washed house perched halfway up the hill, with old-fashioned flowers blooming in the garden, and fish hanging up to dry on the sunny side of the smoke house. Once I stopped at an open place on the river's bank and looking up and down, saw as I thought, what the pioneers saw. The silent mighty river, dotted with clumps of reeds and little islands—both shores rising abruptly from the water, clothed with forests to their tops—the mists weak and straggling, flying discomfited before the higher rays of the victorious sun—a crane, solitary and watchful amid the grasses. No sign of life, only the sublime sweep of water, and the sublime silence.

"O what if a sound should be made,
O what if a bound should be laid
To this bow and string tension
Of beauty and silence a spring!"

And there was—a gun shot then the noise of crackling sticks, and in a moment a country lad slouched into view. It was the first day of the squirrel season. Had the boy been Uneas or Leather Stocking, he would have been quite in harmony with the surroundings.

At Feitz's Eddy—a fishing resort—the river road came to an end, and I hired a man to take me across to the tow path on the other side of the Susquehanna. Our craft was one of the little flat bottomed skiffs that I had seen already, that morning at Peach Bottom. My gondolier stood erect to his work in the stern sheets like a Venetian—talking incessantly. Put him in a city drawing room, and he would be frightened into awkward silence, but here he was as entertaining as Madame de Stael in the Rue de Bac. He had

been raised on the river, and had floated with the rafts from the Lumber Regions to "Havre de" until he knew its every current and eddy, and loved it for its tricks. He was of course a sportsman, and a blue-legged crane, that lazily flew before us from one patch of reeds to another, nearly drove him wild, because it was within gun shot, and he had no gun in the boat.

Pen cannot describe the charm and exhilaration of this half hour voyage across the big river. When half way over, the view towards Peach Bottom was simply exquisite. A tender haze lay over everything that was distant—and from the middle of this River everything is distant. The far off land seemed enchanted land and the swirling waters of the river made divinest melodies as they glided through the reeds and around the rocks, past which the boat man poled—averting every now and then with dexterous turn of the wrist, what seemed imminent shipwreck.

Arrived at the western side, I took the tow path up the river, a shady path full of quiet beauty and the spirit of indolence. Two miles from Lockport, where the landlord of the Whitehall Hotel had told me I could probably get dinner, I stopped at one of the cosy lock houses for a drink of water. A girl gave me what I wanted and I asked her if she could tell me the distance to Lockport. She said no she had never been there, although she had heard of the place. I don't think Lockport worth going very far to see on its own account, but it struck me as rather odd that anyone's horizon should be less than two miles distant. Is this the contentment the old fashioned poets preach? This lock was not far from Shank's Ferry where I got a glass of ice-water on the porch of a solitary store, which had not long ago been a tavern —the sign still standing before the door. The Proprietor was an old man whom the world had gone on and left. The River trade, he complained, was not what it used to be—there was no more money to be made at Shank's Ferry, and he thought of selling out. He had lost his wife lately and having no one to cook for him was probably souring his life.

The Canal Boats—a foot bridge over the Canal—one vacant house and one semi-vacant—such were the material features of Lockport at high noon on the 2nd of September, 1889. To the river side of the semi-vacant house there seemed to be no entrance, but I found a path leading up the hill to the rear premises and a vine covered kitchen, full of neatness, a big stove, some women, and a York County Dutchman in his stocking feet.

In response to my inquiry they said I could have dinner there, and while it was preparing, I was given a seat on the front porch in the second story, overlooking the beautiful river. It was a desolate house—the plaster cracking from the walls—the entries bare of carpet—the porch floor rotting—but O nights and suppers of the gods, what a dinner was that they set before me! After the meal was eaten, my host rowed me across the river—here full of huge boulders—to Safe Harbor. Between some of these rocks the water rushes in rapids—two of which we shot in grand style. In old times there used to be a dam across the river here, enabling the canal boats from up the Susquehanna to cross to the mouth of the Conestoga and thence to Lancaster. At least so my Dutch pilot told me—with whom I had much serious discourse on the way over. He was curious to know why I had walked from "the Bottom" when I might have come by train—but when I told him it was cheaper to walk than ride he said that was so, with much emphasis and seemed quite satisfied. That was a reason he could honor—to his York County mind a good and sufficient reason, doubtless for almost any action.

For a few miles now, my road was by the quiet banks of the Conestoga Creek, a charming stream winding among low hills with pleasant glimpses of rich farming country beyond. There were more people to be seen than I had yet met with on my tramp. Fat Dutch girls with black sun bonnets on their heads, as strong as oxen—and fat Dutch men, looking through half shut eyes at a world of corn and tobacco.

And so, as the afternoon wore on I came by quiet ponds where boys were fishing, and by great barns where long rows of tobacco plants were strung up to dry with drooping heads, as though ashamed of the career to which they were destined. To Millersville, a quaint little Dutch town, clean as that brook of which Irving tells. It is a sort of suburb of Lancaster, which is four miles away, and a horse railway connects the two, supported principally, I fancy, by the scholars of the State Normal school, which is at Millersville.

There are two or three old taverns there, and a queer little drugstore, where they make the best soda-water in the world, for I drank more of it than was good for me, sold by a trim little Dutch woman.

From Millersville to Lancaster the road is straight, shadeless, and six inches deep in white dust. I have an idea it is like one of those Spanish highways—glaring and lonely—that Don Quixote and Sancho travelled—and I should not have been much surprised had I been accosted by a one eyed beggar in a long cloak, and a round hat—or seen in the distance the gleaming basin of that unlucky barber, whom the immortal knight mistook for the wearer of Mambrino's helmet. However I saw no such sights—only the tobacco cutters in the fields and the horse cars rumbling along to Millersville, their platforms piled up front and rear with Scholar's luggage.

The sun was still an hour or so high, when I reached Lancaster. I walked about the town for half an hour, seeing the sights and reading the old tavern signs, "The Fountain"—"The Leopard," "The Swan"—"The Franklin" (depicting the philosopher deep in thought) and "Black Horses" galore. And then after regaleing myself with ice cream in the back room of a candy store opening on a garden, I boarded a train for Philadelphia and in a couple of hours was home.

## OUR NEIGHBORHOOD in the GAY NINETIES

*(Continued from page 12)*

contest. The cup was presented by A. J. Cassatt, President of the Penna. R.R. Co. Such schools as Central High, Central Manual, Northeast Manual, Penn Charter, Germantown Academy, Radnor High and Drexel had teams. I played at Drexel where we had a good eleven with Walter Keenan, captain, the three Brewster brothers—Carroll, Sargent and Alman, and others. The year after I left Drexel, the team won the Cassatt Cup. Frank H. Griffin, later Vice President, American Viscose, was a star.

12. The bicycles, single, tandems and other types, riding up Wissahickon Drive. The 20th Century Club cycled in large groups.

13. Robert Glendinning drove the first automobile in our neighborhood, one of the first in Philadelphia. Great excitement as it passed by, especially among the children. "Automobile"—what a funny name.

14. The Philadelphia Horse Show, held late in May and over Decoration Day, was a big social event. Special trains, first stop Wissahickon Heights, brought hundreds of horse lovers to the show. Exhibitors from all over the U.S.A. and with many local entries, such as Edward B. Stotesbury, the Dobsons. John B. Bratton, a dealer from St. Louis, brought about 40 beautiful horses. His tandem, Sampson and Sigsbee, was outstanding. After the show, Bratton had a sale. A feature exhibition was given by the Pennsylvania Military Academy on Decoration Day. Surrounding the ring were many tallyhos and fine carriages. The grandstand and boxes were filled with the fashionable group.

15. The organ grinder with his monkey; the hurdy-gurdy and the little German bands were features of the day.

16. Every day at Highland Station, Junker's famous bread and rolls were sent out by train in time for breakfast and during the day numerous baskets from the Reading Terminal Market arrived, as well as ice cream and confectionery from Sautters.

17. Drinking water was impure. Every year, as a result, there was an epidemic of Typhoid Fever. Many died of it. The careful families boiled the drinking water or had Spring Water delivered. Root Beer was popular. One could make five gallons with a bottle of Hire's extract, sold at 10¢, boiled in a five gallon pot of water, sugar and yeast added, then bottled—delicious. Imported waters were also used, such as Apollinaris and Ginger Ale.

18. Finally, I cannot forget Dumont's Minstrel Show in Philadelphia, on 11th Street, between Market & Chestnut Streets, which was most popular with Philadelphians. We were frequent Saturday matinee visitors and knew all their jokes and gags. We decided to put on a similar show for the benefit of our Choir Outing of Saint Martins In the Fields Church. We were ably coached by Mr. Warden, an old time member of Dumont's. Our show was a great success. The end-men Frank Baker Harris, George Dallas Borda, Herbert W. Goodall and Arthur Long had the audience in stitches. Nelson Hawley was clever as the interlocutor or middle man. The chorus included Robert O. Sheridan, Randal Morgan, Charles J. B. Dixon, my brother David and the writer. It was a "hit show" but mostly appreciated by our near relations who had to pay 25¢ for admittance.

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