

Wissahickon Hall:

Charles H. Lippen died July 10th 1906

Vol 13 Weekly Forecast 7/12/1906

Colony Castle Vol 5 Weekly Forecast 4/24/1902

Phila Canoe Club: vol 12 Weekly Forecast 1/4/1906

Wissahickon Creek: Vol 13 Weekly Forecast 4/19/1906

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Suburban Press 5/25/1933

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Sings Song of Valley Green And The Wissahickon Vale

With Poetry in His Soul, a Dictionary and Typewriter, Rox-
borough Resident Hymns His Admiration of Quaint
Old Roadhouse And Its Environs

Valley Green Inn is centered in what Edgar Allen Poe termed "the Wissahickon, at one of its best reaches." It lies north of the half-way point between Andorra Nurseries and the Schuylkill river, just beyond Cresheim Creek. Many have written of the beauty and charm of the Wissahickon Valley, but few have deemed the aged inn worth more than a few passing remarks. This lovely spot assumes great importance when one comes

as the Lenape warrior left it several centuries ago. Thus the inn imposes itself as the host to all pilgrims, beckoning the weary and active alike to browse in its tranquility.

Whether one approaches Valley Green from north or south, this time of year, the drive is splashed with yellow and green light which filters through the interlacing patterns made high above by the leaves of trees merging and form-



VALLEY GREEN

to realize that it is the rendezvous to which all come; a nucleus from which one may set out to visit the most historical and beautiful portions of the Wissahickon. Chief amongst these is that primeval portion of the valley to the north, where Tedyuscung watches, which remains in ancient splendour, except for a few scratches, the same

ing delicate arched arbours of verdure. Along the sides, purple black trunks of trees are spotted with gold and orange where the sunbeams fall. They then lose themselves in the thick foliage at the base or climb to heights, where their forms are obliterated by a fusion of the prismatic array of in-

ing sunlight. In places wild grapevines swing gracefully tree to tree, weaving green is, and when far above, a bursts on these creepers, ears as a lost star in a leafy myriads of ferns and mosses feathery diaper patterns of on the faces of sheer cliffs, which water perpetually oozes ceps, squeezed from the black of the rock. Where the sun s in the deep wood, with its lanting through the purple depths, there flame pools ght green and yellow, crown- th golden aureoles.

one stumbles upon a gushing overrun with violets, beside tulip-poplar or dogwood

breathes arrowy fragrance their white blossoms, or a forest, thick with aged trees whence the rank smell of de- g vegetation floats to pervade nostrils. Careening along ow-flung acres, one gets the glimpse of Valley Green Inn between the interstices of and black trunks.

shimmers like a cold white between a green sea of leaves its snow-white reflection in water." In an emerald dell, black, purple, light-green— heavenward, making a gar- of the surrounding hills, as if m in all beauty. Above the of the trees shimmers a violet fire—the sky, and trailing upward toward it is a twist- blue veil of smoke, from the ney of the inn. At the base e hills, on a terrace of ver- girt with blossoming laurel rhododendron, interspersed shrub, the inn stretches its e body along the drive, thrust- fingers of grey walls into the wood. Its walls are tinted hues of reflected light, criss- ed with violet shadows. The

long, mottled roof peaks blend with, and stretch into the aged quiet hills, and often along its ex- pance a tree dips down with arms and fingers of soft emerald needles vying with the depth of color there. Across the front of the inn, along the drive, is a great porch— hospitable, friendly and usually well populated. Resting here one hears only the subdued whisper of the wind in the hemlock trees, bringing at times on its breath, a delicate redolent sweetness as though the perfumes of all the forest were loosed and lingering there; the music of a splashing cascade or the trill of occasional laughter. To the north, roses fall over a grey wall and to the south, there blooms in repose, a delight- ful little garden, composed of shrubs, flowers and a massive grove of rhododenden. To the west rise densely wooded hills almost sheer to the sky.

Occasionally equestrian parties trot or gallop by, and then the landscape is enhanced by a flash of scarlet or vivid green color from the attire of the riders, but beyond them the creek moves eternally with white dots made by ducks floating languidly upon it.

At twilight, a filmy grossamer veil descends to hush the valley to sleep. The trees appear etched upon it in silver outline, and beyond them a fiery necklace of topaz stars is strung between the hills. The creek moves by slowly, now a glossy green with blotches of gold, and when the fire-flies light their yellow lamps beneath the violet gloom of the trees, a symphony of droning insect music weaves its magic spell about. And the candles on the porch are lighted while faintly from afar silver chimes call the traveler to rest. All is sub- lime!

The architecture of the inn is

beautiful; it is the richest possible interpretation of native American building. The haughtiness of the Colonial style is here subdued, as though by a master touch and in its stead was created a form and color in design which reconciled it immediately to the bewitching beauty about. Inside is a large cozy room, well lighted, with an open fireplace on the south wall. Decorating the wall are coloured prints, some of hunt scenes and some of those gala canal boats, which one time floated on the old Manayunk Canal in the early part of the nineteenth century. The place remains almost exactly as when it was first opened to the public in 1850. Many celebrities have come to dine here, among them Christopher Morley, but all have fallen under its never forgetful charm and tranquillity. For years the inn has been the congregating place for horsemen. Annually in May on "Wissahickon Day," the Philadelphia Riders' and Drivers' Association holds a parade of horses, at Valley Green. Thousands of people have witnessed this display at one time, from the drive and the banks of the valley.

Indeed it would repay many residents to again renew their love of the sylvan beauty, of this section of the Wissahickon Valley, near Valley Green inn.

H. W. P.

8/26/1937

FRIEND OF NATURE

In awesome worship he hns bowed
 Before Dame Nature; left the crowd
 And din of town and thoroughfare
 And sallied forth from worldly care,
 Into the vales and hilltops of
 The Wissahickon; which we love,
 Where peace and quiet, in the breeze,
 Sing lullabies unto the trees;
 Their tops in laps of sunshine laid,
 Their lowest branches in the shade.

With bowed-down head, it's here he stood
 And joined the Spirits of the Wood;
 To hear a'right the Great One speak
 In songs of birds or babbling creek;
 In whispers of the reeds nearby,
 Or in some soft-voiced woodland sigh;
 Begetting knowledge in this lull
 Within the valley wonderful;
 For here he meets the truest friends,
 Each one who harks and comprehends.

A. C. C.

Sub. Press 2/12/1931

To Review Peterson's "Pemberton"

Dorothea Weckerley to Tell
 Historians of Old
 Novel

SCENES LAID HERE

Book Is Romantic Story
 of The American
 Revolution

Members of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, and their friends are invited to meet at the home of Mrs. Herman P. Hagenbuecher, 438 Lyceum avenue, at 8:15 P. M. next Tuesday evening.

Featuring this meeting will be a review of the book called: "Pemberton" or "One Hundred Years Ago," written in 1872 by Henry Peterson, many scenes of which are laid in the Wissahickon Valley.

To those not familiar with the book, it might be interesting to know that one of the illustrations shown is a picture of "The Devil's Pool," another is a picture of Captain Allan McLane, and other scenes of local atmosphere, making the book most charming and interesting.

Miss Dorothea Weckerley, will present a formal review of the book, after which members of the Society will hold an open discussion on it.

The scenes portrayed from the Battle of Germantown, are very thrilling. In all, the review should prove to be one of the best evening's entertainments possible. Miss Weckerley's ability in reviewing, should make it one of the best meetings that the historical society has thus far arranged.

Rox. news 10/26/1927

HISTORIANS HEAR TALK BY HOCKER

Three Interesting Addresses at
 Meeting of Wissahickon
 Valley Society

ILLUSTRATED BY SLIDES

C. Ellwood Barrett, vice president of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, presided at a meeting of the society on Monday evening at Hattal-Taylor Post Hall, Lyceum avenue and Pechin street.

Mr. Barrett, himself, read a most interesting paper entitled "David Rittenhouse," in which he described the ancestry, birth, homesteads and scientific and political activities of the grandson of America's first paper-maker.

James K. Helms, the society's historian, followed with a paper concerning the life of Reverend Horatio Gates Jones, D.D., of Roxborough, in which various phases of the active minister's life was reviewed.

The main speaker of the evening was Edward W. Hocker, editor of the Independent Gazette, of Germantown, who delivered an unusual recital of the life and religious beliefs of the hermits of the Wissahickon, under the leadership of Johann Kelpius.

Mr. Hocker's talk was followed by a series of illustrated views of the Wissahickon Valley, which were from the collection of Dr. Neaman Keyser, and which are now in the possession of the Germantown Historical Society.

James D. Law, of Clovernook, Upper Roxborough, exhibited a half dozen lantern slides, illustrative of a new color reproductive photographing formula, which has been developed by Mr. Law, in Roxborough.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Mr. Barrett officially turned over to the local historical society a large framed photograph of the old Rittenhouse mills and house, as a gift from E. C. Nixon, of the Nixon's of the old Feinour & Nixon paper manufacturing company, which was among the pioneers in the paper-pulp industry.

Mr. Nixon is now connected with the American Paper Manufacturing Company, of Holyoke, Mass., and the picture was sent from that place.

Sub. Press 3/16/33

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Wissahickon Valley Once Had Many Famous Hotels

Old Hostelties Went Into Discard When Park Commission Took Possession of Surrounding Land.—Three of Old Structures Still Stand

A meeting of the Board of Viewers was held 1916 in City Hall, when claimants for damages for property taken along the Upper Wissahickon by the Commissioners of Fairmount Park, were heard. These properties included two former well known hostelties, the Indian Rock Hotel, at the foot of Monastery avenue, and the Lotus Inn, at the foot of Rittenhouse street and about five acres of the Gorgas Estate.

The properties were taken in order to straighten the park lines along the west side of the Wissahickon, and to get rid of the saloons bordering on the Park. The Park line was taken westward at these points to Henry avenue, the thoroughfare which local organizations endeavored for several years to have opened, from Hunting Park avenue over the Wissahickon Creek and Valley to and through Roxborough to the Montgomery county line. To cross the Wissahickon, these organizations asked an appropriation to construct a reinforced concrete bridge.

The properties were condemned and were torn down when the claims adjusted, and there sites filled in and suitably improved. Since the condemnation proceedings the two hostelties have been unoccupied.

The Indian Rock Hotel was built by Reuben Sands, a well-known resident of Chestnut Hill. He first erected the hotel a short distance from the celebrated Indian Rock, about half a mile below Thorpe's lane, where he continued until the early 70's of the past century, when Fairmount Park was extended along the Wissahickon. The hotel being taken by the Park Commissioners, Sands built another hotel at the foot of Monastery avenue. Back of the new hotel he had a large frame figure painted to represent an Indian chief or warrior, and the place became known by the sign as Indian Rock. After Sands' death 36 years ago his sons Reuben and Harry Sands conducted the hotel, which continued to be famous for its catfish and waffle suppers. Later the property was purchased by

Mrs. Barbara Fresh, who had a large addition built to the west end. She was succeeded by her manager Charles Weingartner. The hotel was also conducted for some time by a man named Balkenburg. The last proprietor was William Lowe, who had previously kept the High Bridge Hotel at Ridge avenue and Wissahickon drive. This property when condemned belonged to William O'Brien.

Lotus Inn at Shurs' Lane was also famous for its catfish and waffle suppers. Its location close to the famous old Rittenhouse bridge, a frame covered structure, made it readily reached by the people of Germantown or others driving along the township road, now Wissahickon avenue. The Lotus Inn property was part of a large tract of land owned by the late Charles Thomson Jones of Roxborough. Its first proprietor, as far as can be ascertained, was George Locke, who sold out to Frederick Miley. After his death it was rented by his widow to Charles Mehler.

Further up the creek is Valley

Green, once a famous resort for the old-time cotillion dances held by sleighing parties.

With the passing of Lotus Inn and Indian Rock Hotel there was left but one hotel within close proximity to the Park along the Wissahickon, this being the High Bridge Hotel.

Among the old-time resorts which were put out of existence by the Park Commissioners, after the Park was extended up the Wissahickon, was Charles H. Lippen's Wissahickon Hall, at Gypsy lane and Wissahickon drive, which was erected in 1849 by Henry Lippen, father of the last owner, Maple Spring Hotel, a short distance above Wissahickon Hall, was taken while the late Harry Long was proprietor.

A short distance below was "Tommy Lewellyn's Log Cabin and menagerie. The cabin was one of those used during the memorable political campaign, when he ran for President in 1840. The cabin was hauled on wheels by the enthusiastic admirers of Harrison from Roxborough to Germantown. At the close of the successful campaign the cabin was left standing along what was then the Wissahickon turnpike. Lewellyn bought it, added other rooms and opened it as the Log Cabin Hotel.

The Hermitage, a resort established in 1844 by "Pop" Benson, on the upper side of the creek at the foot of Hermit lane, was one of the most popular picnic resorts along the creek. It was reached by a frame trussed bridge that spanned the creek.

SCCAFF

Germantown Telegraph 6/3/32

Wissahickon Valley Has Band

Caretaker at Livezey House Provides an Accompaniment for Nature's Song—Miniature Wheels and Mills.

By A. C. Chadwick, Jr.

Al Haefer, caretaker of the Livezey House on the Upper Wissahickon, found time hanging heavily on his hands. The house, while one of the oldest under the jurisdiction of the Fairmount Park Commission, stands isolated behind its barrier of hill and wood and is in good condition, taking but little of Haefer's time.

To while away the hours, he conceived the idea of constructing a miniature waterwheel in the little tributary of the Wissahickon which passes the house. When it was completed he added a toy mill. Then he built more wheels and placed them at different points along the banks of the little stream. The wheels revolved merrily, and the splash of the water as it passed over the paddles gave a soothing undertone to the song of the recently arrived birds and the song of the wind in the nearby trees.

"I found," Haefer told John F. Hart, artist and wood engraver, of 169 Hansberry street, when he stumbled on the place, "that nature's orchestra of the birds, the wind and the brook was without a drum. To remedy this defect, I made two drumsticks, which I fastened to the axles of the waterwheels. Then I placed a small piece of tin close to the wheel so that when the axle revolved the sticks would strike the tin. So I gave the orchestra a drum. One did not seem to be enough, and I fashioned drumsticks for each wheel. Now, as you can see and hear, I have a whole battery of automatic drums. I have called it 'Nature's Jazz Band.'"

Day and night the drums keep beating out their measure, even when the birds have been silenced by darkness. Their not unmusical tinkle has drawn many children who stand in rapture along the banks. Adults passing by at a distance have been lured to the place by the drums, with the result that the isolation which has wrapped the Livezey House stands in a fair way to be dispelled through the music of Haefer's "Nature's Jazz Band."

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Rippling along in meditative mood,
Sweet Wissahickon, through ^{the} scented wood;
Skirted by hills, and by thy blest retreat,
And quiet woods that do thy fame repeat;
Where Schuylkill pauses at the peaceful vale,
And I thy lofty, woody summits hail;
Where happy childhood and my youth had been
Nurtured amid thy rustic sylvan scene,
Where wandering upon thy quiet shore,
I spent my pleasant years, but now no more.

A blooming nymph and smiling queenly near,
The opening spring awakes the flowering year—
Arrayed in loveliness and gaiety,
She celebrates her festival with thee;
Where she evokes her genial sway again;
Tripping the stately hills and verdant plain;
She breathed back the songster's tuneful lay,
Where he sings sweetly at the break of day—
And singing in the branches of the tree
To his fond mate, in tones of ecstasy.

Nature a cluster of exquisite flowers,
Scattered around me and thy mossy bowers,
Shining upon the painted vault of blue,
Like carpets dotted with a richer hue;
Spring one again, like a celestial maid,
Pervades the woodland dell, the sheltered glade,
Smiling around me like a peerless queen,
She wears a mantle of exquisite green,
With silvery step, and soothing to the breast,
And where she is sweet Wissahickon's guest.

Meandering on, and on thy winding way,
Thou art a relic of a by-gone day;
Memento of those years forever fled,
I wandered here, with my beloved dead,
Where sacred memory whispers back to me
The days of sweet no more allied to thee;
And where I hear upon the listening air
Thy murmuring waves, like music stealing near,
Gliding along the placid sky beneath,
Crowned with a blooming blossomed, vernal wreath.

A fairy legend is with thee allied,
Where a young Indian girl had lived and died;
She crossed in love, oh! bitter tale to hear,
And where her lonely wail had rent the air;
Yet where, oh! where she sought a welcome grave,
Sad Wissahickon, in thy sombre wave,
Remorseless stream, she found a tomb in thee,
Unhappy in a day of joy and glee;
Leaping from yonder rock into the stream
She plunged headlong—freed from life's fevered dream;
There was no other hope to her but death,
No other cure—but his consuming breath;
Poor child of sorrow, and of care and gloom,
Like many others who have craved the tomb,

The Indian Chief, in all his grandeur stood,
In the deep forest in sublimest mood,
Before the white man, from the soil had driven
His hapless people, yet decreed by heaven,
Majestic and so grave, peculiar race,
Children of nature and of lofty grace;
He fading, seeks the far Pacific's wave
His last retreat, asylum and his grave,
Tho' in a prouder and a brighter day,
He wandered here, and with imperial sway.

Where the blest residents of Germantown,
Of ancient lineage and of fair renown,
Have spent with thee their days and happy hours,
Lingered within thy dells and rustic bowers—
Where rosy childhood, youth and gray-haired sire,
Have looked on thee, wrapped in thy green attire;
Have loved to wander in thy peaceful vale
That whispers of them and repeats their tale,
Thy ancient dead, who live in memory still,
Who climbed thy mossy banks and blooming hill.

Edwin
Rees
Rush

— Edwin R

1930

Schubert Press

5

Blight of Chestnut Trees Ended Great Autumn Sport

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

I was standing on the Walnut lane bridge, which spans the Wissahickon gorge, admiring Mother Nature, who, with her paint brush, is beginning to dab the foliage of the trees, all shades and tints; a sure reminder of the coming of the fall of the year.

Science tells us that there are two lost arts: that of tempering copper and the other is the embalming of a human body like the mummies dug up in Egypt after being buried for centuries.

I agree with the men of science, but say there are three lost arts. The one I refer to is gathering chestnuts early in the morning, after a strong night wind.

In October, with the assistance of old Jack Frost, who helped to gather the crop of sweet meaty nuts, the chestnut picker would go out into the woodland and reap a harvest.

The growth of a chestnut tree, like every other plant, must start from a blossom which later grows into a burr which is a mass of sharp pointed stickers. In the hollow center of the burrs grow the nuts. The skin of the nut is white until it is ripe, after which it turns to a brown. Then old Jack Frost blows his icy breath over the country side and forces open the burrs, showing the ripe brown-skinned nuts, sometimes two or three to a burr.

A person could stand beneath a chestnut tree and look at the tempting nuts but still they were out of reach until the strong October breeze switched down the burrs and dried leaves from the tree tops. With a forked stick the hunter would scratch among the dead leaves, uncovering the nuts by the quart. These were placed in the attic until they became hard and were then "as sweet as butter" as the old saying goes.

I, for one, would toss my harvest into a boiler with a hand-full of salt and could tell the world that I was eating something worth while. In my school days we use to beat Jack Frost to it. The first thing was to make a collection of broom handles from around the neighborhood, then

travel along the railroad tracks and pick up all the loose nuts. Before the invention of the cotter pin these threaded nuts were plentiful along the railroad tracks. No matter how tight the nuts were screwed on the bolts of the spring rigging of a locomotive, or on the brake-rigging of the cars, they would work loose. With the advent of the cotter pin the nuts were drawn up tight against a shoulder and a small hole drilled through the bolt at bottom of the nut. A cotter pin was inserted and spread open with the result that the nut never gets lost. With the broom handles pointed on one end, to fit the nut we would drive a nail through the wood to hold the metal tight in its place. I really believe the inventor of the cotter pin got his idea from trying to outwit a chestnut picker.

Armed with these weapons, like cave men of the past, we would storm the forest and club the green chestnut burrs off the trees, crack them open with a stone, and gather our supply. But the elders knew better places, miles away from the kid's haunts, and they awaited for nature to bring the nuts down to them.

Every chestnut tree in this state was destroyed by a disease which was called the blight. It ate through the bark of the tree and caused the trees to die like a person with heart disease. Government officials and other men of science tried to save the valuable trees from the destructive blight, but failed. In a short time both the nuts and lumber of these trees became a thing of the past; the land owners cut down the dead "sticks" as they were called, and tilled the ground for other purposes.

Up state, on the mountain sides, tourist is greeted with the sight of hundreds of dead trees standing like lone sentries among the green forests. They were not hit by lightning, as many suppose, but are the remains of our once famous chestnut groves. In the past twenty years chestnut woodlands have been cleared but in many miles of travel I have lately seen but two scrub chestnut trees; one on Mary Water-

ford road in West Manayunk, and the other a short distance above Washington's Crossing, on the Delaware River in Bucks County.

I do not believe I will ever live to see the day when a person can take a flour sack and gather chestnuts to fill it. Ask your grand-dad if he ever enjoyed a chestnut hunt and listen to what he says about the days of real sport.

Sub. Press
10-31-1929

OLD TIMES

The Wissahickon's rippling on,
And babbling as it goes,
Where once a maiden walked
with me,

Along the way it flows.
Still it is gently murmuring
A song; now sad; now gay;
And other youthful lovers stroll
Beside its shores today.

Oh, it is long since She and I,
In autumn, wandered there,
When not a cloud was in the sky,
Nor in our hearts a care.

I often dream of those sweet
times,

Of them, in verse, I've sung—
The Creek, The Girl, The Moon-
light, fair,

And days when I was young.
A. C. C.

S.P. 1931

UNFORGETTABLE

If I should wander from these
Schuylkill hills,

I shall remember them in
days that come

When I've grown tired of the
daily hum

Of cities and their round of
weary thrills;

And I'll recall the rippling, sing-
ing rills,

Which give the Wissahickon
added strength to run

Its peaceful length toward
the setting sun,

That banishes the soul and mind
of ills.

The years will never hide the
tree-clad places,

Where Time smiles like a
seraph, throned on high,

For solemn grandeur, dwarf-
ing grief or mirth,

Invests the woody giants, from
granite bases

To brows that seem to brush
the sky

And give it peace beyond
that known on earth.

A. C. C.

Substantiated news 2/7/1929

6

Scaff Bows Himself in With Talk of Wissahickon

There is little doubt concerning the fact that the Rittenhouse Paper Mill was one of the earliest, if not the first, mill built along the banks of the Wissahickon Creek or its tributaries.

When or where the next mill was built in Roxborough Township, cannot be ascertained, but it was more than likely the grist mill, close to the mouth of the creek, known as the Robeson Mill. The Duke de la Rochefoucault, when writing in 1795, about the Robeson Mill, said: "It is said to be the first that was built in America." The distinguished Frenchman no doubt heard the statement from some one, and it is to be regretted that he did not give his authority.

Grist mills had long been in existence in other parts of the country. And John Fanning Watson, in his "Annals" asserts that the first grist mill in Philadelphia County was built in Germantown, and commonly known as the Roberts' Mill. It was erected by a Quaker, named Richard Townsend, who came over with William Penn, aboard the "Welcome" in 1682.

In telling of this mill, Townsend said in 1727, that after his arrival, he set up a mill on Chester Creek, which had been fabricated in London and brought over in sections and which "served for grinding corn and the sawing of board," and he added, "as soon as Germantown was laid out I settled by tract of land which was about one mile from Germantown, where I set up a barn and a corn mill, which was very useful to the community around. But there being but few horses, people generally brought their corn upon their backs, many miles. I remember one man had a bull so gentle that he used to bring the corn upon his back."

It is very probable that this is the foundation of Watson's reference concerning the locality of this grist mill, but some authorities claim that a certain Richard Townsend, millwright, as early as 1686, became interested in a tract of 50 acres of land in Roxborough,

and that he built a mill at this place in that year and at a spot "about a mile from Germantown." Whether he was the same, Townsend, or not, cannot be definitely settled. There is no doubt that the excellent water power furnished by the Wissahickon soon applied to the practical purposes of life.

Sumac Park, which embraced 501 acres of land, was patented by William Penn to Robert Turner, on the 24th day of June, 1684. On the 19th day of June, two years later, Turner leased fifty and one half acres of his tract to Joshua Tittery, for 101 years, and he entered into a partnership with Richard Townsend, millwright, "for the said term, upon said fifty and one half acres of land, to equally pay the rent, and

equally to bear the charge of building the mill or mills or other improvements."

On July 11th, 1691, Turner conveyed the whole tract to Andrew Robeson, and in that deed there appear several recitals by which it appears that Tittery and Townsend had also taken into the concern. John Tysack, of London, and had conveyed to him a third of the land, "houses, saw and corn mills." The date of the conveyance was March 25th, 1689.

November 8th saw Andrew Robeson and Charles Sanders buying Tittery's share. On the 5th of October, 1703, Sarah Saunders, widow of Charles, and guardian of her son, conveyed all of her late husband's interest in the property to Andrew Robeson, thus making him the sole owner.

It is thus seen that the Robeson Mills were established as early. If not before, the Rittenhouse Mill, and only three years after the supposed date of the Roberts' Mill at Germantown.

Other early mills of the Wissahickon may be named as follows: At an early date Adam Hogemoed built a grist mill along the creek a few hundred yards northeast of the foot of Gypsy lane, the walls of which stood for several years previous to the Civil War, and the re-

mains of an old mill dam at that spot, as well as a couple of old millstones were visible several years after that historic conflict. This mill was subsequently owned and carried on by Martin Rittenhouse and John Vandaren, who at one time lived at Robeson's Mill, but when Robeson's upper dam was constructed the one above Gypsy lane was rendered useless, for the stored-up water covered it.

The next mill was built about 1749, by one of the Rittenhouses, and was a grist mill. Roxborough's thorough historian, Horatio Gates Jones, stated that Nicholas Rittenhouse used to say that it was currently reported that this mill was built without the use of horses and carts, all of the materials having been carried to the site by manual labor.

On Paper Mill Run, or the Monoshone, as some call it there was always some kind of a mill, and when the second paper mill was destroyed another was built a short distance below the site of the first one, and it was conducted for many years by Jacob Rittenhouse, the first of that name in Roxborough.

Near the confluence of the Run and the Wissahickon was William Rittenhouse's Paper Mill, subsequently converted into a textile factory.

The Red Bridge, or Shur's lane Mill was built, it is believed by Henry Rittenhouse, and was afterwards owned by Abraham Ritten-

house, then by Enoch, and finally by Nicholas Rittenhouse, Jr.

Half a mile up the Wissahickon from the Paper Mill Run, stood Holgate's Fulling Mill, erected at a very early date, probably several years prior to 1720, and afterward owned by Matthew Holgate and Christian Snyder. It was finally bought by Abraham Rittenhouse, the owner of the Red Bridge Mill and on account of raising his dam the fulling mill was rendered impractical. Access to this mill was had through and across the hills of the region by a road which in some places can yet be traced.

The Monastery Mill, once owned by William Kitchen and Son, was built about 1747, by Jacob Simon, Michael Pelsner and John Gorgas, and was at first a grist mill.

The next mill in the "valley green" was one owned by a Mr. Weighley, and later became the cotton wadding factory of Jacob D. Heft. It was erected at an early date, very possibly about 1750, by John Gorgas, of Germantown. Gorgas bought on the 22nd of August, 1746, two tracts of land from John Bald, one containing 43 acres, and the other 42 acres. In the deed there was mention of a stone messuage on one of the tracts, but there is no reference to any mill.

The land extended from the Ridge Road to the Wissahickon, and was bounded on the lower side by Levering's land, which later became the property of Horatio Gates Jones. The mill was occupied for many years by the Gorgas family, and at a later date Jacob Wise carried on an extensive flour business there, and finally it was converted, enlarged and used for various purposes. While the building was owned by a Mr. Hendricks it was totally destroyed by fire.

Charles J. Crease had a chemical works in a little valley where the Oil Mill Run empties into the Wissahickon. The little stream was called "Oil Mill Run" an account of a vegetable oil mill which occupied a site in the neighborhood that was afterward covered by the cotton wadding factory of Matthias Gorgas. The date of its erection is not known except that it was some time before 1746.

John Bald was a cordwainer and only held his property on the north-easterly side of Ridge road from 1738 to 1746. The oil mill property was bought by John Gorgas, in May 1777, from Michael Bergendollar—later spelled Barndollar. The mill was apparently carried on by Benjamin Gorgas, but subsequently was turned into a grist mill and operated by John Gorgas, Jr. It eventually became a cotton lap factory, conducted by Joseph Carr, who afterward ran a mill on the Cresheim, and finally into the cotton wadding factory of Matthias Gorgas, as has been stated. It is remarkable that this mill was carried on by members of the same family for 113 years.

The only other mill on the Wissahickon, within the limits of Roxborough Township, was Livezey's. It was originally a grist mill, and was built about 1745—46 accord-

to local historians, but at a recent hike of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, the writer heard one of the members of the Valley Green Canoe Club state that he had once unearthed the date stone and that it bore a date some 20 years earlier. This statement does not agree with any previous record. The Livezey Mill was built by Thomas Shoemaker, who conveyed it with about 23 acres to Thomas Livezey on the 10th of October 1747. Shoemaker had purchased the property from John Hammer.

This list covers all of the older mills along the stream, although up to and after the Civil War there were textile mills scattered all along the creek, there being about 23 mills in all. The Megargee Paper mills was the last of the great Wissahickon Mills to be abandoned, this being done in 1884, after the Fairmount Park Commission had obtained control of the territory.

SCCAFF.

Rep. Times 12/27/1928

HIKERS HEAR OF OLD ROAD HOUSE

History of Wissahickon Hall
Related by Official of Historical Society

LAST HIKE OF SEASON

Members of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society met last Friday night at the mouth of the Wissahickon Creek, for their third and final moonlight hike of the year.

The date so close to Christmas was probably responsible for the curtailed number of hikers, but those who attended, enjoyed the walk despite the coldness of the night, for the moonlight was brighter than on either of the previous trips.

Talks were made at various points by James F. Helms, J. Ellwood Barrett and A. C. Chadwick. At a stop, made on the Bridle Path opposite Wissahickon Hall, the Society's historian related the following concerning the old roadhouse:

"Wissahickon Hall, which stands along the Wissahickon drive at the foot of Gypsy lane, was erected early in the last century by Henry Lippen.

"About 1860, the hostelry was taken over by Lippen's son, Charles H. Lippen and it was under his management that the place attained its greatest fame.

"Charles H. Lippen was the father of a large family. One of these children, who was born in the old house, Susanna K. Lippen, is familiar to many Roxborough residents as Mrs. John Milligan, she being the wife of the printer of the Manayunk Chronicle and Advertiser.

"This afternoon, while in search of some facts that would interest the local historian I called upon Mrs. Milligan and that lady very graciously told me of some of the happy days she spent while a girl and living at the hall.

"The house was a famous one among

horse-lovers who stopped to partake of the old-fashioned dinners which were served there previous to and after the Civil War. Catfish, waffles and coffee was the main items of the bill of fare for breakfasts, and epicures for miles around came to enjoy the morning meal at Wissahickon Hall.

"Thanksgiving Day saw the start of long and cold winters and then came the turkey dinners, which were as popular as the catfish and waffle breakfasts.

"Mrs. Milligan, as a girl, was forced to attend school at the Forest School, in the Falls of Schuylkill, for in those days there was no educational institution closer to her home. Afterward she attended a private school. The family attended church services at the Wissahickon Baptist Mission which was located on Ridge avenue, opposite the present Wissahickon Theatre.

"Extending from the western end of the hall was a long shed for the horses of the diners. This shed was equipped with some 50 or 60 stalls. At the extreme western end of the shed there were two ice houses which her father, Charles Lippen, would fill each winter with ice cut from the Wissahickon Creek. Sufficient ice was always stored in these houses to last the hotelman through the entire summer, and in addition there was plenty left to sell to neighbors who desired it.

"High up on the hill, in back of Wissahickon Hall, was the Holt Mansion, which still stands, with its front facing ancient School House Lane.

"In Mrs. Milligan's girlhood there were two houses which stood on the east side of Gypsy lane, half way up the hill towards School House Lane. These were occupied by the coachman and gardener of Charles Custis Harrison, the sugar refiner, who was a son of George Lieb Harrison, who was once a partner in the chemical manufacturing firm of Powers, Weightman and Harrison.

"The lady on Herritage street also distinctly remembers the museum of Joseph 'Rooty' Smith, who conducted the Maple Springs Hotel, which stood on the Wissahickon Drive, east of Gypsy Lane.

"In 1884, the Commissioners of Fairmount Park obtained control of the property and the hall was used for many years by the Philadelphia-North American, as outing headquarters for city children.

"In recent years, the place has been used as a park police station."

Blackberries Along the Wissahickon

BY A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

For more than a week, the boys and girls, the fishermen and others who frequent the Wissahickon valley and especially its hillsides have been observed, wending their ways homeward with blue-stained fingers. They have been blackberrying.

At the edge of the woods, practically all along the entire Wissahickon there are plenty of blackberries to be found, but the best places are along the lanes in Upper Roxborough. Manatawna avenue, especially, is a good place and back near the park along this road, the berries are real giants.

And there are many other good places to harvest the succulent berries in and around Roxborough and West Manayunk.

There may be other fruit in the fields that surpasses the wild blackberry, but by late July it is hard to convince the one who knows of the hidden thickets where berries stand rich and ripe. Those who would malign this masterpiece of nature have never known it in its full glory.

They have been fed half-ripe berries, or undersized ones with more seed than succulence, or the unfortunate fruit of bushes which someone has caught and tried to tame.

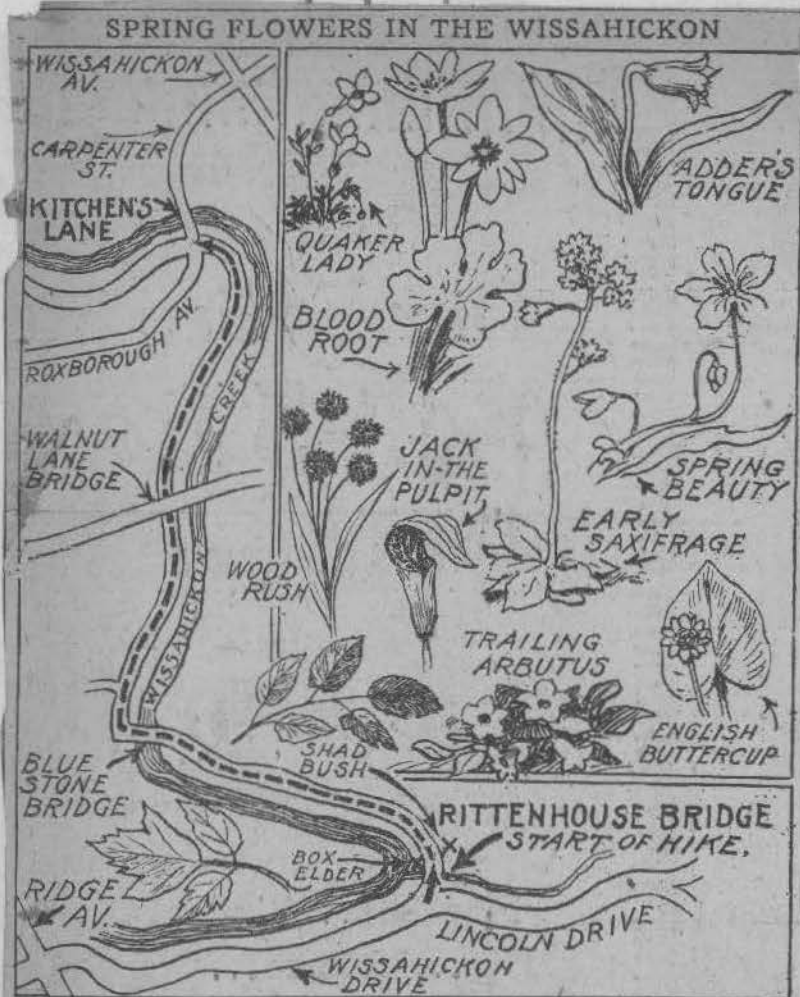
They have never known blackberries big as a thumb-end, brilliant in their ripeness and ready to fall into the nearest hand at a touch.

Those are blackberries, and only those have the flavor distilled of cool dawns, hot afternoons and dewy, starlit nights in hidden havens of the woods. Only those have the sweetness that makes one forget the sharpest thorns.

As the wild strawberry has a flavor never duplicated in its domesticated brother, and as the mountain raspberry cherishes a sweetness always lost in the process of cultivation, so does the wild blackberry stand alone.

Its tame brethren may be more fruitful. Their thorns may be less persistent. Their canes may be easier to reach. But their fruit somehow fall short when measured by the virtues of the blackberry on its own.

Why is this delicacy of the wild not better known? That is simple. He who finds such bushes is first tempted by the eye. With the first taste, all restraint is gone. Though he stays and picks berries all the afternoon, scarcely a handful will he carry home. The others will have gone where all wild blackberries should go—into the appreciative mouth of him who found them.



A wealth of Spring wild flowers can be seen in the first Nature Trail hike of the season. It starts at the Rittenhouse Bridge entrance of the Upper Wissahickon Drive. This is the fifteenth of a series of Nature Trails through Fairmount Park and vicinity, which were inaugurated last summer by the Wagner Free Institute of Science, under the direction of George B. Kaiser, professor of botany.

Suburban Press 10/19/1933

Woodward Gardens IN AUTUMN

The mighty cathedral arches of the trees are dyed with red, scarlet and yellow and when for a few seconds the sun shines through the Gothic tracery of their leaves, they are as translucent and resplendent as a rose window in a dusky cathedral; a profusion of gems throwing slanting, gleaming, charging rays of ruby, amethyst and topaz, and dyeing the leafy carpet of the hills with multi-colored hues. In the sombre gloom of the wood, the color is less bizarre, but more deep, filtering through the dusk and darkness, splashing color over the leaves and leaving pools of dark deep fire.

On the terraces, the chrysanthemums are just opening, and in the opaque blue of the valley, are like white snow-flowers—great bunches of them fall over aged stone walls in veritable cascades, or spring in charming grace beside the music of some small rill, charging the air with ethereal fragrance and reflecting themselves in the terraced pools against the adumbral black of the pine and fir trees and the burning fire of oaks. Above, crystal tarns spill their contents in cataracts of joy over the hills, to be tumbled over black-mauve and moss covered rocks to join the serpentine Wissahickon far to the south, in the black-green wood.

Tall lazy firs droop listlessly beneath a fresh weight of

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Sub. Press 4/18/1935

BIRTHDAY OF LIPPARD WAS OBSERVED BY BROTHERHOOD

Philadelphia Novelist Was Great Admirer of the Wissahickon Valley.—Married on Lovers' Leap in 1847

George Lippard, the crusading novelist who took the lid off America in the "Fabulous Forties," was remembered briefly last Saturday.

He was a strange and wayward character, deeply loved and fiercely hated in his own time, but now almost entirely forgotten. Some have exaggerated his talents and called him a genius; others have scoffed at him as a lunatic, "a moon-struck scribbler." But there is little doubt that Albert Mordell, the eminent critic and biographer, was right when he called Lippard "the most interesting personality of any Philadelphia man of letters."

That Lippard's fantastic career is recalled at all in these times is principally due to the Brotherhood of America, a secret fraternity which he organized in 1849 to expand and carry on his schemes for a social revolution. Last Saturday night the leading officers of the brotherhood staged their annual banquet at 1239 West Girard avenue to commemorate the 113th anniversary of their founder's birth, which occurred April 10, 1822, in Wallace Township, Chester County.

Old Philadelphia never forgave Lippard for his most famous book, "The Quaker City; or, the Monks of Monk Hall. A Romance of Philadelphia Life, Mystery and Crime." This huge work of 494 pages ripped the city's respectability to shreds and exposed its sins in purple passages which still make highly entertaining reading. It was published in 1844, and instantly became the biggest selling book ever written by an American. Sixty thousand copies were sold in one year, a record which stood until "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in the early 1850's.

The manager of the old Chestnut Street Theatre near Sixth street (recently torn down to make way for a parking lot) engaged Lippard to prepare a dramatic version of the story, stirring public interest to a pitch of violence. Several leading citizens who had good reason to feel their characters had been attacked in the book, bought up large blocks of tickets to distribute among their friends and announced they would stop the play by force if necessary. On the night of the opening performance a mob gathered around the building and threatened to tear it down.

At the last minute the Mayor intervened and ordered the play suppressed to avert a riot—probably the only time that such an action was ever necessary in Philadelphia.

The incident increased Lippard's fame and made him a national figure. In the next ten years he wrote

a score more of his incendiary "romances, turning his indignant pen on the vices of New York, Washington and Boston, instigating audacious attacks against the privileges and powerful people of his day, until his career ended rather prematurely.

Much that he wrote was impetuous and immature, yet it is no small tribute to state that not one line could ever be mistaken for the work of any other. His style was his own—as naive and highly-colored—and at times even crude—as the early lithographs of his time. His stories brought higher prices than had ever been received by an American writer up to his period. For one year's work his copyrights were worth \$5,000 which was an enormous sum beside the pitiful amounts received by Poe and others.

It is as Lippard who met Poe wandering around the streets of Philadelphia; took him in; and raised money to send him off to Virginia, and postponed the end of the author of "The Raven" for a few months.

Lippard was always youthful, impulsive and defiant of every convention. The romantic story of his marriage is fairly well known to lovers of the Wissahickon. Lippard had spent his boyhood in

Germantown and came to know and love the picturesque valley that lies at our own backdoor. Many of his tales were written as he lay full length on a grassy knoll high above the stream.

It is said that he was married "without benefit of clergy" along the Wissahickon, the couple plighting their eternal troth with simple sincerity to one another.

Recently this narrative has been changed to more probable proportions. Because he chose to marry on the high rock, known as Lovers' Leap, close to what is now the northwest end of the great Henry avenue bridge, hostile writers labeled him an eccentric and circulated rumours that he had donned Indian garb and read the rites of matrimony himself. Actually—it now comes to light—the wedding was solemnized, in 1847, by a clergyman friend, and witnessed by Lippard's sister, Harriet.

It was one of the happiest moments of Lippard's life, but one that soon ended. His two children died in infancy and his frail wife, Rose, followed them in 1851. Already he had lost both parents, four sisters and a brother before he was 30. Grief had much to do with hastening his early death from tuberculosis at the age of 32, on February 9th, 1854.

Press 2/15/1935

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To Talk on Old Roads of Wissahickon

Joseph S. Miles to Tell of Valley's Ancient Highways

WILL SHOW SKETCHES

Society Organized to Preserve History of Northwest Philadelphia

Next Tuesday night Joseph S. Miles, secretary of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, will present a talk on "The Cross Roads of the Wissahickon," at the Kendrick Recreation Center, Ridge and Roxborough avenues. Mr. Miles has made a number of pen and ink sketches of selected views along the Wissahickon, and will exhibit these at the meeting.

In addition, James K. Helms will project a number of lantern slides depicting some of the ancient historical landmarks of this section. The public is welcome to attend the meeting, which will start at 8:15 p. m.

The Wissahickon Valley Historical Society is an organization for the purpose of increasing interest in the historical places of Roxborough, Manayunk, Wissahickon and the entire Schuylkill and Wissahickon Valleys, particularly in Philadelphia and if possible, to try to preserve as many as possible. The Society has a number of the souvenir booklets of the 150th Anniversary celebration at Barren Hill for distribution. Request for these should be made to members of the Society.

6-17-37

WILD ROSES

I went down Gypsy lane today,
And found some roses by the way;

Wild roses—blooming fresh
and fair—
Whose glorious fragrance
Filled the air.

Upon the grassy banks they
grew,
With glossy verdure wet with
dew;

Unsheltered there from wind
and rain,
Along a little hillside lane.

They heartened me. There are,
'tis true,
More roses of a brighter hue—

But in my mind none quite
excel

The pale wild rose I know
so well.

A. C. C.

10/3/35

"Wild Life of The Wissahickon" Is A Prize - Winning Essay

S. Carey Comfort, of Germantown Friends' School, Pens
Remarkable Paper in Contest Instituted by
"Friends of the Wissahickon"

By S. COMFORT CAREY

Following is the prize-winning essay in the contest instituted by the Friends of the Wissahickon. It was won by S. Comfort Carey, a student at the Germantown Friends' School. The title of the paper is: "Wild Life in the Wissahickon Valley."

All my life I have lived on or near the Wissahickon. One of my first recollections of its existence is, when on hot summer afternoons the mothers of the neighborhood, wishing to be free for a few moments of peace, dispatched us for an hour's drive up the Wissahickon under the guidance of "Peter." Peter was the owner of a dilapidated chaise and of an equally dilapidated horse. He used to take us up past Valley Green, pointing

out all the spots of interest—bridges, caves, pools and statues.

Even as a child I can remember stopping on the first stone bridge to look at the great lavender blooms of the paulonia tree. From there we went to the Walnut Lane Bridge where, aghast, we watched boys clamber over the arches, longing to be able ourselves to do those daring feats. Next, on the right, the statue of the Indian chief was pointed out by our old guide. We used to imagine that he was old Chief Wissahickon, because mother had told us of the far-away day when the Creek was ceded to Philadelphia by the Indians.

Our fifth great-grandfather, James Logan, was to receive the grant of land from the Indian chief. The Indian custom was for

the chief to exchange names with the white father. Wishing neither to offend the chief nor to change his name, James Logan suggested that the Creek be called Wissahickon and the Indian be called Logan. In this way the Creek got its name. Near this statue were some caves where Peter brought the afternoon to a fitting close by telling us breath-taking tales of hermits who used to inhabit them.

Another early recollection is the waiting and hoping that some day I might be allowed to accompany the older boys and girls on their collecting expeditions for moths around the lights on the drive. I can remember the feeling of tenseness which overcame me the night

on which I was first permitted to go with them. We must have been a queer looking lot as we set out with our long-handled nets, cyanide jars, boxes of folded papers and chloroform. In those days there were rough wooden poles which were easily scaled by the boys and lights which hung low over the road.

By posting scouts to watch out for the park guards with comparatively little trouble we were able to lower the lights in order to get some rare moth that clung to its edge. Or if this was impossible, Daddy would throw stones to dislodge the sleeping moth. When this was accomplished and the sleeper was flying for some new refuge, it was nip and tuck to see whether we or the bats were quicker to catch the quarry. On very good nights we would return with some of each of the following species: cecropia, polyphemus, promethia,

cynthia, angulifera, lund, imperialis, and among the Sphingidae, chersis, drupiferarum, myops, myron, excaecatus, choerilus, celeus, catalpae, amyntor and many others.

This large number of species is accounted for by the variety of vegetation in the Valley. Perhaps the most characteristic trees are the tulip poplars, oaks, and hemlocks. Among others less known are ash-leaved, maple, catalpa, beech and hickory, with an undergrowth of viburnum, laurel, dogwood, and honeysuckle, under which grows a carpet of hay scented fern, may-apple, and jack-in-the-pulpit. In the early days of June the Valley is sweet with the smell of honeysuckle and the scent of wild grape blooms. Along the drive there are still places where one can see the white violet, and in the low marsh lands forget-me-not is quite abundant. Here on spring evenings the peepers join in nature's chorus.

In the fields of high grass the bobwhites and the ringnecked pheasants find ample cover from the ever present snooping dogs on the drive and its environs. Although many people feel that the honeysuckle is strangling some of the trees, it is nevertheless a greater shelter for the sparrows and many other small birds. The fox sparrow is perhaps the most characteristic of the sparrows of the Valley.

Carolina wrens, tufted tits, and winter wrens have been reported as wintering near the Creek. Morning is often made hideous by the calling of the crows, but it is a

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pleasure to be awakened by cuckoos, mourning doves, or cardinals. Almost always in the spring one can hear the friendly scratching of the chewink or the deep woods note of the wood thrush. Distinguishable above all the other songs in the long spring twilights is the often-repeated call of the whip-poor-will.

Of the smaller mammals, of course the most numerous are the gray squirrels and chipmunks, but there are also quite a few red squirrels. Several times we have been visited by possums, once by a baby about six inches long which was all ears and tail, and once by a full grown male, which, when chased by our dogs, lay down by the fence as if dead.

Still another time a skunk visited the garbage pail and a pair of

weasels lived in the stone wall. Many muskrats are to be found in the meadows along the upper stream, and when mother was a little girl she came upon a fox den, where she found bones of several birds, which had evidently been fed to the cubs.

With this abundance of plant and wild life so near to a great city, we realize how fortunate it is that Philadelphia had such far-sighted founders. On the bridge paths we can always hear the hoofbeat of cantering horses, and the ravines and foot paths are frequented by enthusiastic hikers. On hot summer nights when other cities have only small parks to offer their sweltering citizens, Philadelphia has many cool, grassy places beside streams which empty into the Wissahickon, where whole families can spend the night. Indeed, the old Indian chief can be well satisfied as he looks down from his high perch, that his lovely Valley is still cool and shelters so many creatures of wood and stream.

Sub. Press 7/13/33

Stone Railroad Bridge Has Served Over Half Century

Wooden Structures Used For Forty-Three Years Prior to Erection of More Permanent Viaduct.— History Told in Annual Reports

Many are the motorists, and others, who as they approach the entrance to the Wissahickon Drive, at Ridge avenue, for the first time, pause to admire the graceful bridge which carries the tracks of the Reading railroad over the Wissahickon Creek at that point.

A search of the records relating to this bridge, proves that it is not the first structure which served the railroad company at the same place.

On August 7th, 1833, proposals were asked for grading of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad, from Robeson's Mill—near the mouth of the Wissahickon—to Norristown. The contracts for this work were awarded on September 25th, 1833. Sections numbered 9 to 12, south to Robeson's Mill, and including the first bridge over the Wissahickon were awarded in September of 1833 to Isaac Otis and Company, and the work was completed in October of 1834. Regular railroad traffic to Manayunk began on October 29th, 1834. An account in a neighboring newspaper, aent this first trip, reads as follows: "Carrs at length approached the Wissahickon, at Robeson's Mill. The construction of this viaduct in the substantial manner in which it appears to be built is certainly an extraordinary undertaking, and has been accomplished in a manner which has given entire satisfaction to the railroad company. The height is about 70 feet above the surface of the water and the length 473 feet, and the cost of construction about \$30,000."

Various extracts from the annual reports of the P. G. and N. Railroad complete the tale of the Wissahickon bridges near the mouth of the stream. "November 1st, 1842: A track of edge rail, supported upon continuous bearings of white oak timber has been laid upon the Wissahickon Bridge, together with a new floor of hemlock planks; and that important structure, about which so much solicitude was felt has been greatly strengthened by additional braces and by arches of white pine in all the spans, added on the outside of the lattice frames and secured to them by screw-bolts. This work had rendered the bridge abundantly strong and a good coat of white-wash has improved its appearance."

"November 4th 1844: To the Wissahickon Bridge there have been made frequent partial repairs during the season; it giving evidence of increasing decay and there being sufficient funds in the hand of the trustee, the Board directed

a contract to be made with Messrs. Haughey & Snyder for the immediate erection of a new bridge. This is far advanced towards completion, the materials being chiefly delivered and the most of the framing done. Its cost will be about \$10,000."

"November 3rd, 1845: At the time of the last annual meeting a commencement had been made at constructing a new bridge over the Wissahickon Creek, which has since been completed. The security felt by passengers now, when crossing the valley and the strong and permanent appearance of this bridge, have no doubt aided materially in increasing the travel upon the road."

"September 30th, 1862: This amount (giving the sum of receipts from excursion business at Rockdale) would have been largely increased but for the destruction of the Wissahickon bridge by fire, which deprived some twenty excursion parties from fulfilling their engagements made with the company for the use of the said ground. On the afternoon of the 12th of August last (1862) the bridge over the Wissahickon Creek was entirely destroyed by fire. The bridge took fire from the mill adjacent, known as Robeson's Mill. An arrangement was immediately made with Mr. Stone for the erection of a trestle-work as a temporary bridge. The whole work was satisfactorily completed in thirteen days; and in nineteen days the trains were regularly passing over the bridge. During the interval the Reading Railroad Company generously tendered the use of their road (on the west side of the Schuylkill) for the transportation of freight and passengers. The company availed themselves of their kind offer for the transportation of freight; but the passenger operations were conducted on our own road, by a little inconvenience to the passengers, that of walking from one side of the bridge to the other. Proposals having been invited for the construction of an iron bridge, the same were received up to the 1st of October. The bids were few and exceedingly high owing to the increased price of iron and the present difficulty of procuring it. Under existing circumstances the Board reconsidered the resolution authorizing a wrought iron bridge, and the Board instead passed a resolution authorizing the erection of a substantial wooden one. The plan for the same has been adopted and the materials purchased and it is expected that by the first of the

coming year a permanent bridge will have been built."

"September 30, 1863: As recorded in our last report the Wissahickon Bridge was destroyed by fire August 12th, 1862. The temporary trestle-work bridge, constructed immediately after having answered well its purpose, has since been removed and a new and superior wooden structure, much more substantial than the original bridge, has been completed over two spans. An Act of State Legislature, obtained last winter, granted the company permission to construct a stone bridge (two-arched) over the eastern span. This is now being done under the supervision of Messrs. White & Hought contractors. Said Legislative Act also allows the remaining two spans to be built similarly of stone at any time hereafter. The bridge will be finished about the first of the ensuing year, when a double track will be laid over it, and by this alteration dispensing with the switch-tenders at this point."

On January 7th, 1873, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company entered into an agreement with the City of Philadelphia, for the erection of a new double track stone railroad bridge (this is the present structure). On August 12th, 1874, the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company directed the chief engineer of the Company to "proceed therewith to build a new double track stone railroad bridge over the Wissahickon valley and creek, upon the line of the Norristown Branch of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad."

The annual report of the railroad company, for the year ending November 30th, 1874, states: "The work of the new bridge crossing the Wissahickon Creek on the Germantown and Norristown Branch, was commenced in September and prosecuted with vigor, until the approach of winter compelled us to cease operations. The two largest piers of the bridge have been founded on solid rock in the bed of the creek, and have been built up within five feet of the surface of the water. Their respective foundations are 31½ feet and 26 feet below the mean water level of the dam. The location of this new bridge is on a improved alignment of the road, and will enable the City of Philadelphia to carry Ridge avenue by an overhead bridge across the railroad, thereby avoiding the present danger of grade-crossing, (a work which was not done until about 1927 or 1928) and improving the grade and alignment of this great thoroughfare. It will require at least two years of hard work to accomplish this much needed improvement. The new bridge will better accommodate the wants of the railroad traffic and will be an ornament to the park."

In 1927 extensive repairs and renewals were made to the present bridge, including the addition of concrete walls along the top outer edges for protection of workmen, and in 1932 the iron catenary structures were placed atop of the bridge for the carrying of high tension electricity wires for the use of the modern means of transportation, but certainly not adding to the "ornament to the Park."

6/29/1933

Recalls Expansion of Park Limits Along Wissahickon

Action Authorized by Commissioners in 1896 Has Proven
to Have Been a Thoughtful One.—Public Benefits
Through Acquisition of Additional Land

Thirty-five, or so, years ago, the Park property along the Wissahickon differed somewhat from what it does today. The late William Shingle, who served as a guard along that romantic stream for more than thirty years, with Captain Chateau, also of the guards, rode up the Wissahickon drive on August 1st, of 1897, and from notes which were made at the time, the following facts were obtained.

The guards made this especial trip to view the land which was to be added to the Park by the revision of the boundary lines authorized by the Park Commission, a year previously. The survey was made for the purpose of protecting the picturesque woods that line the hills along the entire length of the Wissahickon drive. The limits of the park, at that time, were much narrower than now, and many of the magnificent views that appeared before the bicyclists and horsemen owed their beauty and grandeur to sites outside of the park line. A property owner of those days, who could have taken the whim, might have, with a few weeks work, cut a gap in the scenery that would have spoiled the romantic spirit felt by everyone who is familiar with the valley.

There were but few fences along the park limit, and even pedestrians who rambled along the steep hillsides would not suspect that they were often enjoying the quiet and charm of woods that did not belong to the city at all, or that the private property on which they were walking sometimes came within two feet of the drive. The present line, as far as possible runs along the ridge of the hills on either side of the creek and takes in most of the woods in sight.

Since the opening of the Wissahickon Memorial Bridge, at Henry avenue, many persons afoot have found many new delights in that section of the great playground, on the hills running up to the properties facing on School House lane, that never were known to them before. Here, in the quiet of day, can be found more varieties of wild birds than in any other section of the park. While sitting on a log, in silence, on the hills above Henry avenue, one may hear the mellow whistle of the beautiful, flaming

red cardinal, all his glory. Then there is the brown thrasher, probably the finest of the songbirds to be found there. And the indigo-bird, much darker blue than the Bluebird; the Maryland Yellow Throat; the queer-calling pheasant; the tiny Chats; the flirting Wren, the downy woodpecker, and its more familiar brother, who sounds like a workman in the forest. And there will be seen the various vireos, phoebes and swallows. Crows are plentiful and so are hawks.

On the lower part of the drive, across the creek from the foot of Gypsy lane, where the old Salaig-nac mansion looks down on the waters, the newer park line runs along 100 feet behind the house, when formerly it cut across halfway up the hill. At the Hermit lane bridge the old limits were close to the creek, but a tract of land about 1½ acres in size was added at that point.

All the land where the Lincoln Drive begins was added, and included the old Rittenhouse birth-place and other buildings in that area.

The old Kitchen farm, twenty-four acres in extent, at Kitchen's lane (Roxborough avenue) on the east side of the creek was taken in by a long loop in the revised line, together with two properties which were owned by Alice Strawbridge and Anne H. Smith. It is on the old Kitchen estate that the Monastery stands.

At Livezey lane, another large sweep was made, cutting off one side of the Livezey farm, which was held by the last private owner through a deed from William Penn which remained in the family until the Park acquired title. Land was also added along the Cresheim Creek, just above Livezey's. On the west side of the creek 64 acres of the Livezey property was taken in addition to that on the east side. This was all wooded and overlooks the Springfield avenue and Hartwell avenue bridges.

Further up the valley, on the east side of the stream, behind the first Indian Rock Hotel, a long stretch of Woodland, 58 acres in all, was taken from the Henry H. Houston lands. Other land was added above Thorpe's lane, and along the road near the Germantown pike.

SCCAFF.

4-22-1937 12

THE VIOLIN AND SPRING

The violin that's played for me
Was fashioned far across the
sea.

In storied Italy—
A glorious voice that always
sways
And thrills me deeply as it plays
With simple purity.

It pours out liquid strains—a
dream
Of lulling sounds that ever seem
Touched lightly by
The tenderest, kindest, sort of
hands
That sift clear, gleaming, brook-
side sands
Where pebbles lie.

Here's melody of truant tunes
Like languid, listless afternoons
Beneath the trees,
When Wissahickon boughs are
stirred
And distant city-moans are
heard
Upon the breeze.

Through all the gentle chorus-
ing,
I sense the dawn of glorious
Spring;
Bright April skies;
With echoes faint, yet strangely
sweet,
That make the vision quite
complete,
Of Paradise!

A. C. C.

Germantown Telegraph
10-20-33

THE HIDDEN TRAIL

I know a Wissahickon trail,
Uncrowded by the throng,
Where rainbow-colored trees now sway
To croon an autumn song.
It is a tune pristine, this air,
Which banishes depressing care,
The sort of tune that has its start
In nature and the hope of heart.

I often seek this scant-used trail,
Where odors, wildly sweet,
And tender fragrance seem to float;
Where sky and tree-top meet.
Wood-incense fills the bracing air,
And banishes depressing care,
The sort of scent which has its start
In nature and the hope of heart.

I love this hidden hillside trail;
Not known to every one;
I test my strength in hardy climbs
And joys are fin'ly won.
I learn that those who boldly dare,
Will banish each depressing care,
And thus form wills, in dark or dawn,
That keep them ever going on!

A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

6/15/1933

Romantic Valley Provides Many Interesting Tales

Two More Are Added to an Already Long List.—Maple Springs Hotel and Quaint Carvings Subjects of Anecdotes

An old newspaper advertisement, dated 1867, of the one-time Maple Springs Hotel, which stood along the Wissahickon Drive, a few hundred feet west of the Henry avenue Memorial Bridge, was seen recently, which read as follows:

"The eulogies written of Switzerland's romantic scenery by travelers are very high toned; historians have added their meed of praise; and poets have tuned and sung on their harps of a thousand strings: Beautiful to behold, thou land of mountains,

Of crystal streams, and sparkling fountains,
Above thee, the canopy, ethereal blue,

Draping thy foliage of every hue. Switzerland, the beautiful and free, Fatherland of Tell, we sing to thee; We tune our harps, and sing the story,

Of Tell's heroic fame and glory. "Were you ever in Switzerland, have you ever read of its romantic scenery and rural beauties? Let your answer be yea, or nay, permit us to say, go and see the beauties of the American Switzerland, WISSAHICKON — the Fatherland of the Indians. Wissahickon has been styled, by some of our own countrymen, as well as by foreigners, the Switzerland of America. It has long had a name on the page of history, as the once famous hunting grounds of the Indians.—

This beautiful drive, for its scenery is not equalled by any other spot in our State or within a long range of travel. It is one of the most enchanting rural drives, of picturesque grandeur, that a lover of Nature and Nature's beauties could wish for. Its long meandering stream, with its craggy, moss covered rocks, and varied hues of foliage of lofty trees; flowering shrubs, wild flowers, and tufts of velvet moss; forming one of Nature's richest, prettiest carpets; tho' last not least, the beautiful and sweet music of the warbling songster of the woods adds much to the pleasures of this romantic drive.

"Here you find one of the pleasantest retreats around our city; cool, pleasant and refreshing. The Maple Spring Hotel affords a quiet resting place and furnishes luxurious and delicious repast or catfish and waffles, spring chicken, excellent tea and coffee, with beefsteak cooked in good style. Here, too you meet with the greatest curiosity shop in the world, and there are none other like it. We might be allowed to style it the Garden of

Eden or the Ark of Noah, on account of the great number of animals it contains; and the whole made or whittled from the root of the laurel by the proprietor of the hotel. 'Tis a lovely spot, and the curiosity shop a novelty. Go and see it and you will be pleased."

On the rocky and thickly wooded hills lining the upper Wissahickon there are many strange freaks of nature which appear so distinct and perfect as to indicate without a doubt that man's hammer and chisel have played an important part in their formation. But such is not the case. One of the most notable of these capricious formations is what is generally known as "The Sneaking Indian." It is situated on the west side of the creek, about a quarter of a mile below Allen's lane in the face of a high rock, which is so shaped naturally as to show clearly the figure of the Indian in war attire, in a stooping posture and carrying a tomahawk in his right hand. It is much more discernible at a distance of several hundred feet, but upon close inspection the effect is seen to be the

result of a hollowed out portion of the rock, caused by the crumbling away of the less substantial portions. A number of very successful photographs of the rock have been taken by amateurs, among them an old photograph by William Stafford, then a prominent manufacturer, in Manayunk. Another noteworthy figure which attracted considerable attention among the skaters on the creek in old-time winters was a head and bust, life size, cut with a knife in the bark of a white beech tree. The tree stood along the bride path on the west side of the creek, just below the Wissahickon Memorial Bridge. The head was very clearly carved and resembled almost to a point of identification President Millard Fillmore, with his well-rounded head, piccadilly and cravat. Above the head was cut in a regular hand, "J. J. Rosne, Va., 1852." The figure and name are believed to have been genuine as President Fillmore was in office at that time.

SCCAFF

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10/17/1937

COLUMBUS

We boast about our Schuylkill hills;

Our neighbors and our friends;

Our churches, schools and other things;

Our "Ridge" with all its bends;

We laud our leaders to the skies;

Our loyalty commands it;

Forgetting that these came to us Because Columbus landed.

The Wissahickon woods we love;

The Park, in all its stretches;

Are seldom praised enough by men

Who are self-centred wretches.

The rivers, creeks and lakes we know,

Please let us understand it, No more for Indian use exists— Because Columbus landed.

God, over all, looked on the earth,

And knew 'twould soon be crowded

Unless new land were opened up, So, in good time, allowed it.

And for the long and dangered trip

He needed souls to stand it, Columbus and men came through,

And for our good — they landed!

A. C. C.

Evening Bulletin 2/1/29 One Hundred Years Ago

(From Poulson's Advertiser of Feb. 1, 1829.)

A LETTER from Philadelphia, dated January 26, to the editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser says:

"I have lately been very much interested in viewing the celebrated orrery constructed by Rittenhouse about sixty years ago which has lain amongst rubbish and dust in the rooms of the college for some thirty years past. The trustees lately voted a loan of it to Mr. Joseph Roberts, the amiable and scientific master of the Quaker academy here, who has put it together in a most masterly manner. It is unquestionably the most wonderful production of the kind ever made by man and well worth a journey to see. Mr. Roberts informed me it would show the motions of the planets for 2,000 years to come without any material variation from the most correct table. The whole is an admirable piece of workmanship and, with its recent brushing up, will be one of the chief ornaments of the University."

Forecast 8/5/1915

Home of the Wissahickon Canoe Club Story Told How Old Building Was Preserved

(From Resorts and Yachting)

On the beautiful east banks of the Schuylkill River just where the Wissahickon Creek empties its waters in the river, is located, within the limits of Fairmount Park, an old Colonial Castle with a long history. It is now called Colony Castle and is, and has been for some years, the home of one of the most progressive canoe clubs in the East. The Castle sets well back from the water's edge on a slight knoll of velvety green grass and is nestled in among the tall stately trees. It is one of the most picturesque spots on the river. It is said that at one time the building was a grist mill, getting its water power from the creek.

The building antedates the recollections of the oldest inhabitants of that section. For many years it was the home of the Honorable Fishing Club of Schuylkill, of which the late John Wagner, of School lane, was president. It is also said that at one time the building was a nail mill, getting its power through a foreboy from a saw-mill that stood some feet farther up the Wissahickon Creek, which was burnt down in 1856.

Colony Castle is just as interesting on the inside as it is on the outside. It has a large open fireplace in one corner of the great living room with a massive Colonial mantelpiece. The old arch passageway through which the water passed to turn the ponderous water wheel always had a canny appearance, and naturally gave rise to the belief that the place was haunted.

When it first came into the possession of the Park Commissioners it was part of the Minster property, later called Riverside Mansion. The Park Commissioners used it for a great many years for a store and tool house.

A revolutionary tradition says that Colonial Castle was the home of Moses Doane and his seven brothers, the noted outlaws, who terrorized the colonists in the northern parts of Philadelphia County, and also what now is part of Montgomery County. Just south of the Castle on Robeson's Knoll was the only oil drilling venture in Philadelphia, and the curious people gathered on the bank around the Castle and watched the oil drillers at work, on which now rests the east end of City Line bridge.

When the Philadelphia Canoe Club took hold of the property it was literally falling down. Some fifteen years ago four well-known citizens of the Falls of Schuylkill decided that if they could get possession of the premises they would fix it up. A week later Messrs. W. J. Benham, W. D. Jamison and Frank Kerber met there to hear the report that Dr. David Boon was to bring about renting the place. The interior was too dirty to enter so they waited outside for Dr. Boon, who had been appointed a committee of one to arrange for a lease on the property. They realized that it was an ideal location so it did not take long to clean up and make the place inviting. Many times they were warned by letters and verbally not to stay there after dark, because the house was haunted.

The first floor is large and roomy

and is an ideal dancing room, with the open fireplace in one corner, with the roaring, cracking logs. There is a lean-to that was later built and is now used by the club as a kitchen; a large commodious porch is on two sides of the building and one can find no better place in the park to view the river than from this porch. The upper floor has been altered into a bunk room, storage room for canoes and a large locker room. It is an ideal location and nothing could be better adapted to the purpose than this old relic of Philadelphia's early days.

The club is incorporated and has a limited membership of 75. Canoeing and motor boating are the chief pastimes of the members. The club owns the oldest war canoe in this part of the country, it is 35 feet long and will seat 20 paddlers. The club is progressive in every way and takes an active interest in all canoe events as well as motor boat racing.

The officers are: Commodore, David J. Boon, M.D.; vice-commodore, Howard R. Lord; secretary, Joseph W. Blain, 4828 North Fifteenth street; treasurer, Eugene H. Hunter; quartermaster, Earl F. Kerber; fleet captain, Alfred H. Kress.

Directors: Arthur J. Ehrlinger, Fred Ehrlinger, J. Howard Fell, Otto R. Stoeckel, G. F. Eisenhardt. The club extends a welcome to all visiting canoeists and yachtsmen. The latch string is always out to this dear old haunted Castle.

Rep. Times 12/13/28

HISTORIANS SEE ITALIAN "MOVIE"

Sent by Mussolini in Return
for One of Wissahickon
Valley Scenes

BOTH FILMS EXHIBITED

Last Friday night the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society held its regular December meeting at the Hattal Taylor Post Building. In opening the meeting, Major Thomas S. Martin, the president, sprung a very agreeable surprise, when he announced that the motion picture reels exchanged between Mayor Mackey, representing the City of Philadelphia, and Premier Mussolini, of the Italian Government, would be presented as the first feature of the program.

These unusual gifts were presented to Premier Mussolini in Rome by Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley, while visiting Italy last summer. The moving picture of Rome, showing the incomparable ruins were then ordered prepared by the Premier, which were in turn presented to Mayor Mackey by Mrs. Oakley, representing the Premier, at the time of their first showing in the Mayor's reception room, on Friday, November 30, with representatives of the Civic Club, Academy of Fine Arts, Society of Colonial Dames of America, Federation of Womens' Clubs, and Allied Organizations present.

The scenes of Philadelphia show the East River Drive in Fairmount Park, and a trip along the picturesque Wissahickon Valley, beginning at the mouth of the stream, then the two bridges, at the entrance to the drive, the waterfalls, the turn in the road, boating scenes, the Hermit's Pool, Hermit's Lake Bridge, Blue Stone Bridge, Walnut Lane Bridge, Devil's Pool, Valley Green, Thomas Mill Bridge, the last of the

covered bridges, one glen after another, and myriads of scenes, showing the remarkable shadows and reflections. "Along the Wissahickon." The motion picture reel was prepared for the presentation by the Bureau of Street Cleaning of the City of Philadelphia, and was obtained by Major Martin for the occasion of the Historical Society, through the courtesy of George H. Boyles, chief inspector of the bureau, and were shown by Howard Wells, one of Mr. Boyles' assistants, and Lewis R. Snow, official photographer of the bureau. A rising vote of thanks was tendered these gentlemen.

No society could be classed as historical, who would not be delighted to view the scenes of the ancient ruins of Rome, and when presented under such auspicious promptings, with the story attached, surely a rare treat was enjoyed by those in attendance. Castle scenes, drawing of an "Actual Street Corner," by Michael Anglo, Marcus Aurelius in the Square, Excavations, The Pantheon, Temple of Vesta, Gigantic Columns, Scenes of the Baths, Ancient Statues, The Cloisters, The Coliseum, and other great scenes portraying the ruins of civilization, of 3000 years ago were among those presented on this very unusual motion picture reel. All present voiced their sentiments and thanks for having witnessed such historical pictures.

The Secretary of the Society, Joseph S. Miles, then presented a paper, illustrated with lantern slides showing the outlines of the original title holders to the ground in Roxborough, which will be given in a subsequent issue of this paper.

Friday evening, December 21, the Hiking Committee will give another moonlight hike, starting at 7.50 P. M., Ridge avenue and the Wissahickon Drive.

3-18-1937

LOVER'S LEAP

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago,

Out on the rim of things, alone,

It was there on the peaks of the vapor thrown

High o'er the Wissahickon's flow, And the rocky floor of the vale below,

Above the sound of the water's moan,

Or any lowland undertone,

Up where the strongest winds would blow.

So quiet there, that I've often laid

My ears against my own faint sighs,

To drink of the silence, half-afraid;

And then have my reveries scattered by

A lonely crow, that in the shade Came fluttering past, through the arching sky.

A. C. C.

Tells of Relic of Paper Mill

Interesting Story Concerning the Old Wissahickon Val- ley Years Ago

BY A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

There is in existence a specimen of laid paper made at Claus Rittenhouse's paper mill in 1690, on Paper Mill Run, Roxborough Township, Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania.

Lovers of the antique made an onslaught upon the time-stained sheet, and bits here and there cut out indicate the extent of curiosity.

Members of the trade have in every instance "swiped a piece of the highly prized paper while the owner's attention was drawn to other matters.

One slip of paper is of the first roll of paper made in the United States.

Upon its begrimed surface is written a receipt by Nicholas Poarfo for five reams of brown paper delivered June 23, 1705.

Said Morris Nixon, of Dayton, Ohio, who spoke instructively and entertainingly: "William Rittingbuysen, an emigrant, was the first Mennonite preacher in Pennsylvania.

"He, with his two sons, Gerhard, or Garret, and Klaas, or Nicholas, came from Broich, in Holland.

His forefather had long carried on the business of manufacturing paper at Arnheim and in 1690 he built the first paper mill in America on the Wissahickon.

It is a remarkable fact that the introduction of the manufacture of paper into America by the Rittenhouses was about as early as the time at which they took root in America.

A biographer of one of the Rittenhouses rightly stated that the enterprise marked a union of capital, intelligence and activity at that time rare in the colonies.

Germantown, now so thickly settled, was then a cluster of woods. Back from the Germantown road ran long and narrow strips of land, each with its quaintly and sparsely furnished farm houses.

In the outlying townships of Cresheim and Orefeldt lay great blocks of land—hilly, rich, well watered and timbered and miraculously productive. The German pioneers lived on the fat of the land in those days.

It was in Roxborough township that William Rittenhouse built his paper mill, upon the stream ever after called Paper Mill Run, which joins the Wissahickon by Poor House Lane, and known as Rittenhouse street.

Here was made the paper used by William Bradford and in the old farm house nearby William Rittenhouse died in 1708, aged 64.

According to a mode of inheritance practiced among the settlers from Holland, and which has a distinct place in

the history of the development of the modern community, farm house and paper mill descended from William Rittenhouse to the younger son Nicholas and from him to his younger son Matthias, each of these two in turn prosecuting the business after the decease of his parent.

Mr. Nixon is a lineal descendant of the Rittenhouses, and curiously enough when he was united in marriage he succeeded in winning the heart of a Miss Rittenhouse, who traces her ancestry in the same lines of kinship. Coincidences are coincidences, verily.

2-18-32

HAPPY VALLEY

In the vale of Wissahickon, there are thrills to 'make hearts quicken,

If the roamer's one with poems in his soul;

All of nature aims to please, and arms of serrate trees

Are concatenations queer of girandole.

Here, betimes, is often heard, from some sad and lonely bird,

A call unto a mate who is not near;

And the water's ceaseless song, as it purls and pours along,

Gives an undertone of music sweet and clear.

Here a fern, with lacy frond of an elegance beyond

The skill of earthly author to create,

Grows with flowers bright and gay, in a colorful array,

Content in woodland bed to rusticate.

There are bare and rugged rocks, like some myth-giant's building blocks,

Which reach dimensions daunting and terrific,

Forming towering monuments, whose stilling eloquence

Adds silence that is calmful and pacific.

Little paths wind here and there, which are lanes away from care,

That life with all its turmoil often brings;

And protecting, thorny thickets, filled with tiny moths and crickets,

Are haven-places there for weary wings,

There are stream-bank grassy stretches, lined with wild bulb-rooted vetches,

Which attract the farer to some shimmering pool;

Warming spots, the sun can reach, through a leafy-latticed breach;

And shaded places where the air is cool.

There are roads where horses pace, canter, trot and sometimes race,

Away from motored cars, geared up by man;

And each curve along the way seems to beckon; seems to say;

"Come on! And round me quickly as you can!"

A. C. C.

2-18-32

15

Bob-Sledding

One of the speakers at the Hat-tal-Taylor Post No. 333, V. F. W. banquet, last Saturday night, gave Roxborough mountaineers the royal "razzberry" about the hills hereabouts, and suggested that the "local Chamber of Commerce wake up to its opportunities and steal the Winter Olympics away from the Lake Placid folks."

And on Monday John M. Sickinger, authority on Manayunkiana, started to discuss the same subject.

"Bob-sledding," said Mr. Sickinger, "is nothing more than coasting with a 'high-hat.' Roxborough boys and girls of past years knew lots about the sport, getting their experience by speeding down Gorgas, Allens', Conrad's and Livezey lanes.

"And what speed they attained! They used to get out the old double-deckers, and the only crack-ups they had was when they would crash head on into another kid's skipper and hang it up on the trees.

"The diners, with catfish and waffles in front of them, sitting in the Old Indian Rock Hotel, down along Wissahickon Creek, always formed a jolly crowd of spectators.

"Those were the days when the youth of this section staged its own Olympic games. And when it came to ice skating, an old friend, Emmett Monahan, now the millwright at the Manayunk Plush Mill had no equal. Great crowds were accustomed to standing on the bank of the stream watching Emmett do his stuff. Now, people have an alibi and say there is no ice or snow."

9-23-1937

SEPTEMBER DAYS

Behind a hill, the whippoorwill
Chirps lonesomely, when it is
chill,

These sharp September
days;

The dusk grows dense; the sil-
lence tense;

And katydid's their songs com-
mence,

O'er Wissahickon sprays.

Each warm day wanes; through
hillside lanes

The cool winds blow; each tree
complains;

The autumn flowers bloom;

While left and right, the fire-
flies light,

And early coming of the night,
All sound the Summer's
doom.

A. C. C.

Sub. Press 11/4/1930

Park Body Would Save Wissahickon

Fight Proposals to Widen Drives Along Gorge of Beauty

HIKERS HAVE RIGHTS

Weygant Brings Out New Book Concerning Valley

Proposals to widen roadways in the Wissahickon will be fought by the Friends of the Wissahickon, and its executive committee has notified the Commissioners of Fairmount Park that any road-widening "will destroy the natural beauty of this ravine."

"The so-called dangers inherent in the present roadways of the Wissahickon used by motorists are non-existent for all those who obey the rules," the notice adds.

Pedestrians as well as motorists have rights to be conserved in the Wissahickon, the resolutions declare, stating the difficulties of park guards in promoting safety are due to "the carelessness and irresponsible behavior of some drivers."

Citizens are urged to "rise to the support of the Commissioners and of their present policy as to the use of motor roads in the park."

Baedeker referred to the Wissahickon as "An Alpine gorge in miniature of singular loveliness." In a volume called "The Wissahickon Hills" by Professor Cornelius Weygant of the University of Pennsylvania, the traditions as well as the natural beauties are related and glorified. Professor Weygant's chapters will appeal to many Philadelphians who have come to love the old Creek; it will open new paths and make us realize once more that we can be justly proud of this glorious stretch of woodland and stream.

Professor Weygant shows every spot along the Wissahickon. He has observed what others have missed for many years. He tells about the woodduck on the Creek in the earlier years, about the eagles that used to pass over now and then, about the raccoons, the opossums. "There are mink, weasel and skunk about, though they are scarce." The sections on the birds of the Wissahickon are not only informative but especially engaging. There are chapters on spring-houses, ground cellars and "caves," on "Heaths and Heathy Places," on "Mice and Mousing," and several interesting sections on the gorgeous trees of the valley.

While things have changed since

Professor Weygant's boyhood, the beauty of the Wissahickon Hills remains. "Storm can quickly restore to them even now a tonic wildness," he wrote, "and moon-lights make them as magical as ever they were to one and twenty. They are the surprise they have always been to strangers from far or near. A bluff of grey schist, hemlock covered, with kinglets seeping through the plummy branches, is refreshing so close to a great city and muskrat tracks in the mud by the creek are a sight to make the years fall off bent shoulders. The Wissahickon and its hills are a blessing to many thousands of us. They are here always, good to visit at all seasons, and just as good as a suggestion of all the far wooded places where men may find freedom and heart-ease."

5/22/1930

Horsemen to Parade Along Wissahickon

Philadelphia Riders and Drivers Association to Hold Annual Fete

BRACKEN IN CHARGE

Many Organizations to Par- ticipate in Event Along Famous Drive

A cordial invitation is extended by the Philadelphia Riders and Drivers Association to the public to join in the annual "Wissahickon Day" demonstration on Saturday afternoon, with those organizations which have as their chief object the preservation of the Upper Wissahickon. Ride, drive, motor, or hike there. Automobiles may enter the Drive, via Roxborough or Chestnut Hill and "park" at Valley Green.

The Wissahickon is Philadelphia's wonderful playground, abounding in the beauties of Nature at all seasons of the year, whether it be blossom time, or when the snow adorns the woodland, and the Wissahickon Day Fete is one way in which the city's citizens show their interest in the storied valley and its perpetuation for future generations.

The marshals of the great equestrian parade will meet with their chief at Allen's lane at 2:15 P. M. for final instructions before the formation of the line of march.

The following will be the order of the parade: An advance escort of mounted Park Guards; four-in-hands; Mounted Policemen of Philadelphia County, and Springfield Township; Committee chairman, Francis B. Bracken and Chief

Marshal B. F. Mechling, Jr.; Marshal Aides, William Wallace and C. Henderson Supplee.

These will be followed by the Harness Division of trotters and roadsters, headed by P. John Galbraith and Clarence M. Whitman.

The Saddle Division will be made up of Military organizations, fraternal groups, individual riders, Mounted Boy Scouts, Riding Academies, Riding and Hunt Clubs and Western Saddle Clubs and ponies. Those in charge of these various sections will be Weston D. Bayley, Samuel Earley, Mariyn R. Henne, Philip R. Markley, Walter G. Sibley, Dr. William H. Ivens, J. D. Howley, W. G. Mo, and Frank R. Macklin.

The General Committee, in charge of the Wissahickon Day Fete is composed of Francis B. Bracken, Chairman, Frederick L. Ballard, A. C. Chadwick, Jr., Milton C. Cooper, William A. M. Fuller, Samuel P. Houston, William F. Metzger, Thomas G. Parris, Miss Nellie E. Quirk, Miss Anné Strawbridge, William Wallace, Miss Frances A. Wister, and Miss Helen K. Yerkes.

The officers of the Philadelphia Riders and Drivers Association, which was organized on December 16th, 1921, and which annually sponsors the great carnival, are Honorary President, J. Willis Martin, Honorary Vice-president, Fredric H. Strawbridge, President, William F. Metzger, First Vice President, E. T. Stotesbury, 2nd Vice President, Francis B. Bracken, 3rd Vice President, J. G. Lieper, Jr., and Secretary-Treasurer, Anna K. Johnson.

The organizations co-operating with the Riders and Drivers Association in the parade of Saturday, are The Friends of the Wissahickon, the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, The Germantown Historical Society, Wagner Free Institute of Science, Botanical Society of Pennsylvania, Boy and Girl Scouts, Garden Club of Philadelphia, the Wissahickon Bird Club, The Wanderlust Club and the Back-to-Nature Club.

2-5-1937

SPRINGTIME LONGINGS

Fly winter days! We want again
To see the robin and the wren
Along the woodland paths be-
side

The Wissahickon's rippling tide.
So fly away! Of cold we're tired,
And long for days when we're in-
spired

To sing of greening trees, and
such,

That comes with Springtime's
magic touch.

Get from us utterly! We say,
We've had enough of skies all
gray.

We want to tramp o'er leafy
mold

And greet the glorious marigold
That grows beside the nearby
stream

Where we can walk, and think,
and dream;

We're sated with the Winter's
chills.

And want to hike out o'er the
hills.

A. C. C.

420736

Improvements Made Regardless Of Opposition

Acquisition of Lands Along the Wissahickon Is a Case in Point

MANY PROTESTS

Commissioners Predicted That Land Values Would Rapidly Increase

Very often civic improvements come about despite all sorts of adverse public discussions on the subject at hand. For instance the Roosevelt Boulevard, that much-traveled traffic artery into Philadelphia, was assailed in the beginning as just another huge grafting operation of the city's politicians who had bought up farmlands in the northeast section of Philadelphia before the plans for the highway became public.

Another similar example is the Parkway, connecting Fairmount Park with the centre of the municipality. What a hullabaloo was raised when that project was first discussed! The public, however, afterward benefitted from both undertakings.

A local story of the same nature sprung from the acquisition of 21st Ward lands along the Wissahickon Valley for Park purposes.

Back in 1869 the Park Commissioners bought the road along the Creek from the stockholders of the Wissahickon Turnpike Company, and also purchased land, to the crest of the hills, from private owners. These latter purchases included many busy mills.

Some of the landowners parted with their holdings with great reluctance, feeling that with the destruction of the mills improvements in the 21st Ward would all move in a different direction, and result in a great loss to all who owned land and houses east of Ridge avenue.

The Park Commissioners alleged that the removal of the mills, under the plan of giving better water to the people of Philadelphia, would bring hundreds of wealthy men and their families to erect their homes along the banks of the Wissahickon, thus giving plenty of work to local mechanics.

The Commissioners promised beautiful lakes as additional attractions for city dwellers in summer and winter, one of which was to be situated on the land covered by the Ammidown Blanket Mills,—where the Lincoln Drive branches off from the Wissahickon Drive today—which were to be stocked with domesticated swans.

Roxborough residents fought the deals for what they considered

valuable property, all in vain. They were beaten in every effort and the Commissioners had their way.

One of the Roxborough property owners had ten acres of land taken by the Park authorities; all of the frontage he held along the Wissahickon Creek and drive, which contained all the timber he had reserved for fencing the remainder of his farm.

When he attempted to cut a tree for posts or rails his workmen were driven away from his own land by Park Guards, who had received instructions to permit no trees to be felled. To his application for payment of the land taken, he was told the balance of his farm would be increased in value more than the ten acres of land taken. As he did not fancy the mode of payment for his land in prospective increases in value, he, with other property holders journeyed to Harrisburg to protest to the State Legislature, from whom the Park Commissioners had received their authority, and the latter after a prolonged contest were finally beaten and forced to pay all the owners of real estate taken, and set apart within the limits of the Park, the value being set by a jury.

If the parties could not agree as to the value of the land taken, an agent of the jury called on the owners and in the end the most of them accepted what the Commissioners had fixed as the value. The value of the mills, however, were all settled by jury and judgment taken and entered in Court.

The east side of Ridge avenue did not live up to the predictions of the early Park Commissioners. Wealthy families moved generally to the Germantown side of the valley, and Roxborough remained undeveloped and neglected until recent years, since when the opening of Henry avenue now gives promise that land in that area will increase in value. As for the employment that would have been provided through all the intervening years by the Wissahickon mills, there is no one who can properly conjecture whether they would have been beneficial or not.

It is known, however, that in the Wissahickon Valley section of Fairmount Park residents of this vicinity have a public asset that far surpasses any natural one in any other part of the city.

5-12-32

17

Wissahickon Valley Has A Jazz Band

Caretaker at Livezey House Provides an Accompaniment for Nature's Song

WATER-DRIVEN DEVICE

Miniature Mills and Wheels Prove an Attraction To Wayfarers

Al Haefner, caretaker of the Livezey House on the Upper Wissahickon, found time hanging heavily on his hands. The house, while one of the oldest under the jurisdiction of the Fairmount Park Commission, stands isolated behind its barrier of hill and wood and is in condition took but little of Haefner's time.

To while away the hours, he conceived the idea of constructing a miniature waterwheel in the little tributary of the Wissahickon which passes the house. When it was completed he added a toy mill. Then he built more wheels and placed them at different points along the banks of the little stream. The wheels revolved merrily, and the splash of the water as it passed over the paddles gave a soothing undertone to the song of the recently arrived birds and the song of the wind in the nearby trees.

"I found," Haefner told John F. Hart, artist and wood engraver, of 169 Hansberry street, Germantown, when he stumbled on the place, "that nature's orchestra of the birds, the wind and the brook was without a drum. To remedy this defect, I made two drumsticks, which I fastened to the axles of the waterwheels. Then I placed a small piece of tin close to the wheel so that when the axle revolved the sticks would strike the tin. So I gave the orchestra a drum. One did not seem to be enough, and I fashioned drumsticks for each wheel. Now, as you can see and hear, I have a whole battery of automatic drums. I have called it "Nature's Jazz Band."

Day and night the drums keep beating out their measure, even when the birds have been silenced by darkness. Their not unmusical tinkle has drawn many children who stand in rapture along the banks. Adults passing by at a distance have been lured to the place by the drums, with the result that the isolation which has wrapped the Livezey House stands in a fair way to be dispelled through the music of Haefner's "Nature's Jazz Band."

4/24/1930

Nearby Woods Abloom With Wild Flowers

Dame Nature Has Started
to Color Her Hills
and Ravines

BEAUTY ABOUND

Wissahickon Valley Is Ideal
Place to Study
Botany

Spring fever days are here; the robins and blue birds can be heard chirping; old Mother Nature has started to spread her green robes over the hillsides, and the desire to hike is in the blood, which leads one, without thinking, into the woodlands and meadows in search of wild flowers.

The very first blooms that make their appearance in the early spring are the Johnnie-Jump-Ups, or Birds-foot violets, and in some places are commonly called Sand violets. From April to June dry fields and hillsides are made lovely by them. These violets are pansy-shaped and are more velvety than other violets.

The most fragrant flower that grows is the Trailing Arbutus. It is the flower of the woods, where it blooms from March to May. Arbutus should be picked sparingly. It is often difficult to pick it without pulling the roots, a thing which should never be done. Already it has vanished from many places.

Another beautiful flower is the Blood Root. Snow white and shaped like a poppy, it is short-lived as a rule. The blossoms die soon after picking.

Then the buttercups. Certainly you all know the common buttercup! Records do not disclose who the love sick swain was, who "wise-cracked" hold up your chin until I see if you like butter. But nevertheless it has been handed down from generation to generation. And the same buttercups still make their vivid color stand out above all others.

A pretty flower is the daisy. It grows every where, in the meadows, along the roadside and even on waste land. It is a common weed, to farmers who detest it, but it is a beautiful sight to see a field of daisies in full bloom. Another brave little flower that blooms early is the hepatica, which is commonly called the May flower. It spreads along the ground and at a distance reminds one of last winter's snow.

Another bloom that is plentiful is the Blackeyed Susan, called by some people yellow daisy. Along the Wissahickon ravine one will find the columbine, a beautiful red and yellow flower which looks like a honey-cup. It grows in rocky places

and shady woodlands. Jack-in-the-Pulpit is another spring time bloom. The root, or bulb, is called Indian turnip. Then the Hare Bell, growing on the rocky cliffs, has as its common name, Blue Bells of Scotland. The Red Trillium, sometimes called the Wake Robin or Birth Wood, has an unpleasant odor. It grows thickly in rich, moist, soil.

One smell of the Pasture Rose, commonly called the Wild Rose, will win you forever as its champion. Queen Anne's Lace, or Wild Carrot, is another common weed, but nevertheless is a pretty bloom. Virginia Cowslips are like the Hare Bells and look similar to them. Joe Pye Weed, commonly called Bone

Set, smells like flaxseed and can be found in wet meadows. Pearly Everlasting is an herb, with a pretty flower for vases, and will hold up well without water for a long time. It is detested by farmers as an undesirable weed.

All nearby fields and woodlands, if not now, will soon abound with wild flowers, but to get the pick of the finest it is necessary to hike to a ravine, through which a creek ripples its way.

The glade along the Wissahickon Creek is a fine place to view spring-time wild flowers and ferns, but Park regulations forbids the picking of flowers and ferns.

If a person takes along a botanical book in colors, he can identify each bloom with ease.

JOHN M. SICKINGER

3-24-32

SUNDOWN ON THE WISSAHICKON

Deep in the vale there calls a
bird,
Along the Wissahickon, where
the tide
Pursues its course, with ripples
slurred
O'er rough terrain extending
wide;
A haze appears; the sun's swift
stride
Brings quick eclipse o'er rushes
rank;
No stir of life, 'til is described,
A feathered creature on the
bank,
And as the sun sinks in the
west,
With long-stretched shadows on
the sward,
A mate-bird, with his note
caressed,
Sings out a song, with joy un-
barred;
The water mirrors blue and
green
As dusk-time lights break on the
scene.

A. C. C.

BESIDE THE WISSAHICKON

There the birds are singing
carols from the branches up
on high,
As the sunshine hangs its ban-
ners, crimson tinted, o'er the
sky;
There the hum of busy insects
answers back the linnets song.
There the mists have veiled the
mornings and the lovely days
are long;
There the leaves are all a-
tremble, 'neath the passion of
the breeze,
And nearby grass fields shadows
change like billows of the
seas;
While each cricket chirps its
challenge from its refuge in
the brush,
And the full-leaved boughs are
nodding o'er a spring where
waters gush.

Beside the Wissahickon.

There the forest's cooling shad-
ows tempt to rest at si try
noon,
While the murmurs of the leaf-
lets urge to slumber with their
tune;
There the clouds have fleecy
whiteness, when the atmo-
sphere is bland,
And the season spreads its glad-
ness and its plenty o'er the
land;
When the purring creek grasps
sunshine—in the rapids or the
still—
As it wildly clasps the stream-
lets which come rushing down
the hill,
While God's beauties, like soft
blessings, permeate the earth
and air,
And unspoken benedictions meet
our vision everywhere,
Beside the Wissahickon.

There the air is perfume-lad-
en through the watches of the
night;
There the moonlight on the
waters is a glorified delight,
As it silvers stream and path-
way, as it softens rugged
scenes,
With its lights and shadows
shifting through a million
leafy screens;
Every pool a shining wonder,
every tree a studied art,
Every hill and glen a making of
its marvel-work a part;
Every day's a dream of beauty;
every night a new surprise;
Every hour a tempting picture
for our wonder-haunted eyes;
When all these are spread before
us—each a gem without alloy—
When the soul responds in glad-
ness and the world is drunk
with joy,
When the heart intones its an-
them, joining nature in her
praise,
And perfection meets perfection,
in a thousand wondrous ways,
You must needs not be a poet
for your pulsing heart to
quicken,
For your senses all will tell you,
you're beside the Wissahickon.

A. C. C.

8-4-32

18

4/24/1930

R-4-32

R

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Pursues its course, with ripples
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O'er rough terrain extending
wide;
A haze appears; the sun's swift
stride
Brings quick eclipse o'er rushes
rank;
No stir of life, 'til is described,
A feathered creature on the
bank.
And as the sun sinks in the
west,
With long-stretched shadows on
the sward,
A mate-bird, with his note
caressed,
Sings out a song, with joy un-
barred;
The water mirrors blue and
green
As dusk-time lights break on the
scene.

A. C. C.

BESIDE THE WISSAHICKON

There the birds are singing
carols from the branches up
on high,

As the sunshine hangs its ban-
ners, crimson tinted, o'er the
sky;

There the hum of busy insects
answers back the linnet's song,
There the mists have veiled the
mornings and the lovely days
are long;

There the leaves are all a-
tremble, 'neath the passion of
the breeze,

And nearby grass fields shadows
change like billows of the
seas;

While each cricket chirps its
challenge from its refuge in
the brush,

And the full-leaved boughs are
nodding o'er a spring where
waters gush.

Beside the Wissahickon.

There the forest's cooling shad-
ows tempt to rest at si try
noon,

While the murmurs of the leaf-
lets urge to slumber with t air
tune;

There the clouds have fleecy
whiteness, when the atmo-
sphere is bland,

And the season spreads its glad-
ness and its plenty o'er the
land;

When the purling creek grasps
sunshine—in the rapids or the
still—

As it wildly clasps the stream-
lets which come rushing down
the hill,

While God's beauties, like soft
blessings, permeate the earth
and air,

And unspoken benedictions meet
our vision everywhere,

Beside the Wissahickon.

There the air is perfume-lad-
en through the watches of the
night;

There the moonlight on the
waters is a glorified delight,

As it silvers stream and path-
way, as it softens rugged
scenes,

With its lights and shadows
shifting through a million
leafy screens;

Every pool a shining wonder,
every tree a studied art,

Every hill and glen a making of
its marvel-work a part;

Every day's a dream of beauty;
every night a new surprise;

Every hour a tempting picture
for our wonder-baunted eyes;

When all these are spread before
us—each a gem without alloy—

When the soul responds in glad-
ness and the world is drunk
with joy,

When the heart intones its an-
thems, joining nature in her
praise,

And perfection meets perfection,
in a thousand wondrous ways,

You must needs not be a poet
for your pulsing heart to
quicken.

For your senses all will tell you,
you're beside the Wissahickon.

A. C. C.

11/3/32

Place Wreath On Statue of William Penn

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society Has Local Penn Observance

TREATY RECALLED

Sandstone Effigy Erected by John Welsh in 1883

Members of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society played a part in the current William Penn commemoration exercises last Sunday afternoon, by placing a large wreath on the late John Welsh's "Toleration" statue of Pennsylvania's great Founder, along the Wissahickon Creek above Walnut lane.

The observance was arranged by Major Thomas S. Martin, president of the Society; James K. Helms, vice president, and J. Ellwood Barrett, secretary. Among those who were present were Edward E. Hocker, librarian of the Germantown Historical Society, and A. C. Chadwick, Jr., historian of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society.

Although granted the dominion of the land in Pennsylvania by King Charles II, by charter grant in 1681 William Penn recognized the rights of the earlier settlers; The Swedes, the Dutch and the aborigines - - the Indians.

The high point of rocks, known locally as "Mom Rinker's Rock," on which the 21st Ward statue of Penn stands, overlooking the picturesque Wissahickon Valley and surrounding heights was included in the territory granted to Penn by the Treaty made with Nenesickan and other Shacamakers on the 14th of the fifth month, 1683, which would correspond with the present 14th of July, as the year, at that time, began on March 1st.

The text of the treaty follows: "We, Nenesickan, Malebore, also Penstantoughab, Neshanocks, and Oserenneon Indian Shacamakers and right owners of ye lands lying between Manayunk also Schuykill and Pennapecka Creeks doe this 14th day of ye fifth Month in ye year according to ye English account 1683, hereby grant, sell and dispose of all our Right, Title and Interest in our lands between Manatunk (Schuykill) and Pennapecka (Pennypack) so farr as ye hill called Coashohocken on ye said river Manatunk and from thence by a northeast line to ye river of Pennapecka, unto William Penn proprietor and governor of ye Province of Pennsylvania, etc.,

his heirs and assignees forever, and in consideration of 150 fathoms of wampum (900 feet) 15 guns, 15 blankets, 3 great kettles, 15 small kettles, 15 coats, 15 shirts, 60 duffils, 5 drawing knives, 20 gimlets, 7 pr of shoes, 15 pr stockings, 15 pr scissors, 15 combs, 15 axes, 15 knives, 15 tobacco tongs, 30 bars of lead, 31 pounds powder, 1r awls, 18 small glasses, 10 boxes, 6 capps, 3 paper of beads and a paper of red lead to us in hand paid and the receipt whereof acknowledged hereby renounce all claims or demands by us or heirs or assignees forever, in or to ye premises.

"In witness whereof we have hereunto set our names and seals and year first written.
Nenesickan Malebore Neshanocks
Sealed in the presence of

Pisenokan
Peter Rambo

Swan Swanson
Philip Th Lehmann
Joe Curtels
Catemus, an Indian king.

Friendly relations existed under this treaty until 1720, two years after the death of William Penn when the whites, under sanction of the Iroquois, crowded the red men out of their ancient homeland.

On the rear of the Wissahickon statue of Penn is carved the name "Kirn".

Listed in the Philadelphia Directory of 1883, is the following information: "Albert Kirn, stonemason 1416 N. 8th. street, Edward Kirn, Marble, 1416 N. 8th. street, Herman Kirn, 724 Brooke." So apparently the whole family had a hand in creating the monument.

7-16-1931

JOYOUS STREAM

Wissahickon, with water endeared to my boyhood,
When days were all lengthy, and future hopes strong,
You'll live in my thoughts, which are now retrospective,
Through melodies murmured in rippling song.

I can never erase from my mind, and I'm grateful,
For days which I loitered knee-deep in your pools,
With dreams of the capture of minnow or rock-fish,
Which scurried about in food-searching schools.

Then later, the girl whom I wooed 'neath your hemlocks,
Who is now not beside me, to share vic'tries won,
I think of her always, as loving your beauties,
And will continue to do so, while your bright waters run.

Wissahickon, your glories will never lose lustre,
Like some streams which are harnessed for man's earthly gain,
And the mem'ries I hold will sustain me forever,
'Till the far side of Jordan my soul shall attain.

A. C. C.

Germantown Telegraph
A-16-35

19

Poet's Corner

THE WALNUT LANE BRIDGE

How mighty this arch—that curving high,
Forms a frame o'er the creek, for the azure sky,
And century-old trees sheltered 'neath the span—
That sprung from the visions of humble man?
It welds together the Roxborough height
And Germantown's hills, so that Time in flight
Saves golden moments that once were lost
Whenever this valley the traveler crossed.

When it was built a scaffolding frail
In patience was flung o'er the rock-ribbed vale,
And stranded wires, as ductile ropes,
Sustained and lifted the workmen's hopes.
Then moistened clay—in modern mode—
Was poured in forms to construct the road,
Until, at last, all the timbered mask
Was taken away from the Wonder Task.

It is so that we build, with hopes supreme,
In the plans of Life—in each daily dream
Our Character's fashioned in testing moulds,
That finally removed, all our strength unfolds,
As laborers none of our work's confined,
But guiding us on is a Master's Mind,
That points the way from a Distant Ridge,
As we raise or ruin Life's high-spanned bridge.
A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

1-15-1931

SOUNDS

There may be those who love to hear,
The city's noise and stir;
My nerves are sadly shattered by
Its loudness, blast and whirl.

To some, the glare of busy streets,
Is melody divine,
They revel in the joyous tunes
Of industry—so fine.

But in the Wissahickon's vale,
There's friendly noises; sweet;
A falling leaf; a rippling rill;
A morning-bird's "Tweet-tweet."

So when my soul is torn with woe;
My spirit flayed with fear;
I seek the legended-stream's swift tide,
Its soothing sounds to hear.
A. C. C.

12/29/1936

Historical Writer Sends Out Novel Yuletide Greetings

James F. Magee, Jr., Is Recognized as Authority on Watermarks in Paper

UNUSUAL HOBBY

Leaflet Contains Reproductions of World-Famed Art and Trade Identifications

One of the most novel of Christmas greetings to reach the office of The Suburban Press, is one which is given the palm for originality, being sent out by James F. Magee, Jr., who fell upon his interest in such things while writing a series of articles for this newspaper, concerning the mills of the Wissahickon Valley.

An authority on watermarks (distinguishing seals of fine paper manufacturers since 1282), Mr. Magee has made an attractive Christmas greeting bearing reproductions of watermarks of the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries.

Brief histories of their origin are printed beneath the watermarks, which must be held to the light to be seen. The paper of the Christmas leaflet is a reproduction of the hand-made paper of the 1776 period.

"Collecting old watermarks," said Mr. Magee, "has been my hobby for three or four years. But I don't see anything particularly unusual about it. I just hit upon watermarks instead of coins or stamps."

But collectors of watermarks or their reproductions, Mr. Magee admitted, are rare in this country. Europe abounds with splendid collections, however.

Instituted in Bologna, Italy, late in the thirteenth century, the practice of stamping a selected seal on fine papers became an established custom until it now is universal among high-grade paper manufacturers.

"Although England, France and the United States offer a varied field for the collector," explained Mr. Magee, "the Italians still are masters of the art. The first page of my Christmas greeting this year is a reproduction of the watermark of the Nativity, a fifteenth century Della Robbia of blue and white terra cotta, now in the church of the Augustine nuns near Florence.

"No less interesting, however, is the second selection, the watermark of the early American flag of thirteen stripes without the blue field and white stars, flying from the stern of a man-of-war. This watermark was found in letters written at Spring Mill, Montgomery County, in 1785 and 1786 by Peter

Legaux, grape culturist."

Mr. Magee's third reproduction for his greeting is the watermark of Pennsylvania Flint Lock Rifles, one of the rarest in existence. Dated 1776, the emblem carries the letters "J. H. S." (Jesus Hominum Salvatore), which occurred in European watermarks as early as 1350. Only three letters are extant written on paper carrying this design.

Mr. Magee's portfolios bulge with old letters bearing the watermarks of famous paper makers and reproductions gathered from all parts of the world.

From Lord Portals, chief of the Portals-Paper Mills, of England, comes a watermark designed in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the late King George V and Queen Mary. Held to the light the delineation of the Queen's head, her features, her hair and diadem, and the pearls about her throat reveal the light and shadows found in rare old etchings.

Among the moderns Mr. Magee's favorite is "The Duck Hunters," recently released by a Wisconsin maker and the largest watermark ever designed. It measures two and one-half feet by two feet and is a masterpiece in delicacy of design.

Months of research in historical libraries where he inspected nearly 50,000 letters have given Mr. Magee an amazing insight into the eccentricities of paper makers, particularly those of Colonial Pennsylvania.

A study of the watermarks made in the mills on Trout Run, site of the W. C. Hamilton & Sons mills today, as narrated in the Suburban Press two weeks ago, reveals the crown of George III, a cat, a stone barn which tradition declares harbored Lafayette in 1778; a tulip design, symbolic of the Trinity and favorite decorations of Mennonite brides; the double-headed deer and many other unusual designs.

The first watermark made in America dates from 1692, according to Mr. Magee. It was a design of the Rittenhouse mill in Roxborough, made under the direction of William Bradford, part owner. Bradford was a prolific publisher, nearly all of his books having been printed on paper manufactured by the Rittenhouse mills. More than a hundred years the trademark of this mill was the clover leaf.

"Of the fifty-four mills situated on the Wissahickon during Revolutionary days, ten were paper mills. The majority of these manufacturers adopted watermarks and it is delightful to browse through old publications, seared with age, but individual in style, that feature marks which reveal the ideals in men's minds."

Similar Christmas greetings were sent out last year by Mr. Magee, who told with amusement of a Christmas telephone call from one old friend.

"He was distraught because he had been unable to find the watermarks in the white space above the printed description. Yet typed plainly beneath were the words, 'To see the watermarks, hold the paper to the light.'" Mr. Magee said.

7/12/1934

20

TO C. W. A. AND L. W. D.

The bridge at ancient Kitchen's lane,

Along the Wissahickon,
Was well-nigh tumbling in the stream;

With age was badly stricken,
When men of letters, in their tasks,

Made just to give employment,
Rebuilt the structure; made it strong

For men and beasts' enjoyment.

Through woods, once most impregnable,

To heights beyond man's strength,

We now can view the stream's deep course

Along its fullest length.

Because on winding trails, all new,

That give true hikers pleasure,

These lettered men, with axe and spade,

Have opened up new treasure.

The folk who love this storied vale,

Care not what critics say

About the manner or the means,

Or when, or what we pay.

The cost can ne'er be cast in coin,

And, if so, would be passed

In mem'ry, by the ones to come,

For this great work will last.

The L. W. D., of humble men,
And C. W. A.'s before them,

Have brought more Wissahickon views

For thousands to adore them.

And as the years elope with Time

To periods less distressing,

The tasks they've done and still will do,

We'll see then as a blessing.

A. C. C.

9/3/1931

Old Volume Tells of The Wissahickon

Valley Was Once Inaccess-
ible From Schuylkill
River Entrance

HUGE ROCK REMOVED

Old Inns and Pipe Bridge
Are Mentioned in
Rare Book

A rare old book, of which we had the good luck to become the owner, discloses some information concerning the Wissahickon region which should be of interest to the lovers of that hemlock-crowned, rocky-battlemented section of stream and woodland, which even before its acquisition by the Fairmount Park Commission was made self-guarded by a gracious Creator.

Until 1826 the Wissahickon Valley was inaccessible except by little by-roads and lanes. At the Ridge road a mass of rock stood on one side and a precipice on the other. During that year the rock was removed and the present road laid out. Until 1822 the creek emptied into the Schuylkill river over a very picturesque fall of water, ten or twelve feet high. Today the man-made fall is east of Ridge avenue, a goodly distance away from the creek's confluence with the river.

Says the old volume: "Passing along the margin of the Wissahickon, the carriage drive reaches first, Wissahickon Hall. At this saloon, which is a place of considerable resort, refreshments and ices are sold during the summer and 'catfish and coffee' at all times." At the time the book was printed, which was in 1872, the Hall was conducted by Charles H. Lippen.

Goes on the story: "A short distance further on, the road passes a second restaurant, The Maple Spring. The restaurant which bears this name contains a collection of very grotesque figures of animals, birds, beasts and serpents; these are all the uncut roots of the laurel, found in these forms in the earth. They are the labor of the proprietor's lifetime in the forests of this State.

"Batteaux may be obtained at this restaurant, as also at the lower one, by the hour or for the afternoon or day, for excursions. The west bank of the stream at these points is most conveniently reached by this mode of conveyance."

According to an advertisement, in the back pages of the book, the "Maple Spring Hotel and Museum, serves Catfish and Coffee, wines and ices, and possesses the most remarkable collection of curiosities

in America". Its proprietor was Joseph Smith.

The book tells of the Log Cabin, and upon the opposite bank of the stream "a short distance above it, the rocky bluff called Lover's Leap", which is pretty well obliterated by the northwest end of the fast-rising Wissahickon Memorial bridge, at Henry avenue.

The writer says of Lover's Leap, "It overlooks from its crest a wild gorge. It is the scene of one of the numerous traditions which survive here. There is an illegible inscription in Latin, said to have been chiseled by Gelpius on the face of the rock, and at various places around it aspiring vandals have cut their initials."

What some present-day local historians call the "Great Bend of the Wissahickon", was "The Hermit's Glen" and "was a favorite spot with the hermits, the scene of their wanderings. It presents some of the most striking natural features along the stream. Immense boulders of many tons weight lie on the hillsides, and a short distance above the Lover's Leap another rock juts out to the length of twenty feet. One feels, after climbing to the crest of this rock and looking far down upon the sharp stones in the gorge peering up through the holes and branches of undergrowing trees, not unlike the adventurer who crawls to the edge of Table Rock to look at Niagara."

To go on with our quotations, the book of 1872 says: A short distance beyond (three and half miles from the mouth of the creek) a bridge crosses the stream at one of the most striking pieces of landscape along this whole section of the Park. As you approach this bridge, on the opposite shore, in early spring, winter and autumn, there is a strange effect of deciduous trees among evergreens; skeletons, as Dore would draw them, rising up along the verdure-crowned steep.

"This bridge, known as The Pipe Bridge, finished last year (1871) carries the water supply from the Roxborough to the Mount Airy reservoir at Germantown. It is a graceful structure, lifted a considerable height above the stream, and presenting the appearance of three light festoons, hanging between the piers. The bridge is iron, and has four spans, each 172 feet 9 inches; its whole length is 691 feet, and it is supported by three iron piers, 83 feet high, set on masonry 20 feet high; an altitude of 103 feet above the level of the stream. Two twenty-four inch water mains form the top cord of the bridge." The writer adds a foot-note which says: "Dr. Franklin in his will of 1780, recommends, 'as a mark of his good-will, a token of his gratitude, and a desire to be useful to us after his departure' that a portion of the legacy left to accumulate for the benefit of the city of Philadelphia, be employed 'at the end of one hundred years, if not done before, in bringing by pipes the water of the Wissahickon Creek into the town so as to supply the inhabitants'. His legacy remains unused, but the work, by the appropriation of these creek borders and pipe connections, has now been completely done, and is a most appropriate tribute to his memory."

1932

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The Great Road

(In The Germantown Telegraph)
BY GEORGE IMLAY BODINE, JR.

For the benefit of those who have never driven a horse and have instead only turned a steering wheel let us turn for the moment to the days when signs appearing on the Wissahickon Drive reading "Riding or driving faster than seven miles an hour is not allowed on this drive."

The great question then was not that of prohibition. The wealthy drank till they were dead drunk and the poor "hung around" saloons and stayed poor as a result. And few thought much about it.

What was discussed, however, in those days was the check rein, a short rein attached to the saddle of a harness to keep a horse from lowering its head. Men would shorten his rein until it was painful to the horse. The high head was supposed to give the horse a certain style.

Old ladies stormed at this practice and organized societies to prevent it.

Many horses, however, were well treated and they became pets of the family. An old gray horse in my father's family was named Leo. He once ran away. He once ran back to his own stall when the stable burned. He stood still the day the sleigh upset at the time of

the blizzard of 1888 which act was supposed to have saved the lives of the occupants.

He spent his last days on a farm with no work to do and acres of green grass to play the role of a horse heaven where he was as well guarded as a woman in an old ladies' home.

7-30-1937

THE ACORN

While wand'ring through the God-made vale,

Beside the Wissahickon's flow,

I found an acorn, near a trail

That skirts where oak trees graceful grow.

A spirit lived within the thing;

This queer-shaped seedling of the woods;

A power that longed to rise and sing

Within the forest neighborhoods.

For God, in wisdom, had divined

Its greatness—though its start was small—

And so to earth it was consigned

To await the time of 'wakening call!

The seed, love-planted, yearns for fruit;

Yields all its being to the tree;

While elements bless travail mute,

To raise it up to sing so free

Through leaflets green—a sort of lute,

On which the winds shall breathe for me.

John Waiden.

Many Kinds of Birds Exist In The Wissahickon Region

Featured Creatures Add to Attractiveness of Fairmount Park's Wonderful Valley.—Jays, Tanagers, Thrushes and Pheasants Are all Plentiful

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

Pennsylvania was one of the first States to give serious consideration to the production of game and song and insectivorous birds. Great was "the kill" before these feathered creatures became protected under law. But the Commissioners of Fairmount Park had passed a ruling nearly fifty years before the present laws went into effect, forbidding the hunting of game within the borders of the park, and along the valley of the Wissahickon. In all the intervening years the birds have learned to understand that to nest within the borders of Fairmount Park means a longer life.

A hike along the Wissahickon drive before the migration to the South begins, will show various kinds of birds in the woods.

The bluejay—found there—is a mischievous rascal of the forest. He is one of the most handsome of the common birds. One of his favorite tricks is to tease a sleepy old owl, which hates to be disturbed in daylight and gets very much excited when a flock of jays start kidding him out of a sound sleep.

No matter where a man may travel the robin will follow him. His song is clear and distinct and is heard for a long distance. The meadow lark is a bird which stays with us until late autumn. As a farmer's helper he has no equal for he feeds on insects and vermin and his song is decidedly musical.

The red-winged blackbird is another resident of the Wissahickon. He arrives very early in the spring but is not liked by the farmers on account of the damage he does to the crops.

"Ker-rick! Ker-rick!" says the red-headed woodpecker. Anyway it sounds like that, when he is drumming with his bill on a hollow tree trunk. The old red head can find plenty to eat while he is boring into a tree. The grubs and other worms in the dead wood come plentiful to a redheaded woodpecker.

Barn swallows are also abundant. They have beautiful plumage and a deep fork in their tails, just looks like the old style of swallow tail coats of our forefathers. The smallest of the bird family is the humming bird. His humming sounds more like a twitter, and he is a very swift flier.

A very pretty bird commonly called the red bird, is the scarlet tanager. With yellow bill, dark tail, red wings, but the rest of the body a bright red, he has a fine song not unlike the robin. He is

not a rare bird in the Wissahickon valley.

The commonest one of them all is the crow. Jet black is his color and he gets chased away from the many Roxborough farms. A dummy made of an old hat, shirt and pants hung on a cross is used to chase old Jim Crow, but the park foresters say the farmer does not know "his stuff." One crow destroys countless pest; worms, mice, bugs, and grass hoppers every season, thus making Fairmount Park more beautiful and old Jim Crow must not be chased says the forester.

One of the finest songs I ever heard from any bird, is the bobolink. He does not stay with us long. Arriving in the middle of May, by the middle of August he is on his way South again. Southerners call him a reed, or rice bird.

Did you ever hear a low chirp as you passed up the drive? It sounds like this "Phebe." Well, that would be a chickadee. He is one of the most attractive birds and always ready to flirt with you. He is a restless little rascal and does numerous little acrobatic stunts.

Wrens are also plentiful. They are fine singers and will live in an old tin can, lined with grass. They are sort of hermits and are always happy to be by themselves; away from other birds.

What a wonderful voice has the wood thrush! Clear and sweet there seems to be rest and peacefulness in his voice. But few birds equal the quality of his song. A funny old codger, perched high on a dead limb or a telephone wire, looking down at the swift, cool-running waters of the creek, is the belted kingfisher. His feathers standing up on his head, make one think of a darkey who has seen a ghost. He is always watching for the signs of a fish. When he sees one he swoops down upon it, his large bill making an excellent implement of capture. And don't think for a moment that the old belted kingfisher is sitting asleep.

The greatest "kiddier" of them all is the mocking bird. He can imitate any other bird, thus his name. The very first one to go south in the early fall is the bluebird, yet he is the first to arrive in early spring. He has a fine voice and a happy disposition and I can truthfully state that he makes me feel gay when I get a glimpse of him in spring time. He acts tame but try to catch one. The brown thrasher is another resident of the Wissahickon region. His song is very rich and loud, somewhat like

the mockingbird and the cat bird combined. Pheasants! Yes! The woods are full of them but try and get one. Starlings, sparrows, even to South American parakeets inhabit the Wissahickon, during the summer months. If you cannot find time to visit your native Wissahickon and study its natural history, what's the use of listening to a lecture on South America. See your local birds first and talk about foreign countries later.

10-18-1934

Marker For Livezey House

Descendants of Colonial Pioneer Decide to Place Bronze Tablet on Old Dwelling Along the Wissahickon.—Plan Reunion.

As a landmark in the progress of the Livezey clan, whose ancestors are numbered among the earliest settlers in Pennsylvania, a tablet will be placed at "Glen Fern," one of the oldest buildings on the Wissahickon creek, in Fairmount Park.

The tablet was decided upon at the annual re-union of several hundred members of the Livezey Family Association at the Abington Friends' meeting, on Sunday.

It will be designed by Alan Corson, a Philadelphia engineer, who is vice president of the association. The building, occupied by a member of the family for many years, now houses the Valley Green Canoe Club.

John Richardson Livezey, Elkins Park, is president.

The compilation of a lengthy history, which traces the family back to the year 1300 and contains the records of the earliest immigration to America, was announced by Charles Harper Smith, Hatboro.

A history of "Glen Fern" was published in last week's issue of The Suburban Press.

Historical papers and addresses were presented by Horace M. Lippemott, Helen C. Livezey and Walter B. Livezey. The officers, re-elected, are John R. Livezey, president; Alan Corson, vice president; Mrs. Sarah S. Watkins, Mt. Airy, secretary; Delmar Carrell Livezey, Chestnut Hill, treasurer, and Charles H. Smith, Hatboro, historian.

NEW HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETS

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society Takes in 25 New Members

OFFICERS ANNOUNCED

The first public meeting of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society was held on Monday evening, in the auditorium of the Roxborough High School, at Ridge avenue and Fountain street, at which time David Wark Griffith's romantic and patriotically thrilling photoplay "America" was shown.

S. H. Cauffman, President of the Society, opened the meeting by explaining that due to the limited moving picture equipment of the high school, intervals would elapse between the ending of each reel of the film and the beginning of another, but that the intermissions would be utilized by speakers who would talk on various subjects concerning the society and its activities.

Mr. Cauffman, who is incidentally, himself, a writer of note, being the author of three historical romances: namely, "The Wolf, the Cat and the Nightingale," "The Ghost of Galow's Hall" and "At the Sign of the Silver Ship," spoke of the aims and objects of the Historical Society, dwelling on the past happenings of the Twenty-first Ward and calling particular attention to the beauty of the Wissahickon Valley.

The speaker explained the reason for forming a body of local historians, calling attention to other organizations of similar character, in neighboring communities, especially mentioning the Germantown Site and Relic Society, the Montgomery County Historical Society and also that of Bucks County.

"The aim of the association," said the speaker, "is not only to delve into the past history of the vicinity, but also to shape the future, for the history which is to come."

Mr. Cauffman felt that a vast amount of favorable publicity for this long neglected section of Philadelphia would result from the activities of such an organization and hoped that some of the patriotic lectures could be broadcast throughout the country by means of radio.

The speaker went on to say, "The region of the Twenty-first Ward has proven itself one of the most courageous and patriotic of any district in the United States, having sent more soldiers, in both the Revolution and the Civil Wars, into battle than any other section of like area. And how many of my listeners realize that this division led the Third Liberty Loan drive, in the more recent

foreign entanglement, in the number of subscriptions to that loan?"

During the first intermission, Logan M. Dayton, the past-commander of Hattal-Taylor Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, was introduced. Mr. Dayton, who is the Treasurer of the Historical Society, told of the steps taken to organize the Society and stated that it had now passed through the experimental stages and would undoubtedly gain momentum in its activities. He pointed out the good results that could not fail to be obtained and that the success of the historical association would benefit the community in more ways than one. This speaker, too, spoke of broadcasting subjects of a historical nature, by means of radio.

At the end of the second reel, President Cauffman presented Hiram L. Wynne, one of the directors, who made a short but interesting talk upon the patriotism of George Washington. Mr. Wynne mentioned several Revolutionary incidents, which occurred in this vicinity, citing the march of Washington's forces down the Ridge Road.

During the time which elapsed at the end of the next reel, James K. Helms, for 14 years the historian of the Philadelphia Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, spoke of the Wissahickon Valley and some of the sites along the creek, which were of historical significance.

Joseph S. Miles read a most interesting and educational paper on the early history of the original township of Roxborough. Mr. Miles mentioned several of the first landowners of the locality, among whom were Robert Turner, James Claypoole, Edward Shippen, Isaac Norris, and John Dickirson. Two other early settlers were Peter Righter and John Dickinson. Two other early settlers were Peter Righter and Michael Holgate. In his reading, Mr. Miles, told of that section of Roxborough between Monastery avenue and Fountain street, the Wissahickon Creek and Schuylkill River which had been purchased by Wigard Levering, in 1697 for the sum of \$640.

The picture "America" was a faithful presentation of the early American struggle for freedom, with the ever-present love story running through it to sustain interest.

Those in charge of the meeting were ably assisted by the Boy Scouts of Troop No. 176.

Miss Marian Irwin and Charles Gault alternated at the piano, during the displaying of the film.

The officers of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society consists of the President, S. H. Cauffman; Vice President, J. Elwood Barrett; Secretary, Wallace Bromley; Treasurer, Logan M. Dayton and the following directors: Major Thomas S. Martin; Dr. J. Franklin Strawinski; Joseph S. Miles; Franklin J. Edmunds; Ernest G. Weber; James K. Helms; Herman Miller and Hiram L. Wynne.

At the end of the meeting it was announced that 25 new members had been enrolled.

7-19-34

23

THE HEART OF A HILLMAN

I often climb to the wooded height
O'er the Wissahickon flow.
To where I see the Monoshone
Join the larger stream; and know
The waters speed, by the Schuylkill's route,
And thence by the Delaware.
From the hills I love through the level lands
To the sea; with a sad despair.

For those who dwell in the plain, or vale,
Can never know fullest ease,
Their lowland hearts lose pulse they cringe
When the wild winds fan the trees;
They flee for walls; a dwelling's roof
They hide from the flashing storm;
While I, on a dolmen; God-cast; old;
Have a hillman's heart that is warm.

Oh, glorious hills! You've shielded me,
And quieted my troubled breast,
So when I've done with the humdrum flats,
I'll return to the heights for rest.
And here I'll find on the craggy rocks,
The peace I am ever craving;
The levels were made for the weakling souls,
But the hills were moulded for braving!

A. C. C.

6/9/1932

Historical Society Elects Officers For Coming Year

Resolution Concerning the Late Secretary, Joseph S. Miles Is Spread Upon the Minutes.—Plan Historical Room for House in Which David Rittenhouse Was Born. — Pageant to Be Held in November

At a meeting of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, held at the home of Major and Mrs. Thomas S. Martin, East Hermit lane, on Wednesday evening of last week, the following officers were elected to direct the destinies of the society for the coming year:

President, Major Thomas S. Martin; vice president, James K. Helms; secretary, J. Ellwood Barrett; treasurer, Mrs. Edith Richter Schofield; historian, A. C. Chadwick, Jr., and directors: Dr. J. Franklin Strawinski, Miss Blanche L. Heidinger, George L. Layer, Miss Minnie Heidinger, Wallace Bromley, Mrs. Sara B. Schofield, Franklin D. Edmunds, Mrs. Joseph S. Miles, Rev. J. Foster Wilcox and Mrs. H. J. Hagenbucher.

The following resolution, relating to Joseph Starne Miles, late secretary of the Society, who died recently, was spread upon the minutes and a copy forwarded to Mr. Miles' family:

A Resolution

WHEREAS, Joseph Starne Miles was a charter member and for many years the Secretary of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, and

WHEREAS, He served the Society faithfully and well, adding to its store of historical fact through the medium of his careful and thorough research, and assisted in many ways in the dissemination of historical knowledge in the community, and

WHEREAS, By his pen and ink sketches of local scenes he has preserved for posterity pictures of many buildings and historical sites already vanished by the advance of progress, and has created in these works an invaluable collection for the future student of local history, and

WHEREAS, By his death during the past year, the members of the Society have lost a valuable and esteemed friend, and his death, having caused a loss to the community which cannot be estimated, therefore

LET IT BE RESOLVED, That the Officers and Directors of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, at its annual meeting, held in Roxborough, June 1st, 1932, present to the members of his family, surviving him, their condolence and sympathy, and publicly acclaim the memory of this worthy citizen.

Secretary, J. Ellwood Barrett.
President, Thomas S. Martin.
Rev. J. Foster Wilcox, pastor of

the Roxborough Baptist Church, who was the orator of the day, at the Rittenhouse Bi-Centennial Celebration, on April 16th, was given a vote of thanks for the splendid address he delivered at that time.

Plans were discussed for obtaining a room in the house on Lincoln Drive, where David Rittenhouse, Roxborough's most noted citizen, was born, for the care and display of relics pertaining to David Rittenhouse; the Wissahickon Valley; and the early days of the nation.

Local residents who possess pictures, period furniture, china, documents, and other relics of the section, and of the Colonial era, who would like to see them placed in

the care of a reliable organization for preservation, are requested to communicate with the secretary of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, J. Ellwood Barrett, at 4115 Houghton street, Roxborough.

The Society will participate in a George Washington Bi-Centennial pageant, to be held at the Shawmonth Public School, under the direction of Miss Blanche L. Heidinger, next November, the date of which will be announced later.

Vice President James K. Helms, displayed the four-reel Eastman moving picture, "George Washington and His Times" as the closing feature of the meeting.

4-2-1931

24

Will Seek Wissahickon's Well Springs

Historical Society to Make Interesting Tour to Montgomery Co.

APRIL 4th IS DATE

Creek Rises in Beautiful Section, Nineteen Miles From Schuylkill

Somewhere, nineteen miles from Colony Castle, at the mouth of the Wissahickon Creek, there is a little spring, where starts the winding "Indian Stream" on its rippling way.

Up in Montgomery Township, near Montgomeryville, in a wooded section is the place, and there is a little controversy as to the spring entitled to the honor.

The Wissahickon then flows through Gwynedd, Whitpain, Upper Dublin, Whitemarsh, and Springfield townships in Montgomery County, a distance of thirteen miles, and completes its course by cutting its way through six miles of picturesque beauty in Philadelphia.

But the headwaters will be the ultimate goal of members of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society on the afternoon of Saturday, April 4th, when the party will leave Ridge and Lyceum avenues at 2 p. m.

Instances have occurred where the water of the Wissahickon rose several feet over night, over the water falls at Ridge avenue, without hardly any rainfall in Wissahickon or Roxborough, the water coming from the extensive Whitemarsh Valley, and from the historic hills overlooking.

For many years Whitemarsh excelled in producing lime, and in 1848, William J. Buck travelling through upper New York State, discovered the sign: "Whitemarsh Lime for sale here."

Fort Hill, from which Fort Washington takes its name, is now a State Reservation, and will be connected to Wissahickon Park in the near future.

In the Whitemarsh Valley the two great branches of the Wissahickon meet. They are called Valley Run, and Sandy Run, the latter interweaving its winding way through and around the historical hills, where Washington at first decided to camp during the winter of 1777-8, but finally withdrew on December 11th, by way of the Broad Ax Road.

Those wishing to help or accompany the automobile outing on April 4th, should get in touch with Joseph S. Miles, James K. Helms, George L. Layer or A. C. Chadwick, Jr.. The trip will be outlined and explained throughout.

'Standard' Columnist Takes Wissahickon For His Theme

"The Rambler" of Standard and Times Pens an Interesting
Tale Concerning "Our" Creek, in Recent Issue

"Most of us have probably imagined that all there is to say about the Wissahickon has already been said. It has been exploited in prose and verse from the very earliest time. It is the pride of every Philadelphian who knows his city and it has won the praise and admiration of the stranger within our gates. It might seem that the subject had been exhausted, but just when we are beginning to feel this way about it along comes "The Wissahickon Hills" by Cornelius Weyrandt (The University of Pennsylvania Press) to make us realize that we have only scratched the surface of the joys to be had by a walk along its leaf-bowered paths.

"This fact, well printed and quaintly illustrated volume is really more than the story of the Wissahickon. It is the musings of an enthusiastic lover of nature, who is never happier than when climbing wooded hills, and who fairly revels in bird life. It is not unfair to say that many of his meditations might be applied to the hills of any State or nation, but our interest lies chiefly in what he writes of the history and the beauty of what has rightly been called "one of the most enchanting parks in all the world." This, of course, is intended to describe the entire Wissahickon valley rather than the more familiar part which runs from the Ridge avenue entrance to Chestnut Hill." Says "The Rambler," in a recent edition of the Catholic Standard and Times.

This interesting Catholic writer goes on to state:

"The term 'catfish and waffles' is inseparably associated with the Wissahickon. It hardly tells the whole story because it is a modest title for a big dinner. Mr. Weyrandt says that 'catfish and waffles' began with fried catfish and a rehash, a steak followed with fried potatoes and then came stewed chicken and the waffles, a dessert was served at some place but not invariably. The author confesses that he liked beer with his repast. He tells of others who enjoyed a sour wine, a Rhine wine or the like. One thing certain was that you did not want whiskey after the catfish and waffles. He goes on to say:

"All, however, do not agree with my oldster, M. K. O. (Dr. Charles K. Mills) who wrote the Schuylkill: A Centennial Poem (1875), holds for wine, and for chicken broiled instead of stewed. Says he of the inns at the Falls:

"Far-famed these inns through
many a year
For hospitality and cheer,
For bill of fare peculiar here—
Catfish and coffee beefsteak fine
Broiled chicken, waffles and good
wine."

"My oldster had not tasted 'cat-

fish and waffles' for a quarter of a century, and he doubted if it were served anywhere any more. There wasn't a hotel or a restaurant anywhere you'd drive or boat out of Philadelphia didn't hang out that sign, 'Catfish and Waffles,' come March, and keep it hung until long about the Fourth of July, he said. So too, is my memory. He was wrong though, about the extinction of 'catfish and waffles.' Within a city block of the market stand where he cleaned catfish for me, they serve catfish five or six times every spring in a sea-food cafe, and add waffles to it if you stand high in their favor, or if a group will order them for a little dinner. It happened my oldster didn't know of the catfish here because the restaurateur bought of another fishman. At all the dealers I consulted about the present status of catfish I was told they never had any trouble selling the fish at forty-five or fifty cents a pound. The fish came in only five or six times every spring, some from Jersey, some from Delaware, some from North Carolina. "There are always old fellows," said a spruce young fishman, dropping an eyelid at me. "There are always old fellows who want catfish."

"The author tells us of the numerous tributes in verse and prose which have been paid to the Wissahickon by famous writers of the past. One of these quotations is from the novel of "Barbara Gwynne" by W. B. Trites, who was once a Philadelphia newspaperman. He slightly disguises the Wissahickon under the name of "The Perkiomen." One of his descriptions of the famous stream goes as follows:

"It was the middle of October, a windless, silent day. The afternoon sun's light was soft and glittering. Dead leaves fell through the crystal air; they lay on the water's surface in a scarlet and gold mosaic.

"Barbara looked up from the beauty of her book, and the profound beauty of the day filled her with happiness. The stream at her feet, a pavement of scarlet and gold, curved down and away through slumberous vales. Blue swirls of smoke was in the air. In the distance, in a golden light, the little bent figures of old men raked dead leaves into heaps.

"The sun sank, a luminous pink dust filled the vales—"

This, it must be admitted, is not so bad. It brings up the memories of many walks we have taken in that enchanted Baedeker calls it a "miniature Alpine gorge," and those who love the place feel that the phrase is far from being an exaggeration. One of the poets who have sung its praises was John Greenleaf Whittier. He saw in his mind's eye the Pietists of "The Woman in the Wilderness" seeking

out Pastorius in Germantown, Kelpius most clearly of them all:

"Painful Kelpius from his hermit den

By Wissahickon, maddest of good men—

Deep in the woods, where the

small river slid

Snake-like in shadow, the Helmstadt Mystic hid,

Weird as a wizard, over arts forbid

Reading the books of Daniel and John

And Behmen's 'Morning Redness,' through the Stone

Of Wisdom vouchsafed to his eyes alone."

"Why say more? If you are a lover of beauty and of a contemplative turn of mind you will find a walk along the Wissahickon a series of wonderful impressions. There is constant change, and the most interesting part of the trip is that you find yourself amid perfect solitude while only a few miles away the teeming city of Philadelphia is stirring with its two million inhabitants."

8-20-1931

ON THE VALLEY ROAD

When feverish Summer lays its hand,

Upon the city street;

And trees are sere and motionless

Beneath the crackling heat;

Whene'er the insects loiter long,

Upon the puny blooms

Which grow within the window-box

Outside my urban rooms,

And I must suffer with the warmth

Within my hot abode,

I never fail to send my heart

Along the valley road.

For on the Wissahickon Drive

The breeze is always cool,

The sky—in thought, to me at least—

Is an inverted pool,

Where clouds, like icebergs, float along,

Towards the sunset rim,

And birds—our silver-throated friends—

Praise God in lyric hymn.

The hemlocks stand, to spread their shade,

Beside the curving shore,

And peaceful twilight chants for me

Its litanies once more.

The sun beats down with fervidness

On flower, bush and grass,

Its brazen touch resembling lights

From lurid, melting glass.

But I can vision restful scenes,

And vistas reaching far,

Where great white ships go sailing past,

And blue horizons are.

In fancy I'm at Valley Green,

Where often I have strode,

Away from heat, and care, and work,

On Wissahickon's road.

A. C. C.

1/10/1934

11-10-1932

26

Poe Made Many Visits to The Wissahickon Region

Birth Anniversary of Brilliant Writer, to Be Observed Tomorrow, Recalls His Extollations of Fairmount Park's Most Beautiful Area

One of the earliest of the praise-makers of the Wissahickon Valley, was Edgar Allen Poe, whose birth anniversary will be celebrated tomorrow.

This great American writer, who made many visits to the "Valley Greene" of our own locality, while he resided in Philadelphia, was born on January 19th, 1809.

When he lived in this city, from 1838 until 1844, the scenic beauties of the Wissahickon impressed this great genius so much that he gave a vivid description of the region in a sketch with himself as the narrator.

The tale, entitled, "Morning on the Wissahickon," reveals Poe drifting in a skiff upon the surface of the stream during a sultry summer day. In half slumber he lets his imagination conjure up visions of the Wissahickon of Indian days, "when picnics were undreamed of."

The picture is in striking contrast to the popular conception of the half-starved unhappy genius who wrote such morbid works as "The Raven" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," while living at 530 North 7th street, where the 125th anniversary of his birthday is to be observed tomorrow at a brilliant gathering of writers and other notables. The occasion is also to mark the opening of the Poe house as a shrine to his memory.

Extolling the beauties of the Wissahickon, Poe declared that "were it flowing in England it would be the theme of every bard, and the common topic of every tongue, if, indeed its banks were

not parceled off in lots at exorbitant prices, as building sites for the villas of the opulent."

After a century of neglect the house where Poe penned "The Raven"; the story of the bird with the prophetic croak of doom; has been rescued from decay and transformed into a notable literary shrine.

It is the three-story brick "cottage" on 7th street, where Edgar Allen Poe lived from 1842 to 1844 and where he wrote the first drafts of what may be safely called the most famous American poem.

Tomorrow the house will be formally opened to the public in connection with the 125th anniversary of Poe's birth. Visitors have been admitted in recent months while the work of restoring some of the rooms was still in progress.

Through some kind freak of fate, this one old dwelling is almost the only one in its neighborhood that has escaped destruction in the last ninety years. It stands virtually unchanged from the days when Poe, driven half mad by misfortune and poverty, turned to his art for solace and began writing what many critics regard as the most haunting and melancholy lines in the language:

And the Raven, never fitting,
still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him
streaming throws his shadow
on the floor;

And my soul from out that
shadow that lies floating on
the floor.

Shall be lifted—nevermore.

The visitor to the restored Poe home will find the pallid bust of Pallas in its proper place in the rather austere second-floor study. But imagination will have to supply the dark bird and the shadow which so literally overhung the poet's life.

ANDORRA NURSERIES (In November)

Spell-bound we gaze o'er fairy-land;

Like an enchanted story;
While all we love, below—above,
Is bathed in autumn's glory.
With yearning eyes we're pleased
with hues

Some artist spread while
dreaming.

Yet know that all of this bright
scene

Is transient in its gleaming.

Too fair to last, 'twill soon be
past,

For golden hours are fleeting;
The cruel gale, with bitter wail,
Will sound the leaves retreat-
ing.

But while they stay, rejoice we
may.

Without a thought of sadness;
While vale and hill, serene and
still,

Maintain their regal gladness.

The faded flowers in summer's
bowers

Are half-forgotten pleasures;
Within our sight are colors
bright

Kind Nature's fall-time pleas-
ures.

What can outshine the still-
green pine,

The maples' red-leaf bursting?
No nectar e'er could seem more
fair

To lips all parched and thirst-
ing.

Then let us bring the buds of
spring.

And summer's fairest roses,
And lay them down a fitting
crown

Where Autumn now reposes.
The best is she, of all the three,
Renowned in song and story;
For she's the queen, in gorgeous
sheen,

And peerless in her glory.

A. C. C.

7/12/1934

27

Canoe Club Has Occupied "Colony Castle" Since 1905

Many of Original Members Are Still Residents of This Section.—Structure Has a Long and Interesting History

Back in 1905 a group of young men, residing in the Falls of Schuylkill, decided that the old building at the mouth of the Wissahickon Creek would make an ideal home for a canoe club. These were none other than Dr. David Boon, now president of the 21st Ward Medical Society; William J. Benham, secretary of the Board of Revision of Taxes; W. D. Jamison, and Frank Kerber.

Dr. Boon had been appointed a committee of one to see about renting the property, but the first time the party visited the building none would enter the place except Boon, because of the litter which cluttered up the interior. They realized however that the building was in the right location for their purposes, and it wasn't long before the place was cleaned up and made inviting. Many times, in those early days, the men were warned not to stay there after dark because the house was haunted.

Colony Castle, as the structure has been known since that time, due to past history, is a most interesting place. "William Penn, by the grace of God and King, Proprietor of Pennsylvania, on the 21st day of the first month, 1683" granted to Robert Turner, native of Cambridge, England, 500 acres of land known as "Sumac Park," in the manor of Springettsbury. This is now Roxborough Township, but at that time extended down as far as Midvale avenue. On June 19th 1686, Robert Turner leased for 101 years, 50 1-2 acres of the 500 acres to Joshua Tittery, a broad-glass maker, and Richard Townsend, a millwright; they agreeing to erect mills and improve the land. Before 1689 they erected a grist mill and a saw mill on opposite sides of the Wissahickon Creek on what is now Ridge avenue. In 1690 and 1691 they sold the two mills and the land to Andrew Robeson, Sr., of West New Jersey, and Charles Saunders. Robeson died in 1694 and his half interest was purchased by his nephew, Andrew Robeson, 2nd. In 1703, Sarah, the widow of Charles Saunders, wished to sell her half interest in the two mills and land to Robeson.

The Court, however, ordered that eight acres of this land could not be divided, so the heirs of Andrew Robeson, 2nd, and Charles Saunders continued to own jointly the eight acres, running from Ridge avenue to the Schuylkill. This is the land on which the Canoe Club building now stands.

In 1775 John Vandaren purchased the mill and eight acres. A Revolutionary tradition says that this structure, Colony Castle, the home of the Philadelphia Canoe Club, was once the headquarters of Moses

Doane and his seven brothers, the noted Bucks County outlaws, who terrorized the colonists in the upper reaches of Philadelphia County and also what is now part of Montgomery County.

John Vandaren owned the mill during the War for Independence and during the battle of Germantown, on October 4th 1777, the American forces of John Armstrong carried out the only successful part of General Washington pre-arranged plan of battle, against the Hessians at and near the mouth of the Wissahickon.

On June 6th 1789 the mill was sold to Peter and Jonathan Robeson. A survey of 1848 records a logwood mill, nearby, which manufactured dyes made from chipping and grinding logwood. It was still owned by the heirs of the Robesons and rented to Minister and Moore, who had married into the family. The one-time Riverside Mansion, since dismantled by the American Bridge Company, was once the residence of the Minsters.

In 1868-68 the State Legislature created the Fairmount Park Commission and gave it power to purchase the property near the stream. Shortly afterward the Commissioners had all the buildings on this parcel of land demolished, with the exception of Riverside and the building used by the Canoe Club. Riverside was torn down just prior to the World War, leaving Colony Castle the sole remaining historical structure.

In April of 1876, when Dr. William Camac, a resident of Wissahickon, was president of the "State in Schuylkill Fishing Club," this organization of fisherman occupied Colony Castle. The State in Schuylkill Club was organized in 1732, and is still in existence, along the Delaware, near Eddington. In an earlier day, the former Fort St. David's Fishing Club, which had its headquarters near the eastern end of the Reading railroad Company's Stone Bridge at the Falls of Schuylkill, merged with the State in Schuylkill Club. Many noted Philadelphians were members of both of these clubs. The home of Dr. Camac, still stands in the rear of the Wissahickon Presbyterian Church, on Manayunk avenue, and is familiar to adults as "The Penecyd Club."

The State in Schuylkill Fishing Club, moved away from Colony Castle in 1887, and the building was

unoccupied from then until May 22nd 1905, when the Philadelphia Canoe Club took up its abode there.

Colony Castle is just as interesting on the inside as it is on the outside. It has a large open fireplace in one corner of the great living room with a massive Colonial mantelpiece.

A good deal of the information given above is contained in a brief framed history of the Canoe Club, which was presented to the organization by one of its first members J. Howard Fell, who graciously gives credit to James F. Magee, Jr., for the research work.

By 1915 the Philadelphia Canoe Club had been incorporated and had a full membership limited to 75 persons. The officers, at that time were: Commodore, Dr. David J. Boon; Vice-Commodore, Howard R. Lord; secretary, Joseph W. Blain; treasurer, Eugene Hunter; quartermaster, Earl F. Kerber; fleet captain, Alfred H. Kress; and directors, Arthur J. Ehrlinger, Fred Ehrlinger, J. Howard Fell, Otto R. Stoeckel, and G. F. Eisenhardt.

SCCAFF

10-29-36

WEALTH FOR ALL

Beside the Wissahickon, where Kind Nature bars the spectator, Care,

There is no poverty—just wealth.

Of beauty, peace and outdoor health.

Each foot, each rod, each mile of land,

Where'er the citizen may stand, He there can claim it as his own

By deed and title his alone.

"Why he is poor!" perhaps you say,

But save your pity, this I pray, Because if here he'll choose to walk,

In Nature's company to talk; He's with a mother who'll ne'er slur

The child forever dear to her; And he can answer back, be sure,

In proudest tones, though he be poor.

In this great park he well can count

An inner wealth of great amount The wealth of God's own store-house spent

For all, with purest of intent, A wealth that no one, drab or gay

Can hope to honestly repay Unless in thanks still unexpressed

With cumulative interest!

A. C. C.

October 4th Is Anniversary of Battle of Germantown

Part of Revolutionary Engagement Was Staged Along
Heights of the Much-Storied Wissahickon
In This Vicinity

Events of 157 years ago, when an important part of the Battle of Germantown took place along the Wissahickon Creek, in Roxborough, are brought back by the following address, made by Bevan A. Pennypacker, several years ago.

Upon Friday, the 26th of September, 1777, a cold, rough windy day, about 10 o'clock in the morning, 1500 of the British and Hessian Grenadiers, under the command of Earl Cornwallis, attended by Sir William Erskine and Commissary General Wier, led by Colonel Harcourt and the light dragoons, with a band of music playing "God Save the King," marched in triumph into Philadelphia, and took possession (Penna. Ledger, Dec. 6, 1777).

Almost at the same instant of time Washington, with the burden of an unsuccessful campaign weighing upon his soul, with an army of 8000 Continentals and 2000 militia, reached the head of the Skippack road at Pennypacker's Mills.

The game had been played to its end and Howe had won the stake. He began to prepare for the enjoyments of the winter, and though luxury surrounded him, and apparent success attended his efforts, who is there now to care for what he did or where he lived?

But the white light was beating about the doorway of an old mansion on the Perkiomen, and the events which forecasted the coming of a world's empire were lifting into a lasting fame the faraway and obscure home of the thrifty planter.

Washington fixed his headquarters at the house of Samuel Pennypacker.

A French officer with the army, in his Recollections, describes a dinner in the Mill itself, and a tradition, to which importance may or may not be attached, says that Washington occupied the room in the southeast corner of the second story of the house.

With the army were Generals Greene, Sullivan, Sterling, Knox, Wayne, Muhlenberg and others.

Expert at Foraging

The patriotic soldiers of the Revolution had learned how to forage, and were by no means diffident or backward. The orders of Washington throughout the whole campaign are filled with complaints concerning the destruction of the property of friends of the cause, of the insolent burning of fences where forests of wood abounded, and dire threats as to the consequences were both frequent and

fruitful. Almost everything edible was eaten, and everything combustible was burned.

Before dark on the first day of the camp every fence on Samuel Pennypacker's place had disappeared. Four stacks of wheat were pulled down and used for straw.

Every chicken, duck and goose perished, save one old hen, who was wasting her existence in the effort to raise a late brood.

In anticipation, the woolen blankets, which represented nights of industry upon the part of the women, had been hidden beneath the floors, and the horses upon whose labor the men depended for the produce of the farm had been driven to the distant woods.

Perhaps upon their complaints this order was at once issued:

The base and wicked practice of plundering the inhabitants is still continued, notwithstanding all orders, and in some cases in the most atrocious manner. The commander-in-chief requires that the general orders of the 4th inst, relative thereto be read without delay by the commanding officers of each regiment to their men. The punishment denounced in these orders will certainly be inflicted on the offenders."

Washington at Pennypacker's Mills

On the first day of arrival at this camp, Washington wrote the following letter:

"Camp at Pennypacker's Mill,
"26th Sept., 1777.

"Sir:

"I rec'd yours of this date at this place. If the sick cannot all be accommodated at Reading part ought certainly to be removed to Lancaster, but I beg you will be careful to remove none to that place who will be soon fit for duty or who only want shoes, stockings or other clothes to make them so now. If you are obliged to make use of Churches or Houses that have no fire places you should purchase stoves to make them warm and comfortable.

"I am Sir

"Yr most obt Servant,

"Go, Washington."

And with his mind upon the sick, the cold, and the unclothed, he went to bed the first night in Samuel Pennypacker's house.

He remained at these headquarters until September 29 and returned after the battle of Germantown to occupy them from October 4 to 8.

Soon after his arrival, the full news of the defeat of Burgoyne by Gates in the battle of Red Bank, in New York, was received. It naturally had a great effect in encouraging both the general and the army. His announcement of the victory was made in an order headed:

"Headquarters, Camp at Pennypacker's Mills, September 28, 1777" which contained the following paragraph:

"To celebrate this success the general orders that at 4 o'clock this afternoon all the troops be paraded and served with a gill of rum per man, and that at the same time there be discharges of 13 pieces of artillery from the park."

Visit of Quakers

After the battle of Germantown, on October 4th, 1777, a delegation of Friends, consisting of Samuel Emlen, William Brown, Joshua Morris, James Thornton, Warner Mifflin, and Nicholas Wain, who had been appointed by the Yearly Meeting

to visit "William Howe, general of the British army, and George Washington, general of the American army," came to the camp in a well meant effort to stop the hostilities by presenting their testimony against war, and to remonstrate in behalf of those of their Society who had been banished to Winchester in Virginia.

They proceeded to headquarters, where a council of general officers was being held, doubtless to consider the movement of the army to take place on the morrow. After a long wait they were admitted and presented their views, "and had a very full opportunity of clearing the Society from some aspersions which had been invidiously raised against them, and distributed a number of the testimonies amongst the officers, who received and read them."

They say they were favored beyond their expectation, "it being a critical and dangerous season," and were kindly entertained by General Washington.

What a dramatic scene for the brush of an artist would be this interview between the Quaker and the soldier in the shadow of the battle of Germantown!

Before permitting them to depart he sent them for a few days to Pottsgrove so that, if questioned by the enemy, they would be unable to give information as to the movements about to take place.

Upon their return, they bore their mission to Howe, who had them locked up in the guard house.

Samuel Pennypacker Displeased

And what did the master of the mansion think of the momentous events into the midst of which it was his fortune to be suddenly and unexpectedly thrown? Could he unravel the hidden and forecast the future? Did he have some anticipation of the mighty weal which in the far distance was to be the outcome of the throes of the forces in movement around him?

"All martyrdoms," said Emerson, "looked mean when they were suffered. Every ship is a romantic object except that we sail in."

The revolutions which meet with our approval are those which have occurred in the past, and Samuel Pennypacker was built in no different mould from his fellows and ourselves. The hopes of the coming years were little compensation to him for empty barns and desolated fields, and taking down the great Bible with brass clasps, inherited from his father, his solace under every earthly affliction, he wrote in it in German:

"On the 26th day of September, 1777, an army of 30,000 men encamped in Skippack Township, burned all the fences, carried away all the fodder, oats and wheat, and took their departure the 8th day of October, 1777. Written for those who come after me, by

"SAMUEL PENNYPACKER."

It is evident he gave a sad greeting and a glad farewell, but nevertheless for many a year thereafter he would tell his children and grandchildren the story of the general who every morning had a tub full of water carried to his room, and who in all of his relations with the people was "a very nice man."

Many Died From Wounds

There is no question that when the army retreated on the night of October 4, to Pennypacker's Mills, they brought with them the greater number of their wounded. The next day some of them were taken to the hospital in charge of Drs. Crank and Kennedy, at Reading, but many remained and died in the neighborhood.

The churches at the Trappe and at Evansburg, and the Keeley church, established by that family on the west bank of the Perkiomen in 1762, were all converted into temporary hospitals.

The number of the wounded brought here has been estimated at 200. Some of them were taken to the homes of Henry Keeley and William Pennypacker.

A number of the dead were buried along a fence dividing the lands of Henry Keeley and Peter Pool, and in Pool's woods.

A son of Henry Keeley then 18 years of age, saw the digging of a circular grave sixteen feet in diameter, upon the lands of his father and this spot is now covered in part by an outbuilding of the farm.

A number of the dead were buried upon the place of Samuel Pennypacker by the side of the road recently vacated where it ran through the meadow.

The tents of the soldiers were stretched along upon both sides of the creek; from Detwiler's above to Markley's below, a distance of two or three miles, some of them upon the crest back of Samuel Pennypacker's house overlooking the meadow. Over all this ground bullets and other implements of warfare are still occasionally found.

Many Kinds of Birds Exist In The Wissahickon Region

Featured Creatures Add to Attractiveness of Fairmount Park's Wonderful Valley.—Jays, Tanagers, Thrushes and Pheasants Are all Plentiful

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

Pennsylvania was one of the first States to give serious consideration to the production of game and song and insectivorous birds. Great was "the kill," before these feathered creatures became protected under law. But the Commissioners of Fairmount Park had passed a ruling nearly fifty years before the present laws went into effect, forbidding the hunting of game within the borders of the park, and along the valley of the Wissahickon. In all the intervening years the birds have learned to understand that to nest within the borders of Fairmount Park means a longer life.

A hike along the Wissahickon drive before the migration to the South begins, will show various kinds of birds in the woods.

The bluejay—found there—is a mischievous rascal of the forest. He is one of the most handsome of the common birds. One of his favorite tricks is to tease a sleepy old owl, which hates to be disturbed in daylight and gets very much excited when a flock of jays start kidding him out of a sound sleep.

No matter where a man may travel the robin will follow him. His song is clear and distinct and is heard for a long distance. The meadow lark is a bird which stays with us until late autumn. As a farmer's helper he has no equal for he feeds on insects and vermin and his song is decidedly musical.

The red-winged blackbird is another resident of the Wissahickon. He arrives very early in the spring but is not liked by the farmers on account of the damage he does to the crops.

"Ker-rick! Ker-rick!" says the red-headed woodpecker. Anyway it sounds like that, when he is drumming with his bill on a hollow tree trunk. The old red head can find plenty to eat while he is boring into a tree. The grubs and other worms in the dead wood come plentiful to a redheaded woodpecker.

Barn swallows are also abundant. They have beautiful plumage and a deep fork in their tails, just looks like the old style of swallow tail coats of our forefathers. The smallest of the bird family is the humming bird. His humming sounds more like a twitter, and he is a very swift flier.

A very pretty bird commonly called the red bird, is the scarlet tanager. With yellow bill, dark tail, red wings, but the rest of the body a bright red, he has a fine song not unlike the robin. He is

not a rare bird in the Wissahickon valley.

The commonest one of them all is the crow. Jet black is his color and he gets chased away from the many Roxborough farms. A dummy made of an old hat, shirt and pants hung on a cross is used to chase old Jim Crow, but the park foresters say the farmer does not know "his stuff." One crow destroys countless pest; worms, mice, bugs, and grass hoppers every season, thus making Fairmount Park more beautiful and old Jim Crow must not be chased says the forester.

One of the finest songs I ever heard from any bird, is the bobolink. He does not stay with us long. Arriving in the middle of May, by the middle of August he is on his way South again. Southerners call him a reed, or rice bird.

Did you ever hear a low chirp as you passed up the drive? It sounds like this "Phebe." Well, that would be a chickadee. He is one of the most attractive birds and always ready to flirt with you. He is a restless little rascal and does numerous little acrobatic stunts.

Wrens are also plentiful. They are fine singers and will live in an old tin can, lined with grass. They are sort of hermits and are always happy to be by themselves; away from other birds.

What a wonderful voice has the wood thrush! Clear and sweet there seems to be rest and peacefulness in his voice. But few birds equal the quality of his song: A funny old codger, perched high on a dead limb or a telephone wire, looking down at the swift, cool-running waters of the creek, is the belted kingfisher. His feathers standing up on his head, make one think of a darkey who has seen a ghost. He is always watching for the signs of a fish. When he sees one he swoops down upon it, his large bill making an excellent implement of capture. And don't think for a moment that the old belted kingfisher is sitting asleep.

The greatest "kiddier" of them all is the mocking bird. He can imitate any other bird, thus his name. The very first one to go south in the early fall is the bluebird, yet he is the first to arrive in early spring. He has a fine voice and a happy disposition and I can truthfully state that he makes me feel gay when I get a glimpse of him in spring time. He acts tame but try to catch one. The brown thrasher is another resident of the Wissahickon region. His song is very rich and loud, somewhat like

the mockingbird and the cat bird combined. Pheasants! Yes! The woods are full of them but try and get one. Starlings, sparrows, even to South American parroquets inhabit the Wissahickon, during the summer months. If you cannot find time to visit your native Wissahickon and study its natural history, what's the use of listening to a lecture on South America. See your local birds first and talk about foreign countries later.

Aged Pedestrian Tells Tale Of Ancient Roadhouses

Recalls Youthful Days Spent at Log Cabin, Tissot's and
at Arnold's In This Section

A recent trip "back the Creek," brought us in contact with an aged man who was in a reminiscent mood. He was seated on a tree-stump, near the site of the former Log Cabin, and his thoughts went back to the time when that well-known holsteiry was in its heyday.

The remarks that the old gray-beard made were so interesting to us that we are going to submit them to the readers of The Suburban Press, as near as possible to the way he uttered them.

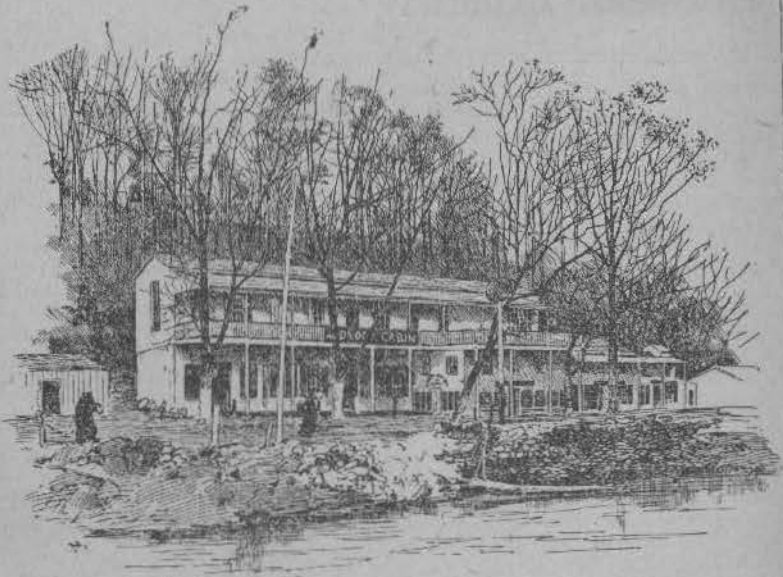
"In the 'good old days,' when Philadelphia was a small and compact town, before the electric trolley car had annihilated the suburbs, only to again place them further out; in the days when the modern pleasure park, or motor car had not been thought of; when horse racing, cock fighting and similar diversions, still dear to the heart of the true sport, were only possible to men of means—in those days flourished the roadhouse, an institution of great importance, and of which Philadelphia had her share. Many of these old-time resorts, the founts of stirring memories and innumerable good stories, have passed away, though some still stand, their old glory waned, but landmarks still of the old order of things.

"Among the most noted of these places were the Blue Bell, on Woodland avenue; Turner's, on Penrose Ferry Road; the Punch Bowl, at Broad and Diamond streets; Keller's at Broad and Lehigh avenue; The Fashion, at Broad and Westmoreland streets; "Mom" Scott's, at Broad and Germantown avenue; Mt. Vernon Cottage, at Wissahickon avenue and Hunting Park avenue; The Abbey, on Wissahickon avenue below School lane; The Log Cabin, Lippens' and the Indian Rock, on the Wissahickon Creek; the Lamb Tavern, on old Summer Road; Tissot's and Arnold's, at the Falls and Hamil's at York road and Rising Sun Lane.

"Nearly all the old-time bonifaces have mixed their last decoction and are laid away in the nearby cemeteries.

"George Cole operated the Mt. Vernon Cottage, which afterward, under the management of Matt Ifell, snatched the name of The New Ahey. It was located close to Nicetown lane, on Wissahickon avenue, and in its palmyest days, under Cole, was the most popular roadhouse in the city. Everybody went to Cole's after visiting the Wissahickon, or when they took a spin along the river road, at the Falls. Cole was a large man, a first class provider, and had the ability to retain his guests once they reached

THE OLD LOG CABIN



Above is a sketch of the famous old Log Cabin, which was conducted by Thomas Llewellyn, on the site of the William Leonidas Springs fountain, on the Wissahickon Drive, below Hermit lane.

there. He kept the place for several years, and then sold out to Al Brothers, who was in turn succeeded by Martin Booze, William Morris, and finally by Matthew Ifell, who had formerly conducted the Washington Lane Hotel, in Germantown.

"Everybody knew the Old Log Cabin, which stood here where we are now resting. Old timers, invariably, stopped here to see Tommy Llewellyn and to quaff his liquors, feed his monkeys and bears and enjoy the catfish and waffle suppers. Llewellyn was succeeded by John McCrystal, who ran the place as a roadhouse, and museum of old relics, until the Park Commission took possession and demolished the old landmark.

"Tissot's at the Falls, still remains, although the Betz Estate erected a new building in front of the old structure, and it is now known as the Cafe Riviere. Arnold's is better known as the Falls Hotel, and is occupied by a family named Whalen, who conducted it as a roadhouse until Prohibition forced them out of business.

"These old roadhouses are what really induced the Park Commission to build the wonderful East River Drive and Wissahickon Drive, for before the Commission's existence, the people had been accustomed to driving out this way to enjoy the scenery and the hospitality of the innkeepers."

SCCAFF

5/17/1934

Geologist Tells Tale of Wissahickon

Claims Million Years Were
Needed For Creek to Dig
Its Present Course

REGION ONCE FLAT
Rocks of Baltimore Gneiss
Said to Be Oldest
Along Stream

It took a million years for the Wissahickon creek to dig the gorge through which it flows.

And the dark banded rock, that has been changed by heat and pressure eons ago, over which the creek flows at places is about \$500,000,000 years old.

Such is the silent story of the Valley of the Wissahickon, the "miniature Alpine gorge of America."

To the average person who travels through the valley when the first colors of spring are being painted on trees and shrubs that line the gorge, this story is invisible. But to the geologist it is distinctly written in the rocks of the valley and even in the very bends that the stream itself makes.

The Wissahickon rises in an area of sandstones and shales near Montgomeryville, not far from the Bethlehem pike. It flows through the Whitemarsh Valley which is of limestone, cuts across a ridge of hard quartzite and plunges into the gorge of rock created under great heat pressure under the earth's surface before it was finally forced to the top.

But why didn't the Wissahickon force its way through the soft and easily soluble limestone of the Whitemarsh Valley and reach the Schuylkill river?

"More than a million years ago," says Mr. Gordon, "the region was quite flat, much like southern New Jersey, and the aspect of the Wissahickon and the surrounding country must have been not unlike the Pennsauken and Rancocas of today. For some unknown reason the land started to rise to a higher elevation. This had the effect of increasing the down-grade of the Wissahickon, the ancestor of which was probably a gully started after a shower.

"The increased grade increased the eroding or grinding power of the water and sand carried by the Wissahickon over its rock bed. It took about a million years for the stream and its tributaries to wear down the rocks to their present topography. The softer rocks of course were soon reduced; but the harder ones remained as hills and ridges. The Wissahickon persisted in its ancient course during this slow rise of the land. Occasionally, however, on first meeting a hard rock, a slight turn was made, such as at Lincoln drive."

8/4/1932

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"Song of The Wissahickon"

Mrs. Katherine Haldeman
O'Donnell Produces New
Book on the Indian Ro-
mances of the Wissahickon
Valley.

Collections of poetry that may be classed as "of Philadelphia" have been of late enriched by an attractively turned-out volume, "Song of the Wissahickon." The author, Mrs. Katherine Haldeman O'Donnell, who uses the pen name, Don Haldeman-Jeffries, is already well known in the field of verse, being a member of the National League of American Pen Women, and of the Society of Arts and Letters.

The poem which gives the book its name occupies prominent but not major part of the offering. It relates in rhythmical blank verse the Indian myth of the frustrated lovers in the setting of the wild Wissahickon of other days, the winsome maiden Forest Spirit and her stalwart brave, White Star, and their tryst on the Wish Rock, where the familiar figure of the red man now stands above Valley Green.

Other pleasing poems feature scenes beloved by the confirmed Philadelphian; the city's "squares," historic churchyards, the Flower Mart, and, with particular felicity, idyllic spots along the Wissahickon. These are followed by shorter pieces on random topics at home and abroad, personal and formal, or biographical.

Mrs. O'Donnell, a native Pennsylvanian, is remembered especially for her previous book of poems entitled, "Nantucket, Maushope and Other New England Poems." The present volume is a worthy successor to the earlier one, and merits appreciative reception.

Sleighting Days Along The Wissahickon Are Recalled

Former Park Guard Enjoyed Winters With Companions in Sports Which Are Now Relegated to the Past

William H. C. (Bill) Shingle, who once served more than a thirty-year term as a Fairmount Park guard along the Wissahickon Creek, who has been since passed into the Great Silent Land, once told the following tale of the winters of long ago.

My son Charles W., and I desired to take the last ride in the old Michener sleigh, of East Washington lane. It was built in 1780 and served seven generations of the Michener family, then the family of the late Charles W. Middleton, of Pittville. After we had our ride the sleigh was presented to the Germantown Historical Society.

It was a pleasure of Charles W. to hitch a large double team of mules to the sleigh, with cow bells that you could hear a square away, and load it to the rim with jolly young boys and girls and start for the Wissahickon. What a time!

It was cold and there was a severe snow storm and snow drifted in places four to five feet.

We came to the first drift and fully expected to be left there in the deep snow, sleigh and all with the gray going merrily on. But to our surprise like a canoe she was put up and over.

Charley said, "Now for it," but he was agreeably surprised when we reached the Wissahickon. No drifts were in sight. As a rule there never were any in the valley.

We arrived at Valley Green, now the last of the road houses on the creek. What few people were there rushed out to see what was coming. Escorted by our host, Dooley, we were entertained.

But it was not as some forty years previously when Uncle Rube Sands was at Indian Rock, with his low shoes and the knack of tucking the girls in properly. I counted of a Sunday afternoon as many as 3000 sleighs crossing the old red-bridge—everything from a soap box on runners to a fine Russian turnout of an imitation of a large buck deer. On account of it causing runaways the Park Commission ordered the deer kept off the drives.

Uncle Rube was certainly a road house man. One season he was all prepared for big sleighing. He procured two new flour barrels and covered them with silver and notes.

As the sleighers would come and get a few of Uncle Rube's hot Scotches and mint juleps, they would go down the road yelling: "Go up to Uncle Rube; he's taking it in by the barrel."

I remember two men who always sleighed the coldest of nights and always liked to hear the runners whistle, and said, the colder the night the better the sleighing. They had their horses trained, and the

more they shouted the more their horses would get down to work, and the other fellow's horse go up in the air.

"Well, we wished our host, Dooley good luck, and in a short time were back.

I remember another ride but it is one of about fifty years ago. A neighbor, now gone, good fellow, said, "Bill, steal the black horse with the sleigh and hide the bells in the bottom in straw."

We managed to get the girls and started for the Wissahickon. I have forgotten, but I judge we stopped occasionally to warm up. I judge it was after midnight after crossing the bridge at Valley Green. A short distance beyond stood a frame house. I don't remember if licensed or speakeasy. The maple trees around the house still mark the spot.

It was full moon and not a light about. On the veranda of the second story there appeared a man clad in his nightie and carrying a double-loaded muzzle-shot gun in hand. In a stentorian voice he said, "Move on."

It was not necessary. We saw what was coming and we moved.

Everything went well until going down Garret's Hill, much steeper than now, when, crack! What an upset! Looking around there lay the girls and my partner.

We were fortunate. The runners were still good. As we put the sides and back on the bottom, they rode with their feet hanging over.

When we got to Buck Hotel, with the large buck deer sign, kept by the Widow Roop, as everybody then knew her, we were chilled to the marrow.

It must have been near Christmas time as the Dogtown millionaires had all their red cedars on display.

We arrived in Queen lane about 3 A. M.

My friend's mother, next morning, called me over and showed me the wreck, but I believe up to the time of her death, she never knew I was out with it.

It was its last outing. It was the old Littell sleigh, painted a pea green as most sleighs were painted those days.

The stentorian voice I remembered long after. Its owner was supposed to be an English gypsy by many. He landed on the Wissahickon years ago, and the ravine just suited his fancy.

My forefather, Henry Sorber, settled here, in Bowman's lane, now Queen lane March 27, 1782, two years after the Michener sleigh was built. There is no knowing how old the house is. It plainly shows a story added to the original one and one-half.

Henry Sorber arrived with a pack of carpenter's tools on his back, and

he made a mahogany desk about the same time, which still exists.

Where his carpenter's tools went, is a question, and I would like to know. Possibly some of the Sorbers still have some.

I have been asked about the custom of getting the first sleigher, on the Wissahickon, a bottle of wine. It was the custom for a number of years. It was not so much for the getting ahead of the other fellow, and the display along the pike, and having the laugh.

There was one man that seldom stopped, but tried to get the bottle, but the regulars generally managed to get the handout.

One year they were ready for the anxious one. The bottle was decorated with different color ribbons, and set very prominently, awaiting the comer. It had no more than started to snow that he was hitched up and off. And what was his delight when handed the bottle! He treated right and left, and that bottle and the ribbons were well paid for.

Getting home, and possibly about to wine some of his friends, the cork was pulled. But the "fiz" was gone and only Wissahickon spring water was there.

Everything went in sleighing time. They even kidded the Park Guards.

One of the hosts was to have a filled house for chicken and waffles, at a 10 o'clock supper. One of the guards, the same night, was to have a little blow-out at home. A new gallon growler, as used those days, was procured, and the host filled it. With in a quarter of the top he placed the chicken offals and topped this with his best chicken salad, and decorated the can with plenty of parsley.

I believe they never spoke afterward as they passed by.

The good old sleighers, and their favorite horses, are almost all gone. The old-time drivers who are left sit in their cars and wish they could have the ribbons in their hands.

6/21/1934

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Wissahickon An Eden For The Botanist

Fields Above Creek Abound
in Interesting Grasses
of the Season

MANKIND'S SOLACE

Sentiment Attached to Achillea Millefolium, or
"Yarrow" to You

Of all the common plants the grasses which clothe the fields and the bare spots in the woods are the least known. We take them for granted. Yet in richness and variety of coloring, above the undertone of green, the blossoms and windblown anthers of the grasses rival the beauty of the flowers.

Amateur botanists who roam the Wissahickon valley know this. They know the traditional spirit of the season is symbolized by the coloring of the grasses on the landscapes; cool pale tints of early spring; rose-colored in June; warmer tones in August; and glory of purple when the summer begins to wane and harvest-time is with us.

Can anyone imagine the world without grass? It would be a barren waste. The shifting soil, exposed to wind and water, would offer no sure abiding place to man without the tenacious network of grass roots firmly bidding the soil. Also they are of use as fodder for animals, while the well-filled heads of cereals, like oats, wheat, rye, barley, corn and rice are the useful grasses of the human race.

The meadows along the heights of the Wissahickon are excellent places for the study of the grasses. The Kentucky blue grass (*Poa pratensis*) or June grass, is particularly conspicuous at this season. Curiously enough this grass is never blue. It has little flowered spikelets, during this month, about two inches long, which are light green or purplish.

Then there is the broad-leaved panic grass (*Panicum latifolium*) which bears pyramidal panicles of large, seeded spikes, with sheaths roughened by what appears to be short, stiff hairs. Also, the sweet vernal grass (*Anthraxanthium odoratum*), with its distinct odor of new-mown hay. It is the first grass to attract the human nostril in the early spring, as it pushes up its compact, spike-like panicles, which soon expand into open blossoms whose large violet anthers provide the color that is lacking in the tiny flower. The slender satiny stems of

this grass have been used in basketwork and in the weaving of imitation leghorn hats.

These are only some of the more ordinary grasses, there being more than one thousand species, but along the Wissahickon there is a whole field of nature study, which can serve to remind us again and again how diverse is the vegetation covering the earth.

All along the creek can be found yarrow (*Achillea millefolium*) which gets its name from Achilles and had a very delicate aromatic smell. The yarrow has a sentimental history possible because of its gentle odor, and was frequently used for stuffing pillows of sentimental lovers in days which have apparently fled. There is an old verse concerning this superstition, which runs:

"Thou pretty herb of Venus' tree
Thy true name is Yarrow,
And who my dear love will be
Pray tell thou me tomorrow."
Eddie Toar.

Germantown Telegraph

July 8, 1932

The Cave of Kelpius

A Tale of the Wissahickon

By A. C. CHADWICK, Jr.

As Related by Edward W. Hocker

John Fanning Watson is evidently responsible for the present-day belief that Johannes Kelpius—or as it has been translated from the Latin, John Culp—lived in a cave on the property near "The Hermitage," along the Wissahickon. In Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania*, Volume 2, Page 22, it is stated that the house or hut of Kelpius "stood on the hill where the widow, Phoebe Righter, now lives. Her log house has now stood more than forty years on the same cellar foundation which it was built; it is on a steep descending grassy hill, well exposed to the sun for warmth in the winter, and has a spring of the hermit's own making half way down the hill, shaded by a very stout cedar tree."

Edward W. Hocker, in a series of newspaper articles published in the *Independent Gazette*, of Germantown, in 1911, told of the coming of the hermit to this locality, in these words:

"Accordingly the journey was made in 1694, and the members of the party at once took up their abode in huts and caves along the Wissahickon. Celibacy was required in the community, and the fare and the garb of the members was of the coarsest.

"The number of persons to be admitted to the community was fixed at forty. According to their system of speculation, this was the number of perfection. Scriptural research afforded them their basis for this conclusion. For forty days and nights the rains descended during the great flood described in Genesis; forty days later Noah opened the ark; Moses spent forty days on Mt. Sinai; Israel

wandered forty years in the wilderness; Elias' fast lasted forty days; forty days were accorded Nineveh for repentance; for forty months Jesus preached on earth; his fast continued for forty days; he was in the grave forty hours; and forty days after the resurrection he ascended into heaven, while the destruction of Jerusalem followed forty years after the ascension.

"The mystical number of forty was also employed when the hermits built their first tabernacle. This was a log house forty feet square which served as a place of worship and also as a school-house. On the roof was an observatory where the mystic studied the stars, endeavoring to penetrate the secrets of the heavens. This house stood on the heights west of the Wissahickon, and north of Ridge avenue. The grounds are now within Fairmount Park, and formerly were a country-seat known as "The Hermitage." The traditions of this locality are further preserved in the name, Hermits' Lane, which runs from this point to Roxborough.

Mr. Hocker's tale went on to explain that "Kelpius continued his hermit life until 1708 when he died of consumption, contracted, it is supposed, because he persisted in spending much time in meditation in a damp cave," and farther on in the story, he said, "At the spot where Kelpius wore away his life in his ascetic enterprise, there is a cave in the hillside in which it is said he daily spent many hours. This is on the southern slope of a hill, and a few feet away is a rivulet that flows through the picturesque Hermits' Glen to the Wissahickon, several hundred feet to the east. The cave looks like a deserted springhouse, and its damp surroundings preclude the possibility of anyone living there many days without contracting disease."

Still farther on, in his article, the Germantown historian said, "Besides his cave, Kelpius, it seems, also had a hut on the hill. A tenant house on the Hermitage grounds is supposed to stand upon the site of Kelpius' hut and it is believed that the large Hermitage mansion, which Evan Prowatt built in 1848, occupies the site of the hermits' tabernacle—Horatio Gates Jones, a historical writer of Roxborough, in 1855, tried to learn from Watson, his authority for his assertion about Kelpius' home. Watson wrote in reply that he could not recall who had told him but he felt sure his version was based on good authority.

Horatio Gates Jones once possessed one of the journals kept by Kelpius, which was penned in Latin, some items of which the Roxborough historian translated. Very possibly this old book was turned over to the Pennsylvania Historical Society, of which he was an active member and leader, and that in its covers may be found authentic information as to where the cave which the hermit used was located, if he did dwell in such a place. Watson's tale, in my mind should be discounted. The hermit may have made a temporary abode in a natural cavern until a more suitable place could be erected, but I doubt if he decided in such quarters for any length of time. The only means of finding out as far as my knowledge goes, is what may be contained in the old Latin diary.

Livezey House Is Subject Of Historian's Discourse

Picturesque Colonial Dwelling Along the Wissahickon
Dates Back to Period Before 1747.—
Owner a Prominent Character

On Saturday evening, October 6th, the members of the Valley Green Canoe Club celebrated the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Club with a dinner and dance, at their club house, "Glen Fern", on the Wissahickon Creek.

J. Russell Pawley, president of the Club, welcomed the guests and introduced Albert H. Mainwaring, the toastmaster for the evening. Mr. Mainwaring, after a few remarks, called upon H. T. Cauffman, the secretary, to read the minutes of the first meeting of the Club held October 1, 1909. He then called upon Messrs. Preston Parr, Edmund Brady and Edmund H. Jordan, the three founders of the Club, who each gave a short talk on the beginnings and growth of the organization. Other officers of the Club each made a few interesting remarks, and also some of the 'Old Timers' were called upon. James F. Magee, Jr., of West Philadelphia, the guest speaker of the evening, gave a very interesting talk on the history of the Livezey House and Mill, and the various

other mills of the Wissahickon Valley in Colonial times illustrated with sketches and models of the buildings. The address follows:

Before the Revolution, in 1769, there were in Philadelphia, Chester and Delaware Counties, on the streams emptying into the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers more than 320 mills and forges.

There were in the valley of the Wissahickon Creek over 54 such enterprises.

These were grist, flour, paper, oil, fulling, powder, saw and iron forging mills, all propelled by water-power.

Germans owned the greater number of these mills, but English and Welsh Quakers also owned many of the important industries.

The Hollanders—Rittenhouse and Dewees—built the first two paper mills on the American Continent.

The Scotch Robesons owned the great mills at and near the mouth of the Wissahickon, along Ridge road, and also several of the earliest iron forges and furnaces in what is today, Montgomery and Berks Counties.

It was such pioneers as Thomas Livezey and the owners of the other 219 mills who started the industries that made Philadelphia one of the greatest industrial centres in America.

On October 10th 1747, Thomas Livezey purchased from Thomas Shoemaker the tract of 23 acres

comprising a water grist mill—two-story under one roof—and the enchanting Colonial dwelling called "Glen Fern," that is now the home of the Valley Green Canoe Club.

From deeds recorded at City Hall, let us trace the ownership of these 23 acres, which was part of an original tract of 500 acres.

In 1684 William Penen conveyed to James Claypool, one of Penn's Commissioners, 500 acres of land in Springettsbury Manor—now Roxborough. Sir John, the brother of James Claypool, married Elizabeth, the blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter of Oliver Cromwell.

This 500 acres started at the Germantown line—Wissahickon avenue—and ran westward to the Schuylkill river, including land along the Wissahickon creek, where later were built the two Gorgas mills, at Gorgas lane, and the Livezey mill and dwelling.

In 1695 Claypool sold the tract to Hugh Roberts, of Lower Merion, who resided where the Belmont Driving Park was later developed. The tract passed through the hands of three different purchasers, being divided into smaller sections, until 1733, when Henry Sellen, an oil maker secured 44 1-2 acres of the land for the sum of 15 pounds sterling—less than \$75. There were certainly very few, if any, improvements upon the 44 1-2 acres at this valuation. Six years later Sellen sold the lot to John Harmer, and a building is mentioned in the deed.

From these foregoing deeds we should say that a building was erected on the site of the Livezey dwelling during the years he owned the property. That is between 1733 and 1739.

Last month Charles Harper Smith compiled and published his History of the Livezey Family. He also puts the date at 1739, as about the year in which this Livezey dwelling was erected. On February 5th, 1745-46 John Harmer sold 23 acres of the 44 1-2 acre tract to Thomas Shoemaker, a building being mentioned in the deed, but no mill.

Early in 1746 Thomas Shoemaker erected the grist mill and petitioned the Court requesting that road be laid out from Ridge road, over the ford below the dam, to his mill; the road then meandering over the hills to Germantown, via what we know as Allen's lane.

This old Livezey Lane, laid out in 1746—nearly two hundred years ago—is the same lane that we all pass over in driving from Allen's

lane to the Green Valley Canoe Clubhouse.

On October 10th 1747 Shoemaker sold the 23 acres, the mill and dwelling to Thomas Livezey for 400 pounds. Just across the road from the house is a stone built into the ruins of the old mill, that many claim is marked 1717; the figures are much weather-worn and uncertain. If this is really the date-stone of the old mill, it should read 1747, and not 1717.

Thomas Livezey's mill-book, of 1748, records that a large part of the output of the mill was delivered to ship captains of vessels at the port of Philadelphia for export trade. Later entries note the grinding of pepper, ginger and other spices. Livezey, at a much later date, was also a direct importer of foreign goods in exchange for flour, and one passage of the sloop "Pacific" brought in silk and tea from Canton, China, valued at 4000 pounds Spanish dollars.

Barry Hepburn, attorney-at-law, informs us that his great uncle, Commodore Barry, the father of the American Navy and also his great grandfather, Captain Hays, was also engaged in the early export trade from Philadelphia to China.

The most interesting feature of the interior of the Livezey House is the large fireplace in the lower room of the middle section of the structure; so long and so wide that a low seat was placed in one end and a small window in the wall beside it, to provide a cozy nook for reading or sewing.

Let us, in imagination, go back to 1748, just one year after Livezey purchased the dwelling and mill and accompany on horseback the Swedish traveler, Peter Kalm, who in his book of travels describes the character of the country near the Livezey homestead.

The host of the Swedish traveler was Peter Koch, who owned a paper mill on the Wissahickon that was built by William Dewees in 1731. This mill was at Wise's Mill lane, just above Valley Green Inn.

The Swedish visitor records our journey as follows: "On September 21, 1748: In the afternoon I rode with Peter Koch to his country seat about nine miles from town, to the northwest. The country on both sides of the road was covered with a great forest. The trees were all with annual leaves, and I did not see a single fir or pine. Most of the trees were different sorts of oak. But we likewise saw chestnut, walnut, locust, apple and hickory trees, also blackberry bushes and the like.

"As we went on in the woods, we continually saw at moderate distances little fields, which had been cleared of wood. Each of these was a farm. These farms are very pretty, and a walk of trees frequently led from them to the high road."

"September 22nd 1748: Mr. Koch had a paper mill on a little brook, (Wissahickon) and all the coarser sorts of paper are manufactured in it. It is now annually rented for fifty pounds Pennsylvania currency. Almost all the houses hereabouts were built either of stone or bricks, but those of stone were



Romantic Colonial dwelling, now used as headquarters of the Valley Green Canoe Club, where the 25th anniversary dance and dinner of the Club was held last Saturday evening.

more numerous."

Thomas Livezey was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly from 1765 to 1771. In 1765 he sent an original poem to Joseph Galloway, who was also a member of the Assembly. A few stanzas of the poem read as follows:

"Near Wissahickon's mossy banks, where purling fountains glide,
Beneath the spruces' shady boughs, and laurels blooming pride,
Where little fishes sport and play, diverting to the sight,
Whilst all the wabbling winged race afford my eyes delight.
Here's evergreens by Nature set, on which those songsters sing,
And flowery aromatic groves for an eternal spring.

"Thus situated here I dwell, where these sweet zephyrs move,
And little rivulets from rocks, add beauty to my groove,
I drink the wine my hills provide, on wholesome food I dine,
My little offspring round me like clusters on the vine.
I, hand in hand with second self, oft walk amidst the bowers,
Whilst all our little prattling ones are gathering opening flowers."

On the hills around the Livezey House today the wild grape vines grow in profusion.

On November 13th 1767, Livezey wrote to Benjamin Franklin, who was then in London. "I am sending you 12 bottles of wine made from wild grapes on this place. I heartily wish it may arrive safe and

warm the hearts of everyone who tastes it, with a love for America."

In February of 1768 Franklin replied, "I received your welcome present of a dozen bottles of wine. It has been found excellent by many good judges, my wine merchant in particular was desirous of knowing what quantity of it might be had and at what price."

There is a tradition that Livezey sank several casks of wine in the Wissahickon behind his mill dam, during the Revolution to prevent its confiscation, and retrieved it after the danger had passed.

Before us is a model of the Livezey house, and also a large bas-relief of the Wissahickon dam, road and the Livezey mill and dwelling. These were made by Harry C. Hammes, of Roxbor-

ough, and brought to us for this occasion.

The house can be taken apart and when this is done, there is disclosed the furniture in each of fifteen rooms, four fireplaces, two winding stairways, book cases, and a bake oven, outside at the rear of the house.

Livezey received his grain from farms above, in Montgomery County, it being brought down the Ridge road to Livezey lane, and thence to the mill. It is said that as many as fifty years were at times lined up at the Wissahickon mill, awaiting to unload.

An early survey of the plantation shows that the road over a ford below the dam, passed between the dwelling and the mill. The mill-race started at the dam and ran under the road through the mill, then out again into the Wissahickon. The race was about 400 feet long. The mill was a three story

building. Other structures were a corn mill, a barn, ice house, smoke house and coach house. Just east of the mill was a sunken garden.

In the loft of the Livezey house is the original date-stone of the Red Covered Bridge, dated 1839. The bridge was demolished after 1900 but the piers are still in place. Further down the stream, the still remembered Pipe Bridge passed over the creek, high above the roadway. This carried water from the Roxborough Reservoir to the inhabitants of Chestnut Hill and Mt. Airy. Today the conduits are huge pipes that run under the bed of the stream.

There are several Revolutionary traditions relating to Thomas Livezey, one of which states that he sat on a fence, at the top of the hill near his dwelling, and watched the Battle of Germantown on October 4th 1777. Another story is that he cared for wounded soldiers in his home, after the engagement.

The facts are, however, that two days before the Battle, a squad of American soldiers, in command of an officer, made prisoners of his two eldest sons and drove the father from the house. They were not allowed to return until after the British evacuated Philadelphia.

During the war hundreds of Quakers, Mennonites, and other pacifists, were interned in western Pennsylvania and Virginia.

Thomas Livezey died in 1790, and in 1793 the mill was destroyed by fire. The sons rebuilt and added greatly to the property. Later the descendants owned more than 300 acres on the Wissahickon. In 1792 John Livezey purchased the John Gorgas grist mill, at Kitchen's lane, and in 1864 another John Livezey purchased from Matthew

W. Baldwin, of the Baldwin Locomotive Company, the John Gorgas mill, at Gorgas lane, on the Wissahickon.

F. B. Brandt, in his well-known book on the Wissahickon, writes of the Livezey House, as follows:

"What it is that conspires to make the ravishing charm of this old Colonial stone structure, hidden in the heart of the glen, adopted companion of friendly trees, and held in the embrace of clinging vines and shrubbery, would be difficult to say. But the Livezey House surely for stately rusticity is matched only by the rough-hewn wilderness home of John Bartram."

The committee in charge included: Albert H. Mainwaring, chairman, Herman G. Cauffman, Harold Michale, William Molin, C. Harlan Schofield, George C. Hansell and Gorgas Bechtel.

The annual reunion of the Livezey Family Association will be held on Sunday, October 14th, at Abing-

ton Meeting, Jenkintown. Members are invited to attend services in the meeting house at 11 a. m., a box lunch and a social hour will follow, and the formal meeting will be called to order at 1.30. Features of the program will be extracts from "A Short History of Abington Meeting" read by Helen Corson Livezey, and an address "General Washington in Montgomery County" by Horace Mather Lippincott.

East Falls Herald
11-26-1926

Wissahickon Memories

A Former Park Guard Identifies Characters in the Old Novel "The Riversons"

Previous to the Civil War of 1861, there was a very interesting story written of the Riversons of the Wissahickon. Apparently it did not take in those days and was cast aside on the publishers' shelves.

Years afterward our well-known Dr. Richard McGee, of Roxborough, wounded in the Civil War but only recently passed to the far beyond, by chance saw the volume, procured it and brought it to Roxborough, where it was quickly picked up by his friends.

The story centers at the old Red Bridge and grist mill, built in 1757, enlarged in 1787, and rebuilt in 1859 by Nicholas Rittenhouse. The date stone is now in the Site and Relic Society museum in Vernon Park.

Although the Riversons were thought to be wealthy, the father and son passing away suddenly and not far apart, they had very little outside of the income of the mill. It

was in the times that the grandfather had no faith in banks around here. He built a secret vault in the wheel pit, seldom used, and placed his gold there, but told no one. The granddaughter, growing into womanhood and being a somnambulist, found the vault and gold.

She married the man who learned to be a miller there and lived there with the family happily afterwards.

Runaway slaves, from the South, were brought to Flat Rock dam, on the Schuylkill River, thence over Domino lane, Ridge road, Crease's lane, Livezey's lane, and Township line to the Blue Bell, where they were placed in a cavern in the Wissahickon Hills, and cared for by the Riversons, with other Mennonites and Friends.

Often slave owners or drivers would follow them to Manayunk and lose track of them, and get in trouble; but they always met their match with hand or gun.

The doctor always carried his trusty gun going through the Livezey covered bridge. It was very dark and his path was crossed and his horse shied and reared. He fired.

Next morning, in passing, there lay the body of a fine heifer, possibly owned by Friend Livezey, who lived close by the bridge.

The large grist mill was between the house and the bridge. It was built early in the 1700's. The date stone can now be plainly seen in the ruins left.

Away up in the rafters of the bridge, in chalk, was "J. Haas, 1858." I presume he was of Mount Airy.

And when the bridge was blown down, only a few years ago, the name was as plain as ever.

Previous to reading the story of the cavern, I knew two old trap hunters at different times. The one had different dogs for different kind of game. One day his dog entered a crevice where this supposed cavern is. He could hear the dogs' yelps until out of hearing; then, in time, back he'd come to the entrance. After staying there for three days the dog came out tired and fatigued.

The other said, when a boy, he entered a crevice on the side of the hill about 500 feet from the other entrance. After entering quite a way, he saw two large eyes staring at him, with a growl. He left, and his parents going from Germantown, he never returned until an old man.

I saw him hunting and he told me the story. He could about show me where the crevice was, but was unable to find it.

The writer of the book "The Riversons" was S. J. Bumstead, and the book was printed in New York. In his wind-up the author said:

"Although you may never be able to find them, gentle reader, because you do not possess the key to their identity, there they still live."

Guard Joseph Stanley, Manayunk, and I read the book some thirty

years after it was written. We could then almost tread in the footsteps of the writer who, I believe, was an Umstead, of Rittenhouse-town, now wiped off the map, where they once were proud of having the first paper mill in America. The chapel and the school house on the hill, the mills, toll house, fire company, quarry and the ale house where you could get a wee bit, and part of the walls may be seen still along Paper Mill run, or Monoshone Creek.

The professor on the violin, Professor Carl, I believe, was Carl Weber, of Queen lane, whose son was Carl the artist, who painted the fine picture of the Devil's Pool that, today, cannot be reproduced, as in building the aqueduct the foliage was destroyed beneath.

The stage driver of Crawford's line was a well-known character, and when he stopped to water he generally took his lemonade with a little stick on the side.

36

CHANGING GRASSES STUDIED ON TRAIL

'Matted Miracles' of Nature Have
Many Varieties Thriving in
Wissahickon Valley

SEE VENUS 'LOVER PLANT'

Of all common plants the grasses which clothe the earth are the least commonly known. We take them for granted. Yet in their richness and variety of coloring, above the undertone of green, the blossoms and wind-blown anthers of the grasses rival the beauty of the flowers.



Indian Rock Statue

The traditional spirit of the seasons is symbolized by the coloring of our grasses on the landscape; cool, pale tints of early spring, rose-colored in June, warmer tones in August and a glory of purple and gold when the summer is past and the harvest ending.

Can one imagine the world grassless—a barren waste? The shifting soil, exposed to the wind and water, could offer no sure abiding place to man without the tenacious network of grass roots firmly binding the soil. Also, they are of use as fodder for animals while the well filled heads of cereals, like oats, wheat, rye, barley, corn and rice are the useful grasses of mankind.

The meadows in the valley of the Upper Wissahickon are excellent places for the study of the "matted miracles of grass." Our Nature Trail this week passes through such a meadow, starting at the quaint covered bridge at Thomas Mill road and proceeding along the pathway, on the right side of the creek, downstream as far as Rex av., a distance of less than a mile.

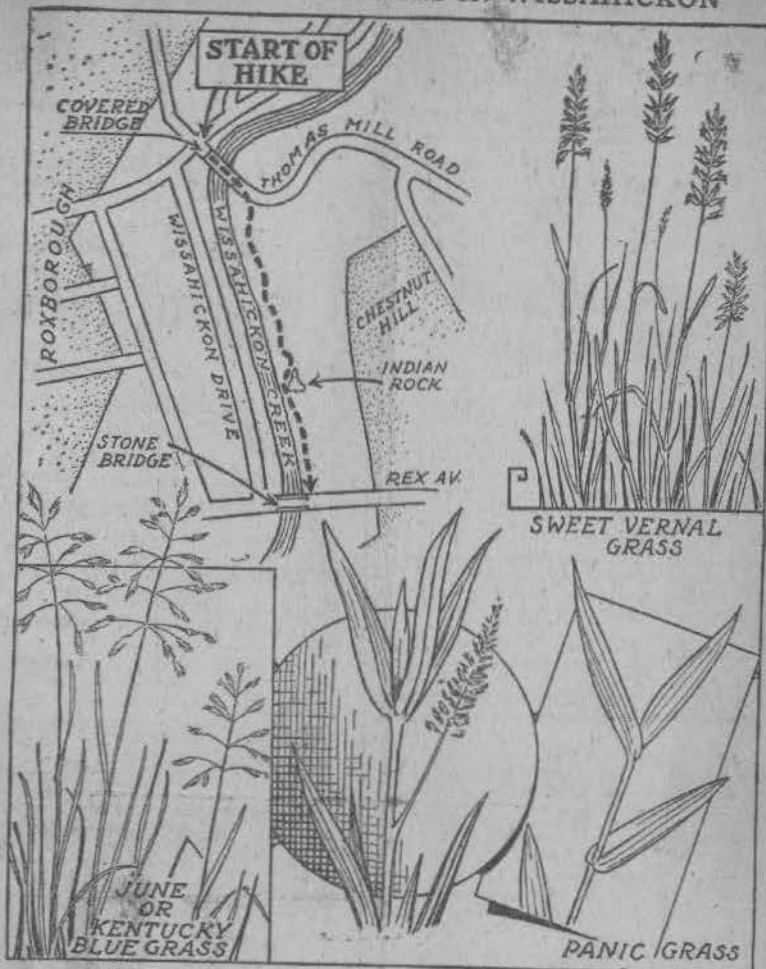
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The Kentucky Blue grass (*Poa pratensis*), or June grass, is particularly conspicuous here. Curiously

enough, this grass is never blue. It has little flowered spikelets, in June, about two inches long which are light green or purplish.

Then there is the broad-leaved Panic grass (*Panicum latifolium*) bearing pyramidal panicles of large, seeded spikelets with sheaths roughened by short, stiff hairs. Also, the Sweet Vernal grass (*Anthoxanthum odoratum*), with its distinct odor of new-mown

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The common grasses are the main interest of this week's Nature Trail, which proceeds along the right bank of the Wissahickon Creek, down-stream from the covered bridge at Thomas Mill road, to the bridge at Rex av. Here can be found the Kentucky Blue, the Sweet Vernal and the Panic grasses. An interesting plant found in this section is the Yarrow, used for stuffing pillows, whose delicate odor was supposed to induce the old-fashioned lover to dream of his true love.

hay. It is the first grass to attract one in the early spring, as it pushes up its compact, spike-like panicles.

The slender, satiny stems of this grass have been used in basketry and in weaving imitation Leghorn hats.

There are only some of the more common grasses, there being over 1,000



Thomas Mill Bridge

which expand soon into open blossoms whose large violet anthers furnish the color that is lacking in the tiny flower.

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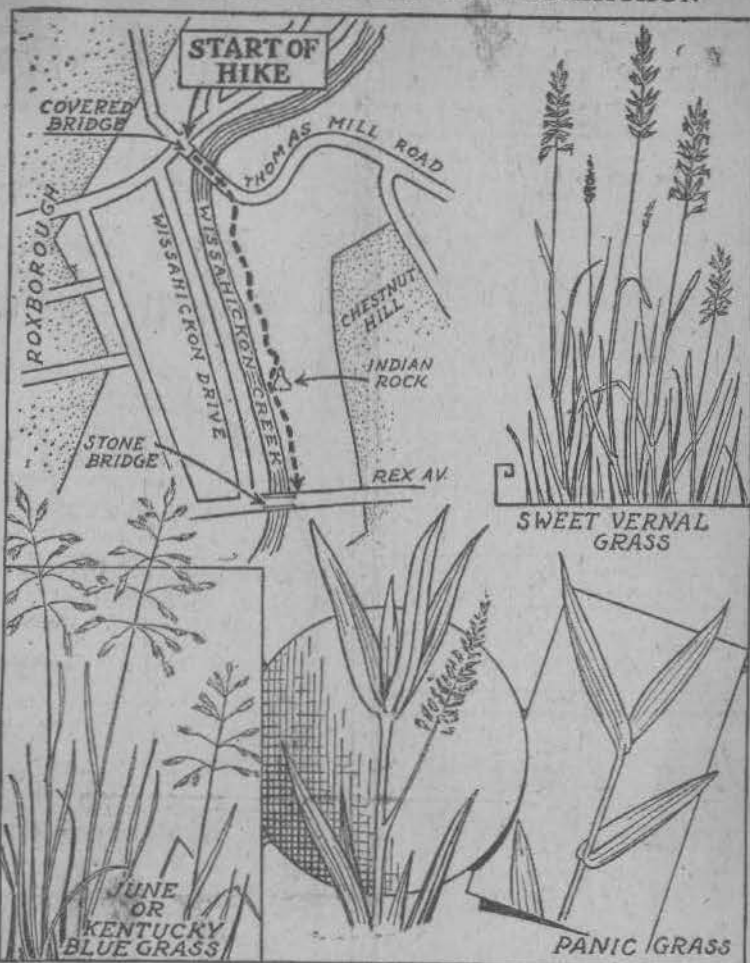
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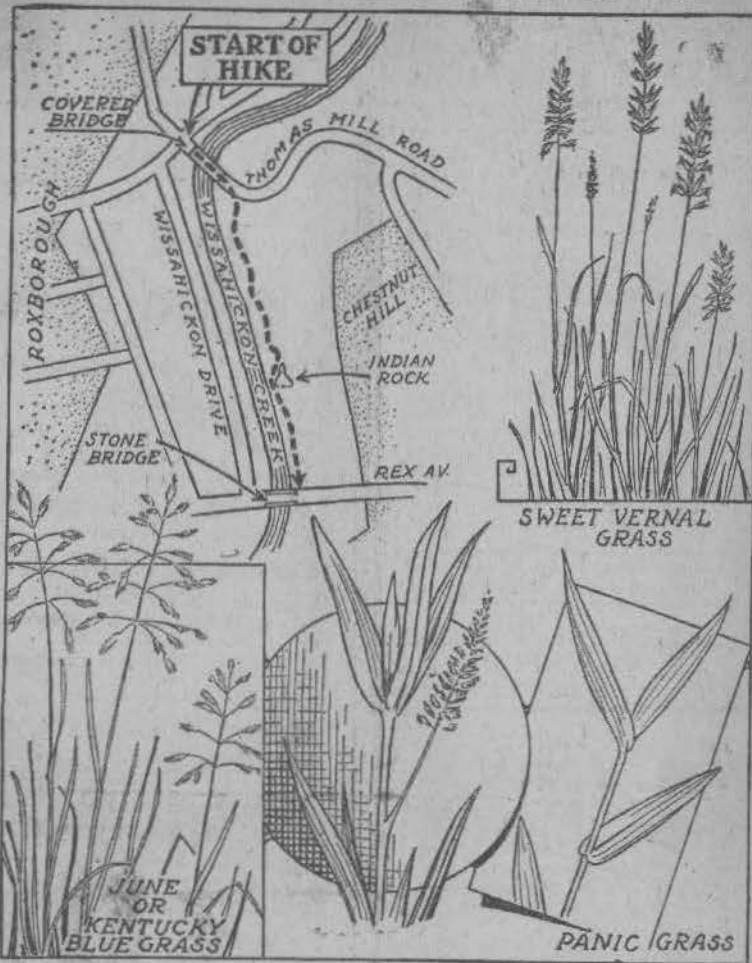
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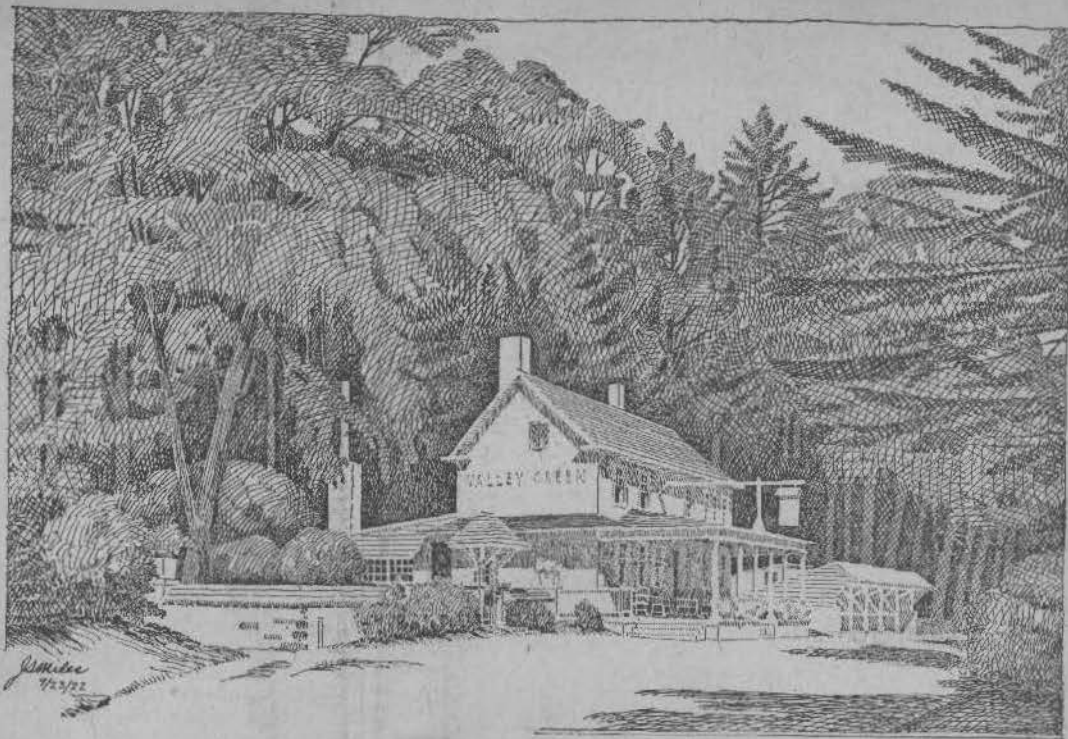
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38

PICTURESQUE INN ALONG THE WISSAHICKON CREEK



One of the numerous line sketches of scenes in and about the 21st Ward, made by the late Joseph Starnes Miles, first secretary of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, whose memory is honored by the annual art exhibition bearing his name, which will be held next week in the Parish House of St. Timothy's Church.

Phila Inquirer 1936?

Sub. Pure 6/6/29

12-12-1929

Girard's Talk of the Day

YES, it is true, only eight cities in the whole world are as large as Philadelphia.

But not one of the other eight can boast a trout stream coursing through it. Casting a fly with 2,000,000 people jostling your elbow is a diversion to be found nowhere outside of this town.

Charles Day, widely known engineer, has a habit of catching things he goes after. But his friends are laughing about something he caught which was wholly unexpected.

Mr. Day, partner of John E. Zimmerman, president of U. G. I., was practicing fly casting upon his lawn. Rose bushes, etc., are a bit trying in such sport.

"Why," inquired a near friend of Mr. Day, "don't you go down to the Wissahickon and cast your fly on the water instead of here on the grass?"

No sooner suggested than to act is Mr. Day's usual routine, so off he hied to a deep pool on the Wissahickon.

I won't say at the very first cast, but quickly Mr. Day hauled forth a fine trout eight inches long.

The engineer was looking for fun, not meat, so the speckled beauty was returned to its crystal—or was it coffee colored that day?—abode in the winding Wissahickon.

We hear much about the large crop of suckers found in Philadelphia, so it is a pleasure to report at least one trout.

ELECTS OFFICERS

At the meeting of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, held last Friday evening at the home of Major Thomas S. Martin, East Hermit lane, the following officers were elected to serve during the coming year: President, Major Thomas S. Martin; Vice President, James K. Helms; Secretary, Joseph S. Miles; Treasurer, Mrs. Edith R. Schofield; Historian, A. C. Chadwick, Jr.; and Directors, J. Ellwood Barrett, Stanley Hart Cauffman, Franklin D. Edmunds, Dr. J. Franklin Strawinski, Miss Blanche L. Heidinger, Mrs. Sarah B. Schofield, Mrs. Edith R. Schofield, Ernest L. Weber and George L. Layer.

S.P. 12-18-1930

Park Board Approves Purchase

Approval of the purchase of the site known as the Fort Washington extension of Fairmount Park near Bethlehem Pike, was given on Wednesday of last week, by the Park Commission at its monthly meeting.

The site comprises slightly more than 25 acres and will cost \$35,000. The money for its purchase has been appropriated by the State and its acquisition was recommended by the commission's committee on land purchases and damages.

HISTORIANS TO ARRANGE MEETINGS

Directors of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, met at the home of President Thomas S. Martin, on East Hermit lane, last Friday evening, to arrange for the 1930 activity of the organization.

At the suggestion of J. Ellwood Barrett, steps are being taken to have planted a grove of memorial oak trees somewhere on the crests of the hills overlooking the Wissahickon Creek, where citizens of the 21st Ward, who have meritoriously served the community may have their memory perpetuated by the planting of a living memorial. Stanley Hart Cauffman and Mr. Barrett were named to formulate plans for the establishment of the grove.

William F. Dixon, who was born and raised in the Wissahickon Valley, and who has served in various public capacities in this section, will be the speaker at the next public meeting of the Society early in January at the Kendrick Center, Ridge and Roxborough avenues. Mr. Dixon was to have been present at the November meeting but was not reached in time, and the address could not be delivered.

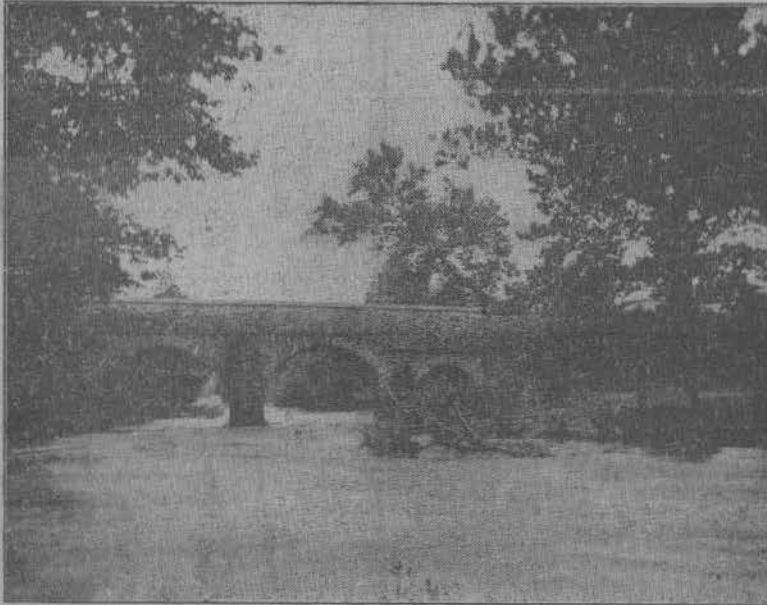
Arrangements for the remainder of the 1930 meetings will be made by a committee consisting of James K. Helms, and A. C. Chadwick, Jr.

Schubert Ave 6/24/1933

Rapahannock 2/29/1928 39

Kin of One-Time Owner of Wissahickon Mill Tells of Widow Paul And Old Bridge

Span at Bell's Mill Road Was Used By General Armstrong
and His American Troops At Time of Battle
of Germantown



Old crossing of Wissahickon Creek, used in early part of 18th Century, with the bridge being erected for convenience of millers whose plants utilized the waters of the storied stream.

James F. Magee, Jr., of West Philadelphia, recently compiled many interesting facts concerning the Widow Debora Paul's Mill, which stood along the banks of the Wissahickon, many of which may be new to readers of this paper.

Mr. Magee says: "The Bell's Mill road and bridge over the Wissahickon are of historic interest, as it was over this thoroughfare and bridge that General John Armstrong at the time of the Battle of Germantown, led his division of Washington's army from Chestnut Hill to the Ridge Road, to engage the Hessians soldiers, which were encamped near the mouth of the Wissahickon at John Vandaren's mill.

"Before the Battle of Germantown, on October 4th, 1777, the British army was posted along School House lane and Church lane. Vandaren's mill was located at the left end of the line, and the old Richard Townsend mill, 1686; Luken's mill, 1731-57; Joseph Mergarce mill, 1774-1815, later known as the Robert's; Grist mill on the Wissahickon Creek, in Bristol Township, Pa. on the extreme right, was a redoubt protected the

Ridge avenue, was at least a foot-path as early as 1710, as in that year Daniel Howell erected a grist mill at that point on the Wissahickon, and in 1733 the road was confirmed by the courts as Howell's Road. In 1738 the road was named after the new purchaser, Jonathan Paul, 'Paul's Mill Road.' Lehman's map of Chestnut Hill in 1750 records the road as the Widow Paul's road, being the first highway in that section to be named after a woman.

"Most of the millers of the Wissahickon received their mills and mill sites through purchases, but the Widow Debora Paul received her interests through marriage. She was the daughter of Thomas Kenton, a miller, of Oxford Township. Before the death of her first husband, Jonathan Paul, she was given the above mill. In 1750 she married Joseph Wollen, Jr., and as a wedding shower she received a half-interest in the William Dewces paper and grist mill, built 1729, on the Wissahickon creek, near City line, which is now the site of the Mount St. Joseph's Academy. Joseph Wollen died shortly after the marriage and through him his widow inher-

2 PAPERS READ BY HISTORIANS

Members of Wissahickon Valley
Society Hear Jos. S. Miles
and A. C. Chadwick

WILL FORM HIKING CLUB

With Stanley Hart Cauffman presiding, the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society meet last Friday evening, in the Post room of Hattal-Taylor Post, V. F. W., at Lyceum avenue and Rechin street.

Mr. Cauffman opened the meeting by reminding the members and their friends of two momentous dates of a historical nature, that fell in February: George Washington's Birthday and the anniversary of the signing of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States.

President Cauffman then introduced A. C. Chadwick, Jr., who read some of the interesting history of the Lower Wissahickon. The speaker reviewed civil, industrial and military events which took place in the beautiful gorge from the time of Penn's survey up to the present year.

Following this talk, Joseph S. Miles, secretary of the Society, read a paper entitled "The Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill." Mr. Miles' address proved of such unusual interest that we are publishing it in full in this issue. "The Lower Wissahickon," as read by Mr. Chadwick will appear at a later date.

With spring approaching, the Wissahickon Valley historians hope to form a hiking club, of men, women, boys and girls. Boy Scouts are especially invited to join in the hikes. Anyone interested in the history, geological formations, vegetation and animal life of the Wissahickon Valley and the surrounding country, should send their names and addresses to James K. Helms, 189 Kalos street. The notice of the first hike will appear in the news columns of the Roxborough News.

and a battalion of light infantry was thrown forward on the Limekiln Pike, near to Washington Lane.

"On the evening of the 3rd, the American army was divided into four divisions. They passed Edges Mill (Farmer's Mill, 1703) and St. Thomas' Church, on the Bethlehem Pike, then separated; two divisions passing down Church lane to Limekiln road; the other two divisions continuing down Bethlehem Pike to Chestnut Hill. One of these last two divisions, under General Armstrong with the men of the Pennsylvania Militia, accompanied by artillery and guided by George Dannehower, (who owned the grist mill on Duey's lane, on the Wingohocking) a Continental soldier and a native of Germantown, crossed over to the Ridge road and down the same to attack the Hessians at the mouth of the Wissahickon.

"The present Bell's Mill road, over which the Continental troops passed in going from Chestnut Hill to

ited a half-interest in the Carvel grist mill, built before 1738, and in 1755 the Barge Source Paper Mill, which afterward became the well known (upper) Charles Megargee paper mill, at Thomas Mill road.

"After the death of her first husband, Jonathan Paul, she also received a quarter interest in the Thomas Livezey grist mill, on the Wissahickon, on the site now occupied by the Valley Green Canoe Club, through permission of the Fairmount Park Commission.

"The Widow Debora married for the third time, to John Trump, a miller, and her daughter, Mary, married John Paul, a first cousin. Until 1780, through her husband John Trump, and son-in-law, John Paul, she retained her interest in four of the important mills of the Wissahickon.

The present bridge, over the Wissahickon, at Bell's Mill road, was built in 1820 by Isaac Bell but a bridge across the creek at this point was erected as early as 1738.

7/14/1936

Hermits' Cave Surrounded By Interesting Stories

Site of Ancient Religious Community Recalls Some of Wis- sahickon Valley's Mysterious Traditions.—Lead- er and His Band Had Odd Beliefs

Several years ago Fairmount Park officials gave out the information that "the cave of John Kelpius has been made more accessible by the building of a path from Hermit lane to the cave. The hermit's adobe has been cleaned out and restored to its original condition."

The cave is located on East Hermit lane, near the home of Major Thomas S. Martin, Secretary of the Park Commission.

The atmosphere of mysticism surrounding Kelpius and his band of "hermits" has made the story of this community one of the most appealing of the many traditions of the Wissahickon valley.

Edward W. Hocker, of Germantown, is quoted as saying that the application of the term "hermits" to this community is of questionable accuracy. This band of forty men did live a lonely kind of life on the Wissahickon hills. But during those years of the latter part of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth century, it was difficult to find any locality in Pennsylvania that was not lonely.

That they were not recluses in the sense that the word "hermit" implies, is suggested by the fact that they instructed children in the nearby village of Germantown, held public religious services, not only in their own tabernacle, but in the homes of German settlers in the region round about, and affiliated with the Swedish Lutheran congregation at Wicaco, now South Philadelphia.

It is difficult in these days to understand the trains of speculation with relation to occult matters, which Kelpius and his follow-

ers pursued. Some of them had studied in the foremost universities of Europe. All of them, while nominally Lutherans, were moved by the pietistic fervor of the times that sought to discredit mere intellectual adherence to a set of religious doctrines and insisted instead upon a life of practical piety.

Kelpius, who was a master of arts of the university of Altdorf, studied the theological and mystical theories of his day, and gathered a band of adherents about him, who, in 1694, came to Pennsylvania and made their adobes in caves and huts on the northwest bank of the Wissahickon, northeast of Ridge road. One of their favorite subjects of meditation was "the restoration of all things," or the millennium, which they expected with the end of the century.

In their exhortations Kelpius and his disciples delighted to dwell upon the prophecies of Daniel and in the Book of Revelation. The twelfth chapter of Revelation was a frequent subject of meditation and discussion. Because of the allusion to "the woman of the wilderness" in that chapter, the community acquired the name of "The Woman in the Wilderness," though Kelpius never accepted that nor any other distinctive name.

Their tabernacle is believed to have stood where the house called the Hermitage now stands, on the heights west of the stream, near Hermit lane. Major Martin lives in the Hermitage. Evan Powhatan built this house in 1848. John Fanning Watson, the annalist, is authority for locating the Tabernacle on this site.

The house stands at the head of Hermits' Glen. Nearby is the Hermits' Spring and Kelpius' Cave.

A question not susceptible of proof one way or the other is whether the so-called Kelpius' "cave" was ever the adobe of the leader of the Wissahickon community.

It has been asserted that the "cave" is only an old spring-house in the side of the hill.

Some years ago Mrs. George Woodward, in gathering information for a paper about Kelpius, had an expert stone mason examine the "cave."

He reported that it was evidently not a natural cave, but was dug into the hillside, the walls and roof being constructed of stone. Much of the roof had fallen in at that time, and the interior was filled with debris.

The mason, in his examination, concluded that in all probability the "cave" had once been a human habitation, as there were indica-

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tions that it once had a chimney, while other characteristics not found in spring-houses were also evident.

Back in 1891 there was a group of congenial spirits who used to go on what are now called "hikes." Then they were merely jaunts. One of the party, William E. Meehan, of Germantown, would write up interesting accounts of these "Saturday jaunts." He pictured the party as a band of monks, giving them monastic names.

Narrating a visit to the former adobe of the Wissahickon community, the writer of 1891 gave the following description, which is interesting to compare with conditions today:

"In the course of the walk the brethren were guided to some caves once occupied by Kelpius and his followers. Some have been filled up or their openings covered, but two remain, within a stone's throw of the road.

"One is quite open; the other can be reached only by crawling under a great rock. Inside there is a large apartment, evidently dug out with painful labor, and connected therewith is a small cave supposed to have served as a bedroom.

"In the other cave a similar arrangement is found, a secondary cave being dug out, apparently to serve as a sleeping apartment, and not much larger than an old-fashioned canopy bed."

No evidence of such extensive apartments is now to be seen at the cave to which Kelpius' name is attached.

Some accounts say Kelpius lived in a hut on the hilltop, along with the other mystics, and only retired to the cave periodically for meditation.

It is supposed that the damp cave was responsible for the consumption which carried Kelpius off, in 1708, at the early age of 35.

One of the legends of the "hermits" is that in his dying hours, Kelpius gave a sealed casket to Daniel Geissler, a trusted companion, with instructions that it be cast into the Schuylkill river. Geissler did so, and as the casket touched the water it exploded, and not a fragment remained.

Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, the Lutheran leader who came to Pennsylvania in 1742, talked to Geissler about this incident, and wrote that Geissler said that as the casket fell the heavens opened, the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled.

The casket, it has been said, contained a "mystic stone of wisdom from India."

Just where Kelpius was buried is not known. Some writers believe he was entombed on the Wissahickon hills. Others say his burial place probably was in the Warmer tract, on High street, Germantown, where

St. Michael's Episcopal Church now stands and where it is known other members of Kelpius' community were buried.

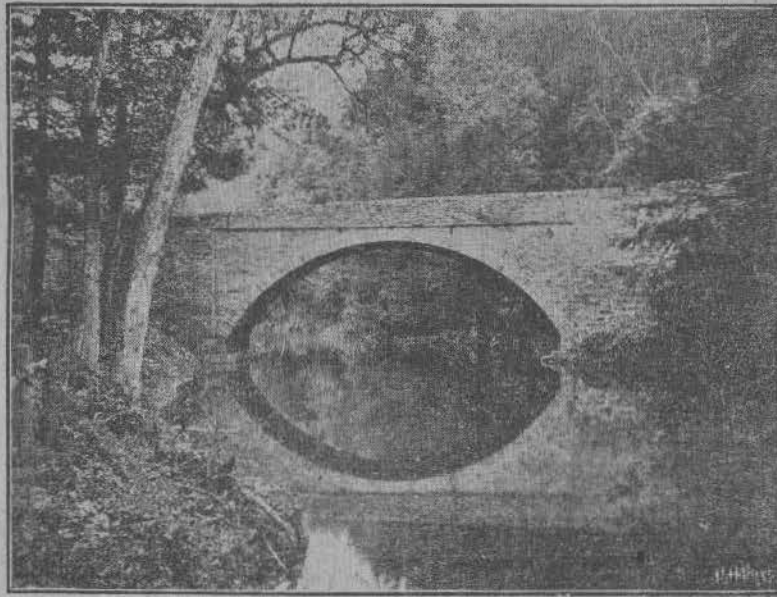
But there are records of the mystical rites attending the burial of Kelpius. At the sunset hour the brethren, chanting psalms, carried the body from the tabernacle. As the lowered it into the grave a white dove was released and soared heavenward, while the assemblage solemnly repeated the words, "God give him a blessed resurrection."

After Kelpius' death the Wissahickon community disintegrated.

7/23/1936

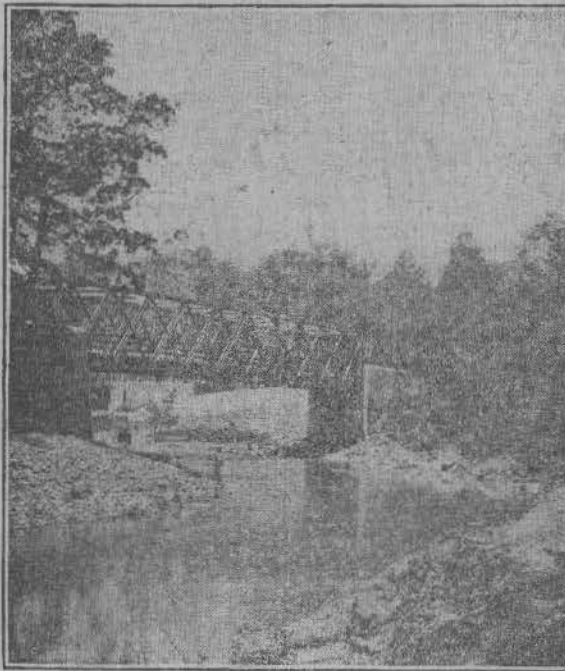
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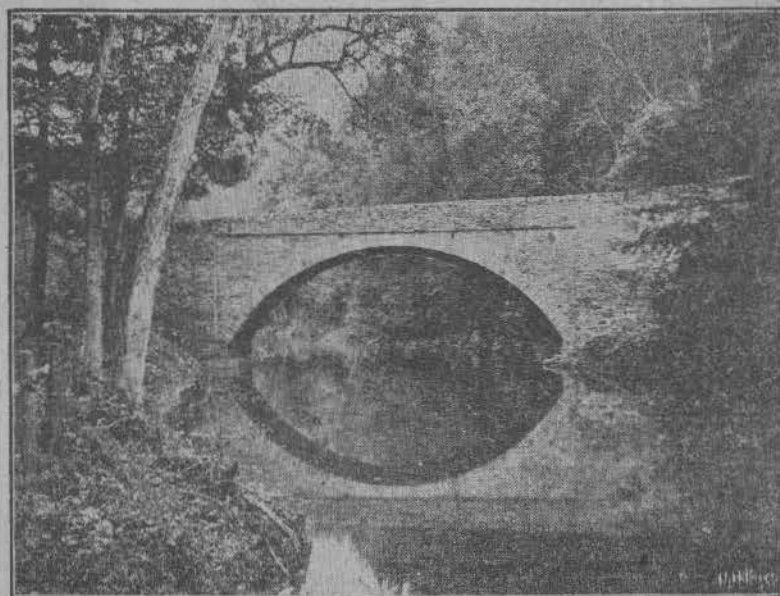
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There is the tale of Kelpius and his hermits. The career of Kelpius is every bit as interesting as that of the ancient British prophet and magician, Merlin, known to most young folk of today as the villain in Will Rogers' delineation of "The Connecticut Yankee." Only history has mentioned him in a romance, and no Tennyson has mentioned him in an Idyll of the King. Kelpius was just as much a meteorologist and soothsayer and a doctor, too, for that matter, as was the crowned Doctor Faustus. But he had his Marlowe and his Shakespeare to make him immortal, while poor Kelpius depends on the local historians to rescue him from oblivion.

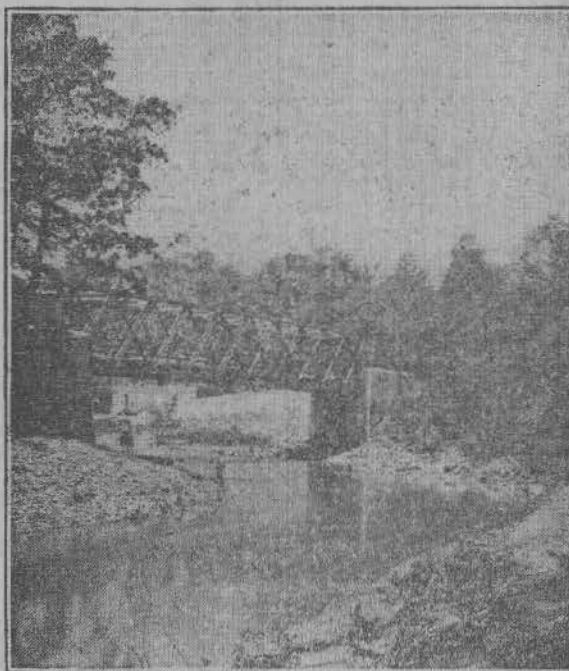
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Yacht Races Draw Through To "Gustine"

Skippers Shout Big Sea
Orders As Tiny Ships

Breast the Waves

ANT NEW LAKE

l-Pocketed "Ocean" Pre-
vents Breaking of
Speed Records

amateur yachtsmen gathered
today on the banks of Lake Gus-
tine in Fairmount Park. The
occasion was the first of a series
of three regattas to decide the
national yacht sailing championship
in Philadelphia.

Unlike the millionaire sportsman
who rides his yacht with the wind
and controls it every foot of the
water, the model yachtsman must set
his sails beforehand, for his is a
yacht which travels without bene-
fit of a skipper aboard. Model yachts
are hardly ever more than 60
inches long, and some of the

Wissahickon, where the
yacht were besieged by the Con-
gress under Armstrong. What
they would make for a gift-
item!

For the nature lover, the geolo-
gical historian many hours, days
and weeks of enjoyment may be ob-
tained in excursions up the rugged
banks. Birds, flowers, rocky for-
ms, and old buildings and
provide plenty of pleasure for

and this is all here, right at our
doors!

Romantic Tale of Old Hotel

BY A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

An old newspaper advertisement, dated 1867, if the one-time Maple Springs Hotel, which stood along the Wissahickon Drive, a few hundred feet west of the Henry Avenue Memorial bridge, was seen recently, which reads as follows:

"The eulogies written of Switzerland's romantic scenery by travellers are very high toned; historians have added their meed of praise; and poets have tuned and sung on their harps of a thousand strings:

Beauteous to behold, thou land of mountains,
Of crystal streams, and sparkling fountains,

Above thee, the canopy, ethereal blue,
Draping thy foliage of every hue,
Switzerland, the beautiful and free;
Fatherland of Tell, we sing to thee;
We tune our harps, and sing the story,
Of Tell's heroic fame and glory.

"Were you ever in Switzerland, have you ever read of its romantic scenery and rural beauties?"

Let your answer be yea, or nay, permit us to say, go and see the beauties of the American Switzerland, Wissahickon—the Fatherland of the Indians, Wissahickon has been styled, by some of our own countrymen, as well as by foreigners, the Switzerland of America.

It has long had a name on the page of history, as the once famous hunting grounds of the Indians.

This beautiful drive, for its scenery is not equalled by any other spot in our State or within a long range of travel.

It is one of the most enchanting rural drives, of picturesque grandeur, that a lover of Nature and Nature's beauties could wish for.

Its long meandering stream, with its

craggy, moss covered rocks, and varied hues of foliage of lofty trees; flowering shrubs, wild flowers, and tufts of velvet moss; forming one of nature's richest, prettiest carpets; tho' last not least, the beautiful and sweet music of the warbling songster of the woods adds much to the pleasures of this romantic drive.

Here you find one of the pleasantest retreats around our city; cool, pleasant and refreshing.

The Maple Spring Hotel affords a quiet resting place and furnishes luxurious and delicious repast or catfish and waffles, spring chicken, excellent tea and coffee, with beefsteak cooked in good style.

Here, too, you meet with the greatest curiosity shop in the world, and there are none like it.

We might be allowed to style it the Garden of Eden or the Ark of Noah, on account of the great number of animals it contains; and the whole made or whittled from the root of the laurel by the proprietor of the hotel.

'Tis a lovely spot, and the curiosity shop a novelty. Go and see it and you will be pleased.

On the rocky and thickly wooded hills lining the upper Wissahickon there are many strange freaks of nature which appear so distinct and perfect as to indicate without a doubt that man's hammer and chisel have played an important part in their formation.

But such is not the case. One of the most notable of these capricious formations is what is generally known as "The Sneaking Indian."

It is situated on the west side of the creek, about a quarter of a mile below Allen's lane in the face of a high rock, which is so shaped naturally as to show clearly the figure of the Indian in war attire, in a stooping posture and carrying a tomahawk in his right hand.

It is much more discernible at a distance of several hundred feet, but upon close inspection the effect is seen to be the result of a hollowed out portion of the rock, caused by the crumbling away of the less substantial portions.

A number of very successful photographs of the rock have been taken by amateurs, among them an old photograph by William Stafford, then a prominent manufacturer, in Manayunk.

Another noteworthy figure which attracted considerable attention among the skaters on the creek in old-time winters was a head and bust, life-size, cut with a knife in the bark of a white beech tree.

The tree stood along the bridge path on the west side of the creek, just below the Wissahickon Memorial Bridge.

The head was very clearly carved and resembled almost to a point a identification President Millard Fillmore, with his well-rounded head, peccadilly and cravat.

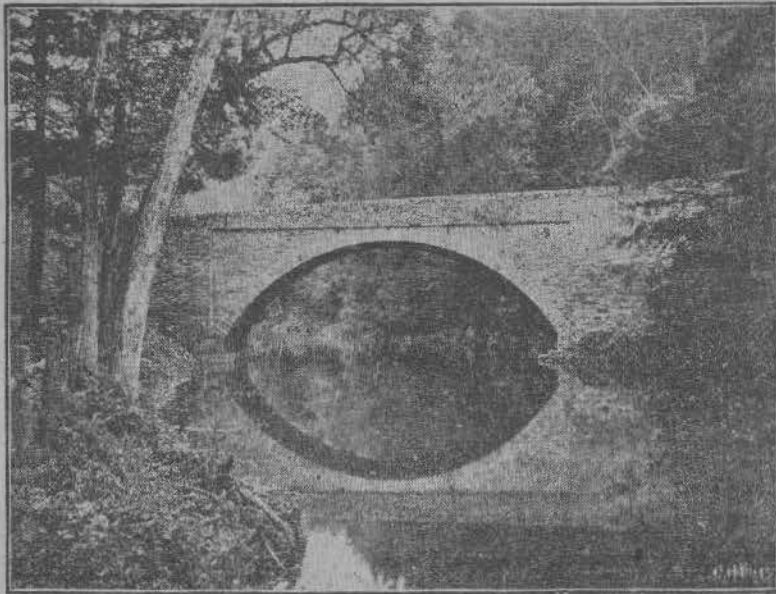
Above the head was cut in a regular hand, "J. J. Rosne, Va., 1852."

The figure and name are believed to have been genuine as President Fillmore was in office at that time.

7/23/1936

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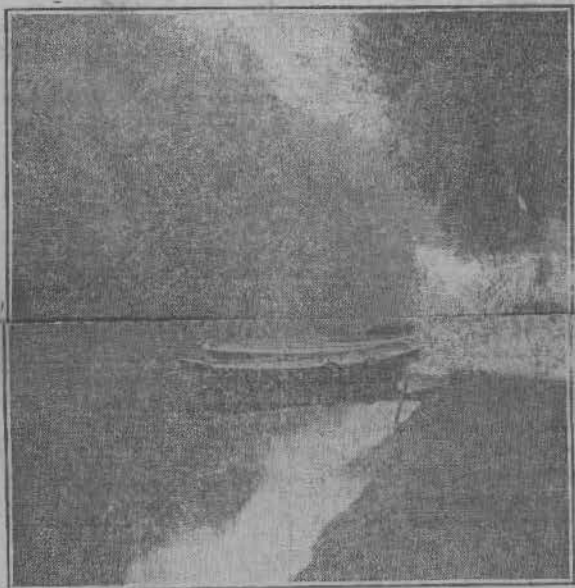
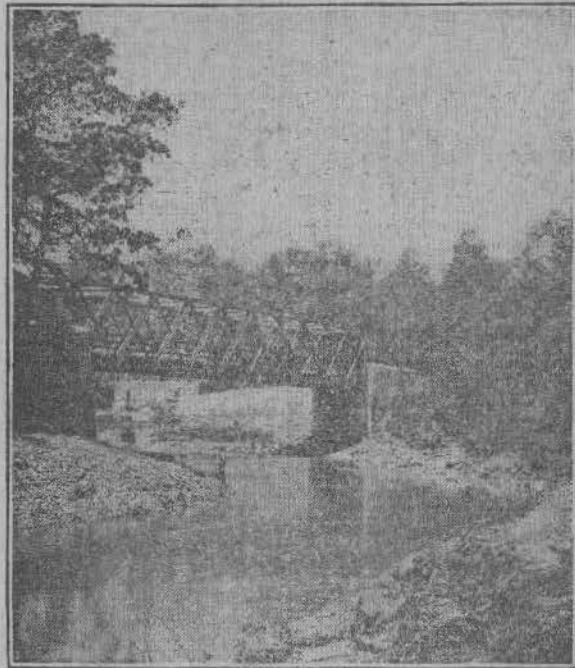
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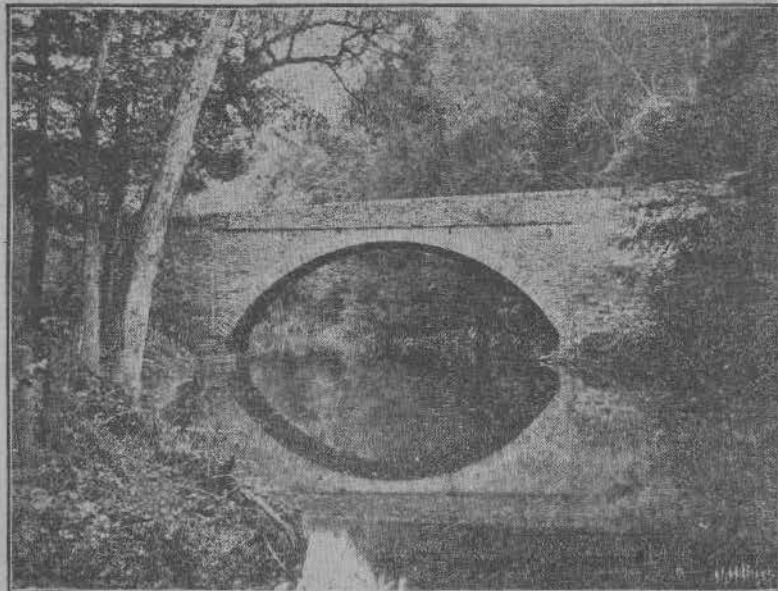
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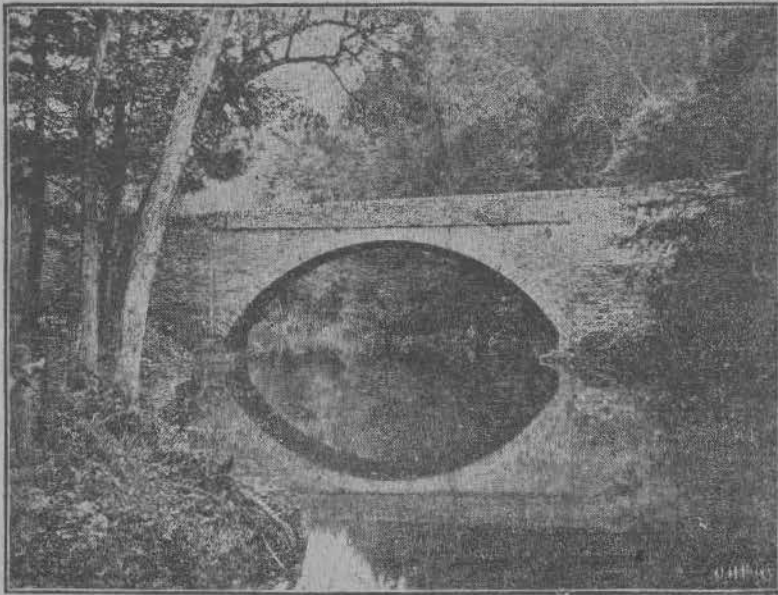
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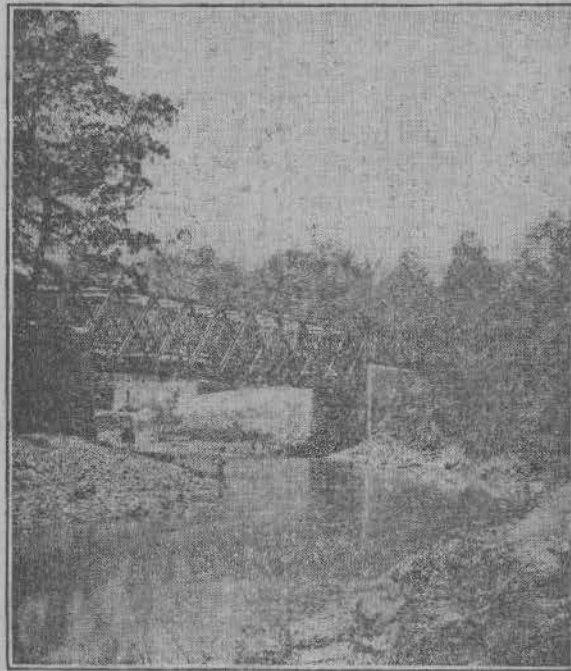
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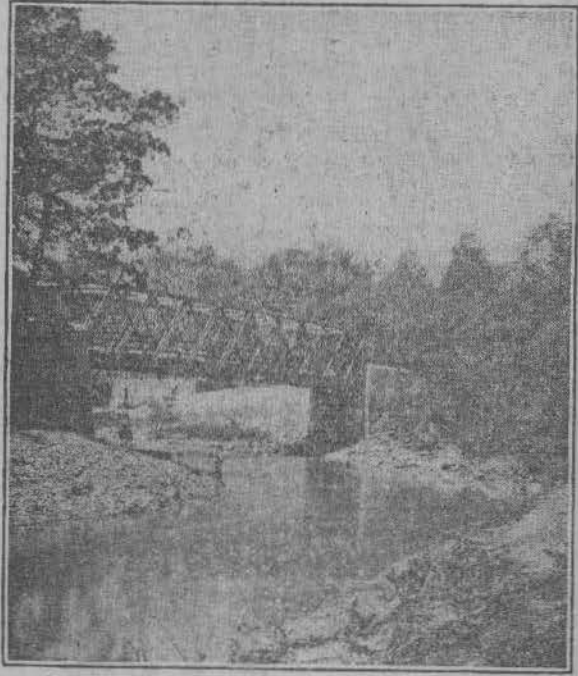
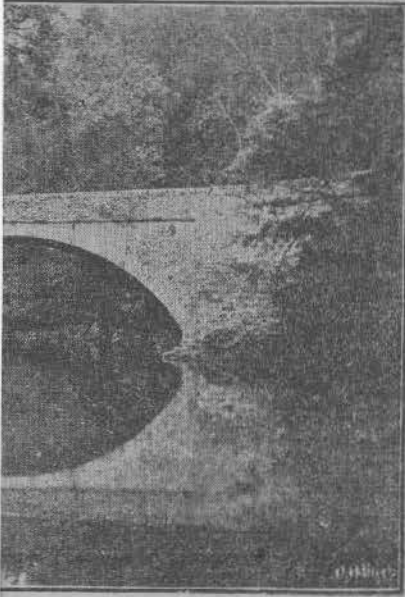
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10-8-1936

Whittier's Poem Of Pastorius Is Great Composition

References to Characters
and Known Localities
Makes It Interesting

TOLERANT LEADER

Poems Deserve More Attention
by Philadelphians
Than It Now Receives

While living in Philadelphia, John Greenleaf Whittier took long walks, and thus acquired familiarity with its suburbs. He was particularly fond of the Wissahickon Valley and Germantown and he expressed his love for those sections in one of his longer poems, "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim." The life of Francis Daniel Pastorius caught Whittier's poetic fancy as it appeared strongly to his religious nature. The poem tells the story of Pastorius, who in 1663, at the invitation of William Penn, brought a colony to Pennsylvania.

Through the eyes of Ann Pastorius can be obtained a glimpse from her home of the distant city as the Quaker poet saw it:

"And the young city, 'round whose virgin zone
The rivers like two mighty arms were thrown,
Marked by the smoke of evening fires alone,
Lay in the distance, lovely even then
With its fair women and its stately men
Gracing the fairest court of William Penn,
Urban yet sylvan; in its rough hewn frames
Of oak and pine and dryads held their claims
And lent its streets their pleasant woodland names."

Other verses of the great poem, which call attention to Pastorius' consideration for downtrodden peoples, follow:

"In such a home, beside the Schuylkill's wave,
He dwelt in peace with God and man, and gave
Food to the poor and shelter to the slave.

"For all too soon the New World's scandal shamed
The righteous code by Penn and Sidney framed,
And men withheld the human rights they claimed.

"And slowly wealth and station sanction lent,
And hardened avarice, on its gains

intent,
Stifled the inward whisper of dissent,

"Yet all the while the burden rested sore
On tender hearts. At last Pastorius bore
Their warning message to the Church's door

"In God's name; and the leaven of the word
Wrought ever after in the souls who heard,
And a dead conscience in its grave-clothes stirred

"To troubled life."

And again, in other verses:

"Whatever legal maze he wandered through,
He kept the Sermon on the Mount in view,
And justice always into mercy grew.

"No whipping-post he needed, stocks, nor jail,

No ducking stool; the orchard-thief grew pale
At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to rail,

"The usurer's grasp released the forfeit land;
The slanderer faltered at the witness-stand,
And all men took his counsel for command."

On judging others, Whittier pictures Pastorius in these words:

"Within himself he found the law of right,
He walked by faith and not the letter's sight,
And read his Bible by the Inward Light.

"And if sometimes the slaves of form and rule,
Frozen in their creeds like fish in winter's pool,
Tried the large tolerance of his liberal school,

"His door was free to men of every name,
He welcomed all the seeking souls who came,
And no man's faith he made a cause of blame."

Of the Wissahickon the poem says:
"There hungry folk in homespun drab and gray
Drew round his board on Monthly Meeting day,
Genial, half-merry in their friendly way.

"Or, happily, pilgrims from the Fatherland,
Weak, timid, homesick, slow to understand
The New World's promise, sought his helping hand.

"Or painful Kelpius from his hermit den
By Wissahickon, maddest of good men,
Dreamed o'er the Chiliasm dreams of Peterson.

"Deep in the woods, where the

small river slid
Snake-like in shade, the Helmstadt Mystic hid,
Wierd as a wizard over arts forbid,

"Reading the books of Daniel and of John,
And Behmen's Morning-Redness, through the Stone
Or Wisdom, vouchsafed for his eyes alone,

"Whereby he read what man ne'er read before,
And saw the visions man shall see no more,
Till the great angel, striding sea and shore,

"Shall bid all flesh await, on land or ships,
The warning trump of the Apocalypse,
Shattering the heavens before the dread eclipse."

"The Pennsylvania Pilgrim" appeared in 1872. Whittier first thought of printing it separately in a 50-page volume, but he later published it with a dozen other poems.

Whittier held the poem in high regard. He remarked: "I think it honestly as good, if not better, than any long poem that I have written." He said to the New England poetess, Celia Thaxter: "It is as long as 'Snow Bound' and better, but nobody will find it out."

It is true that Whittier's comment is borne out by the facts. In this city as elsewhere "Snow Bound" receives wider reading because of its popular appeal as the great idyl of American farm life, yet "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim" deserves more attention than it receives from Philadelphians by reason of its local color and historic setting.

42

Knowledge Of The Wissahickon Vale Helped McLane

American Leader, During
Revolution, Used Region
For Escaping

NEVER CAPTURED

Lived Until 1829, to Relate
Many of His Daring Ex-
ploits to Writer

"There rose a tumult wild without;
A hurried rush of loud alarms;
The flash of flames; the sentinel's
shout;

With startled drums that beat
"to Arms!"

A strange verse, this, to come into the mind of a peaceful hiker amid the autumnal beauties of the Wissahickon valley last Sunday morning. The scene of a leaf-covered, hillside, lane, however, brought back, from some recessed brain cell, tales of the American Revolution and of Captain Allen McLane, the famed partisan leader of the Colonists of that period.

"Pemberton," Peterson's great romantic novel of the early days of the Nation, in which John Andre plays a leading part; Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania"; and Dr. Charles K. Mills' rhymed tale "The Schuylkill," all contain many references to this gallant American.

Captain McLane was the commander of a troop of cavalry, known as "McLane's Rangers," who when the War for Independence centred in and about Philadelphia, used the fastnesses of the Wissahickon as a haven from the pursuing British soldiers.

It was the lower part of the valley, which could be reached by the Ridge and Germantown roads that McLane generally frequented. He was acquainted with all the lanes and roads of the neighborhood, often making use of School House lane; Gypsy lane; and steep grade of what is now Hermit's lane; what was afterward known as Shur's lane, that is now being obliterated by workmen laying out the public golf course along East Walnut lane; Roxborough avenue, and others thoroughfares on both sides of the Wissahickon Creek.

He availed himself of his knowledge in making attacks on the British outposts, or in scouting expeditions for information, or for the purpose of preventing those who carried food to the city to sell to the soldiers of King George the Third.

Numberless tales are related of the bold deeds of this extraordinary man, who lived to tell his own

story of the Revolution, in many of its details, to the author of Watson's Annals, for McLane was not claimed by death until 1829, when he had reached the age of 83 years.

The verse at the head of this narrative, is from Thomas Buchanan Read's "Wagoner of the Alleghenies," and concerns the great outdoor fete, staged in South Philadelphia by the British and their allies, known as "The Meschianza". The celebration was held in honor of Sir William Howe and his officers, while the English forces occupied Philadelphia. McLane descended upon the British outposts during the height of the festivities and gave them a surprise.

A line of felled trees, technically known as an abattis, on account of their bristling branches being left to project out into the open in all directions, had been placed in a continuous line from the Schuylkill river to Germantown, to protect the approaches to the city.

McLane set fire to the whole line of trees. The long roll was sounded by the British, many of whom were forced to leave the fete to repel the invaders. McLane and his troopers succeeded in making their

escape through the Wissahickon Valley, up through Barren Hill and thence over the Schuylkill river to the American camp. After meeting some unexpected assistance from General Washington, McLane turned upon his pursuers and chased them back to the city.

These incidents were recalled last Sunday as the writer paused for a moment at the foot of Gypsy lane, to mull over the four line verse which has been quoted.

The remainder of Read's poem is as follows:

"The stuttering guests no more could doubt,

But quaked to think the rebel crew

Had burst in all their midnight power

Upon them in their revel hour

To act the Trenton scene anew.

"What meant that glow, whose fearful shine,

Illumined the abatis-line,

Which fired the scene as if to light

The horrors of the coming fight?

Now could they hear the mounted troop,

Like hungry vultures 'round them swoop,

And see the clattering hoofs of steel,

Where lightning flashed from every heel.

"Out rushed the guardian ranks, aflame,

To put the intruding crew to shame;

But strange to tell, without a blow,

To say that there had been a foe.

The troopers fled, and left behind Their mocking laughter on the wind."

Our Wissahickon Valley

BY A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

The Wissahickon Creek has been the theme of many stories and songs, which have been read and praised in many far corners of the earth, but to Hon. William D. Kelley, a Philadelphia Congressman of the 1875 period, goes the credit of having arose in the halls of the Nation's Capitol at Washington to laud the stream which runs almost in front of our doorsteps.

Kelley used the verses, which follow, in his plea for National aid for the Centennial Exposition.

A Lament for the Wissahickon

The waterfall is calling me
With its merry gleesome flow,
And the green boughs are beckoning me,
To where the wild flowers grow.
I may not go, I may not go,
To where the sunny waters glow,
To where the wild wood flowers blow;
I must stay here in prison drear,
Oh, heavy life, wear on, wear on,
Would God that thou were done.

The busy mill wheel round and round
Goes turning with its reckless sound,
And o'er the dam the waters flow,
Into the foaming stream below,
And deep and dark away they glide
To meet the broad bright river's tide,
And all the way thou murmuring say,
Oh! child why are thou far away
Come back into the sun and stay upon
our mossy side.

I may not go, I may not go
To where the gold green waters run
All shining in the summer's sun,
And leap from off the dam below
Into a whirl of boiling snow,
Laughing and shouting as they go.

The soft spring wind goes passing by
Into the forest wide and cool;
The clouds go trouping through the sky,

To look down on some glassy pool,
The sunshine makes the world rejoice
And all of them with gentle voice
Call me away, with them to say,
The blessed, livelong summer day,
I may not go, I may not go
Where the sweet breathing spring winds
blow,

Nor where the silver clouds go by
Across the holy deep blue sky,
Nor where the sunshine warm and bright
Comes down like a still shower of light.

9/24/1931

44

Wissahickon Valley Abounds With Many Small Wild Animals

Coons, Fox, Squirrels, Muskrats and Rabbits Roam the Rocky Hills in Profusion.—Park Commissioners Furnish Protection From Hunters

BY JOHN M. SICKINGER

The Wissahickon Creek is one of the world's beauty spots for except for the bridge paths and the splendid east bank drive, the historic Wissahickon remains today in its rocky and picturesque beauty the same as when the Indians roamed steep hills.

Here occurred many important incidents of the Revolutionary War and sightseers many visit a number of sites of old mills and residences dating from the early 18th century. Today there remain in the Wissahickon Creek Valley many kinds of wild game the same as back in the days of the redman. And the same as when the first followers of William Penn purchased the various grants of land that are now known as Roxborough, Manayunk, Wissahickon, Mount Airy, Chestnut Hill, Germantown and Barron Hill.

The Indians of the Delaware Tribe, who roamed the Wissahickon, were peaceful and friendly to the new white settlers and exchanged pelts and fresh meat with them and taught them to distinguish the different small wild animals and the use of their pelts.

Many of the ladies of the early 18th century wore coats of the native furs from animals trapped in their own back yards, that at today's prices would run into four figures.

If the reader takes a hike along the Wissahickon, just as day is breaking he will be rewarded by seeing some of the wild animals that still roam along its banks.

The woods are full of racoons. A coon can use his fore paws almost as well as a monkey can use his hands and is an expert tree climber. His hind feet rest flat on the ground like those of a bear; in fact the coon is related more closely to the bear than any other furry animal. He is a short and heavy built animal and carries a coat of long coarse gray-black fur and a club-shaped ringed tail. His thick pelt is in great demand by men and women for use in making costly fur coats.

Another animal that the automobile has put the death sentence on for his pelt is the opossum. His fur is a yellowish, mixed gray and the fur is long and loose and at the present time makes a very fine robe or coat for the automobile. Baked possum with sweet potatoes has no equal on the dinner table. The possum is closer related to the kangaroo of Australia than to any other American mammoth—it is marsupial—that is, the mother has a fur-lined pouch in which she carries her family of

young until they are old enough to crawl to her back, wrap their bare tails about her's and clutch her fur with their claws.

The mink is another native of the Wissahickon woods. His color is a rich dark brown. Mink fur is quite valuable and beautiful wraps are made from it. The mink kills its prey just for the sheer love of it, and is the farmer's most hated mammal. One mink can destroy a whole hen house of its inmates over night. Mink flesh is not used for food. Another animal found along the creek is the weasel. The fur of the weasel is always marketable. One Sunday morning, recently, a fox was taking an early morning stroll along the drive. The fox is densely covered with fine warm fur from the tip of his nose to the tip of his toes and its pelt finds a ready buyer at any time. An old gentleman told me that the woods was alive with them.

The skunk, commonly called a pole-cat, may be found in the park woods. None of our fur animals are more generally known and none is less popular alive than the skunk. He has gained his notoriety from the odorous liquid that he discharges as a means of defense. Though the animal, itself, may lack somewhat in popularity his beautiful pelt is in great demand and his glossy black and white fur is to be seen on the cuffs and collars of the finest coats.

Along the mossy banks of the Wissahickon may be found the muskrat, one of the cleanest of all fur bearing animals. Every crumb of food that its eats must be washed first. His own flesh is used for food by some persons and his pelt is used in our fur coats sometimes, known as Hudson Seal. The gray squirrel is another native of the Wissahickon. Likewise his cousin, the red squirrel, the fox squirrel and ground squirrel, commonly called hackeys. Their flesh is used for food and not until within a few years did their pelts come into use other than as linings for uniform caps and clothing for soldiers in the far northern outposts.

The mole is the smallest of all our furry friends and its fur is the most sought after. It resembles velvet, varying in different lights, from brown to silvery gray and is made into beautiful wraps that cost a fortune.

But to my mind, the bunny rabbit is best of all because of its meat. What is better than a dish of "Hassenpfeffer," as the rabbit is called when it's pickled away for later use? The pelts are now saleable for lining gloves and leather coats.

All these fur bearing animals live in the Wissahickon Valley without fear, because uncommonly enough they know that no harm will befall them. The Park Commissioners give them better protection from hunters than the city of Philadelphia gives its tax payers from crooks and racketeers, and our little furry friends have sense enough to keep within the boundaries of the park.

9th of Feb, 1933

WHEN STORM KINGS REIGN

In summer-time how fair they showed! - - -
The hills beside the winding road,
Where verdure, green and glossy, glowed,
And rippling streamlets runed.
The Wissahickon woods, despite
A withering sun, were a delight;
Its snaky nooks could bring
respice
When torrid winds simooned.

There, tender, warmh-pursed
flowers stood;
As if they felt and understood
That in the shelter of the wood,
In peace, they found their
grace.
The blue of vagrant columbine,
The strangely-twisting climbing
vine,
And other straggling growths
which twine,
Bedecked the place

But now a cloud of sailing snow,
And bitter winds of winter blow,
No flower dares its cup to show;
Earth holds them to her
breast.
A shroud of white; a virgin pall;
Falls from above and covers all,
And vainly woodland creatures
call
For blooms to break their rest.

The summer joys are vanished
dreams;
Dead, 'neath a winter sun's weak
beams,
And lacy, icy pendants gleam - - -
And yet I know not how! - - -
But soon my flowers shall ap-
pear,
When Spring-rains fall to give
Life dear
To buds which have a gay career
Where storm-kings reigneth
now.

A. C. C.

Jan. 16, 1936

Early Surveyor Lived Near the Wissahickon

Nicholas Scull, Jr., Resided
Along Upper Stretches
of Local Stream

INDIAN INTERPRETER

Two Valley Green Inns Of-
ten Cause Confusion
Among Historians

Along the upper reaches of the Wissahickon Creek, in the Camp Hill section, can be found the ancient burial place of the Scull family. This is still taken care of by the present owners. A stone wall surrounds the plot, which is twenty feet in size. In one corner of the enclosure there is a lone headstone, which bears wording that retains the memory of Abigail Scull who died in 1753.

The present owners of the land are in no way related to the Sculls, but they have cared for the plot on account of its historic significance in connection with one of the first families that settled the region.

Nicholas Scull appeared in Whitemarsh at the same time as the Farmars. His son, of the same name, was the husband of Abigail, and surveyor general of Pennsylvania for thirteen years, and also served as one of the Philadelphia's early sheriffs.

He was a member of Franklin's Junto and prominent in the political and social life of the Quaker City during the first half of the eighteenth century. As surveyor he gained the confidence of the Indians and as an interpreter rendered important service. He died in 1761, but his burial place has never been definitely ascertained. Traditions, however, indicate that

he was interred in the family plot along the Wissahickon, but that many years ago, relic-hunters carried away the headstone that marked his grave.

That the surveyor general lies buried in the vicinity is further attested, according to old newspaper articles, by a ghost story connected with the burial plot. Years ago, it is said, there resided at Fort Washington an old German fiddler, whose services were in great demand at all festive occasions throughout the surrounding countryside. One night he played at a dance in Guineatown, now known as Edge Hill, and on his way home, near midnight, he passed the graves of the Sculls. Still under the influence of the earlier hilarity, he stopped, raised his fiddle and launched out into a lively tune. Then he shouted: "Come out here, old Scull, and dance a jig while I play for you!"

Immediately something stirred among the trees and bushes which surrounded the graveyard. The leaves rustled and what is supposed to be the surveyor and his chains darted out into the road.

The musician's home was fully a mile away, but it is related that he covered the distance within five minutes. Having put his fiddle on top of a cupboard, it is solemnly told that he could never again be induced to play it.

Along the Wissahickon there is another Valley Green, than the one which is most familiar to frequenters of Fairmount Park, references to which often confuse the seeker into local history. The second one is along the Bethlehem pike just below Whitemarsh. Several men of distinction in past years have lived at the place. It was once the home of Morris Longstreth, which was defeated for the Governorship of Pennsylvania in 1848 by a small majority, and who was canal commissioner for the State for several years. Later on, Franklin A. Comly, president of the North Penn Railroad, bought a part of the Longstreth property and made his home there. From 1848 until his death in 1887 General Henry Schetz also lived at Valley Green. He commanded a division of United States Militia, during the

War of 1812, but the only service this group ever saw was a trip to Camp Dupont, in Delaware. Most from Roxborough, Wissahickon Manayunk, the Falls of Schuylkill, Germantown and the surrounding country were in the division led Schetz. The General was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1837.

Often some writer bobs up with the information that General George Washington "stopped Valley Green Inn along the Wissahickon", taking it for granted that the hostelry mentioned was in Philadelphia County. It was, however, the Montgomery County Valley Green Inn where he stopped, at the time the Continental army was encamped in that particular part of Pennsylvania.

10-3-1935

A LESSON IS LEARNED

I stood on the bank of a stream-
let,

Idly watching the current pass
by;

When before me there fell in
the water

A brilliant, but unlucky, fly.

The sun-fishes sped to the sur-
face,

To find there a morsel to eat,
And I thought as I gazed on the
insect,

That its fate was to give them
a treat.

My pity went out to the creature,
Though my lips never uttered
a sound;

If the fly could escape being
eaten,

I sensed it would surely be
drowned.

But the thought had hardly
transpired,

When some sort of angel of
love

Breathed softly on trees bending
o'er me,

And a leaflet fell down from
above.

It floated atop of the water,

To form there a raft for the
fly,

Which rapidly made a safe land-
ing,

And spread out its wings for
to dry.

The incident taught me a lesson,
That mortals should never
despair.

For The One who can rescue an
insect,

For all of His children can
care!

A. C. C.

7/28/1932

Jan. 3, 1935

46

Wissahickon Murder Story Is Recalled

Girls Found Body of Tony Morzzo Sewn in Mattress

PARK QUIET BROKEN

Quick Solution to Mystery Was Made by City Detectives

BY JOHN M. SICKINGER

Although not a man old in years, I can still recall that Sunday July 16th, of 1904 was as hot a day as any we have experienced this summer, and then some.

I remember distinctly that a great crowd of city-dwellers came out to the Wissahickon Valley to escape the intense heat of the town, with picnic baskets on their arms, in order to spend the entire day in the cool woods.

Park guards were attracted by the screams of two women who were tramping through the shady aisles of trees, and immediately the natural quietness of the valley was broken. Guards, picnickers, pedestrians and riders went rushing to a glen from which the screams emanated. It was just above where the new Henry avenue bridge crosses the creek, and in the vicinity of the Rittenhouse street bridge.

In a grove of Willow trees, lay a mattress, from which projected the arm and leg of a man. The girls and their escorts, residents of Germantown, thought that it was strange that park guards would permit anyone to use the park for the purpose of sleeping outdoors, or for a dump, and went close to view the huge bundle, when the human limbs were discovered and the screams followed.

A message was immediately sent to City Hall, and the superintendent of police, murder squad detectives and Coroner Dugan rushed to the scene. The Manayunk police patrol conveyed the body to the morgue and it was several days before it was identified as Tony Morzzo, an Italian, who had resided at 2946 North 21st street.

Nine fellow-countrymen, who roomed in the same house were arrested on suspicion, all of whom were thought by detectives to know something about the murder.

Those arrested were Tomasso Niglio and his wife, Guiannina Niglio, who conducted the boarding house; Niglio's son, Nicolo, and the following boarders: Michaelo Gallina, Givanna Cafrangesco, Giorgio Gallina, Nicolo Gallina and Pasquella Sarriono. The three Gallinas were brothers. All denied any knowledge of the crime.

In a rear room on the second floor traces of blood were found. The imprint of a woman's shoe was outlined in blood, near the foot of a bed. The floor had been scrubbed in places. In a corner was a pile of corn husks similar to that found in the mattress in which the body was sewed. One mattress was missing.

In the kitchen a long butcher knife was found. On it were spots resembling dried blood. Bed clothes were in a wash boiler. They had been boiled. Others were hanging on a line in the yard.

In the rear of the house was a stable, where Nicolo kept his horse and wagon. He was a teamster. The horse was a big bay, and one of its shoes was broken in half. This tallied with the marks of the broken shoe noticed on Wissahickon drive near where the body was found.

Other indications pointed strongly to the guilt of the suspected parties.

Catherine Yeager, a 12-year-old girl, who lived next door to the Niglio home, was taken to City Hall. She told Superintendent Quirk she saw Nicolo Niglio and his father, Tamasso, carrying a mattress out of their back door about 10:30 a. m. on the Saturday previous, put it into a wagon and drive off. She was peeping through a crack in the fence, she said.

On the same day a detective said:

"From the evidence we have brought to light, I can safely say that the fatal blow was struck by Tamasso Niglio, his wife or son, or one of the boarders. We have proved conclusively that the only persons in the house when the murder was committed were these four Italians and the man who was murdered."

Nicola Niglio, in a confession to detectives, which Antonio Cotrangersia corroborated, said his father killed Antonio Morzzo, and that he,

his mother and Cofrangersia sewed the body in a mattress and disposed of it.

PEACEFUL ADVENTURE

For days the wintry winds had blown;

And snow-clouds threatened in the sky;

In morning's peace the city slept—

And here abroad was none but I!

I little thought while breakfasting,

That I would soon be prospecting
The Wissahickon hills and find
Adventure of so rare a kind.

But, in all truth, I found it so,
And ere the sun was very high
I tramped along, past old cha-
teau;

Fast ruined mill, 'neath light-
ning sky.

The while, close by, at times I heard

The first low chirp of waking
bird,

In this hushed vale, which
circles round

A city full of irking sound.

A breathless chill struck Kitch-
en's Hill,

Deep silence locked the wind-
ing stream,

The trees and bushes, ghostly
still,

Seemed all stunned still, in
frozen dream.

And though the sun appeared
o'erhead

The world around was lifeless—
dead!

Here man should never once
intrude—

He spoils Dame Nature's soli-
tude!

Where once a Holgate had his
mill,

A squirrel bounced from tree
to tree;

A rabbit paused, erect and still,
Both, rather elfin-like to see,

Then suddenly a rush was heard,
Straight down from hemlock top
there whirred

An ebon flash of wings, and
oh,

I gazed upon a raucous crow!

Gone now, the silence; from the
heights

St. Timothy's bells came crisp
and keen,

To bring me thoughts of
sacred rites,

As on I paced, 'tward Valley
Green.

There's little left for me to say,
Except that when I came away,

A peace within my heart I
bore

That was not ever there before.

A. C. C.

9/29/1932

47

September Brings Thoughts Of Fanny Kemble and Poems

Famous Actress Made Her First Stage Appearance a Century Ago.—Delighted to Sing Praises of the Wissahickon

In the New York Enquirer, of September 22nd, 1832, appeared the following news item:

"Miss Fanny Kemble made her first appearance last evening and was greeted with that friendly reception which her fame as an actress, her intellectual endowments as a writer and her accomplishments as a lady demanded of her representation of Bianca. We dare not trust ourselves now to speak, while laboring under an excitement which nothing but her fifth act of Fazio could produce. Much as we admire her father we must say that she is the gem destined to revive in the good people of New York all their former attachment to the stage. As an actress she stands unrivalled before the American public and never have we seen any one who can compare with her."

Fanny Kemble left us several beautiful poems of the Wissahickon Valley, which were inspired by visits to wonderful gorge during her residence in Philadelphia, as the wife of Pierce Butler. Then it was what she often sought the solitude of its banks, and was among the first to call attention of the people of Philadelphia to this "gem of nature" that lay neglected at their very doors.

TO THE WISSAHICKON

An Ode, by Fanny Kemble.

My feet shall tread no more thy mossy side,
When once they turn away, thou pleasant water.
Nor ever more reflected in thy tide,
Will shine the eyes of the white island's daughter.
I never shall come back to thee again
When once my sail is shadowed on the main,
Nor ever shall I hear their laughing voice
As on their rippling way the waves rejoice,
Nor ever see the dark green cedar throw
Its gloomy shade over the clear depths below,
Never from stony heights of granite gray,
Sparkling like diamond rocks in the sun's ray,
Shall I look down on thee, thou pleasant stream,

Wherefore, farewell; but whene'er again

The wintry spells melts from the earth and air;

And the young spring comes dancing through the glen,

With fragrant flowery breath, and sunny hair;

When through the snow the scarlet berries gleam,

Like jewels strewn upon thy banks, fair stream;

My spirit shall through many a summer's day

Return among thy peaceful woods to stay.

Which reminds us of another Wissahickon poem which was read before Congress at Washington, by Hon. William D. Kelley, when he was advocating for the Centennial Exposition, in the early 1879's.

A LAMENT FOR THE WISSAHICKON

The waterfall is calling me
With its merry, gleesome flow,
And the green boughs are beckoning me,
To where the wild flowers grow.
I may not go. I may not go,
To where the sunny waters flow,
To where the wild wood flowers blow;

I must stay here in prison drear.
Oh, heavy life, wear on, wear on,
Would God that thou were done.

The busy mill wheel round and round

Goes turning, with its reckless sound.

And o'er the dam the waters flow,
Into the foaming stream below,
And deep and dark away they glide
To meet the broad, bright river's tide.

And all the way they murmuring say,

Oh! child why are thou far away?
Come back into the sun, and stay upon our mossy side.

I may not go. I may not go
To where the bold green waters run

All shining in the summer's sun,
And leap from off the dam below
Into a whirl of boiling snow.

The soft spring wind goes passing by
Into the forest wide and cool;

The clouds go trouping through the sky,

To look down on some glassy pool.
The sunshine makes the world rejoice,

And all of them with gentle voice
Call me away, with them to stay,

The blessed, livelong summer day,
I may not go. I may not go

Where the sweet breathing spring winds blow,

Nor where the silver clouds go by
Across the bold deep blue sky,

Nor where the sunshine warm and bright
Comes down like a still shower of light.

SCCAFF.

9/26/1935

PROSPECTIVE NUDISTS

All along the Wissahickon the trees are changing clothes,
Their garb of colors brighter than Spring and Summer knows.

"Come", cries the half-grown Maple, "We're turning now to Fall;

We'll send out invitations, it is time to have our ball!"

The Maple did not write a word, to ask the guests to come,
Or go about with noisy shout in manner frolicsome.

But every leaf was fung aloft, in shades of red and gold,

Till all the forest noted it and soon the news was told.

The Winds came with their orchestra; aeolians and harps;
And sounded all the tunes they knew in varied flats and sharps.

The Fireweed held a torch aloft, to light each shadowed place,
And Painter's Brush, in careless way, splashed through the Queen Anne's lace.

The Bitter Sweet blushed at the touch of "Ginia Creeper's hand,
The Sumac danced with Golden Rod a merry saraband.

The Oak, so mighty, donned a robe, to match a nearby beech,
And when the dancing days are o'er, all nude, to sky they'll reach.

But when this happens, near the creek, to nearly every tree,

The Hemlocks, Pines and Firs, full clothed, will watch the revelry.

A. C. C.

5/19/1932

South Carolina Woman Mentions Wissahickon Creek In Address

Mrs. J. Hill May, of Carlisle, S. C., Revives an Old Lippard
Legend in Library of Congress for
Washington Celebration

William M. O. Edwards, of Pencoed, Pa., who takes a keen interest in things historical, and particularly in articles concerning the life of George Washington, through having once served with that family in the South, graciously sends us a paper, which was read by Mrs. J. Hill May, at the recent Washington celebration, held by the Daughters of the American Revolution, at "Hillside," the historical Colonial home of the Hills, at Carlisle, South Carolina. The Hills are maternal descendants of Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the Philadelphia signers of the Declaration of Independence, and also of Lewis, of "the Hills of Hawkstone," England. One of them was a general under Wellington, at Waterloo, and Sir Rowland Hill, M. P., who first conceived and in 1845 succeeded in establishing the first penny post.

Mr. Edwards, in mailing the manuscript to us, states that he believes the paper is "interesting and quaint, and unusual." It follows:

"So much has been published, for several months past, relative to the life and character of Washington, that even 'he who runs may read,' and if we do not care to run, we may sit quietly and listen to the world's best broadcasts, on a subject of universal interest to an adoring nation, intent on properly observing the two hundredth anniversary of this, the country's greatest hero.

"Several facts contributed to his greatness. Born of noble lineage, yet his chief characteristic was innate modesty, and a firm belief in democracy. Accustomed to all the wealth and refinement the life of the early settlers afforded, yet he endured untold hardships with cheerful fortitude, both in his life as engineer in his early manhood; and later as a soldier in the French and Indian wars. While commander-in-chief of the American Army our hearts are torn between admiration for his tremendous strength of mind, and will power to battle with opposition from every source, and we are moved to tears over the hardships endured at Valley Forge, and the brave heart that knew no defeat. Indeed, we are almost tempted to believe that some

special Providence guided and directed his life. So carefully planned and well-ordered was his whole career in affairs of State as well as in his private life.

"In an age of horoscopes and supernatural suggestions, some would offer suggestions, or explanations, bordering on these ideas as a solution.

"There is a beautiful legend on file in the Library of Congress, called 'The George Washington Legend of the Wissahickon.' It is a story of a Brotherhood of Fanatics, who lived on the beautiful Wissahickon Creek in Philadelphia. The priest lived in an old blockhouse, in the wilderness. With him lived his son and young daughter, who was very beautiful, with long, wavy golden hair. The priest lived there and studied the Book of Revelations, for seventeen years. When the evening began to fall, on the last day of 1773, the little family walked together on the banks of the creek, and the priest talked of what he had learned from the long years of study; how God had planned the new world; and how, on this night, 'at the third hour after midnight the deliverer would come,' to 'take upon Himself the mission to deliver the new world from the yoke of tyrants.'

"All is ready, behold the crown, the flagon of anointing oil, the Bible, and the Cross," said the

priest. Leaving the lovely maiden in the blockhouse, the men went to the little round chapel to pray until the New Year dawned. As the clock struck one, two, three, they waited, then there were footsteps in the hall, and a tall, commanding stranger appeared, and said, 'Friends, I have lost my way, can you direct me?' and the priest said, 'Thou art called to a great work. I will anoint thee to deliver this land.' Washington (who is represented as the stranger) was amazed, but knelt before the white altar and the priest blessed him as the Nation's deliverer, while the girl appeared and placed a laurel wreath upon his head.

"Then the year dawned. In the deepest hour of the war, the old blockhouse was burned and there were three graves on the bank of the creek, amongst the trees.

"Years later, with George Washington, the President, and America, the nation, the stranger came to the river banks. That night at a brilliant party in Philadelphia, many wondered why he was sad and thoughtful, as he seemed to see the fair maid, with a wealth of golden hair, who sang of the Wissahickon.

"It is a granted fact, by all his-

torians, that the Revolution could not have been won without General Washington. His sainted mother always said, 'George is a good boy, he will be successful in his undertakings.' Washington visited Charleston, South Carolina in 1791, and was treated like a king; visitors were proud to occupy the seat in Old St. Michael's Church, that he used while there. Once a Charleston lady was praising General Washington, and Colonel Tarleton (the British fox) remarked he would like to see Colonel Washing-

ton, as he had heard so much of him, but had never seen him. The lady replied, 'Had you looked behind you at the Battle of Cowpens, you would have enjoyed that pleasure!'

"Sublime in his greatness, yet strongly human, Washington was not a perfect man. He was high tempered; indulged in the sports of the day; like the society of the fair sex; and had many love affairs. It is even said of him that he loved the wife of his best friend, George Fairfax, but lived true to his pledge of friendship and honor.

"He dealt in Louisiana lotteries, which was a form of chance, such as the Cotton Futures of today, and just a normal person was this great man and tool of destiny in shaping the great nation—America."

(Editor's Note)

The Wissahickon legend of Washington, was without a doubt, taken from "Paul Ardenheim; the Monk of the Wissahickon," as written by the most imaginative of writers, George Lippard.

A. C. C.

4-5-1934

SINGERS OF APRIL

Each year there comes a robin
To a tree close to our door,
And he sings his songs of
promise,

Like a merry troubadour.
Then I plead, "Oh, tell of April
In the Wissahickon wood;
Trill, in notes, the Springtime
sonnets

Of that glorious neighborhood;
Chant of arbutus that's creeping
Through the tender, early,
grass;

Hymn of violets, shyly peeping
As bright April comes to pass."

So the robin sends his carols,
Full of Springtime joy to me
From his perch high in the
branches

Of the unclothed sumach tree;
And on Gypsy lane, this morn-
ing,

I heard a card'nal sing
And a woodpecker was rapping
Loud at the door of Spring.
So April, smiling April,
In each bird-song, sweet and
clear,

That the feathered creatures
bring us
We are glad to know you're
here!

A. C. C.

6/6/1932

The Cave Of Kelpius

John Fanning Watson is evidently responsible for the present-day belief that Johannes Kelpius—or as it has been translated from the Latin, John Culp—lived in a cave on the property near "The Hermitage," along the Wissahickon.

In Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania*, Volume 2, Page 22, it is stated that the house or hut of Kelpius "stood on the hill where the widow, Phoebe Righter, now lives. Her log house has now stood more than forty years on the same cellar foundation which it was built; it is on a steep descending grassy hill, well exposed to the sun for warmth in the winter, and has a spring of the hermit's own making half way down the hill, shaded by a very stout cedar tree."

Edward W. Hocker, in a series of newspaper articles published in the *Independent Gazette*, of Germantown, in 1911, told of the coming of the hermit to this locality, in these words:

"Accordingly the journey was made in 1694, and the members of the party at once took up their abode in huts and caves along the Wissahickon. Celibacy was required in the community, and the fare and the garb of the members was of the coarsest.

"The number of persons to be admitted to the community was fixed at forty. According to their system of speculation, this was the number of perfection. Scriptural research afforded them their basis for this conclusion. For forty days and nights the rains descended during the great flood described in Genesis; forty days later Noah opened the ark; Moses spent forty days on Mt. Sinai; Israel wandered forty years in the wilderness; Elias' fast last forty days; forty days were accorded Nineveh for repentance; for forty months Jesus preached on earth; his fast continued for forty days; he was in the grave forty hours; and forty days after the resurrection he ascended into Heaven, while the destruction of Jerusalem followed forty years after the ascension.

"The mystical number of forty was also employed when the hermits built their first tabernacle. This was a log house forty feet square, which served as a place of worship and also as a school house. On the roof was an observatory, where the mystics studied the stars, endeavoring to penetrate the secrets of the heavens. This house stood on the heights west of the Wissahickon, and north of Ridge avenue. The grounds are now within Fairmount Park, and formerly were a country-seat known as 'The Hermitage.' The traditions of this locality are further preserved in the name Hermits' Lane, which runs from this point to Rox-

borough.

Mr. Hocker's tale went on to explain that "Kelpius continued his hermit life until 1708, when he died of consumption, contracted it is supposed, because he persisted in spending much time in meditation in a damp cave," and farther on in the story, he said, "At the spot where Kelpius wore away his life in his ascetic enterprise, there is a cave in the hillside in which it is said he daily spent many hours. This is on the southern slope of a

hill, and a few feet away is a rivulet that flows down through the picturesque Hermits' Glen to the Wissahickon, several hundred feet to the east. The cave looks like a deserted springhouse, and its damp surroundings preclude the possibility of anyone living there many days without contracting disease."

Still farther on, in his article, the Germantown historian said, "Besides his cave, Kelpius, it seems, also had a hut on the hill. A tenant house, on the Hermitage grounds is supposed to stand upon the site of Kelpius' hut, and it is believed that the large Hermitage mansion, which Evan Prowattan built in 1848, occupies the site of the hermits' tabernacle—Horatio Gates Jones, a historical writer of Roxborough, in 1855, tried to learn from Watson, his authority for his assertion about Kelpius' home. Watson wrote in reply that he could not recall who had told him, but he felt sure his version was based upon good authority."

Horatio Gates Jones once possessed one of the journals kept by Kelpius, which was penned in Latin, some items of which the Roxborough historian translated. Very possibly this old book, was turned over to the Pennsylvania Historical Society, of which he was an active member and leader, and that in its covers may be found authentic information as to where the cave which the hermit used was located, if he did dwell in such a place. Watson's tale, in my mind should be discounted. The hermit may have made a temporary abode in a natural cavern, until a more suitable place could be erected, but I doubt if he resided in such quarters for any length of time. The only means of finding out, as far as my knowledge goes, is what may be contained in the old Latin diary.

SCCAFF

10-6-1932

49

OCTOBER IN THE VALE

What beauties now are ours
All through October hours;
The Wissahickon gorge has
caught
A color change which God has
wrought;
Upon each hill and field we
view;
An art screen of a brilliant hue.
The tints of gold and brown and
red
Reach up to azure skies o'er-
head;
Each glen has swiftly been at-
tired
In robes a Master-mind inspired.

What peacefulness is in the vale
When Summer ends its drowsy
tale;
A haze hangs o'er the waters
clear,
And buzzing insects disappear;
There's restfulness in varied
scenes;
A change from weary emerald
sheens;
A mellow radiance covers all
And even at a waterfall
The splashing seems subdued
and calm
Just like a sacred-chanted
psalm.

What confidence there now
prevails
Along the clambering hillside
trails;
God's certain and unchanging
care
Which through the cycling years
is there
Displayed on every side; where
every need
Of all His creatures supersede
The plans of man, which go
astray
In mill, and mart, and palace
gay—
As in the past, in days to be,
The vale—like God—will solace
me.

A. C. C.

3/21/32

Park Secured Creek Land At Low Cost

Art Museum More Expensive
Than Entire Wissahick-
on Valley

PURCHASED IN 1870

Greenwood Mills Destroyed
By Fire, Prior to
Sale

By JOHN M. SICKINGER.

Sixty years ago next May will mark the end of the factories along the Wissahickon for it will be the anniversary of a day when the first list of homes mills and farms taken over for the Park purposes was made public. The amount of damages paid in each case and the balances due each property owner were paid from a loan of two million dollars floated for that purpose. To Charles Megargee, paper mills, dam, barn, boiler house and other out-houses, seven dwellings, 26 acres on both sides of the Wissahickon Creek \$165,000. The amount paid was \$65,000 and the balance due Megar-gett was \$100,000. The mills and

83 acres were leased to Mr. McMe-gargee at a rental of \$2,500 per an-num, with no interest being allowed on the balance of the purchase money.

Wm. Miller 7.56 acres within the park lines and 22.71 acres outside the park lines all woodland, at \$300 per acre, \$9,981.

James and John Dobson, woolen factory, dam, water power of Wis-sahickon Creek within their lines containing 8,399 acres, also a tract lying between Ridge avenue and Schuylkill river, 4 acres 115 perch-es, \$210,000. Payment was made on account with the balance without interest at \$110,000 until possession was given. They paid a rental of \$5,000 per annum.

Horatio Gates Jones, 1,206 acres on the Wissahickon, \$487.56. Hora-tio Gates Jones 667/1000ths of an acre on the Wissahickon, \$269.52.

Thomas Livezey, 66 acres of land on the Wissahickon, with flour mill, dwelling house, etc.

Valley Green Hotel, water power at mill on Cresheim Creek, and soap stone quarry \$75,000. David Wal-lace, 14.48 acres on Wissahickon in-cluding ground at Indian Rock Ho-tel leased for \$50, \$5,000.

Sarah L. Shingluff 2.981 1/2 acres on west side of the creek, at \$4.50 per acre, \$1,460.70. Dr. William Paine, 1.026 acres on Wissahickon at \$750 per acre, \$945.

Theo Salaignac, 3.285 acres on Wissahickon at \$2,463.75. J. Hibi-man Jones and Harman A. Cham-bers, two lots in Lansdowne village, 2 years' interest, \$450 each.

Charles H. Ammidown, manufac-tories and buildings, water privi-leges, 20 dwelling houses, 6,235 acres inside the park; 6.16 acres outside the park lines; \$115,000.

Trustees of Robert J. Sheridan, 11.54 acres on Wissahickon at \$4,-039. Mrs. A. J. Owens, 3.35 acres on the Wissahickon, inside the park lines; and 1.445 acres outside the lines, at \$350 per acre, \$1,678.25. Charles Elkin, 50/100ths of an acre inside; 521/000ths outside, \$380.50.

Dr. George T. Barker 941/00ths inside; 171/00ths outside, \$738.50. Executors of F. L. John, lot in Miffin village, \$265.77. John Live-zey, mills, dwelling houses, 46 acres of land; 24 acres inside, and 22.7 outside the park, \$32,500. Connect-ing railway, east and west side of Schuylkill, \$21,500.

Evan Prowattan, on the Wissa-hickon, \$33,000. William Gordon Kitchen, on the Wissahickon, \$53,-500. Mrs. M. S. Wetherill, on the Wissahickon, \$3,200.

One week later, on May 21, 1873, fire was discovered in the mills of Sarah Greenwood on the Wissa-hickon, opposite to High Rock (Lover's Leap). The mill was in operation at the time and the own-er had been notified by the Park Commission that the mills would be

next in line to be taken over. Carpet yarns were the products manufactured there at the time of the fire. It was the oldest mill on the creek, having been built in 1749, by Nicholas Rittenhouse, as a grist mill 27 years before the Revolution.

The loss of Mrs. Greenwood was \$20,000. The Park Commission bought up the ruins for less than it would have cost before the fire.

Property of Matthias Gorgas, who owned a wadding factory along the creek, was later taken over. Haley's Dye Works, destroyed by fire, was another ruin added to the Park, but the most interesting part of the whole business was the low price paid by City Councils for the en-tire group of parcels of properties.

The Art Gallery, at the Green street entrance to Fairmount Park has cost the taxpayers more than the entire Wissahickon Valley from the Schuylkill to Fort Washington has cost. The White man drove the Indian from the banks of the Wissahickon and as fate willed it at the time of the condemnation of of the Wissahickon Mills, two of them were under contract to fur-nish blankets to the Indians, through the Government's Depart-ment of the Interior.

12-3-36

5-10-34

A VAGABOND

On Sunday I'm a vagabond,
For all the week I go
Through daily tasks which I
must do;
The routined toil I know.

But Sunday I'm a vagabond,
And free to choose my way,
Then nothing holds me, I can
walk
In lands of dreams, so gay.

It may be to a church; or
books;
In hobbies some think odd;
But Sundays, as a vagabond,
I feel I'm nearer God.

Along a Wissahickon lane,
Or near a woodland pond,
The Springtime Sundays bring
me joy,
When I'm a vagabond.

The cargo of such days to me
Keeps all my hopes alive,
And is the great foundation-
stone
On which I build and thrive.
A. C. C.

WONDERS OF MUSIC

From off the tuned piano's
strings,
I learned of how a man's soul
sings;
Of how a prayer can be ex-
pressed,
And the kiss of love—at its
tenderest!
I visioned life and the keen
heart-throbs,
In nights of care with their tears
and sobs;
Within the mist there were
bird-songs fine,
That brought me pictures of
tree and vine
And the winged song rises and
then it sinks
To the dove's dim coo near the
river-brinks.
The Wissahickon, in rippling
song,
Is here before me, dancing
along,
As the skilled pianist shows his
art
That touches even the coldest
heart.
Such music a master can
only own,
By right of capture, and
that alone,
For in it's heard—though we
cannot see—
The tunes of the earth, the air
and sea,
And through it all we can
catch a gleam
Of all God's wonders, as in
a dream.
A. C. C.

51

Philadelphia Riders and Drivers Association

INCORPORATED

Organized
December 16, 1921
Incorporated
March 25, 1922



EXECUTIVE OFFICES
Franklin Trust Building
Chestnut at 15th Street
Philadelphia

WISSAHICKON DAY

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1929

Three o'clock

ACORDIAL invitation is extended to all the public to join in the annual demonstration on Saturday afternoon, May 25th, with those organizations who have as their chief object the preservation of the Upper Wissahickon.

Ride, drive, bike or motor there. Automobiles may enter the Drive via Roxborough or Chestnut Hill, and "park" at Valley Green.

Those who ride or drive will join the lines at Allen's Lane on the Upper Wissahickon Drive at 2.30 o'clock.

Those who wish to "hike" may approach the Wissahickon via trolley route 23 to Chestnut Hill; to Springfield Avenue; to Valley Green; or route 53 to the Lower Wissahickon or the Cresheim Creek Section.

The procession will move promptly at 3 o'clock, rain or sunshine.

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS B. BRACKEN,
Chairman Wissahickon Day Committee

1921

Wissahickon
Day

1929

us"

"More Hoof Beats"

Philadelphia Riders and Drivers Association

Officers

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HON. J. WILLIS MARTIN

Honorary Vice-President
FREDERIC H. STRAWBRIDGE

WILLIAM F. METZGER, *President*
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The Friends of the Wissahickon
Wissahickon Valley Historical Society
Geographical Society of Philadelphia
Germantown Site & Relic Society
Wagner Free Institute of Science
Botanical Society of Pennsylvania
Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts
Wissahickon Bird Club
The Wanderlust Club
Back-to-Nature Club

These organizations are co-operating with the PHILADELPHIA RIDERS AND DRIVERS ASSOCIATION in the preservation of the Wissahickon.

Their members will hike on the Wissahickon on *Wissahickon Day*. For starting point and route of hike, please communicate with the Chairman or Secretary of the organization to which you belong.

Automobiles may "park" at Valley Green

"Preserve the Wissahickon"

Committee on Wissahickon Day

FRANCIS B. BRACKEN, *Chairman*

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SAMUEL HOUSTON BROWN	FRANCIS R. STRAWBRIDGE
MILTON C. COOPER	FREDERIC H. STRAWBRIDGE
WILLIAM A. M. FULLER	WILLIAM WALLACE
SAMUEL F. HOUSTON	MISS FRANCES A. WISTER
WILLIAM F. METZGER	MISS HELEN K. YERKES

Marshals and Their Horses

Chief Marshal

B. F. MECHLING and "HIGH WIND"

WESTON D. BAYLEY and "JAY BOY"

C. C. COOLBAUGH and "MEADOW LARK"

SAMUEL EARLEY and "SKY TOP"

P. JOHN GALBRAITH and "STARLIGHT"

MARTYN R. HENNE and "SPUR"

JOHN D. HOWLEY and "SIR ROBERT"

WILLIAM H. IVENS and "TEDDY"

JOHN M. KENNEDY and "PRINCESS PAT"

CHESTER W. LARNER and "CEDAR RED"

AMOS Y. LESHER and "SUNNY BOY"

FRANK R. MACKLIN and "BLAZEAWAY"

P. R. MARKLEY and "MUSKATEER"

WALTER G. SIBLEY and "NYANZA"

C. HENDERSON SUPPLER and "CHECKERS"

WILLIAM WALLACE and "BITUMINOUS"

CLARENCE R. WHITMAN and "BETTY"

Parade will be reviewed at Valley Green at 3.15

THE WISSAHICKON
Radio Talks
"Preserve the Wissahickon"



WFI, Strawbridge & Clothier, Monday, May 13, 3.30 P. M.
✕ MR. A. C. CHADWICK, JR.
Wissahickon Valley Historical Society
"The Lower Wissahickon"

WFI, Strawbridge & Clothier, Friday, May 17, 3.30 P. M.
✕ MR. A. C. CHADWICK, JR.
Wissahickon Valley Historical Society
"The Wissahickon—From Lincoln Drive
to Livezey's Lane"

WFI, Strawbridge & Clothier, Monday, May 20, 3.30 P. M.
✕ MR. A. C. CHADWICK, JR.
Wissahickon Valley Historical Society
"Philadelphia's Valley Green"

WLIT, Lit Brothers, Wednesday, May 22, 5.30 P. M.
MR. THOMAS G. PARRIS
Germantown Site & Relic Society
"Romantic Wonderland—The Wissahickon"

WIP, Gimbel Brothers, Thursday, May 23, 4.00 P. M.
MR. WM. HENRY TROTTER
Wissahickon Bird Club
"The Birds of the Wissahickon"

WFI, Strawbridge & Clothier, Friday, May 24, 3.30 P. M.
✕ MR. A. C. CHADWICK, JR.
Wissahickon Valley Historical Society
"The Upper Wissahickon"



The Wissahickon is Philadelphia's beautiful playground, abounding
in beauty at all seasons of the year, whether it be blossom
time or when the snow adorns the woodland

2/12/1931

Water, Water, Everywhere, But Little Fit to Drink

Benjamin Franklin Planned to Have Wissahickon Waters
Flow into the Home of Philadelphians

By JOHN M. SICKINGER

Have you ever stopped to consider that if Benjamin Franklin could have had his way, that there would be no Wissahickon Creek Park to talk of and admire?

Dr. Franklin foresaw the need of pure water that would be felt as the city became more densely populated, and in his will provided that one of his accumulative legacies, "after one hundred years, should be used for introducing the water of the Wisahiccon Creek to the City."

The suggestion was more useful than the legacy. The attention of the public was drawn to the subject, and one of the objects of the old Schuylkill and Delaware Canal, incorporated in 1792, two years after Franklin's death, was to conduct the waters of the Schuylkill into the city from the level of Conshohocken. This attempt failed and the Wissahickon project was also deemed too costly at that time.

However, the building of the Schuylkill Navigation Company's canal, was a solution to the problem. It was on the banks of the Schuylkill, at Norristown, that the first spadeful of earth was turned in the excavation of the first public canal in the United States. This was the old Schuylkill and Delaware Canal, intended to connect the two rivers, and also to supply water to the citizens of Philadelphia. For this latter purpose the canal was to be taken to the Quaker City on one level, without any locks. The company was chartered on the 10th of April, 1792. After completing some 15 miles of the most difficult sections, with an expenditure of about \$400,000, the undertaking was abandoned, the principal stockholders being, themselves, involved in commercial difficulties. The company—even in that day—was afterward merged with the Union Canal Company, and the Schuylkill Navigation Company.

Yes, if Franklin had been permitted to have his way, the Wissahickon would today be one vast dam of water, instead of the beautiful park that it is.

The present day depression has provided plenty of work for unemployed men, who are daily occupied in cleaning up this popular playground. Dead timbers of every description are being removed and cut into stove wood lengths, by the men who have been unable to find other kinds of work. The wood is in turn distributed to needy families in this section. And the woods are believing what is believed to be the first real cleaning up they have had in many years.

If "Poor Richard" had succeeded in his idea there would be a small army of persons working daily removing deposits of mud and rubbish which float down the stream following each rainstorm.

It wouldn't be so bad if there were someone, today, to look out for the water rights of the public. Winter has never found the Schuylkill river so low, before. It was apparently unable to recover from its losses caused by last summer's drought, and the outlook for the coming hot months is bad, unless the flood gates of the heavens open up and give us several steady days' downpour, in order to refill the rivers and springs.

Franklin was a mentally active man and a credit to his city and followers. The future lay very clear before him. But this generation's officials' slogan seems to be "Come day, go day, God send Sunday," and so, one hundred and forty years after Ben's death, our water question is still unsolved.

8-24-1934

VALLEY GREEN

Nestled in the rolling hills,
Cuddled close to Nature's
breast,
Distant from the city's ills,
Peace, contentment, quiet, rest.

Quaintly sitting 'neath the hem-
locks,
Near where Wissahickon flows,
Far away from where crude men
mock
Rules of God, which they
oppose.

Birds, both small and large, are
present,
Near, and on, the waters clear,
Sunlight sends shades iridescent,
Changed through seasons of
the year.

Mecca of the traveler, tired,
Be he walking or a'mount,
Here the soul and mind's in-
spired,
Past all humankind's account.

Here is calm for meditation,
Silence forms a quarantine,
From the work-day world's vex-
ation,
Here is truce—at Valley Green.

A. C. C.

3-19-1931

52

Discuss Old War Story

Miss Dorothea Weckerley Re-
views "Pemberton", a Rev-
olutionary Romance, For
Members of The Vissa-
hickon Valley Historical
Society.

Henry Peterson's romantic and historical novel, "Pemberton" was the subject of a review, given by Miss Dorothea Weckerley, at a meeting of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, held on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. H. F. Hagenbucker, 438 Lyceum avenue.

Miss Weckerley's descriptions of Helen and Isabella, the nieces of the British Colonel Thomas Musgrave; of Major John Andre; Benedict Arnold, George Washington, Phil Morris, Arthur Pemberton and Lord Howe were faithful pictures of the author's efforts to delineate these characters of the novel, which is written as of the time of the American Revolution.

The reviewer's praise of Peterson's style and ability to depict the scenes of the Wissahickon Creek locale; the Battle of Germantown; Colonial Philadelphia, and the machinations of the disappointed Arnold and the heroic self-sacrifice of the British Major Andre, formed a delightful discourse.

The book was published, first in 1872 and relates to the adventures of John Andre, who zeal in working for his king and country—and in the novel, to raise himself to a position where he might marry the girl of his choice—led him into a situation, where he was captured by the Continentals and executed as a military spy.

2/12/1931

Ref. Times - 11/22/1928 53

Once Attempted to Build a Railroad in Wissahickon Valley

Edgar Thomson, Civil Engineer, Made a Survey of the Gorge for Messrs. Livezey, Rittenhouse and Thomas

Railroads—the building of them or the merging of one with another—is not entirely new, as is evidenced by an old newspaper clipping, dated February 3rd, 1831—a century ago.

The article, referred to, relates to a railroad to be built along the Schuylkill river, and Wissahickon Creek, and reads as follows:

"In his report to Messrs. Livezey, Rittenhouse, Thomas and others, as to his survey for a railroad to Norristown, via the Valley of the Wissahickon Creek, Jn. Edgar Thomson, civil engineer, finds the average cost of road formation from Peters' Island, 16 miles and 40 chains, would be \$8,145 per mile, from Broad and Vine streets, Philadelphia, 19 miles and 30 chains, \$7,220 per mile. The total cost of the road led from Philadelphia would be \$139,885, to which would be added \$160,812.50 for laying rails, if these were wooden rails plated with iron, and \$237,537.50 if stone rails plated with iron.

"The principal expense of forming the bed of the road occurs upon those portions of the line which are traced along the shores of the

Schuylkill and Wissahickon. The excess of cost is chiefly owing to the sharp curves in the banks of these streams. Upon the Wissahickon, where this remark more particularly applies, it will be necessary in some instances, in order not to diminish the radius of curvature of the road below 400 feet, to incur deep excavations, in others to occupy the bed of the stream.

"The course of the stream from Peter Robinson's to Spring Mill Valley is bounded by steep and rocky hills, with, generally, a narrow flat on one or the other of its margins. If, therefore, the direction of the line is changed to suit this feature of the valley the places that appear almost insurmountable can be avoided without incurring any great expense. This was done by crossing the creek at three points, viz., near Rittenhouse's, Longstreth's and below Yardley's Mills. In two cases tunnels are estimated—at P. Robinson's Mill dam and opposite the entrance of Paper Mill stream. These, however, are short and will not be objects of importance—their lengths will be 44 and 98 yards.

4/2/1931

Ref. Times 12/13/28

Coin Falls From Heart of Tree

John M. Sickinger, of Conarroe street and Mansion avenue, received a load of kindling wood from the Committee for the Less Fortunate of the 21st Ward, which was cut from fallen chestnut trees in the Wissahickon woods.

While splitting one billet to a smaller size, on Friday last, Mr. Sickinger, who is better known hereabouts as "Sickie," was surprised when a flattened copper coin dropped from a "knothole," or what might have been the junction of a branch of the tree. Upon examination the coin was found to have once been a copper penny, on the back of which a New York merchant had stamped his advertisement, as follows: "Knoops Segars and Tobacco, 131 Bowery, N. Y., 1863."

How the coin came to be there is a mystery, but it is thought to have fell into the crotch of a young chestnut tree, and as time passed on, grew right into the tree itself. The billet of wood, accompanied by the coin will be turned over to the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society.

HISTORIANS TO MEET

"The First Purchasers of Roxborough Land" will be the title of a historical paper which will be read by Joseph S. Miles, to the members and friends of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, in the Post Room at Hattal-Taylor Post, Pechin Street and Lyceum Avenue, tomorrow night.

The paper will be illustrated by a lantern slide of a map showing the boundary lines of the original eleven sections, in regard to the present day streets.

Following Mr. Miles' discourse Major Thomas S. Martin, president of the Society will give an informal talk on subject concerning days which have past.

MOONLIGHT HIKE TO DEVIL'S POOL

Historical Society to Inspect Valley Green and Livezey Mansion

PUBLIC IS ASKED TO GO

Each season of the year brings new charms to the lovers of the Wissahickon valley, but very few venture into the recesses of its shadows in the night time, so the members of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society have arranged a hike, making use of the silvery light of the harvest moon, and invite all who desire to accompany them to meet at Ridge and Shawmont avenues, at 7 P. M., weather permitting, next Friday.

The party will go down Wise's Mill lane and will arrive at Valley Green at 7.15 P. M. They will then go down the path to the Devil's Pool, at the mouth of the Cresheim. Joseph Miles, will tell of the associations attached to Wise's Mill lane and surrounding land and places. The story of Valley Green will be revealed by J. Ellwood Barrett, and F. E. Stutz, of Germantown, will give out some of the history and legends of Devil's Pool and the Cresheim.

Those not desiring to walk the entire distance, may go to Valley Green via auto and join the party there at 7.15, or go direct to the Livezey House, out McCallum street, to the lane, just beyond the turn.

Out in the moonlight along the Wissahickon, with the company of local admirers, and having its charms and association revealed under the most romantic conditions, should be a treat of a life-time, and a good number are expected to be there.

Arriving at the Livezey Mansion, the famous old place will be thrown open to the visitors, through the courtesy of the members of the Valley Green Canoe Club, who are justly very proud of the historical associations of this old mansion, their headquarters for many years. A part of it was erected as far back as 1696, and another addition in 1717 and possibly in 1749. Also of the Great Livezey Mill, built in 1717, by Thomas Shoemaker, and sold to Thomas Livezey, October 10, 1749.

Logs will be burning brightly in the large open fire places of the Livezey drawing room, and the members of the Valley Green Canoe Club will be on hand to act as guides to their guests of the evening, through the old building, closets and stairways.

"There probably will never be another opportunity of this kind," says Mr. Miles, "and everyone interested should arrange with his friends to meet at Ridge and Shawmont avenues, Friday evening. The hike will be directed by James K. Helms, A. G. Chadwick, J. Ellwood Barrett, Miss Blanch Heidinger and others. Major Thomas S. Martin is the president of the Historical Society and is also helping to promote the romantic evening's outing."

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MOONLIGHT HIKE MOST ENJOYABLE

Party Visits Valley Green, Devil's Pool and Historic Livezey Mansion

CANOEISTS PLAY HOSTS

Lovers of the mysterious legends and historical associations of the Wissahickon Valley who failed to go on the Moonlight Hike, last Friday night, under the auspices of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, missed a rare treat.

At 7 P. M., a large company gathered at Ridge and Shawmont avenues and the hike started under the direction of James K. Helms, vice president of the society. At the first turn to the left, a paper on "The Old Yellow School House," prepared by Joseph S. Miles, secretary of the Historical Society, was read by Mrs. Edith R. Schofield, the treasurer of the Society, and this was also the case at the foot of Weiss' Mill road, where the paper was concluded.

At Valley Green, the party was joined by another group, who motored to the spot, and while the entire band of hikers stood on the old stone-arched Springfield Avenue Bridge, J. Ellwood Barrett told of the more than seven old road houses along the Wissahickon, of which the present Valley Green Inn is the sole survivor.

Walking along the foot path on the east bank of the stream from Valley Green to the Cresheim and its Devil's Pool is just not the easiest by good daylight, and so many stumbled along the way until the old Livezey Mansion was reached at 8 P. M. The famous old house was thrown wide open, as on the old days of Colonial Hospitality, through the courtesy of the members of the Valley Green Canoe Club, represented by Messrs. Schofield and Mainwaring.

The historical party at the Livezey House:

Here the aim of the hike was realized under the most pleasant environment, and in the ball room of the Canoe Club, lighted by wax candles, Mr. Schofield and Mr. Mainwaring recited some of the ghost stories of the place, of which there are many. The old man with whiskers and his cat, about foot-steps appearing and vanishing, the Devil from Devil's Pool, and the Headless Hessian Soldier.

Papers and talks were given by F. E. Stutz, of Germantown; Joseph E. J. McGee, and A. C. Chadwick (Scaff), and Edward W. Hocker, also of Germantown. After viewing the mammoth fire place, refreshments were served to all present, and all returned home through the moonlight, via Allen's lane and Weiss' Mill road.

Future Moonlight Hikes are requested, and one will be given in December, and another with the first snowfall of the season.

Talks to Historians

William F. Dixon, Former 21st Ward Councilman, Who Was Born Along the Wissahickon, Tells Some Tales of Old Times.

William F. Dixon, who represented the 21st Ward in City Councils many years ago, was the speaker of the evening at the January meeting of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, held at the W. Freeland Kendrick Recreation Center, on Tuesday evening of this week.

Mr. Dixon, now in his eighty-first year, displayed all the mental activity and vigor of a person many years younger as he recited some of his reminiscences of the Wissahickon Valley and of the 21st Ward in his early days.

The speaker told of his birthplace—a house on Wise Mill Road, on the Mitten estate—and of his boyhood in that section. Mr. Dixon recalled the erection of Philadelphia's first public drinking fountain, "Pro Bono Publico," along the Wissahickon, in the year 1854.

He also told of the happy hours he spent while a lad, in fishing along the creek, and suggested the seining of the stream of all carp, which have destroyed the game fish, which the Park Commission are attempting to propagate, so as to restore the little river to its pristine state.

The mills which stood along the Wissahickon some seventy years ago, according to Mr. Dixon, were:—starting from the mouth of the stream—Dobson's, Woffenden's Shoddy Mills, Ammidown's Mill, Kitchen's Shoddy Mill, Heft's Mill, Garga's Mill, Livezey's Linseed Oil Mill, Wissahickon Paper Mill, two mills above Wise Mill Road, Ed Mearns's Mill, and Bischoff's Mill.

In 1893 while a member of City Councils, Mr. Dixon introduced a bill to that august assembly, asking for \$50,000 to erect an electrical plant, obtaining its power from the fall of the water over Mearns's mill dam, which would provide sufficient current for the 21st and 22nd Wards, but the bill was defeated. This, remember, was many years in advance of the great Niagara Falls and Conowingo Dam projects.

The old hotels, too, came in for part of the recital, the speaker mentioning, Lippers', Smiths', the Log Cabin, Simon Markley's Valley Green and the Indian Rock, both the first and second of that name.

One of the amusing features of Mr. Dixon's talk was his reference to "Spooky Hollow," which he said was a genuine "spook farm," in the first ravine, along the Wissahickon, above the Pro Bono Publico fountain. "Believe it or not," said the former Councilman, "spooks were there, for I, myself, have seen them. I challenge anyone to go there alone

at midnight, to disprove my words. But they must go alone!"

Schools, in the days prior to the Civil War, and until sometime later were not as convenient or as well equipped as those of modern times. "Bill" Dixon had to travel 2½ miles on Wise Mill Road and down the Ridge road to the Old Andorra School, just below Parker avenue to obtain his preliminary education.

The speaker read an article from the old Philadelphia Press, of May 29, 1868, in which it stated that a "Mr. Jones, of Roxborough," asked that an appropriation of \$3500 for the erection of the Andorra School be lowered to \$2000, inasmuch as the building would be at least one mile away from any dwelling and that it would take 100 years to fill it with pupils. The article stated that hydrants were to be placed in the yard and gas chandeliers in the classrooms, and Mr. Jones called attention to the fact that neither water nor gas pipes were anywhere near the proposed location of the school.

Preceding Mr. Dixon's talk, a three-reel motion picture, depicting the evolution of transportation in America, was displayed through the courtesy of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

In the absence of the president, Major Thomas S. Martin, who was unable to attend, J. Ellwood Barrett, presided and James K. Helms, the vice-president, operated the motion picture machine.

A resolution expressing regret over the sudden death of Erwin P. Knipe, president of the Montgomery County Historical Society was passed, with instructions to forward a copy to the members of his family and to the historical group which he headed.

Rep. Times 12/20/1928

SECOND HIKE SET FOR THIS FRIDAY

The hiking committee of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society will conduct the second hike of the season, if the weather permits, this Friday night, December 21.

There will be talks near Wissahickon Hall by A. C. Chadwick, at the foot of the Hermits Glen by J. K. Helms, at Log Cabin by J. Ellwood Barrett, and on Hermit's lane, by Joseph S. Miles.

At the head of the Hermit's Glen, informal several talks will be given, and there will be a recitation by Mrs. J. Ellwood Barrett, and the singing of Christmas carols.

Everybody is invited to meet at Ridge avenue and the Bridle Path, but in case of inclement weather, the hike will be cancelled. The hike will leave Ridge avenue, promptly at 7.45 P. M.

Museum at Maple Springs Hotel Attracted Throngs to The Wissahickon Valley

Joseph "Rooty" Smith Possessed Talent of Converting
Queer-Shaped Growths Into Objects of Interest

Up the Wissahickon Drive, midway between Gypsy lane and the New Memorial Bridge at Henry avenue, there is a triangular stretch of lawn, with a background of thickly intertwined underbrush, which the older Park Guards often term "The Jungle." This cleared space was once covered by a building known as the Maple Springs Hotel.

The structure was erected shortly after the Civil War, with timber that had been used in a soldiers hospital, that stood near the Town Hall, in Germantown.

The genial host of this inn, bore the popular family name of Smith. His parents, as is a custom when children are born, gave to him a baptismal appellation: that of Joseph. But time in its march saw this same Joseph Smith receive another cognomen, which old residents of this section still remember. As proprietor of the Maple Springs Hotel he was more familiarly called "Rooty" Smith.

He obtained this name and attracted great throngs to his inn through his propensity for fashioning animals, birds, furniture, and bric-a-brac out of the roots of trees and vines.

Smith was a self-taught sculptor, and a natural Jack-of-all-trades and mechanic. The hero of our tale was first discovered in the depths of a mine in the anthracite coal region, at the brisk mining town of Ashland. His mission there was to teach the colliers the beneficent influences of Art. "See this twisted laurel-root" he would say, lecturing to a group of blackened miners over a circle of "glasses all round."

"To your uninstructed eyes it appears a mere shapeless snag; but turn it over, give a hitch to its tail, and jerk to its head, let the light fall on these glass beads I have inserted to form its eyes, and you have the original demon of the Coal-Mine to which you are all slaves." And the lecturer would conclude by singing a snatch of some Plutonic stanza about "Down in a coal-mine, underneath the ground."

The figures in his sculpture gallery, augmented by his daily industry, grew to be an enormous museum. Every object in the animal kingdom, every possible bird, reptile, or quadruped, together with the whole crew of Demonology, was represented or caricatured in the collection. Well-known characters, political or otherwise, also found their representations in this imperial gallery of statues, by no means flattered in the matter of likeness. For each prominent object the in-

ventor had his jocular anecdote or legend. Curiosities from the mines, and mysterious-looking bas-reliefs in hard coal, resembling Egyptian idols of basalt, were added to the series. Not too proud to prop his artistic career with a practical basis of trade, this Phidias of the mountains kept a house of entertainment; he was always ready to drop his knife and chisel for the duties of hospitality, and poured out ale and eloquence impartially. When the collection had swelled to many hundreds, the genius found his sphere among the colliers too contracted. Emerging from the mines, he moved eastward with all his laurels to the valley of the Wissahickon, and established himself as the unrivaled artist and landlord of Maple Spring. He converted this local hostelry into a kind of Prospero's grotto. All the imps and familiars of the Black Art seem to have congregated around his person. To have seen him in the midst of his demoniac congress, say old-timers, was to have appreciated the witches' Sabbath of Faust. One would ask for the proprietor, and with some little ceremony the barman would lead the way to the mysterious creator of so many phantasmal existences; standing there for you to look at him curiously.

"Father" Smith, as the colliers used to call him, was a personage of incalculable years, all except his hair, which continued to be young each Christmas. He was a compact, active man, with flexible hands and a quizzical face thatched over with a superb collection of dark locks, as glossy and serpentine as his own bunches of laurel-roots.

The museum, into which he introduced you, was simply a gallery of twisted wooden monstrosities, dug up out of the wild laurel thickets of Pennsylvania and Maryland. In every gnarled root, or complicated branch, the prolific fancy of the

artist saw a goblin or a caricature. Lopping the offshoots here and there, mounting the specimen, and brightening it up with "a lick of varnish," the senseless wood was changed into a form of art. As a result of this singular industry, continued over many years, the inn was crowded with an infinity of the strangest creatures; reptiles in groups and knots, fighting or embracing, or coiled in slumber; birds on the nest, squirrels and wood-tortoises, with many a queer animal which it would require a new Adam to name, squirmed and writhed over the walls and shelves.

There were large mirror-frames composed entirely of the dropping, necks and tapering heads of snakes; others seemed like families of birds nests, out of which the cunning eyes of brooding hen-birds were lifted.

In the midst was the family portrait gallery of His Satanic Majesty; Mr. and Mrs. Beelzebub, with the reigning princes of their dynasty in China, India, Mexico, and Africa, were set up in the most accurate likeness, and the most appalling abundance. Of each hero the proprietor knew the inmost history the most discreditable story, and often, taking a figure in his hand, he would make it turn, and jump and hide, and run, in illustration of the proper point of his lecture.

On a balcony, around the outside of the building, the inexhaustible artisan made a great series of stained Gothic windows, ingeniously patched up out of rejected fragments of colored glass; and the view from those casements commanded a singular system of terraces, fountains, cascades, rock-works, labyrinths and flower-beds, laid out on the slope of the hill, by the same tireless genius. It was little wonder that "Rooty" Smith firmly believed and openly boasted that his museum was the most marvelous affair in the world, and sincerely felt that the Fairmount Park Commission, in 1869 acquired title to the property, that it should purchase the collection from him at a good sum for the perpetual benefit and instruction of the people of Philadelphia.

SCCAFF.

catchment - Rittenhouse - 2/18

portion of the Wissahickon

David Rittenhouse

in Roxborough's old township x

DAVID RITTENHOUSE. — The house in which this eminent mathematician was born, April 8, 1732, still stands in a secluded valley about a mile west of Germantown. His ancestors were immigrants from Holland. His father was a paper-maker, but afterward a farmer, and the son while engaged as a boy at the plough covered over not only the fences at the head of many of the furrows but even his plough with chalked numerical figures. He also while residing at home made himself master of "Newton's Principia" by an English translation, and discovered the science of fluxions, of which he for a long time supposed himself to be the first inventor. His constitution being too feeble for an agricultural life he became a manufacturer of clocks and mathematical instruments, and without the aid of an instructor produced work superior to that of the foreign artists. In 1769 Mr. Rittenhouse was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society, and was appointed one of the number to observe the transit of Venus in that year, an account of which he communicated to the society. His excitement was so great on perceiving the contact of that planet with the sun at the moment predicted that he fainted. In 1770 he removed to Philadelphia and pursued his trade. Subsequently he constructed an observatory, where he made some important discoveries. After the Revolutionary war he was one of the Commissioners selected to determine the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Virginia, and between New York and Massachusetts. He had the degree of LL.D. conferred on him, held the office of Treasurer of Pennsylvania from 1777 to 1789, and in 1791 succeeded Dr. Franklin as President of the Philosophical Society, which office he retained till his death. He was also Director of the United States Mint from 1792 to 1795, when failing health led to his resignation. He died in 1796, leaving an unspotted record. Dr. Rittenhouse was justly regarded by his countrymen as the Newton of America. His talents were of the highest order, his industry was indisputable, his exertions in the cause of science contributed in a very large degree to the diffusion of a taste for mathematical and physical knowledge in his native land, and had he enjoyed the advantages of early and thorough education few, if any, of the scientists of the world would have excelled him in the extent of his discoveries and the lustre of his fame. Long will his name be held in admiration for the splendor of his virtues and the brilliancy of his achievements.

Rittenhouse, whose Bi-Centennial Anniversary will be observed by local historical societies next month,

"See the sage Rittenhouse, with ardent eye,
Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky;
Clear in his view the circling systems roll,
And broader splendors gild the central pole.
He marks what laws the eccentric wanderers
bind.

Copies creation in his forming mind;
And bids beneath his hand in semblance rise,
With mimic orbs, the labors of the skies."
— *Reverend*

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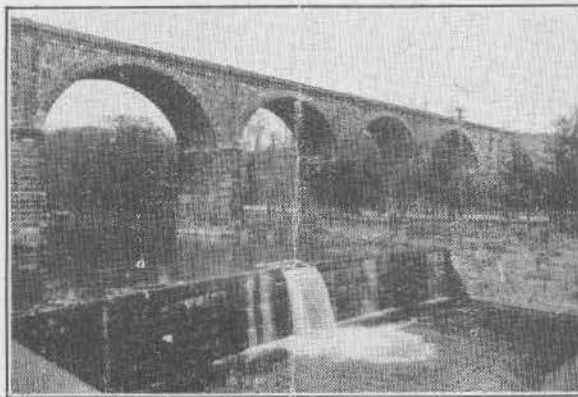
The
WISSAHICKON



By

A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

Historian, Wissahickon Valley Historical Society



THE GATEWAY TO THE WISSAHICKON

The Wissahickon

The tyro who attempts a task
Which seems too much, his skill, to
ask,

While meditating on the feat,
Will feel his heart in tumult beat.
So I, with throbbing, sinking soul,
Assume the poet's caring role,
To humbly sing of stream and shore,
And old-time Wissahickon lore.

Through scenes of steepest Alpine
charm,

Past ruined mill and hillside farm
The Wissahickon's waters flow;
'Neath bridges which are old and low,
Or lofty spans, whose arches' strength,
Support their graceful, leaping length;
Or flow past lanes of early days,
In quiet or in racing ways.

By groves, where woody giants try
To reach the fleecy-clouded sky,
Where dense, dark banks of shrub and
fern

Hide bare rock-faces, cold and stern,
By spruce and poplar, larch and pine,
Lattice-trimmed with clinging vine;
O'er falls, and through the shady
pools,
Past cliffs, which gleam with garnet
jewels.

They flow past Monastery, old,
Of which religious tales are told,
And pass the caves of pious men,
Who sought seclusion in a glen;
And here, 'tis said, from high was
thrown,

The holy Kelpius' Wisdom Stone.
Past Lover's Leap, where Lippard
writes,

He wed a maid, by Indian rites.

Canoes which ply this spring-fed
stream,

Gondolas gay, of Venice seem;
When distant Church-chimes peal out
clear,

It's Belgium's carillons I hear.
My make-believe continues still,
And makes a castle of the mill,
Where Livezey in his peaceful nook,
Philosophized near babbling brook.

An engine crosses o'er High Bridge,
Which towers just above the Ridge;

Its warning signal smites my ear,
A blast that wakens sleeping fear;
For in the quietness of the dell,
Where calmness always seems to dwell;
It's such a weird, unearthly thing,
Like fabled ogre's whistling.

In days of dim and distant past,
When nets for finny tribes were cast,
The State in Schuylkill Fishing Club,
For sport and feasting was a hub.
The house, they say, was once a mill
And by good luck, it's standing still
Where Wissahickon vows its troth
And joins the Schuylkill River's froth.

Fond day dreams, which are ever plain,
Traverse the highways of my brain.
Betimes they come with martial ring
Of troopers madly galloping,
When Armstrong and his patriot band,
Who fought to free our favored land,
Attacked the Hessians on the hill
Behind the ancient Robeson Mill.

Sometimes McLane, the British goad,
Would use a Wissahickon road,
Down which his silent scouts would
speed,

Each mounted on a foaming steed,
En route to burn abatis line,
And send chills down a Redcoat's
spine.

His phantom raids of mystery,
Will always live in history.

And Morgan's riflemen would file,
Through Wissahickon's forest aisle;
Or Fitz, with Chester County band,
Would come to raid surrounding land.
And here was heard, o'er splash of falls,
As patriots battered Chew House walls,
The muffled sounds of bitter fight
At Germantown from dawn to night.

Roxborough's Green Boys, native folk
Who helped to shed the tyrant's yoke,
Would congregate at Levering's Inn,
Before their spying would begin.
With stealth they'd make some hill's
descent

For messages "Mom" Rinker sent,
And pass them on to Washington,
Who planned to make Howe's soldiers
run.

A little creek, which adds its foam,
Had, near its source, Pastorius' home.
Where harassed Friends from foreign
climes

Found happiness in by-gone times,
Here Rittenhouse, the Mennonite,
From rags made paper clean and white;
And here one morn, where hemlocks
sway,

A star-sage first saw light of day.

And writers tell how Indian tribes,
Cast out by Civilization's gibes,
Left "Yellow River's green-clad vale,
To travel down the sunset trail,
Heartbroken, from their favored haunt,
When told by white men, "Go! Avaunt!"
The music of the stream no more,
Would lure them to its spumy shore.

The hearts in every savage breast
Atrophied, as they started west;
No more would they hunt bear or deer,
Or capture fish, with net or spear;
Nor would they in a bark canoe,
Cleave swift cascadian waters through.
It seems, to me, a sad-voiced tale,
The way the Indians left the vale.

In boyhood's days, with playmates
dear,

I waded in the waters clear,
And, clambering up the hills we'd rove
Through darkest shadows of a grove,
Some songbird causing us to pause,
To pierce the forest's inky jaws;
And then, with Nature's beauty, cloyed,
We watched steel mongers, at Pencoyd.

We often roamed on summer nights,
With sweethearts dear, 'neath Luna's
lights;

Their forms, in dreams, before me glide,
As I recall the moonlit tide;
Some arms, by chance, slipped 'round
the waist,
Of girlish figures, slimly graced,
And nestling close, with joy complete,
Their vacillating lips would meet.

Its tree-filled confines form a cage,
For feathered actors, on Life's stage,
There Yellowthroats, and Warblers,
gay,

There Chats, and Wrens, and Sparrows
gay,

There Cardinals and speeding Swal-
lows,

Are fitting in its leafy hollows,
Kingfishers, Thrushes, Hawks and
Crows,

Are seen along its green hedgerows.

Woodpeckers' taps are often heard,
And hoot of owl, that dismal bird;
If nature-lovers look, they'll see,
A Titmouse and a Wood Pewee,
Or Golden Pheasant wings his way,
To meet his mate, in plumage gay.
It's just the place where Audubon
Would most assuredly be drawn.

But summer flies, and frost descends,
To tint the trees with color-blends
Of green and yellow, brown and red.
"A leafy rainbow," someone's said,
A painter, using greatest art,
Could never make his brush impart
The tale of wondrous beauty found
In Fairmount's Wissahickon ground

Autumnal scenes before me pass,
The stream is now a floor of glass,
For Winter's wand, within a trice,
Transformed the water into ice.
The graceful skaters speed along,
With shout, and laugh, and merry
song;

The skillful, with unusual ease,
Describing curious traceries.

The snow is hard-packed on the roads,
And sleighs flash past, with happy
loads,

And roadhouse keepers, cheery hosts,
Serve warming rooms to those who
coast.

On low bob-sled, a straining horse,
Is dragging youths on glittering course;
To have a wag, in boyish prank,
Spill sled and all in snowy bank.

Unleashed by warmth and rain, the
rills,

Now rush down o'er the oozing hills,
And swollen by the melting snow,
The waters, once more, start to flow.
They're like a beast, released at last
At end of long and steady fast,
Which roars and leaps, in liberty,
To speed again towards the sea.

Our human souls oft-times despair,
When loaded down with worldly care;
It's then I crave the solitude,
In which to shed my worried mood
Oh, I will never cease to praise,
The workings of God's wondrous ways;
In Wissahickon's shadows lurk,
The proof of His own handiwork.



AN OLD PLEASURE RESORT OF THE WISSAHICKON

Wm Rook
4347 Fenway

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BOTH TELEPHONES

STEPS TO WISSAHICKON CREEK.

By

A. G. Chadwick, Jr.

In a copy of the Weekly Forecast, ~~xxxxx~~ a weekly newspaper which was printed in the Falls of Schuylkill, by G. & E. Carwardine, dated November 7th 1901, the following article appeared relative to the Freeland Avenue steps to the Wissahickon Valley.

"The imposing flight of steps down to the Bridle Path are now completed, save for placing the iron balustrades. The steps are very solidly made of grayish stone resembling granite, and the flight is about 70 feet in height. The steps---they number 103---ascend easily. They are each made of a single stone, 8 feet long, 11 inches wide and 8 inches high. The steps are not continuous, but are broken by landings into ten flights that zigzag gracefully.

A resident of Wissahickon wishing to descend to the Bridle Path had in the past to go down over the Reading Railroad tracks to Ridge avenue, and thence downward again to the creek. This walk was long, tiresome, and not at all beautiful. Now the Wissahickonite will ~~not~~ have only to take the steps at Freeland avenue, and in less than a minute he will be in the heart of one of the Park's most beautiful regions. "

Wants to Explore Wissahickon Caverns

Glassnevin has frequently quoted the name of the Wissahickon as having been changed to "Missis Higgins" by someone who built a castle at Wissahickon Village some years since, and quotes that one of these names signifies muddy water. I think I am going to put one over on our friend Jim by quoting the name applied to the stream by the Seventh-day Baptists, in 1723, when they baptized numerous converts to their faith in the "Wiskohlkung," near Germantown.

These Seventh-day Baptists made a pilgrimage from Ephrata, Lancaster County, where they still worship in the same faith and have their cloisters for the brothers and sisters who wish to live the life of single blessedness. Brother Zerfass, who was for several years chaplain of the State House of Representatives, is their leader and is an interesting character with his large stature and stentorian voice.

Getting back to the "Wiskohlkung," or muddy water, I am informed by Colonel Martin, secretary of the Park Commission, that Kelpus and his Mystics had a cave in which they held their devotions, near Hermit lane, just above where old Log Cabin bridge crossed the stream until the freshet of 1872 washed the bridge away. The cave is still in existence and was recently renovated by the Park Commission, rubbish cleaned out and inside walls plastered so that it would be preserved from portions falling and eventually the whole thing falling to decay and being lost to posterity.

An Oil Discovery

Some of our old-timers think they remember the Pietists' caves being situated up in the neighborhood of Kitchen lane, on the Roxborough side of the stream. I am informed by Colonel Martin, that this is a mistake.

He informs me that about 1859, when Coal Oil Johnnie, the discoverer of oil in Northern Pennsylvania, made one of his carousing visits to Philadelphia, someone took him up the "Wiskohlkung" and showed him a spring covered with oil which some schemer had doctored prior to the visit.

He was in such a state of mind as to have declared anything to be oil, if his companions desired it so. The result of his endorsement of the idea resulted in some wildcat oil stock being foisted upon the gul-

ible public, and the money used to dig for oil up in that tion of the "Wiskohlkung," Kitchen lane.

Explored a Cavern

My old friend, Milton B. Tyler, superintendent of Hood Cemetery, at Logan street and Germantown avenue, well remembers when he was a boy, some sixty years back, going up there with a party of friends and accompanied by a hunting dog. The latter entered the cave-like opening in the side of the hill and evidently penetrated some distance beyond the point at which the boys were forced to stop, because of a deep pool of water.

The dog swam the pool and continued, for some time, barking along the way until his baying sounded very faint in the distance.

Friend Tyler believes he can still locate the cave, and he has offered to act as guide to a party of old-timers who are still able to take a long hike.

I think we will take along a pick and shovel, so that if it is necessary to open the passage way we shall be prepared.

We have decided to allow our friend Glassnevin to carry the pick and to make use of it when the necessity arises. Being an old plumber, he should feel honored in having been selected to perform the honor roll of this voyage of discovery.

Anyone wishing to join this old-timers' jaunt who will correspond with the writer, will be informed of time and place for the journey into the wilds of "Wiskohlkung."

Road Houses of Bygone Days

Glassnevin has referred to the "suds" which were formerly dispensed at the road houses along the stream. I am rather sorry for this, as I believe we should never remember disagreeable things through life's travels, particularly in connection with something so sublime as the scenery of the valley of our sylvan "Wiskohlkung," but as he has shown such a want of good taste as to mention commonplace beer in the same breath as our beloved stream of pure cold water, which will always leave you in possession of your senses and, at the same time, slake the thirst of the thirstiest mortal, I am forced to lower myself to his level, for the time being, and tell some of the interesting facts which come to mind about the road houses along the stream.

The first snow of the season was always the cause of awakening the interest of the drivers of fast horses in and about this city of Penn. A bottle of champagne was the inducement offered to the first driver who should reach "Rube" Sands' Indian Rock Hotel, or Baha's, at the Ridge avenue entrance to the "Wiskohlkung." It is needless to say that I was never so fortunate as to win a bottle of the sparkling fluid, even though Glassnevin gives me credit for having owned a horse

which could beat any nag on the drive.

Above Ridge avenue was Wissahickon Hall, and above that resort for catfish and waffles was old Log Cabin Bridge Hotel, where they had a collection of bears, American eagles, monkeys and other denizens of

field and forest, until about 1870.

Farther up stream, above Rittenhouse street entrance, on the right side of the road, there was a fault in the rock formation which depicted a fair face of an Indian.

Then came the old red-covered bridge, which was replaced with one built of stone about 1891.

I well remember the Megargee paper mill some distance above, and have a faint recollection of a few more mills on the upper stream.

Valley Green Hotel and Sands' Indian Rock Hotel were at all times the resorts for the drivers of fast horses. They will all look back at the sociable times spent at those resorts.

Memories of Tedyuskung

While in Pittston, Pa., a few months since, I ran across a monument erected to the memory of Tedyuskung, who was closely connected with past history of the "Wiskohlkung." The story used to be told that he was being chased by a party of whites, at one time, and in order to escape he leaped from Indian Rock down into the stream and got away. He became a disreputable character and a nuisance to the white settlers, and was eventually transferred, with his tribe of Lenni Lenape Indians, to the neighborhood of the Susquehanna River, near Wilkes-Barre, where he died in a drunken brawl when his cabin caught fire and burned to the ground.

It seems strange that a monument should be erected to such a disreputable character. Strange that a halo of picturesqueness can be thrown around such a representative of the red man's race as Sitting Bull, in order to raise funds to rear a monument to him, when his greatest work in life was the brutal and inhuman treatment of white women and children.

There are many interesting facts which could be related by some of our old-timers about the past of the "Wiskohlkung" which I believe your readers would gladly welcome. Let us hope that some of our old friends will open up their store houses of history about the old stream, so that their knowledge will not go to the grave untold.

Would keep Out the Crowds

Once more I want to protest against popularizing the "Wiskohlkung." I could actually be induced to vote in favor of fencing it off and admitting only by card, in order to preserve it in its pristine beauty for all time to come, and for the benefit of posterity.

When I think of pickle bottles and baked bean cans, salmon and sardine tins being found on every side, no more ferns nor moss, and

the disappearance of all forms and varieties of wild flowers; when I think of an Italian mother bathing her infant in one of the pools of a spring of drinking water; when I think of hearing Lithuanian, Hungarian, Czecho-Slovakian, Italian and Greek, as well as a few more guttural languages spoken under those trees and along the banks of the stream, and seeing clothing hung on the bushes and lower limbs of the trees, I can only cry out with holy horror against these possibilities.

We must realize that we have a treasured possession which it is our duty to preserve for all time. There is not another city in this wide, wide country which has such a spot within its limits nor within miles of its environs. Why not take the necessary precautions in time and insure this picturesque bit of wild nature from being despoiled and ruined by those who cannot, in the nature of things, really enjoy and benefit thereby?

F. E. STUTZ

5014 Newhall street.

Rep. Times 5/10/1928

LOVER'S LEAP HIKE HIGHLY ENJOYABLE

Fine Weather Favors Local
Historians' Moonlight
Expedition

OVER 200 GO ON JAUNT

A more delightful evening could not have been desired for the moonlight hike by the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society last Friday evening. The moon was full, the sky was clear, the air was balmy.

A few people met at Hermit lane and the Ridge and after a few words of historical interest by Joseph S. Miles, secretary of the society, they went to the first turn of Hermit lane where a few more words were said, then they moved on to the second turn, the number all the while growing larger. At the second turn a short paper was read and the group continued to Lover's Leap.

By the time Lover's Leap was reached there must have been fifty hikers. They were met by more than fifty already gathered at the Leap and in a short time the number had swelled to two hundred.

The paper read by Mr. Miles at the start told of the immediate ground from Hermit lane to Salsignace street and from the river to the creek.

At the top of the path which leads to Kelpiu's Cave, Mr. Miles spoke of the Hermits of the Ridge, who settled in that immediate vicin-

ity in 1694 and built a log Tabernacle, of Kelpiu's their leader and one of the log cabins built by them which still stands. Until last year the overlapping ends of the logs could be seen at the corner of this cabin but recently it was replastered, so that the logs can no longer be seen.

At the Leap Mr. Miles concluded his papers by telling of the immediate ground from a short distance across the creek on a line with Sumac street up to Markle street and from the river to the creek continuing 446 acres, being purchased by Richard Vicaris from William Penn, prior to 1689. For this ground Richard Vicaris, like all the other first purchasers were required to pay one English silver shilling for each hundred acres on the first day of each year to William Penn as rent. This rent became very unpopular as years went on and was finally abolished by Act of Assembly in 1779.

The meeting was then turned over to J. Ellwood Barrett, vice president of the Society, who told of the legend of Lover's Leap and mystic legends of the "Hermits of the Ridge."

Mr. Barrett then introduced Mrs. Edith F. Hofeld, who read a most interesting paper prepared by Major Thomas S. Martin, secretary of Fairmount Park Commission, on Teddyuscung.

James K. Helms, Historian of the Society, then described the topography of the ground immediately surrounding the Leap. His talk was followed by some appropriate remarks by F. E. Stutz, of Germantown. Then came the most interesting event of the evening, the dancing of the Indians.

Eagle Scout Albert Mason accompanied by William Stafford, John O'Brien, Joseph T. Henderson, William Roach and William Reid all of Troop 81 Boy Scouts, regaled in full Indian costumes, with tom-tom, peace pipe and rattle produced the dances by the light of the moon.

Albert Mason first offered the tribal prayer and was followed by the social dance by the entire tribe. William Stafford and John O'Brien then performed the scalp dance. This was followed by the Thunder Pipe by Mason, Stafford and Henderson.

Between dances Scout Mason explained and described each dance, which made it more interesting.

By the light of the moon their gay colored costumes, feathered head gear, painted faces and Indian yells combined to make the dances wierd and very effective and were heartily applauded by the audience.

The next hike will be on Saturday afternoon, May 12. Those wishing to go will meet Mr. Helms at the foot of Green lane, Manayunk at 1.30 p. m. daylight time, and hike to Merion Meeting House.

11-27-30 60

Hear Review Of Book With Local Scenes

Joseph S. Miles Submits
Opinions on "The
Riversons"

SOCIETY GETS COPY

Moonlight Hike to Be
Held Tomorrow
Evening

Joseph S. Miles, secretary of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, on Tuesday evening of last week, reviewed Bumstead's "The Riversons," a romantic novel of the Wissahickon, at a meeting of the Society, held at 5453 Ridge avenue. Major Thomas S. Martin, president of the organization, presided.

"The Riversons" is a tale of Roxborough, Wissahickon, Manayunk and the Falls of Schuylkill, which was written by S. J. Bumstead, a local resident, in the "nineties." The book enjoyed great popularity at the time of its publication and sold through several editions.

Mr. Miles' review of the book was exhaustive and critical, both from the literary standpoint, and the historical background of the work. Each detail of the local scenes was carefully traced, and the characters were made to live and to once more tread the old familiar roads of this hilly environment.

The reviewer deplored the fact that with a locale, rivalling in beauty and legend the famed regions of the Catskills, the Wissahickon has never developed a Washington Irving to tell its story to the world.

In concluding, Mr. Miles conceded a vital interest in the Bumstead novel, but believed that the book's value at this time lay more in its scenic descriptions, and the familiar area which it covers, than to any claim, literary or historic.

Following Mr. Miles' talk, it was announced that a bound copy of "The Riversons" had been presented to the Historical Society, by Miss Mary B. McBride, to honor the memory of her great-grandmother, Catherine Rittenhouse McBride.

It was also reported that Hon. Harold G. Knight, of Norristown, had accepted an invitation to speak before a large meeting of the local Historical Society, some time next April. Judge Knight is the president of the Montgomery County Historical Society.

James K. Helms, reminded the members of a moonlight hike which will be held tomorrow night. Persons, other than members of the Society, who are interested in the Wissahickon Creek, its history and legends, are invited to meet at the corner of Ridge and Shawmont avenues, at 7:30 p. m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1931.

The Wissahickon Memorial Bridge

Last week it became necessary for The Suburban Press to criticise the very apparent remissness of one of this locality's councilmen for overlooking a part of this section's activities during the World War.

Our criticism still holds good, but further information leads us to believe that another of the Sixth District's representatives should shoulder half the burden. The resolution for re-naming the Henry Avenue Bridge—to the Wissahickon Memorial Bridge—we are told was presented by Councilman Howard Smith, at the request of Houston Post, of the American Legion, which, it is said, wanted the name of Germantown, alone, in the ordinance.

The bridge in question is entirely in Wissahickon, of the 21st Ward, with one approach being in the Falls of Schuylkill territory of the 38th Ward. The residents of these communities, while not desiring to withhold any honor from the World War soldiers, sailors and nurses of other sections, feel that any monument which is erected to those men and women, should include the names of the communities in which it stands, and are just as proud of the historical, patriotic, industrial and cultural achievements of their neighborhoods as are the people of the 22nd and 42nd Wards.

School House Lane divides the 21st and 38th Wards. Wissahickon avenue—or old Germantown's "Township Line" holds the 22nd Ward from encroaching on the two first named. The Wissahickon Memorial Bridge is located entirely in the 21st Ward, at least a mile from any ward except the 38th.

Without forgetting, for one moment, all the good things our representatives have done for their constituents here, we feel that all of them should refresh their geographical memories once in a while.

- This, we've attempted to do, with the result that if the names of Wissahickon and the Falls of Schuylkill are not included in the communities mentioned on the bronze marker, which is to be erected on the bridge, it will not be because the Councilmen have not been reminded of the oversight.

2/7/1935

Sale of Old Log Cabin Drew Great Crowd to Wissahickon

Widely Known Resort of Old Days, With Its Furnishings, Live Stock, and Chattels, Sold by Manayunk Auctioneer

By John M. Sicking

June 21st 1871 was the first day of summer, but the last of the old Log Cabin, the roadhouse of pleasant memory, that once stood along the banks of the Wissahickon creek, just below the present Henry Avenue Bridge.

The widely-known hostelry of olden times was sold to the Fairmount Park Commissioners, who ordered it demolished at once. The last occupant, John McChrystal, hired Matthew Pester, Manayunk auctioneer, to sell all the contents of the building and other of his private holdings, at public sale without reserve.

On the days of the sale many people were present; some to pick up bargains, and others to pay a farewell visit to what was known as Philadelphia's first zoo. Present-day circulars—or hand-dodgers, as they were once called—are inconspicuous when compared with the catalogue that was issued for the Log Cabin sale of sixty-four years ago.

The household furniture was the first to be disposed of, after which an open barouche brought \$195. A fine black horse sold for \$100; a sorrel was good for \$50; and a bay work-horse went for \$38. There was a bay trotting mare for which the buyer gave \$232. On this latter the bidding lagged, and McChrystal, the seller, pledged himself to give \$10 more for the mare a month afterward, than any buyer would pay for her. He also offered to call the sale void, if she failed to trot one mile in three minutes. The sale was resumed, and the trotter brought the sum mentioned above.

Next on the list was a cinnamon bear, which had been used to attract visitors to the Log Cabin. The owner described the animal as being "sound, gentle and willing to draw in any harness." At which statement many in the crowd began to laugh. All the residents of Roxborough, Manayunk, the Falls, and nearby Germantown knew that old bear and its temperament. Pester mounted the stump, where the bear was chained, whereupon it reared up and prepared to give the auctioneer one of his sample hugs. The Manayunk salesman vacated the stump in record time, and withdrew beyond the length of the chain which held the bear. The animal then mounted the stump and pulled the corks and drank two bottles of sarsaparilla, with real gusto. He was evidently willing to be sold any old time, for each time he had to show off his tricks he was given plenty of refreshments. Finally the furry old creature was sold to a man named Logan, who paid

\$92.50 for him.

Monkeys, owls, parrots and other like curiosities were sold in their turn, with the entire sale bringing McChrystal \$1800.

After the sale McChrystal related a tale concerning the bear, which may have been true, and then again it might have been a stretch of the imagination. It appears that there was once a young man and young woman working in one of the Wissahickon mills, that were accustomed to doing their spooning along the creek. They came down to visit the Log Cabin late one Sunday afternoon. It was the practice to leave the bear out of his cage evenings, in order to get a little exercise but secure enough on the end of a thirty foot chain. The lovers had chosen a spot to do their sparring within the bear's exercising zone. Leaving the apple of his eye sitting on the ground the gallant swain went over to the cabin to buy refreshments, when the bear spotted the beauty alone. He trotted over behind her, squatted down and put one hairy paw around her waist and started licking the back of her neck. "Good Heavens! Donald!, the girl is reported to have said, "How you can squeeze!"

Then turning her head to see why the boy friend did not answer, she discovered what was doing the squeezing. Long, loud piercing screams echoed up and down the valley, with many persons coming on the run to aid the beauty in distress. But that Mae West of the early Seventies had passed out of the picture in a fainting spell. Bruin, himself, was almost scared stiff. But he ran back into his cage and stood innocently eating a carrot in his animal attempt to throw off suspicion. But other lovers saw the occurrence and repeated the story.

On the day following the sale—June 22nd 1871—a force of workmen started the demolition of the Old Log Cabin. The workmen discovered an old dam-broast, covered by the waters of the Wissahickon, in front of the old Cabin. There is little doubt that this was one of the dams constructed to hold waters for one of the early Run-house Mills, which stood on that spot. It was probably Mill No. 5, 6, or 7 as described in The Suburban Press recently by James F. Magee, Jr.

8/1/1935

62

THE WALNUT LANE BRIDGE

How mighty this arch—that curving high,
Forms a frame o'er the creek, for the azure sky,
And century-old trees sheltered 'neath the span—
That sprung from the visions of humble man?
It welds together the Roxborough height
And Germantown's hills, so that Time in flight
Saves golden moments that once were lost
Whenever this valley the traveler crossed.

When it was built a scaffolding frail
In patience was flung o'er the rock-ribbed vale,
And stranded wires, as ductile ropes,
Sustained and lifted the workmen's hopes.
Then moistened clay—in modern mode—
Was poured in forms to construct the road,
Until, at last, all the timbered mask
Was taken away from the Wonder Task.

It is so that we build, with hopes supreme
In the plans of Life—in each daily dream
Our Character's fashioned in testing moulds,
That finally removed, all our strength unfolds,
As laborers none of our work's confined,
But guiding us on is a Master's Mind,
That points the way from a Distant Ridge,
As we raise or ruin Life's high-spanned bridge.
A. C. C.

2-21-1929

LEADERS OF HISTORY SOCIETY TO MEET

Joseph S. Miles, secretary of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society has sent out notices to the directors of the organization, for a meeting to be held at "The Hermitage," the home of the president, Major Thomas S. Martin, on East Hermit lane, next Tuesday evening, February 23th.

Plans will be discussed for the Society's activities during 1929, and all of those who are interested invariably attend the meetings at Major Martin's home.

The hikes, conducted under the leadership of vice president James K. Helms, during the past year, have proved popular and no doubt more of the "tramps" will be on the program of the coming months.



A Halftone Reproduction of the Old Mill Made From a Photograph of the Original Painting by Dr. Naaman H. Keyser

When and Where Germantown Came in First THE FIRST PAPER MILL IN AMERICA

SIXTEEN years before Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, William Rittenhouse built his paper mill on Monoshone Creek, which soon changed its name to Paper Mill Run.

When Ben Franklin, a lusty apprentice of seventeen, ran away from his printer brother in Boston to adopt Philadelphia as his home, he stopped in New York to find employment. But in those days New York was only a convenient port or road house lying between Boston and Philadelphia. William Bradford, the only worth-while printer there, had recently removed to Philadelphia as a more likely place for a printer to find business, and

thus made himself a worthy forerunner of the publishers of THE BEEHIVE.

Young Franklin came, saw and conquered. He not only established a printing office and stationery store, invented improvements in press and type, but he formed a sort of scientific and inventive partnership with David Rittenhouse, a grandson of the owner of the already famous paper mill. Together these eminent scientists invented aircraft which were not much improved for more than a hundred and fifty years, when Professor Langley and the Wright brothers made a sublime success of the aeroplane. Doctor

Franklin's friend, Dr. Rittenhouse, left his name to a street in Germantown and to another in Philadelphia proper—so very proper that it leads right out of Rittenhouse Square!

But tempting as this subject is, THE BEEHIVE must not jump over the bars bounding its limited space, nor go beyond the

bounds of Germantown, but let Dr. Naaman H. Keyser repeat the story of the Rittenhouse mill—from his highly interesting book, "Old Historic Germantown."

THE RITTENHOUSE PAPER MILL

"The first paper mill in the United States was erected in 1690, on Monoshone Creek, a tributary of the Wissahickon, by a company composed of Samuel Carpenter, Robert Turner, Thomas Tresse, William Bradford and William Rittenhouse. Rittenhouse was the most important member of the company as he was a paper maker, and he and his son, Claus, managed the mill for the others. In time they became sole owners. Carpenter owned the land, and by reason of this owner-

ship, held an interest in the company. In 1693, he conveyed twenty acres upon which the paper mill was erected to the other members of the company. Rittenhouse secured Turner's share in 1697 and Tresse's share about 1704. Bradford was the famous printer who established the first printing press in the colonies, and for a long time used all the printing paper made in the mill.

"In 1700 the Rittenhouses met with a great misfortune; the paper mill was washed away during a freshet, carrying with it considerable material, paper and tools.

"The total amount saved from the wreck amounted to about \$40.21. This was such a great loss to the colonies that William Penn sent out a general appeal for help to rebuild, and headed the subscription with £25. In the year 1702 a more substantial building was erected a short distance from where the

first mill stood; it was on the north side of the creek, directly back of the old Rittenhouse homestead, which is known today as the "Birthplace of David Rittenhouse," and is still standing on Lincoln Drive, Fairmount Park.

"Strictly speaking, the paper mill was not in Germantown, but a few hundred feet from the township line. The Rittenhouses, though, were closely associated with the early history of the town. William Rittenhouse, the paper maker, was the first bishop of the Mennonite Church. He died in 1708 and was succeeded by his son Claus (Nicholas). In May, 1734, Claus Rittenhouse, the second paper maker in America, died. He was the grandfather of David Rittenhouse, the great astronomer. Claus Rittenhouse left the paper mill to his oldest son, William, and he left it to his son, Jacob, who was the proprietor during the Revolution. He was one of the Minute Men of 1776, who were pledged to take up arms at a minute's notice, and he went with the Roxborough troops when the call came. They are said to have assembled in a grove in the Creshim valley, near Wissahickon creek, and knelt in prayer with their loved ones, while the old men raised their voices amid the tears of the women in commending them to the protection of Almighty God.

"Jacob died in 1811 and the old mill came in possession of the Markles, who had married into the family. They later moved into a more modern mill. The old mill was last used as a cotton batting factory. After the property came into possession of the Commissioners of Fairmount Park it was razed. There are now only a few foundation stones to be seen of this old landmark."

8/18/1932
→

"TO THE WISSAHICKON"

64

No words of man can ever tell
Nor artist hand portray the
scenes,
That ever on thy banks doth
dwell
Thou fairest of historic streams.

Thy rugged grandeur casts a
charm
That lingers in the heart to stay
Like happy memories rich and
warm
They add new beauties day by
day.

Rocks, trees and stream together
blend
In harmony so clear and rare,
Like music of an organ grand.
They sing a song upon the air.

The changing seasons ever add
New vistas to thy winding way.
We see the handiwork of God,
They all proclaim His Majesty.

What wondrous tales could thou
unfold,
Since Indian feet did softly
tread,
Sweet tales of love and heroes
bold
That now are numbered with the
dead.

Oh may we guard, with courage
stern,
That naught thy rugged scenes
may mar,
And generations yet unborn
Shall praise thy beauty, near
and far.

ALEXANDER HANLON

9/17/1936

Local Oil Well Turned Out To Be Fraudulent

Borings Made on Robeson's
Knoll Near Mouth of
Wissahickon Creek

DERRICKS ERECTED

Believed to Have Been Pro-
jected to Fleece Phila-
delphia Investors

Oil, the "liquid gold" of this age, was first discovered in Pennsylvania. With the finding of it came all sorts of rumors that it could be found almost anywhere in the state, simply by drilling a well.

One of the places mentioned, was Robeson's Knoll, at the eastern end of the present City Avenue Bridge. As usual a coterie of manipulators planned to fleece the people of Philadelphia, and in their efforts to

do so leased the property mentioned above.

It is now a part of Fairmount Park, just below the mouth of the Wissahickon Creek.

A high board fence was built all around the knoll and a huge derrick like those then used in oil drilling was erected. No one who was not interested in investing

money in the project was admitted, so that the ordinary curiosity seeker had little opportunity of finding out what was going on in the inclosure.

In the Norristown Herald, of June 1866, the following article concerning the local oil well was printed:

"Twenty-five cents charged to see boring for oil on south bank of Wissahickon Creek, at mouth. Six or eight acres enclosed with a board fence. Payment made at gate. Two derricks. Tank with capacity of 350 barrels. 11-horse power steam engine. One well, 4 inches wide, 320 feet deep, equipped with pump. Printed circular says well yields 40 barrels a day. "Oil" pumped into tank never seems to rise beyond an established level. Inquiry as to whether any oil has been shipped away meets with indefinite responses. Looks like oil and smells like oil, but the writer is not certain that it is really pumped out of the well. Second well is down 30 feet."

From a building, beyond the

creek, a person could see over the fence and from this source it became known that the operators were sinking holes and that they were actually trying to strike oil.

The scheme continued for some time, until one night a gossiping watcher declared that he had seen wagons loaded with crude oil entering the grounds and that the oil was poured into the drilled holes.

The tales which followed are said to have put a stop to the boring

and finally the property was abandoned, thereby ending the existence of the only oil field in Philadelphia.

Phila Record 1/27/1930

Bathe in Spring at Ten Below

LANCASTER, Pa., Jan. 26 (AP).—With the temperature about 10 degrees below freezing, 59 members of the Church of the Brethren were baptized today by immersion in a spring. The ceremonies were held at Middle Creek and Springdale, Lancaster county.

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UP AND DOWN MONTGOMERY COUNTY

3/8/34

At the Headwaters of the Perkiomen

It was a novel outing which the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, of Roxborough, held recently, when it conducted an expedition to the source of the Wissahickon, in Montgomery township. Thousands who are familiar with the charms of this most famous small stream in America have little or no information as to its source, nor that the course of the stream in Montgomery county is about twice the length of its course in Philadelphia. But the latter six miles constitute the notable part of the stream.

Perhaps the expedition of the Wissahickon Valley Society may be a suggestion to the Perkiomen Valley Historical and Natural Science Society to undertake a similar venture to seek the source of the Perkiomen, another small stream famous for its scenery and its history.

The general course of the Perkiomen may be followed more readily with vehicles than that of the Wissahickon in Montgomery county, since the pike running north from Collegeville is never far from the creek until the region north of Greenlane is reached.

Usually stream originate from a number of springs, so that it is difficult to point with complete assurance to one single source. A mile south of the village of Harlem, in the eastern corner of Berks county, is a strong spring which is usually termed the source of the Perkiomen. Once this spring was in the basement of a dwelling house, but the house collapsed more than a quarter of a century ago. Not far away is another spring which contributes to the stream.

This is the locality where Montgomery, Berks, Bucks and Lehigh counties meet. In its devious course for the first few miles the Perkiomen flows from Berks into Lehigh county and then back again into Berks, finally crossing the line into Montgomery county.

The stream originates at an altitude of 900 feet. In its flow of 36 miles to the Schuylkill, its fall averages 23 feet a mile, which was one reason why so many mills were built along its banks in early days.

Along its first course in Berks county there were formerly two mills. In Lehigh county it operated two mills. Then when it returned to Berks county four more mills derived motive power from its waters.

Some years ago Howard W. Kriebel, of Pennsburg, made a count of the mills which at one time or another utilized the water power of the Perkiomen or its tributaries in Montgomery county. His list totaled 86, and at that Upper Providence township was not included. The number for the several townships was: Douglass, 9; Francis, 5; Frederick, 7; Hatfield, 1; Lower Salford, 3; Marl-

borough, 15; New Hanover, 10; Perkiomen and Skippack, formerly constituting one township, 9; Towamencin, 3; Upper Hanover, 8; Upper Salford, 10; Lower Providence, 5.

Two important branches of the Perkiomen, the Northeast Branch and Ridge Valley creek, rise in Bucks county and both gave power for mills in that county. Unam creek, a branch of Ridge Valley creek, also originates in Bucks county.

The North Branch and Hosen-sack creek, tributaries of the Perkiomen, have their sources in Lehigh county. Several other branches of the Perkiomen come from Berks county.

The question is often asked whether there is more water or less water now in the Wissahickon and the Perkiomen than there was a century ago.

Most residents who have lived along either stream for a long time will promptly declare there is much less water now than formerly. But dependence upon memory for matters of this kind is not safe. The same old residents will say that the winters of the long ago were always much colder than they are now, but records show there has been little variation in the average temperature. Memory recalls the unusual things of youth—the unusually deep snows and the unusually high water in the streams.

In view of the lessened use of the water of the two streams named for industrial purposes, it might be supposed that there should be more water in the channels now than formerly.

Cutting down of forests is believed to affect the flow of water in the stream. Many forests have been cut into ^{small areas} in the upper Perkiomen in the last 50 years.

There is a thrill in trailing an elusive stream to its source, just as there is in working out any problem for which there are no rules in the books. Here is the place where the waters divide.

A little farther north in the same Herford township where the Perkiomen rises, other streams have their origin whose waters flow northward and eventually find their way into the Lehigh river.

In Montgomery township, not far from the spring where the Wissahickon rises, are other springs which constitute the headwaters of Neshaminy creek, a tributary of the Delaware.

Sandy Run, the chief tributary of the Wissahickon, begins its course in the southern part of Willow Grove. Originally there was a great swamp here, from the southern end of which Sandy Run emerged. From the northern end of the same swamp flowed another little stream which found its way to Pennypack creek.

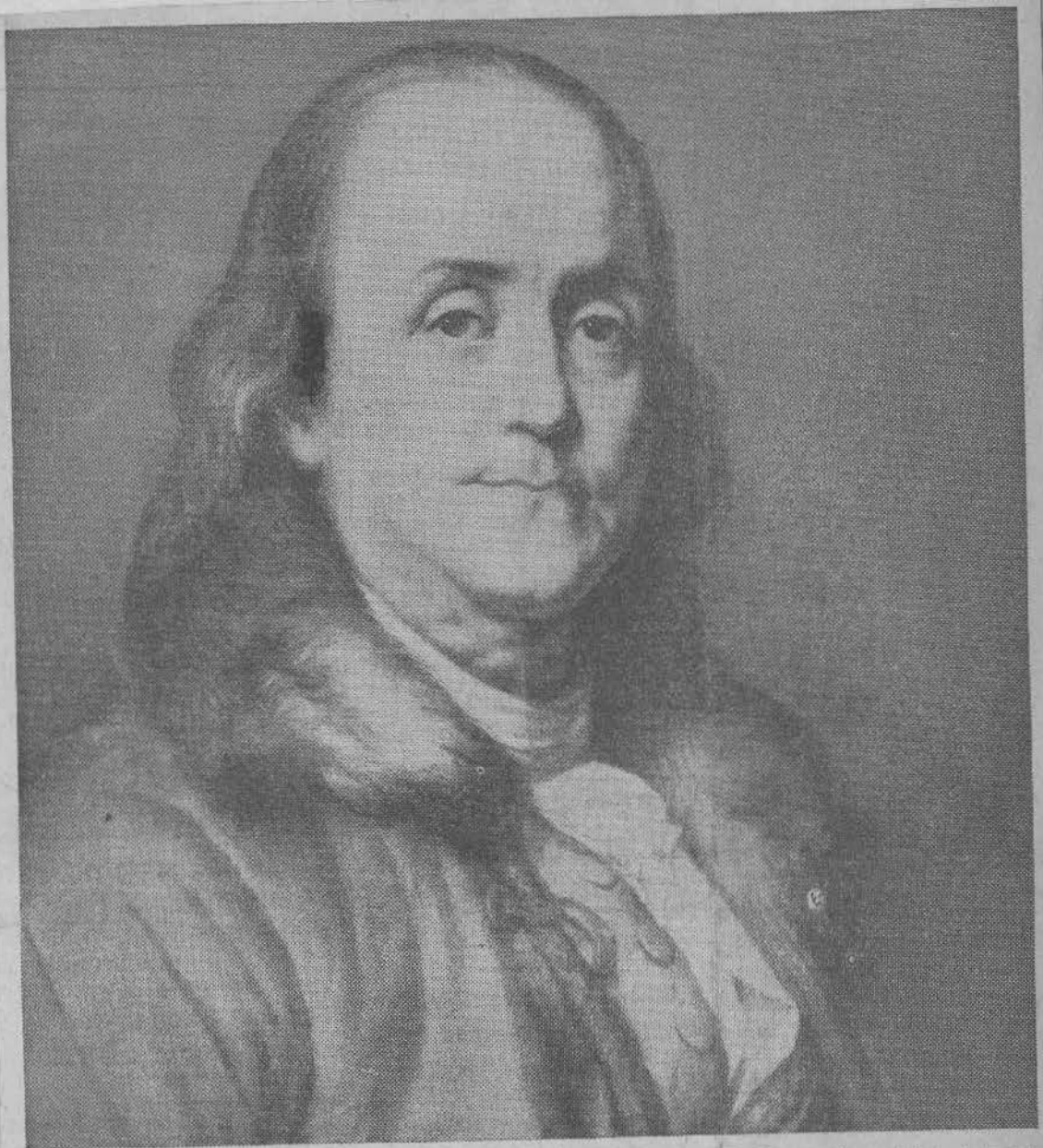
All of which suggests that there is abundant opportunity for geographical explorations here at home.

NORRIS.

WONDER-MAKER

We roam in Wissahickon's vale,
 And pause to think of futile aim
 That urges men, without avail,
 To turn to art in search of fame.
 Such pictures untaught Nature yields!
 The wonder of a growing tree;
 The marvel of the hills and fields;
 The breezes' incivility!
 Oh, scientist, with minute plans,
 Your instruments are little worth;
 And emulate—well, no one can—
 The artless structure of the Earth,
 We watch the windy Spring carouse,
 And mark the Winter's wonders grow;
 The graceful awkwardness of boughs;
 The careless robing of the snow!
 We see huge stones heaped in a pile;
 We marvel at the God-sprayed tints;
 We see full beauty, lacking guile,
 That on our souls makes deep imprints.
 So set your dreams in frames of gold,
 Or lay stained stones in ordered row,
 And mix your colors, new and old,
 And seek for lights that shade or glow,
 Then roam in Wissahickon's vale,
 Just pause to think of futile aims,
 That urge men on, without avail,
 To create things which Nature shames.

A. C. C.



"Benjamin Franklin, Printer." . . . That was the form which he preferred his fame to take in the public eye

The Paper Franklin Used

Watermarks and Characteristics of the Hand-made Product of Colonial Paper Mills

By JAMES F. MAGEE, JR.

WITH all the honors conferred upon Benjamin Franklin, both at home and abroad, he was most proud of the fact that he was a printer.

His last will reads, "I, Benjamin Franklin, printer, of Philadelphia, etc."

The early printer had great difficulty in securing sufficient paper to supply his requirements. William Bradford, the first printer in the middle Colonies, helped erect and finance the Rittenhouse paper mill in 1744. Run in Barboursburgh



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In order to secure paper for his print shop, Franklin assisted and loaned money to eighteen different paper makers in the Colonies. The majority of the paper he purchased, however, he imported from England and France.

The American Philosophical Society has in his library many thousands of letters written by Franklin, also letters received by him. In going over these letters, examining the paper for American watermarks, we have noted these references to paper and printing:

"On February 7, 1752, to increase his production of paper, Franklin & Hall loaned to Conrad Sheetz, Mill Creek, Lower Merion, one hundred pounds."

"In March, 1749, Franklin loaned one hundred pounds to Daniel Womelsdorf (Berks County, near Reading) to enlarge his paper mill."

From the Dewees Mill

On January 26, 1739 William Dewees, Jr.—his paper mill was on the Wissahickon Creek; later the famous Charles Magarge mill—wrote to Franklin: "I sent you last week a quantity of paper, and now send you, by same bearer, more to be placed to your credit."

A receipt records Franklin's payment of 40 shillings for paper delivered to William Dewees. This was from Dewees' paper mill, the second erected in America, on the Wissahickon Creek just below the Montgomery County line.

Before the Revolution Franklin sold to Captain Sibbold, "for the great cannon," 123 pounds of double cartridge paper.

Franklin purchased paper from the Rittenhouse Mill in 1741. For their watermark, a clover leaf is in the paper, upon which Franklin records that in that year he purchased in a few months 329 reams of paper.

Franklin's letters also state that he shipped large quantities of paper "to James Parker, of New York; to Captain Grubb, cartridge paper before sailing in 1747; to Peter Timothy, Charleston, S. C., ninety reams of Philadelphia elephant paper and fifty-six reams of Denny paper."

April 30, 1788, Joshua Gilpin, of the Brandywine Paper Mill, near Wilmington, wrote to Franklin: "I beg leave to present His Excellency, Benjamin Franklin, Esq., with samples of such kinds of paper as have been made at the Brandywine Mill."

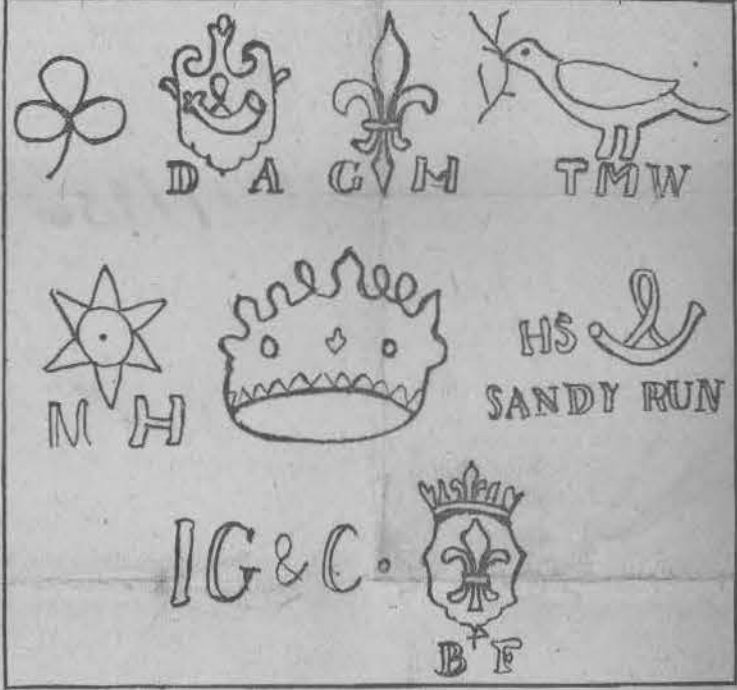
The third Rittenhouse paper mill was erected about 1740 on Paper Mill Run, a tributary of the Wissahickon, opposite the present Rittenhouse dwelling, in Fairmount Park.

The first mill was built in 1690, about 350 feet above the present dwelling. In 1700 it was washed away in a great freshet. In 1701 the second mill was built near the same location of the first mill. The clover leaf, the emblem of the Rittenhouse mill, was the watermark in the paper upon which Franklin wrote his letter recording the amount of paper he purchased in 1741.

Watermarks of Paper Mills

For more than a hundred years the watermark, or trade-mark, of the Rittenhouse mill was the clover leaf. The design was neither new nor original; it had been used for centuries throughout Europe, the earliest examples being found in Italian watermarks.

The William Dewees mill was built in 1710 on the Wissahickon,



Watermarks of Colonial paper makers in Pennsylvania mills

on the site of the present Mount St. Joseph College for Girls, at Chestnut Hill. The watermark of this mill was a post horn in a shield over the letters D. A.

The Willcox Ivy Mill, on Chester Creek, in 1777 installed new, up-to-date machines for making a fine grade of writing paper. Before 1794 the watermark of the mill was the dove holding a sprig of ivy in its bill. Many letters written by Franklin contain the dove emblem of the Willcox mill. The log-book of Commodore John Barry, "father of the United States Navy," is written upon this paper. Many of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, while assembled in Philadelphia, wrote upon the Willcox paper, as at that time it was the finest manufactured in America.

Paper Used by Washington

On a letter written by General Washington from his headquarters in Morristown, June 2, 1790, the watermark of the Willcox dove appears. The letter says the trial of Eenedict Arnold would be postponed until the return of the officers from their attack upon the Highlands on the Hudson. It is hardly to be supposed that Washington was superstitious, yet the "Dove of Peace" appearing in the sheets of paper on which he daily wrote his orders and commands to his officers must have seemed to him a good omen, portending a happy issue out of all his troubles.

William Dewees built a second paper mill on the Wissahickon in 1731, just above Valley Green Inn at Wises Mill Lane. In 1761 the mill was sold to Nicholas Hasselbach, the first printer of Chestnut Hill; he also published an almanac in German for the year 1764.

His watermark in the Franklin letter is a six-pointed star over the letters N. H.

In 1843 the mill was rented and in 1853 purchased by Charles Magarge, the president of the Bank of Germantown. In the 1850s this was one of the best equipped and largest paper mill in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Megargee, the wife of one of the owners, wrote:

*It is there you will see the garments old,
Of the gentle maiden and soldier bold,
The fragments of linen the rich man wore,
And the coarser rags that poverty bore,
Together heaped up, like some mammoth hill,
Within the walls of the old paper-mill.*

Benjamin Franklin's personal watermark appears in the paper of his "Poor Richard's Almanac" for 1748 and 1754. It is a fleur-de-lys in a shield over the figure 4 and his initials B. F.

Money Printed by Franklin

As long as Franklin remained in business he received the orders for printing the Colonial paper money for the Pennsylvania Assembly.

The 10-shilling note was printed in 1757 and the 20-shilling one in 1758. The 2-shilling and 6-pence money is dated 1772 and is very scarce, as it contains the signature of John Morton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. On this note is the seal of Pennsylvania, which contains the arms of

William Penn. The arms of William Penn are also now emblazoned upon the flag of the University of Pennsylvania. This note, also the one of Massachusetts Bay, was printed by Hall & Sellers, the successors of Franklin & Hall.

The paper upon which the \$8 note is printed contained the watermark United States in large letters. The money was dated May, 1780.

"In The Gay Nineties"

By E. R. MUSTIN

Reminiscences of Old Hostelrys Along the Wissahickon Valley and River Drive in the days before Prohibition

Looking back over a period of forty years, time has made great changes in nearby recreation spots patronized by the people before the advent of the automobile and prohibition.

In those days Riverside Mansion, on the Schuylkill river at the mouth of the Wissahickon creek, was the most popular "hang out" for old and young.

It contained a large open air beer garden with a statue of Bismark in the center and its only source of amusement was caroussel, which was operated seven days a week.

During the summer season there were fireworks displays and sometimes balloon ascensions to draw the crowds.

On one occasion a daring aeronaut narrowly escaped dropping into a huge smokestack at the Pencoyd Iron Works and another had to be rescued from the top of a large tree in Montgomery county on the Percival Roberts estate.

Great crowds flocked to Riverside every summer. Six steamers on the Schuylkill conveyed them to and from Fairmount. The fleet consisted of the Lafayette, Riverside, Belmont, Undine, Gazele and Rockland.

The last two were single deck craft, while the old Undine was propelled by a large back wheel. She was brought here from the Mississippi River.

Later on four new boats were built, modern in design and named Mayflower, Vigilant, Volunteer and Defender.

The new boats were fast and commodious and stopped at the Falls of the Schuylkill, Strawberry, Rockland, Belmont and the Zoo on

the way to Fairmount.

If I remember correctly the old mansion, owned by John F. Betz, had three proprietors in its time. The first was Allan R. Warren, who was succeeded by "Pat" Dempsey, the noted oarsman, and finally by Richard Patterson.

It was kept open all year and was noted during the winter season for banquets and sleighing parties.

One winter the big attraction was a man named Schroeder, the self-styled "Divine Healer," who claimed remarkable cures by the laying of the hands. Thousands of cripples came from all over the country to be "cured" during his three months' stay at the hostelry.

With the coming of prohibition the structure was demolished. The ground was bought by the Pencoyd Iron Works and is still occupied by them. The old Union Hotel, close by, conducted by Charles Tolan, was also torn down.

Across the way from Riverside was William Lova's High Bridge Mansion. It faced the park drive and Ridge avenue, and was a popular rendezvous in those days for horsemen all the year around, especially during the sleighing season along the Wissahickon. It is still there, but only as a restaurant.

The Rev. Charles Albany, a park guard, was stationed at this point for over thirty years. He was a licensed exhorter in the Methodist church and conducted the little mission at Blue Bell, preaching there every Sunday until his death some years ago.

We mention this because Mr. Albany was widely known to Germantown horsemen and was said

to be a preacher of no mean ability.

Below High Bridge Mansion was another hostelry. It was known as School Lane Park and was conducted by Ernest Riestle. The park was located on the high embankment between old School lane station and Wissahickon station on the Reading Railroad. The station was abandoned by the railroad about ten years ago. The "park" was acquired for a match factory.

Below Riestle's was "Ken" Lynch's Turf Villa, widely patronized by the sporting element. It was popular with river canoeists who used the old music pavilion to store their boats and who also had a club house nearby. Lynch did a thriving business and frequently held ox roasts there during the winter.

A few squares below Turf Villa was Tissot's Hotel on the River Drive. When prohibition came the big business enjoyed by Tissot for years and years faded like a rose in June. It was later sold and the name changed to Cafe La Riviere.

All these places I have mentioned were noted in their day—back in the gay nineties—as hostelrys for the driving public. They did a "land office" business and were the scenes of many social functions and lively parties. They all employed special policemen, as they were watched closely by D. Clarence Gibboney who personally made frequent visits to their places.

However, none ever lost their license, although several remonstrances were filed.

With the coming of prohibition they were all gradually forced out of business and today are but memories of the past.

While the above hostelrys flourished in the vicinity of the river drive so did Hiram Lippen's place at the foot of Gypsy lane; Indian Rock Hotel and Valley Green along the Wissahickon Valley.

These road houses were famous in the gay nineties for good cheer and refreshment to carriage drivers and bicyclists, who traversed the beautiful valley all the year round.

Indian Rock was noted for its dinners of catfish and waffles and Valley Green was a regular rendezvous for wheelmen.

This old building, by the way, has not changed, for it looks the same today as it did forty years ago and still enjoys a large patronage.

FIND FRAGILE FERNS ON NATURE OUTING

Ninth Trail in Wissahickon Valley Discloses Odd Varieties for Study

NATIVE RHODODENDRONS

Ferns, those fragile, delicate plants that love the woodland shadows, are particularly luxurious in the Wissahickon Valley.

Like the mosses and lichens which were studied in last Monday's Nature Trail, they are flowerless plants, often classified as Cryptogams as distinguished from the Phanerogams, or flower bearing plants. The ferns, however, have roots that are often deep in the soil and they are distinguished from mosses and lichens in their highly developed vascular or woody system, seen in the fibrous strands of the leaf-stalks and the veins of their leaves.

This week's Nature Trail through Fairmount Park and vicinity starts at Rex av. and the Wissahickon Drive, an area particularly rich in fern life. It continues up the drive for about three quarters of a mile, to the red covered bridge across the Creek, at Thomas Mill Road.

These Nature Trails are conducted under the auspices of the Wagner Free Institute of Science, George B. Kaiser, professor of botany, is the nature guide, while Carl Boyer, director, plans the routes.

Probably the commonest of the ferns is *Dicksonia punctilobula* the hay-scented or boulder fern, which was the favorite of Thoreau. They are found on the bank side, along the road in many places. They are a pale green, very thin, with strong stalks rising from slender extensively creeping naked rootstocks. Their fruit dots are small, globular bodies placed on the apex of a free vein or fork.

Then there is the Christmas fern (*Polystichum acrostichoides*) which remains green throughout the winter. It also has a stout rootstock with leathery texture, and leaves with bristly teeth. In this vicinity we see also the Interrupted Fern (*Osmunda claytoniana*), which is clothed with loose wool when young, but soon becomes smooth.

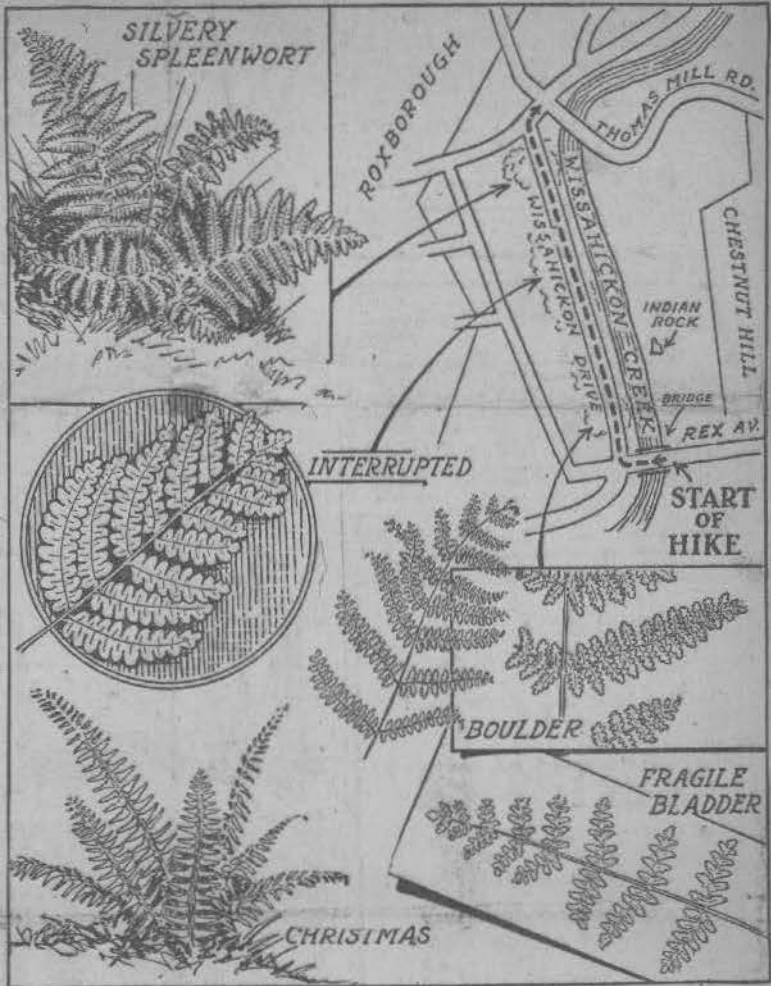


Rex. Av. Bridge

Then there is the Silvery Spleenwort (*Asplenium thelypteroides*) and the Marginal Shield Fern (*Aspidium marginatum*), which can be studied by referring to the illustrations accompanying the map of the trail.

Along this wall we come across the

FERNS OF THE WISSAHICKON VALLEY



Ferns are the chief interest of this week's Nature Trail and a good place to study them was selected along the Wissahickon Drive from Rex av. to the covered bridge at Thomas Mill road, a distance of more than a mile. It is a heavily wooded section and ferns grow in profusion on the side of the road. Among the more common ferns found there are the Christmas, Boulder, Interrupted, Silvery Spleenwort and Fragile Bladder, illustrated above. The Indian statue at Indian Rock can be seen through the trees from the Rex. av. bridge. There is also a large clump of native Rhododendron at the beginning of the hike near this bridge.

Indian cucumber root (*Meleola virginica*), a flower-bearing plant which we have not studied before. It has peculiar spiderly-looking flowers of dull yellowish purple. When it blooms it has a second story of leaves and its root has a strong cucumber taste.

There are several large clumps of native Rhododendron along this trail, notably at the very outset. This is the native variety (*Rhododendron maximum*) and it blooms, appropriately, about the Fourth of July.

Its flowers are in clusters of white tinted pink with yellow markings. The Rhododendron is usually found in rocky places and likes acid condition of soil. It is a member of the heath family. Note the difference between



Rhododendron

the flower and leaf buds. This is the ninth of a series of Nature Trails through Fairmount Park and vicinity. The present trails are through the Upper Wissahickon and environs. Next Monday's trail will continue from the other side of the Wissahickon Creek from the covered bridge at Thomas Mill Road to Rex av.

Evening Bulletin 6/20/1929

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MANY SURPRISES FOR NATURE LOVERS

Upper Reaches of Wissahickon Disclose Numerous Varieties of Plants to 'Trailers'

LIKE PRIMEVAL FOREST

For the student of nature lore the Wissahickon Valley is a "gorge of endless surprises." All too few people visit the upper reaches of the creek, for there is a common impression that it does not reach much beyond the Springfield av. bridge in the Valley Green section.

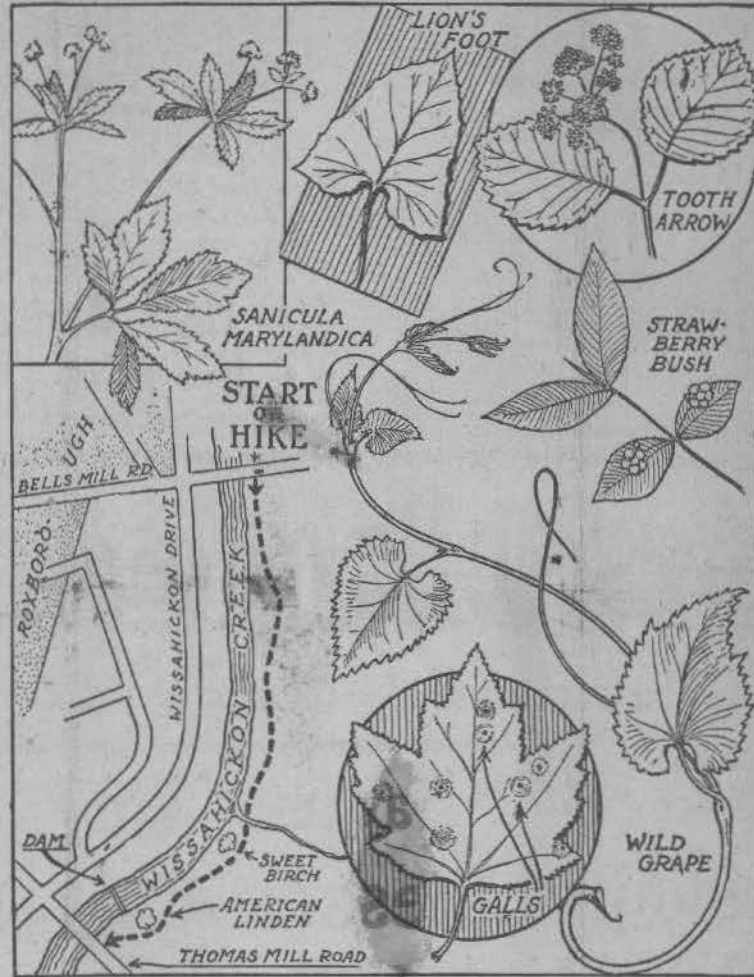
As a matter of fact, some of the most beautiful sections of the valley are to be found quite a distance beyond. This is particularly true of the path of this Nature Trail, which passes through the Highland Glen section, where there are mighty hemlock trees and the creek bank looks much like a primeval forest, through which man rarely strays.

The trail starts at Bell's Mill road and proceeds down the creek to the Thomas mill road. There is plenty of chance to clamber over ledges of rocks in this vicinity, which gives it the appearance of a ravine in mountainous country. This is a particularly cool place in these summery days and it certainly offers an unusual profusion of wild flowers for study.

These Nature Trails are conducted under the auspices of the Wagner Free Institute of Science. George B. Kaiser, professor of botany, is our nature guide, while Carl Boyer, director, plans the routes.

We enter from Bell's Mill road, into an area well shaded with Box Elder trees, while the Ground Ivy is much in evidence. Here also we see the Clearweed (*Pilea canadensis*), a member of the nettle family with inconspicuous greenish flowers. Nearby are many plants of *Sanicula Marylandica*,

INTERESTING PLANTS IN THE WISSAHICKON



Summer brings a profusion of flowers to the Wissahickon and this week's Nature Trail starts at Bells Mill road and continues downstream along the footpath to Thomas Mill road. On the leaves of the trees and flowers we see galls beginning to form caused by the stings of insects who insert eggs to be hatched there. Along this route we see the Lion's Foot, the Tooth Arrow, *Sanicula Marylandica*, wild Strawberry bushes and wild grape vines entwined around old tree trunks. At the end of the trail stands a large American Linden and a good example of the Sweet Birch tree.

a member of the parsley family, with little yellow clusters of flowers. As we progress along this path we notice the leaves of many trees in this

section are spotted with what looks like red or brownish paint. This opens up a whole new field of nature study known as Cecidology. These

spots are known as galls, formed by the sting of insects. The eggs inserted in the tissues of the leaves are hatched there with the larvae living within the plant tissues.

As we wander along we see many examples of the Lion's Foot, or Gall-of-the-Earth (*Prenanthe alba*). The leaf is shaped like the imprint of a lion's foot and hence the name. Later on in the season this plant sends up large stalks from which hang clusters of nodding flowers of a creamy white color.



The Highland Glen flowers.

Over the trees we see the skeins of wild grape vines and notice the strong scent of oenanthic acid in the air. There is probably no scent in nature that is as penetrating. Also there are many blackberry bushes (*Rubus fruticosus* and other species) which are bearing white flowers and forming the fruits.

In the tangled underbrush near these blackberry bushes we spy a Cow Parsnip (*Heracleum lanatum*), standing about eight feet high. It is named after Hercules, because of its great size and is the largest of the umbeliferous plants in this vicinity.

At the end of the trail, near Thomas Mill road, stands an unusually tall sample of the American Linden (*Tilia americana*) which Professor Kaiser believes is one of the tallest in the Wissahickon. It is sometimes called the Lime-Tree, oftener Whitewood and commonly Basswood.

(This is the eleventh of a series of Nature Trails through Fairmount Park and vicinity. The present trails are



A tall Linden

through the Wissahickon Valley. Next Monday's Nature Trail will be on the other side of the creek from Thomas Mill road to Bell's Mill road.)

11/5/1931

Arches of Great Memorial Bridge Over Wissahickon Creek Are Now Complete

Henry Avenue Span Is Largest of Its Type in the United States.—Falsework of Steel Is Being Removed.

Many Obstacles Overcome Since It Was First Planned.—Approaches Still To Be Thrown Open For Contract

The twin supporting arches of the Wissahickon Memorial Bridge, which will carry Henry avenue over the Wissahickon Creek, now stand complete and workmen are dismantling the steel falsework which was used to support them while they were being assembled.

The falsework is the same as that which buckled on January 25, allowing some of the structure to sag, giving rise to fears the bridge would collapse. Wissahickon Drive between Ridge avenue and Lincoln Drive was closed more than a month while engineers studied the situation.

As the contractors were at that time several months ahead of schedule, the delays occasioned by the buckling of the falsework will not postpone completion of the bridge which is scheduled for next spring.

When the keystone was lowered into the second arch and the concrete had set, all danger of collapse was removed because the arch is now held solidly by its own weight. The steelwork is being removed partly by unbolting and partly by the acetylene torch.

The twin arches together will support a sixty-foot roadway, two ten foot walks and has provisions for a high-speed transit line. It will be the largest steel and stone-faced concrete bridge in the country, and will stand 185 feet above the Wissahickon Creek. Including the approaches which it is believed, will soon be contracted for, it will be 1080 feet long, with an arch span of 291 feet.

Planned since 1917 as a consolation to Roxborough for the withdrawal of the high-speed traction plan in that section, the bridge has encountered dozens of obstacles, legal and otherwise, since the inception of the plan.

It will be dedicated in honor of the men and women of Germantown, Roxborough, Chestnut Hill, Tioga, Manayunk, Logan, Olney, Oak Lane, Wissahickon and Falls of Schuylkill who served in the World War.

Philadelphia Riders and Drivers Association

INCORPORATED

Organized
December 16, 1921
Incorporated
March 25, 1922



EXECUTIVE OFFICES
Franklin Trust Building
Chestnut at 15th Street
Philadelphia

WISSAHICKON DAY

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1929

Three o'clock

ACORDIAL invitation is extended to all the public to join in the annual demonstration on Saturday afternoon, May 25th, with those organizations who have as their chief object the preservation of the Upper Wissahickon.

Ride, drive, hike or motor there. Automobiles may enter the Drive via Roxborough or Chestnut Hill, and "park" at Valley Green.

Those who ride or drive will join the lines at Allen's Lane on the Upper Wissahickon Drive at 2.30 o'clock.

Those who wish to "hike" may approach the Wissahickon via trolley route 23 to Chestnut Hill; to Springfield Avenue; to Valley Green; or route 53 to the Lower Wissahickon or the Cresheim Creek Section.

The procession will move promptly at 3 o'clock, rain or sunshine.

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS B. BRACKEN,
Chairman Wissahickon Day Committee

1921

Wissahickon
Day

1929

"More Hoof Beats"

Philadelphia Riders and Drivers Association

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Honorary Vice-President
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The Friends of the Wissahickon
Wissahickon Valley Historical Society
Geographical Society of Philadelphia
Germantown Site & Relic Society
Wagner Free Institute of Science
Botanical Society of Pennsylvania
Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts
Wissahickon Bird Club
The Wanderlust Club
Back-to-Nature Club

These organizations are co-operating with the PHILADELPHIA RIDERS AND DRIVERS ASSOCIATION in the preservation of the Wissahickon. Their members will hike on the Wissahickon on *Wissahickon Day*. For starting point and route of hike, please communicate with the Chairman or Secretary of the organization to which you belong.

Automobiles may "park" at Valley Green

"Preserve the Wissahickon"

Committee on Wissahickon Day

FRANCIS B. BRACKEN, *Chairman*

FREDERIC L. BALLARD	MISS ANNE STRAWBRIDGE
SAMUEL HOUSTON BROWN	FRANCIS R. STRAWBRIDGE
MILTON C. COOPER	FREDERIC H. STRAWBRIDGE
WILLIAM A. M. FULLER	WILLIAM WALLACE
SAMUEL F. HOUSTON	MISS FRANCES A. WISTER
WILLIAM F. METZGER	MISS HELEN K. YERKES



Marshals and Their Horses

Chief Marshal

B. F. MECHLING and "HIGH WIND"

WESTON D. BAYLEY and "JAY BOY"
C. C. COOLBAUGH and "MEADOW LARK"
SAMUEL EARLEY and "SKY TOP"
P. JOHN GALBRAITH and "STARLIGHT"
MARTYN R. HENNE and "SPUR"

JOHN D. HOWLEY and "SIR ROBERT"
WILLIAM H. IVENS and "TEDDY"
JOHN M. KENNEDY and "PRINCESS PAT"
CHESTER W. LARNER and "CEDAR RED"
AMOS Y. LESHER and "SUNNY BOY"

FRANK R. MACKLIN and "BLAZEAWAY"
P. R. MARKLEY and "MUSKATEER"
WALTER G. SIBLEY and "NYANZA"
C. HENDERSON SUPPLEE and "CHECKERS"
WILLIAM WALLACE and "BITUMINOUS"
CLARENCE R. WHITMAN and "BETTY"

Parade will be reviewed at Valley Green at 3.15

THE WISSAHICKON
Radio Talks
"Preserve the Wissahickon"



WFI, Strawbridge & Clothier, Monday, May 13, 3.30 P. M.

✕ MR. A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society

"The Lower Wissahickon"

WFI, Strawbridge & Clothier, Friday, May 17, 3.30 P. M.

✕ MR. A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society

*"The Wissahickon—From Lincoln Drive
to Livezey's Lane"*

WFI, Strawbridge & Clothier, Monday, May 20, 3.30 P. M.

✕ MR. A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society

"Philadelphia's Valley Green"

WLIT, Lit Brothers, Wednesday, May 22, 5.30 P. M.

MR. THOMAS G. PARRIS

Germantown Site & Relic Society

"Romantic Wonderland—The Wissahickon"

WIP, Gimbel Brothers, Thursday, May 23, 4.00 P. M.

MR. WM. HENRY TROTTER

Wissahickon Bird Club

"The Birds of the Wissahickon"

WFI, Strawbridge & Clothier, Friday, May 24, 3.30 P. M.

✕ MR. A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society

"The Upper Wissahickon"



The Wissahickon is Philadelphia's beautiful playground, abounding
in beauty at all seasons of the year, whether it be blossom
time or when the snow adorns the woodland

Friend Chadwick: I sent a copy of this to Chronicle and Review: JKH.

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**Wissahickon Valley Historical Society
to provide Entertainment:**

Illustrated Lecture by Dr. Thomas Lynch Montgomery:

"One of the Indian names of the Schuylkill was Manayung or Manaiunk, which means, "our place of drinking." According to tradition, the Indians called the river the "Mother," and "Maiden Creek," a branch of the Schuylkill above Reading, was called Onteelaunee, meaning the little daughter of a great mother. The name "Schuylkill" is supposed to have been given to the river by the Dutch, and means "HIDDEN RIVER", -- the stream not being visible at its mouth as ~~ix~~ you ascend the Delaware." (Watson)

Possibly the greatest authority on local history about Philadelphia is Dr. Thomas Lynch Montgomery, Librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, with its headquarters at 13th and Locust Streets, where historians might meet to glean the pages of ~~many~~ volumes. It is claimed to be the greatest of its kind in the Country, devoted exclusively to historical works. Dr. Montgomery has been connected here for a long time, and speaks authoritatively on such subjects.

This lecture on "THE HIDDEN RIVER" has been given before by Dr. Montgomery, and is illustrated by Lantern slides, taking in the course of the river, from its mouth, near old Fort Mifflin, through Blockley, Fairmount, Falls of the Schuylkill, Manayunk, Flat Rock, Valley Forge, and as far as Reading.

Cards of admission are being distributed by members of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, for the historical evening's entertainment, to be given Friday evening of this week, April 19th, at the auditorium of Roxborough High School. There is to be no charge of admission or collection of any kind, just an evening devoted to the better type of entertainment.

An added feature will be two reels of Motion Pictures, one prepared by the Official Photographer of the City of Philadelphia, showing views of the Wissahickon, The Hermit's Pool, Hermit's Lane Bridge, Blue Stone Bridge, Walnut Lane Bridge, Livezey House and Waterfalls, and Valley Green. This reel is a duplicate of that presented to Mussolini in Rome by Mrs. Imogen Oakley, ~~representing~~ representing the City of Philadelphia.

The other reel shows the one ordered made in return by Premier Mussolini depicting scenes of the classics of Rome; street scenes, and the ancient ruins pictured in all parts of the world, some of the titles of the scenes are as follows; Castle Scenes, drawing of an Actual Street Corner, by Michael Angelo, Marcus Aurelius in the Square, Excavations, The Pantheon, Temple of Vesta, Gigantic Columns, Scenes of the baths, Ancient Statues, The Cloisters, The Coliseum, and other scenes showing ruins of a civilization dating back possibly over 3000 years.

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society officers are confident that local residents appreciate an entertainment of the better sort, and for that reason offer these fine attractions to the people without charge, and the capacity of the High School auditorium will no doubt be taxed to the utmost:

PHILADELPHIA, PA. THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1933

EARLY ROXBOROUGH MILL-OWNER



PETER ROBESON

Thomas Sully's painting of Peter Robeson, 1748-1833, and also the "Crag," on Robeson's Knoll, Sumac Park. This is a great loose boulder, weighing many tons, still resting on other rocks, near the northern approach to the City avenue bridge, along the East River Drive.

The Robeson And Vanderen Mills of The Wissahickon

Interesting Tale to Be Found in History of Ancient Industrial Venture at Mouth of Much-Storied Stream

By JAMES F. MAGEE, JR.

Sumac Park, a 500 acre tract of land, was the southern part of the eleven divisions of land granted to the first settlers of Roxborough township.

Robert Turner, a Quaker, native of Cambridge, England, later "a Linen Draper," of Belfast, was with William Penn and others, one of the Proprietors of the Province of East New Jersey, February 1st, 1681-2.

"William Penn by ye grace of God and King, Proprietor of the Province of Pennsylvania, 20th day of first month 1684" granted to Robert Turner, 500 acres of land called Sumac Park in Penn's Manor of Springetts-berry (now Roxborough) at a yearly rental of 1 shilling for each 100 acre.

A street in this section is now named Sumac street, and the sumac tree grows profusely on the hills above the Wissahickon.

Robert Turner was also part owner, in 1690, of William Ralphenhouse's first paper mill.

On June 19, 1686, Robert Turner leased for 101 years, 50% acres along the Wissahickon to Joshua Titterton a broad-glass maker, and

Richard Townsend, a millwright, late of London, the partners agreeing to build mills and improve the property.

Richard Townsend embarked for Pennsylvania in the "Welcome" with William Penn, and stated that he brought with him the material for a grist mill all ready to erect, also the mill stones.

The grist mill, saw mill and dwelling were erected between 1686 and 1689 as they are mentioned in a deed of 1689 when the new owners sold a third interest in the mills and land to John Tysack, a broad-glass maker, of London.

The grist mill with three pairs of stones under one roof was to the south of the Wissahickon (marked Flour Mill on accompanying map) and the saw mill on the north. In 1690 and 91, the several partners sold the two mills and land to Andrew Robeson, Sr., of West New Jersey, and Charles Saunders, a millwright.

As the Robeson family for over one hundred and fifty years owned

the mills, and the Robeson Mansion is still standing, on Ridge avenue, their biography is of interest.

Andrew Robeson, Sr., with wife Elizabeth, and nephew Andrew, 2nd, arrived in West New Jersey in 1676; in this same year William Penn conveyed to him one share of the Proprietary rights in West Jersey. He is mentioned in the deed as "late of London, Merchant, now of Clonmellin, Ireland."

In 1699, the heirs of Andrew, Sr., left most of his estate to his two brothers, Thomas and David, in the Kingdom of Scotland, so it is probable that the Robesons were originally of Scotch ancestry.

In 1676, Andrew, Sr., was Surveyor General of West Jersey and in 1686 was appointed one of three Surveyors to lay out the line dividing East Jersey from West Jersey.

He settled in the County of Gloucester and was one of the "First Council Proprietors of West Jersey" in 1687.

On June 15th, 1685, he purchased from Thomas Rudyard 5000 acres of land in Pennsylvania, and in 1690 he removed to Philadelphia, and in 1693 became a member of the Governor's Council.

In 1691 Robert Turner sold to Robeson and Saunders the remaining 449 1/2 acres of Sumac Park.

Andrew Robeson, Sr., died in 1694, he, his wife and son Samuel, were all buried in the Friends' Burying Grounds at 3rd and Arch streets, although they were not Friends.

In 1696, Samuel Robeson, executor, sold his half interest in the 200 acres of western Sumac Park, and the mills to his cousin, Andrew Robeson, 2nd. The 300 acres of the eastern section were sold to Joseph and Benjamin Morgan. In 1703, Sara Saunders, widow, wished to sell her half interest in the 200 acres and mills to Andrew, 2nd, but the Court decided that the 8 acres at the mouth of the Wissahickon could not be divided, so she retained her half interest in the 8 acres but sold another 96 acres to Andrew, 2nd. At this date the Corn Mill and Saw Mill were mentioned as "The Wissahickon Mills."

Of the twenty-five Colonial mill erected on the Wissahickon and its branches in Roxborough and Germantown Townships, but one building remains today, and that is the famous mill built on the above mentioned 8 acres of land at the junction of the Schuylkill River and Wissahickon Creek.

This mill was built before 1733 and then called the Wissahickon Grist and Bolting Mill, but before 1748, it was known as "the Roxboro Mill." From 1703 until 1748, the 8 acres were owned jointly by the heirs of Andrew Robeson, 2nd, and Charles Saunders. The mill is first mentioned in the will of William Saunders in 1733, "A Grist Mill—two pair stones under one roof—named the Wissahickon Mills erected on 8 acres of land." In 1748 the mill was rented to Thomas Tilberry.

In a deed of 1752, an interesting

description is given of the Roxboro Mill, now "Colony Castle," the headquarters of the Philadelphia Canoe Club. "A certain Water Corn, or Grist Mill, (being two grist mills with two pairs of stones under one roof) sometimes called Wissahickon Mills now Roxboro Mills.

Which 8 acres of land, with consent of former owner, was left for necessary use of the said mills, messuages, stables, mill house, Bolting Mills, buildings and improvements, thereon erected, dam banks, water courses, mill race to said mills, also a half acre on the west side of the Dam of said mills, to take away enough sand and rock to repair the said mill dam or dams."

At this time there was no road leading into the hidden valley of the Wissahickon; a great mass of rock formed a natural dam just above Ridge avenue. A mill race over 500 feet long carried the water from the dam through the mill and emptied into the Wissahickon near the Schuylkill river.

The part of the mill that contained the water wheel is now a large cellar-like stone room under the first floor of the Canoe Club. Even in the last few years the waters of the Wissahickon have risen above the top of the wheel room. From the Club House porch at low water, can be seen a stone in the middle of the creek marked with a circle. Tradition states that this stone was so marked by the Indians to indicate that fishing was very good in this locality.

In 1755, John Vanderen purchased the mill and 8 acres.

A. C. Chadwick, Jr., editor of the Suburban Press, and historian of The Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, says:

"There is a legend of the Revolution connected with this Mill. Doane and his seven brothers, the outlaws who terrorized the inhabitants of Philadelphia and Montgomery County by their depredations, were said to have used the old building as a rendezvous."

And verses, penned by the same writer, go on to say:

"COLONY CASTLE"

"Revelers gather within the walls,

Of a structure old in years,
Which once vibrated with toilsome sounds,

And the crunch of meshing gears.

For the waters, that pass its aged doors,

Were harnessed to drive the wheels,

For a miller, who ground the garnered grain,

Or a wright with his tensiled steels.

"An ancient heap of stones, 'tis true,

But romantic tales are told,
Of events, enacted inside its rooms,

By men who were brave and

bold,
It served, one time, as a hiding place,

For a crew of thieves, who planned

To make the wealthy neighbors fear

The Doane Boys outlaw band.

"And sometime later, the fishermen,

Of the State in Schuylkill Club,

Assembled under its fabled roof,

And made the pile their hub.
And epicures, 'round the festive board,

Were wont to eat their fill,
Of fish, and fowl, and viands rare,

In the old and vine-clad mill.

"Though many years have run their course,

It stands as though 'twas new,

In use by water-loving youths
Who ply the light canoe.

Where Wissahickon's spring-fed stream,

Joins with the Schuylkill's flow,

Old Colony Castle conquers Time,

While mortals come and go."

Mr. Chadwick states that this Mill was the first cut nail factory in America, and also later the rolling mill of Amos Jones. In the Survey of 1850, it is called a Logwood Mill.

In 1869, the Mill and 8 acres were purchased by the city and is now part of Fairmount Park. From 1877 to 1887, the famous "State in Schuylkill" founded in 1732, occupied the building before moving to its present quarters at Andalusia, on the Delaware River.

Now let us return to the Robeson Grist and Saw Mills on Ridge avenue.

Andrew Robeson, 2nd, (1654-1719) married in 1685 Mary Spencer. She is buried in Gloria Dei (Old Swedes') Church yard, Philadelphia. He was Judge of Gloucester County, West Jersey, in 1692, and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania from 1693 to 1699. After 1702 he

lived near the mills at Sumac Park, where he brought up his eleven children.

He was a large land owner, purchasing over 100 acres at the Falls of Schuylkill. Later, on this land was built the home of Dr. William Smith, the first provost of the University of Pennsylvania; Fort St. David's Fishing Club; Powers and Weightman's Chemical plant, and John and James Dobson's mills.

In 1714, he purchased 1500 acres of iron ore land near Reading, in Berks County. His daughter, Magdalena, married Thomas Potts, and Andrew and his son-in-law helped to promote the newly developed iron industry in that region. His son, Andrew, 3rd, remained in Roxborough, and continued the business of the Wissahickon Mills.

Judge Andrew Robeson, 2nd, and his wife, attended the Swedish

Church. He died in 1719, and was buried in the church yard of the Swedish Church of St. Gabriel's, near Douglassville, Pa.

In 1706, a primitive road was laid out from Robeson's Mills to the city following an old Indian pathway.

Andrew, 2nd, willed his Sumac Park lands and the mills of the Roxboro Milling and Bolting Company, to his eldest son, Andrew 3rd, (1686-1740.) The latter married Magdalen Rudman the daughter of the Rev. Andrew Rudman the first minister of Swedes' Gloria Dei Church.

The heirs of Andrew 3rd, in 1752, sold the Wissahickon Grist Mill and Saw Mills, also the Roxboro Mills to Henry Shellenburg. In 1755, John Vanderen bought the three mills and added considerable adjoining property to this estate.

Before 1772, Nicholas Rittenhouse and he owned jointly "The New Mill", (below Hermit lane). In 1783, Rittenhouse sold his half interest to Vanderen—37 acres, corn or grist mill, bolting mills, mill dam, etc. This mill was on the original Sumac Park tract, and stood on the site of the Maple Springs Hotel, in 1794, Michael Rittenhouse being the sole owner.

An important engagement between the American and Hessian troops took place at the Ridge avenue bridge and Vanderen Mills during the battle of Germantown, on October 4th, 1777.

Captain Ewald, of the Hessian forces, gave the following account of the engagement, "The alarm of Washington's approach having been given a battalion of the German Jagers was hurried to the bridge over the Wissahickon. The Jager Corps was attacked by 4,000 men with four 6 pounders.. (General Armstrong's account states they had but 1500 men and two field pieces).

"So the Corps was forced to leave the bridge, but took position on the hill opposite and defended this post with its rifles against the repeated attempts of the enemy to force it. The enemies' four cannon played constantly on the Jagers, while our 3-pounders could not reach the enemy. Meantime the firing became general and very strong on the right wing, until about nine o'clock when Lieutenant General Knypshausen sent us word that the enemy's left wing was beaten. Hereupon, Lieut. Colonel Von Wurmb attacked the bridge again and drove the enemy both from there and from the opposite heights under a heavy fire. As the attack had to be made through a long defile, the enemy had time to retire." (Note position of the Hessian redoubts in the survey of 1850). The mills were considered of great value by the British army, and that their right wing was around the Lukens' mill, on the Wingohocking, and their left on the hills above Vandrews' mill, is a coincidence, for both had been built by Richard Townsend about 1636.

Before 1786 John Vanderen was the sole owner of four mills in Sumac Park: the Roxboro Mill, the Grist and Saw Mills on Ridge

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avenue, and "The New Mill" below Hermit lane. In this year he placed a mortgage for 2500 pounds sterling on the mills and 200 to 300 acres of land with Peter Care, the owner of the Monastery Mill, at Kitchens lane.

On June 6th 1798, the mills and lands again came into the possession of the Robeson family.

At a sheriff's sale, Peter and Jonathan Robeson purchased the fourteen adjoining pieces of property, in all 263 acres, for 5900 pounds sterling, subject to Peter Care's mortgage reduced to 2000 pounds. The land included the western part of Sumac Park, Falls of Schuylkill in Northern Liberties, and 20 acres across the river in

Lower Merion township of Montgomery County.

Peter and Jonathan were the great grand sons of Andrew Robeson, 2nd. In 1795, The Duke de la Rochefoucault, Liencourt, a Frenchman, and Caleb Lownes, a brother-in-law of Peter Robeson, set out on horse-back from Philadelphia through Ridge road to Norristown. They were entertained at the Robeson Mansion and in his diary the Duke gives the first account we have of the falls of the Wissahickon, as it was before 1826 when a great mass of rock was removed, where the Reading Railroad Bridge now crosses the Creek. The diary reads:

"The Wissahickon flows between hills which are high and covered with wood. A fine waterfall of about 7 or 8 feet, and as broad as the bed of the rivulet, supplies Robeson's Mill with more water than would be required for running many more mills.

"The banks of the Rivulet bear a wild and romantic appearance, and the brook meanders in the most beautiful manner through the woods and rocks, forms a grand yet gloomy prospect, which catches and delights the eye, and disposes the mind to pensive reflection.

"Robeson's Estate consists of 250 acres; four oxen and two horses do the work of the farm. He is a skilled miller.

"The water from the Wissahickon turns twenty-five other mills before it reaches Robeson's. The mill has three separate mills, two for manufacturing and one for the public. He grinds yearly 45 to 50 thousand bushels of corn, which is procured from Virginia and New York and some from Pennsylvania. The mill will hold 10,000 bushels of corn. Six horses are continuously employed in carrying meal to Philadelphia and bringing back corn in return. The water of the Wissahickon is never frozen, nor does the mill ever cease working."

The water that ran the mill was carried by a mill race that ran from the dam that is several hundred feet above the present one at Ridge road.

In 1832, Fanny Kemble, the actress, wrote of her horseback rides along the Wissahickon, and of the great beauty of the mill, dam, bridge, etc. "I stopped for a long time opposite the Wissahickon Creek. The stone bridge with its

grey arch, mingled with the rough blocks of rock on which it rests, the sheet of foaming water falling like a curtain of gold over the dam among the dark stones below, on whose brown sides the ruddy sunlight and glittering water fell like splinters of light. The bright rich tufted cedars breaking in the warm glow, the picturesque mill, the smooth open field, along whose sides the river waters, after receiving this child of the mountains into their bosom, wound deep and bright and still, the whole radiant with the softest light I ever beheld, formed a most enchanting and serene subject of contemplation".

The bridge she describes must have been the Ridge avenue bridge as the railroad bridge was not commenced until 1833, and the dam was not the artificial one we see today.

Peter Robeson's brother, Jonathan, and his father, Jonathan Robeson, were all members of Friends' Meeting. Upon the death of Jonathan, his brother, Peter, purchased his half-interest in mills and lands.

In the early 1800's, Peter Robeson built and gave to his son, Andrew, 4th, as a wedding present, "Milverton" a double dwelling with large central hall, surrounded with unusually fine trees. It was afterwards known as the Riverside Mansion, a public hostelry.

Peter Robeson married, first, Martha Livezey, daughter of Thomas Livezey, of "Glen Fern", now the home of the Valley Green Canoe Club; second, Elizabeth Heath, also of the Livezey family, she was an able preacher in the Friends' Meeting.

Peter Robeson died November 9th, 1833, and willed his mills and land to his sons, Andrew, 4th, and Jonathan.

Andrew Robeson, 4th, settled in New Bedford, Mass., and was a manufacturer of cotton goods and connected with the whaling industry. His sister, Catharine, married Dr. John Moore; a sister Sarah married Joseph Lee; and his Aunt Margaret married Caleb Lownes; and the daughter of the Lea's married George Minister. The Lees lived at "Milverton" until 1845, and the Ministers until 1880. After the death of Peter, the Lownes lived in the Robeson Mansion.

About 1834, one of the relatives

of Peter Robeson made a black and white sketch from the Montgomery County side of the Schuylkill, of the mouth of the Wissahickon, showing the Roxboro mill, the long approach and wooden bridge of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown R. R. To the left is shown Milverton, with seven of the Lea children on the porch.

August 13, 1862, the Robeson Mill was destroyed by fire. At the time it was owned by Andrew, 4th, and rented to John and James Dobson, who were making blue woolen cloth for the soldiers of the Union Army. Shortly after this the Dobsons purchased the property and erected a large modern stone woolen mill. It was in the center of the present Wissahickon Drive.

In 1869, the city purchased for

Fairmount Park all of the land through which the Wissahickon flowed, and removed the Dobson Mill.

Fortunately, the Roxboro Mill was left standing as a reminder of the early industries and Colonial Days.

In closing let us refer again to the glories of the Robeson Mansion and the superbly designed railroad bridge.

It is very probable that a dwelling was erected on the site of the present Robeson Mansion, as early as 1689—a deed of that year mentions a building, grist mill and saw mill. A dwelling is again mentioned in deeds of 1703 and 1733. Scull and Heaps map of 1750 give the position of the dwelling just below the Robeson Mill. The house is also mentioned in many other deeds down to the present time.

Another descendant of Peter Robeson drew a black and white sketch in about 1834 of the Grist Mill and Robeson Mansion; in front of the dwelling is passing a covered Conestoga wagon and to the left is a large oak tree. For over one hundred and fifty years, many of the Robeson family were born, lived, and died in the old homestead.

In the early 1870's, Mr. and Mrs. James Dobson resided there. It was afterward sold and conducted as The Highbridge Hotel, and is now known as Barnett's Gardens. The dwelling has been greatly added to and modernized, but the third story and hipped roof are the same as it appeared in the sketch of just 100 years ago.

The Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad Bridge over the Wissahickon, was contracted for September 25th, 1833. The first bridge was completed in October 1834. Regular traffic to Manayunk began October 20, 1834. The first locomotive and passenger cars started from 9th and Green streets.

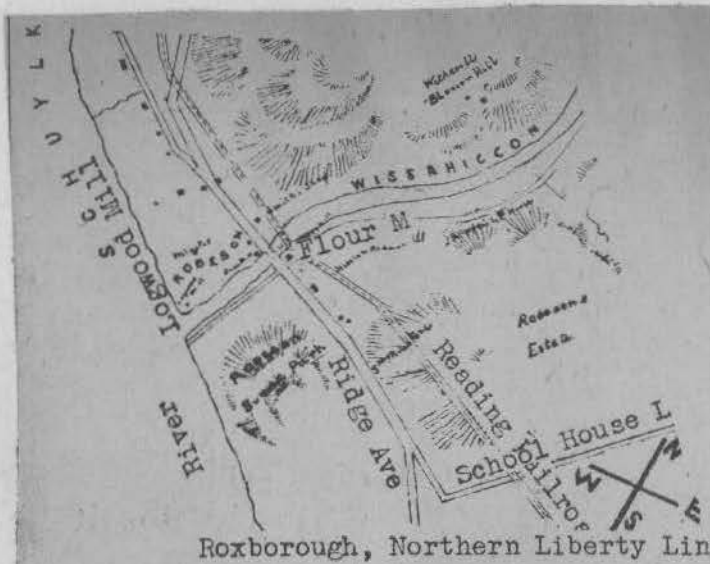
The account of the first trip, as related in the Germantown Telegraph, is as follows:

"Cars at length approached that magnificent structure over the Wissahickon at Robeson's Mill. The construction of this viaduct in the firm and substantial manner in which it appears to be built is certainly an extraordinary undertaking; and has been accomplished in a manner which has given entire satisfaction to the Railroad Company. Height is about 70 feet above the surface of the water, and length 473 feet, and cost of construction about \$20,000."

The bridge was of wood with trellis work frames on the side resting on stone piers.

Extract from Annual Report, November 1st, 1842:

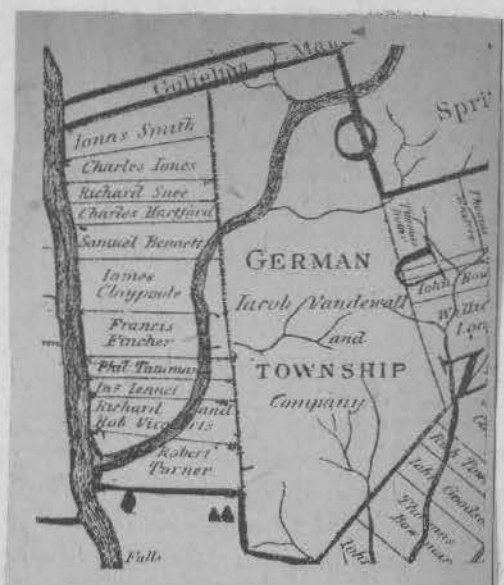
"A tract of edgerail, supported upon continuous bearings of white oak timber has been laid upon the Wissahickon Bridge, together with a new floor of hemlock planks; and that important structure, about which so much solicitude was felt has been greatly strengthened by additional braces, by arches of white pine in all the spans, added



Roxborough, Northern Liberty Lin

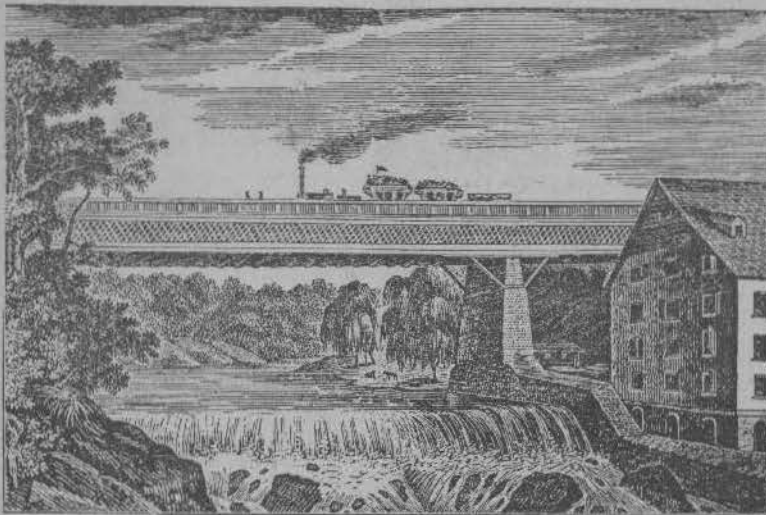
SECTION SURVEY OF 1850: ROXBOROUGH TOWNSHIP

The western 200 acres of the 500 acre tract at the mouth of the Wissahickon Creek. Note the position of the Hessian redoubts, "William Penn, by the grace of God and King, Proprietor of Pennsylvania," granted this land to Robert Turner, on "the 20th day of the 1st month," 1683, for an annual rental of one shilling a year for each 100 acres; 500 acres called "Sumac Park" in "his manor of Springettsbury, (afterward Roxborough township.)"



SECTION SURVEY OF 1681

Section of Molmes' Map of Philadelphia county in 1681-1688, giving the names of the eleven purchasers of land in Roxborough Township. Robert Turner's grant was the lower one, and extended considerably below the Wissahickon Creek. The four Rittenhouse mills were on the Vicaris tract.



OLD-TIME RAILROAD VIADUCT

Robeson's Grist Mill, 1686-89. Showing the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown railroad bridge, built in 1834. The first locomotive passed over this bridge October 20th, 1834, running from 9th and Green streets, to Manayunk. The passengers, out on the upper decks of the cars, are probably viewing what Baedeker aptly termed "the miniature Alpine gorge of the Wissahickon."

on the outside of the lattice frames and secured to them by screw-bolts. This work has rendered the bridge abundantly strong and a good coat of whitewash has improved its appearance.

"On the afternoon of August 12, 1862, the bridge over the Wissahickon Creek was entirely destroyed by fire. The bridge took fire from the mill adjacent, known as Robeson's Mill. An arrangement was immediately made with Mr. Stone for the erection of a trestle-work as a temporary bridge. The whole work was satisfactorily completed

in thirteen days; and in nineteen days the trains were regularly passing over the bridge. Proposals having been invited for the construction of an iron bridge. The bids were few and exceedingly high (Civil War times) owing to the increased price of iron and the present difficulty of procuring it . . . and instead passed a resolution authorizing the erection of a substantial wooden one."

The present Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Bridge was commenced in 1872 and proceeded

therewith to build a double track stone railroad bridge over the Wissahickon Valley.

The bridge was completed in 1875 in time for the opening of the Centennial the next year.

In 1927, extensive repairs and renewals were made to the bridge and in 1932, electrification was completed.

Locally this bridge is called "The High Bridge" and in his manuscript "Songs of the Wissahickon"—A. C. Chadwick, Jr., dedicated this verse to the structure:

"Five arches, each of vaulting length
Leap o'er the little river's vale,
To form a roadway, high and strong,
Sustaining on its floor, the rail
Which locomotives speed upon.
But beauty too is in each span,
And causes passers-by to praise
The genius of the human clan."

In "The Wissahickon Valley" by Mr. F. B. Brant, he describes the bridge as "A scene crowned by a magnificent span of arches worthy of a Roman gauseway."

Book Relief; Or, the Red Watch of
the Wrecked.

Published by A. W. Welch
505 Chestnut St
Philadelphia

1868

**EAST FALLS
BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION
PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

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MASSACRE VICTIMS GIVEN HOMAGE IN MEMORIAL SERVICE

GOV. H. F. BYRD SENDS LETTER

Pres. Cauffman, of Wissahickon Valley Historical Society
Lauds Martyrs

SERVICES ARE IMPRESSIVE

One of the most impressive historical services ever held in this vicinity took place on Sunday evening, at the Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church, Ridge and Roxborough avenues, when the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, combined with the pastor, officers and congregation of the church, paid honor to the Continental soldiers of Lee's Virginia Legion, who died in the service of their country, in Roxborough, on the evening of December 19, 1777.

It was on that date that Captain Andrew Cathcart of the 17th Light Dragoons of the British Army, then occupying the City of Philadelphia, with a squadron of men, surprised an American picket of 18 men of Lee's Virginia Legion, on Ridge Road at an outpost about four miles from the City. The British, greatly outnumbering the American force, opened fire, immediately cutting down seven of the Continentals. The others retreated in the direction of Valley Forge, where the main force of the American Army had recently established their winter quarters. Toward nightfall they took refuge in the barn owned by Andrew Wood, in Roxborough, which formerly stood on the site now occupied by Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church. There they were discovered by the British. Failing to respond to the first challenge to surrender, Captain Cathcart ordered the barn burned, and the Continental soldiers were killed as they tried to escape.

As the hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" was sung, vested choir of Grace Church led the procession, followed by the color guards of Hattal-Taylor Post, V. F. W., and the Henry Houston Post, American Legion. These were followed by the G. A. R.

The choir filed off to the left and the veterans took seats to the right of the pulpit. Nurses from the Memorial Hospital and members of the various historical societies occupied the front row of pews.

The church service then proceeded with the Versicles and Gloria, responsive Psalm reading and the lesson of the evening which was taken from the Gospel of St. Luke.

An anthem, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past" preceded the singing of

"God of Our Fathers Whose Almighty Hand," after which the congregation listened to an address by Stanley Hart Cauffman, president of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society.

Mr. Cauffman stated, "Through the courtesy and co-operation of the pastor, officers and members of this church, the service this evening has been designated as a memorial one, to those men who offered their lives for their country, here in Roxborough, during the Revolutionary War.

"This event is the only one upon historical record, where within our district, lives were sacrificed in battle, and the event is of a nature which should never be forgotten while we and our descendants hold in veneration the virtues of loyalty and courage. I have here a letter, from Honorable Harry F. Byrd, Governor of the State of Virginia, which says:

Governor's Office,
December 12, 1927.

Dear Sir:

Virginia joins heartily with your Society on the occasion of your celebration of the 150th anniversary of the loss of members of Lee's Legion, in Pennsylvania, who fell at the hands of the British regulars during the War for American Independence. It seems significant that, upon the spot where these patriots laid down their lives, there now stands an edifice dedicated to the worship of God.

Upon the graves of these martyrs to freedom, and others such as them, rests the foundation of the fabric of our great Republic.

I commend the spirit of your Society which pauses to do honor to the memory of these heroes of the past—men who in falling helped to elevate a nation, to guarantee truth and to establish liberty.

I am, in all respect, most cordially yours,

H. F. Byrd,
Governor.

"Historical authorities differ slightly in regard to the skirmish which took place here, but the salient facts are somewhat of this nature:

"After General Washington's Army was defeated at Germantown and withdrew to the Perkiomen, where it remained encamped until December 11, it went into winter quarters. At that particular time, the early winter of 1777, hopes for an American victory were probably more remote than at any time during the Revolution. Philadelphia, the seat of the new Government, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The numerical strength of the army was at its lowest, and to accentuate the want of food, clothing and equipment, one of the most severe winters ever experienced in this locality loosed its blasting menace upon the small band of patriots who had taken up the sword against tyranny.

"The British were safely and comfort-

ably housed in Philadelphia and General Washington, unwilling to leave to them the fruits of victory, scorned retreat and established his command in the now famous Winter Headquarters at Valley Forge.

"From these small bands of men were often dispatched to annoy and harass the soldiers of the king; attacking foraging parties, burning away outer defenses, and capturing supply trains—in fact, doing everything possible to make the redcoats remember, that while the winter was too severe for warfare on a large scale, that the men and women of America were still determined to gain their freedom, even at the point of the bayonet.

"Just one hundred and fifty years ago, tomorrow night, a small detail of Virginia cavalymen, 'Light Horse Harry' Lee's troopers, to be exact, left Valley Forge, swept down the Ridge to reconnoiter and if possible to attack a British outpost. Evidently this small body of soldiers advanced a mile or so below this point, and probably they penetrated the outer British lines. This caused consternation within the city, redcoats were quickly mobilized to withstand an attack, and general excitement reigned, for these few Americans might prove the vanguard for a general attack.

It was exactly for this purpose that these patriots had ridden so far, and their work was well accomplished. Some historians believe that they were fired upon, returned shot for shot, and that some fell upon both sides. We are certain, however, that this small band were chased from the city, by the aroused and infuriated enemy, and the rattle and clang of their horses' shoes echoed along the Ridge road, just one hundred and fifty years ago, tomorrow night.

"Upon the ground where this church now stands, there stood at that time, a stone house—the home of Andrew Wood and his family—and close behind this house a large barn.

"Andrew Wood was a patriotic and worthy citizen. He was a shoemaker by trade and it was only, in all likelihood, the necessity of providing for a considerable family, which prevented him from taking the field himself. Before his door that night these returning troopers paused. Far down the road they had shaken off pursuit. The cold was intense and Valley Forge some miles away across the river. They asked Mr. Wood if they might have shelter until morning, knowing he was their friend. Instantly they were made welcome. The house could accommodate but a few, but the barn and the straw, was a comfortable haven for any of these men, after the hardships of Valley Forge. Sentries were posted, although thoughts of danger were scarcely entertained. Within a short time thereafter these men were sleeping their last sleep on earth.

"Meanwhile down in Philadelphia Captain Andrew Cathcart, of the British Light Dragoons, had been one of those officers aroused and alarmed by the entrance of the Virginia cavalymen into the British lines. Whether he was informed by some Tory spy that the Americans had taken refuge in Wood's Barn, we do not know, but it would seem likely, as he apparently came directly to this spot.

"Bent upon administering a lesson to the courageous Continentals, he ordered to follow him, a company of British, far superior in numbers to the Virginia Troops; and stealing over toward Ger-

mantown, he crossed the Wissahickon Creek above this point and crept quietly down the Ridge.

"What fear of attack the sentries might have had would be certainly from the south, and not the north. The first warning of an enemy at hand was the sharp command to 'surrender!' followed by so prompt a volley of musketry that, even had the thought of yielding entered their minds, they would have had no time to have acted upon it. With the sentries scattered an immediate rush upon the two buildings followed.

"It is thought that some of those soldiers resting in the house were able to make their escape; but those in the barn were awakened by the crack of gun fire, to discover themselves surrounded by a much superior force, and the barn, in which they had taken shelter, on fire in several places.

"The hastily aroused men rushed toward the entrance to escape, the flames swirling about them, and were met with a withering hail of bullets. Some fell lifeless upon the threshold, others were driven back to perish in the flames. And when the redcoats had ridden hastily away—in fear that the glare of the flames, in the night might draw down either Continentals to avenge their fallen comrades—the hurrying townspeople discovered eighteen charred and mutilated bodies clothed in the coarse homespun of the patriotic army.

"Tenderly these ashes were laid to rest across the road from where this sacrifice was made, and in later years removed to the Leverington Cemetery, where a monument stands to commemorate their valorous deeds.

"It is well for us as a nation—it is well for us as individuals—that such deeds cover the pages of our history. So common has been martyrdom for the cause of freedom, that scarcely was this particular event recorded. It has always been thus: that when duty demanded that American men and women should defend unto death, that which was right and just, they have responded without hesitation, and given of their life's blood without stint. And yet, one hundred and fifty years ago there was a distinction—there was a difference.

"These men had come to our defense from a distant State—a journey in those times extremely hazardous, even in days of peace. They could not, as can we, look back upon a century and a half of unequalled progress as a Nation. They had no traditions to uphold—no citizenship to guard—they did not have even a flag under which to rally. No monied Government stood behind their effort, or aided much in their equipment, or their care. No hospitals awaited the wounded, medical knowledge was small and surgical knowledge still smaller. There were no army nurses, no tender, yet skillful angels of the battlefield, to aid the fallen. A helping hand from a comrade, perhaps, and these men struggled on in the mud and blood of war—to win the greatest victory history has ever recorded.

"What led these men? From what came their victory? Faith! A vision! A courageous belief in their own des-

tiny. We are drawing to that welcome season when we celebrate the birth in the heavens of that star which guided the generations of the world to the manger of Bethlehem. There have been other stars shining to lead to righteousness, and it seems safe to say that, save only that holy light, nothing has so enlightened and emancipated the civilized world as the birth of our own nation.

"We here tonight honor these dead as we honor all heroes of every war—for every war has brought them forth by legions. And peace, too, has its heroes, as staunch and true as they. Only a few weeks ago, this district suffered the loss of a great soldier, an honored officer, battling in that conflict which knows no armistice—the war of science against disease. There has passed from us a courageous citizen, an ideal husband and father, a learned Christian gentleman. We do not know the name of one of those men who died for us upon this spot 150 years ago tomorrow, but we should ever do honor to the name of a hero of our own day, and the name of Clarence Keller Dengler, M.D., who is described by his most intimate friend as "a physician to the soul and to the body," should never pass from our memory.

"And it is unquestionably fitting, and it is unquestionably our duty, to give thanks, here in the house of God, that such men have been born among us. Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, fruits of the same Nation. And we should give thanks, too, that we, of lesser worth, are given the insight to appreciate their glorious devotion.

"May I ask, in the memory of all heroes of this land, that we all stand in silence for a few moments?"

Mr. Cauffman's request was complied with and as the congregation stood in silence, taps was sounded by a Boy Scout bugler, which was followed by an echo from some distant part of the church structure.

After the singing of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," the speaker of the evening, Hon. Samuel Emilen, president of the Germantown Historical Society, was introduced and addressed the congregation, on the subject of "Americanization."

Mr. Emilen said: "The year 1927 has been a memorable one in the history of this part of our country, in that it marks the 150th anniversary of many important events in the founding of the Nation.

"The Battle of Brandywine, the Battle of Germantown and the occupation of Philadelphia by the British forces under the command of General Howe.

"There was of necessity a great loss of life.

"There were deeds of valor and some mistakes made, all performed by men loyal to the cause of freedom from the British.

"It has been said that the American Army and those back of the American Revolution were small tradespeople and farmers, who were badly guided.

"The men whose honor we are here to commemorate were some of these. Little is known of them except that they were on their way to join Washington's army, were pursued by the British troops, and captured and killed. They were executed at the time of their endeavor to serve their country.

"Such men as these formed the backbone of our country—E Pluribus Unum—out of many, one—was the motto adopted by the founders of our Nation, when they formed a union of the 13 colonies or States. To these we have added 35 more, bringing all under one

control, yet leaving each State wide latitude in self government.

"Attracted by our liberal form of government, immigrants have flocked to our shores. These immigrants and their descendants have proved themselves good citizens, in a large part. Liberty has knit us closely together as Americans.

"Americanization then manifests itself first when these foreigners adopt our mode of dress, manners and customs. More important, however, is the manifestation when he substitutes for his mother tongue, the English language of our Nation. But these are only a small part of the general process.

"To become truly Americanized a far greater change must be wrought. The outward conformity is not sufficient, but his interests and affections must become deeply rooted here. He must be brought into complete harmony with our ideals and aspirations and cooperate with us for their attainment.

"What are American ideals? They are the development of the individual for his own and common good. Our form of government, as well as humanity, calls for the development of the individual. Under universal suffrage, every voter is a part ruler of the State and unless the rulers have education and character and are free men and women, our great experiment in democracy must fail. It devolves upon the State, therefore, to fit its rulers for their task, it must provide facilities for the development and the opportunity of using them. It must not only provide opportunity, but it must stimulate the desire to avail of it. Thus we are compelled to insist upon the observance of

what we term the American standard of living.

"This implies the exercise of those rights which our Constitution guarantees—the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Life, in this connection means living, not existing; liberty, freedom in things, industrial, as well as political; happiness includes among other things, that satisfaction which can only come through the full development and realization of one's faculties. In order that men may live and not merely exist, in order that men may develop their faculties, they must have a reasonable income, they must have health and leisure.

"Every citizen must have education—broad and continuous. This education cannot stop at the ages of 14, 18 or 20—it must continue throughout life.

"A country cannot be properly governed unless those responsible for that government have the proper education and the time and facilities for continuing it.

"William Penn in starting this great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, lead the way, in the matter of not only religious liberty, but also in education. He wished to show that the literal Gospel of Jesus Christ was practical as well as spiritual—full of sound sense as well as divine Revelations.

"Compare our colony with Massachusetts, with Maryland or Virginia!

"To follow the development of our country in its reach westward, and in its contacts with the Old World is always interesting and instructive. It is for historical societies to keep alive these memories, preserving properties, whenever possible, and hand down to posterity the true accounts of the founding of our Nation and the per-

sonalities of its leaders."

The offertory anthem "God of Israel," which followed Mr. Emlen's talk, is a composition of Mr. Cauffman's.

At this juncture, the Rev. Paul Z. Strodach, D. D., pastor in charge of Grace Church, recited some of the facts concerning Wood's Barn and its connection with the church, which now stands on the site of the massacre. Doctor Strodach stated that for more than twelve years the congregation of the church, in their own quiet way, have been commemorating the event of 150 years ago, and that the organ, which is in the building, was placed there by the congregation and its friends, in honor of the fallen Virginians, and is known as "The Patriots Organ."

He spoke of ardent Americanism of the people of Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church, most of whose forebears were of German origin, but who, in the most recent war, sent their loved ones to the field of battle to uphold the principles of this great and glorious American Nation.

"The memorial service, tonight," said the pastor, "is emphasized by the part played by the local historical and patriotic societies."

Doctor Strodach displayed several interesting war relics, which are the property of Stanley Hart Cauffman. One was an all-leather Hessian helmet, which was dug up on the Cauffman property, on Rochelle avenue, in Wissahickon; another was a flint-lock pistol of the Revolutionary period and still another was a huge war drum, of the War of 1812, which was found in New Jersey. The drum was made by Germantown maker of musical instruments.

In closing the pastor said: "All that we possess comes through the sacrifices of those who have gone before us. Love is made up of peace, joy and the receiving of gifts, from the people who sacrificed their all for us."

"Onward, Christian Soldiers" made a fitting hymn for the recessional.

Among the many societies which took part in the services were the Grand Army of the Potomac; Hattal-Taylor Post, of the V. F. W., Henry Houston Post, and P. O. S. of A., Sons of the American Revolution, Daughters of the American Revolution, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, the Nurses of Memorial Hospital, City Historical Society, the Germantown Society and the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society.

The services were arranged by a committee composed of the Rev. Paul Z. Strodach, Stanley Hart Cauffman, Louis F. Kappes, J. Ellwood Barrett and Herbert Spencer.

*Suburban Press
5/25/1933*

6/29/1933

80

Former Park Guard Dies

William H. Shingle, Who Patrolled Wissahickon Section of Fairmount Park for More Than Thirty Years, Expires in New Jersey.

The funeral of William H. Shingle, former park guard and the first to patrol his beat along the Wissahickon on a bicycle, was held Saturday from an undertaking establishment at Germantown avenue and Washington lane.

Mr. Shingle, who was 75, died on Wednesday of last week at the home of his son, Charles Shingle, at Monmouth Junction. He is survived by his wife, another son, and two daughters.

Mr. Shingle, who served for more than thirty years along the Wissahickon, was frequently commended for heroism in boating and skating accidents and for his quick work in catching runaways in the era when buggies and sleighs were in vogue. Years ago, just before his daughter, Ethel, died of a fever, she asked that the 37 cents in her penny bank be used to help move a mission from Morris and Penn streets to Wayne avenue. It was thereafter known as the Ethel Memorial Mission. Several years ago it was torn down and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Advocate now occupies the site.

Storms of Old Destructive

Century-Old Newspaper Report Tells of Damage and Total Loss of Bridges Over Local Streams.—One Man Drowned.

June of 1833—a century ago—was certainly rough on the bridges and other structures over the Wissahickon and the Schuylkill, according to an old newspaper report, which reads:

"The late heavy storms have caused a more disastrous freshet in the river Schuylkill, and some of the neighboring streams, than has been known for many years. There are no bridges left on the Wissahickon except one. The bridge above the Falls at Robinson's Flour Mills, (Robeson's) we understand is entirely swept away. A safe bridge will very soon be constructed at Robinson's (Robeson's) Mills. Much damage has been sustained by the canal on the west side of the Schuylkill. One of the wheels at Fair Mount Water Works has also been considerably injured. The Wissahickon raged so furiously that the stone bridge on the Ridge Road was swept away, as well as the bridge next above. The houses on the left bank of the Schuylkill, above the Falls, were inundated, and many articles, such as barrels, chairs, tables, etc. were floated on. A barn, swept down from the neighboring hills, is now standing high and dry in the middle of the turnpike road between the Falls and Manayunk.

"Anthony J. Thomas, aged 36 years, was drowned at Thomas' Mills on the Wissahickon in the freshet. Any information relative to the body will be gratefully received.

*Evening Bulletin
11/16/1936*

First Paper Mill

Sir: The statement that in 1793, David Rittenhouse established the first paper factory in America at Roxborough, this city, is incorrect. It was 1693 that the mill was started and the founder was William Rittenhouse, grandfather of David. David was an astronomer, mathematician and public office-holder. A. C. CHADWICK, JR., vice president, Wissahickon Valley Historical Society.

CORNELIUS WEYGANDT



Birds, Snows, Slopes, Trees Of Wissahickon Celebrated By Pennsylvania Professor

"THE WISSAHICKON HILLS," by Cornelius Weygandt; University of Pennsylvania Press. \$4.00.

Reviewed by NORMAN WEBB.

SOME seven miles northwest of our city's blatant roar is a dark, romantic valley, split by a tumbling, tossing creek and hugged by the soft slopes of timbered hills. To some of us they are the hills of home—to the world their wonders lie wrapped in the lovely name of Wissahickon Hills.

In mellow prose Professor Weygandt has given us a glorious picture of these hills and created a volume that is a brilliant successor to "The Red Hills," published just a year ago.

This is a book made out of the vivid memories of a happy boyhood, a sturdy youth and a ripe, full manhood; a manhood that with the lengthening years has not lost any of the hearty joy of the out-of-doors.

Writes With Gusto.

Professor Weygandt knows our Wissahickon hills from the Schuylkill to the creek's spring hole in Montgomery Square, and with a clear eye and a practical pen he has woven an ex-

standing of the loves and tragedies of the feathered families that live in the Wissahickon. The drama of nature is seldom lost to this most observing gentleman. He writes of the little brown creeper that spirals his way through the November rain; of the vigorous robin; of the liquid song of the Kentucky warbler, and of the wren, the fox-sparrow and the sibilant hissing of a disapproving screech owl.

He paints a magic picture of quarries and caves, of mice and mousing. He talks of the trees, the unfriendly yet graceful hemlock, of the tulip poplar and the majestic oak. He tells with enthusiasm of boyish escapades, of lying belly-flat on cherry branches and eating the sunwarmed fruit, of keeping his tortoises and his eight screech owls.

Tells of Love, Dame Nature.

This distinguished man of letters has a heart hungry for wild beauty and in the Wissahickon he has found his fill. Unblushingly and with kindly charm he tells of his love, Dame Nature. "The Wissahickon Hills" is different from "The Red Hills." T

Communities a Theme for Story Writers

This community, under Kelpius leadership is often confused with another communistic enterprise connected with the old stone building on the Wissahickon, at Kitchen lane, known as the Monastery. However, the Monastery was of a later date, and the dwellers there were members of the Church of the Brethren, or Dunkers.

Various story writers have taken the Wissahickon communities as themes for stories. George Lippard found here a splendid field for the exercise of his fantastic imagination and some of the traditions of today were manufactured by this strange genius.

Less well known than Lippard's stories are some tales which Dr. William M. Fahnestock wrote, about 1850. Among the titles were the following: "Brethren of the Wilderness," "Cupid in the Cloister," "Hidden Treasure," "The Alchemist," "The Haunted Mill," "The Bridal Tomb," and "The Forsaken." These stories are difficult to find nowadays, but those who have read them say they are superior to Lippard's.

Memorial Service

In Honor Of

Continental Soldiers of Lee's Virginia Legion

Who Died in the Service of Their Country

At The Barn Of Andrew Wood

Roxborough

December 19, 1777



Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church

Roxborough

Rev. William H. Cooper

Pastor

On December 19, 1777, Captain Andrew Cathcart of the 17th Light Dragoons of the British Army, then occupying the City of Philadelphia, with a squadron of men, surprised an American picket of 18 men of Lee's Virginia Legion, on Ridge Road at an outpost about four miles from the City. The British, greatly outnumbering the American force, opened fire, immediately cutting down seven of the Continentals. The others retreated in the direction of Valley Forge, where the main force of the American Army had recently established their winter quarters. Toward nightfall they took refuge in the barn owned by Andrew Wood, in Roxborough, which formerly stood on the site now occupied by Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church. There they were discovered by the British. Failing to respond to the first challenge to surrender, Captain Cathcart ordered the barn burned, and the Continental soldiers were killed as they tried to escape.

Memorial Service

AT

GRACE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH

REV. WILLIAM H. COOPER

Pastor

SUNDAY EVENING

December 14, 1930

PROCESSIONAL—Hymn 202
"Rise, Ye Children of Salvation"

THE VERSICLES AND GLORIA

PSALM 65—(Page 213)

THE LESSON

ANTHEM—"Recessional" *Kipling-De Koven*

HYMN 493—"God of Our Fathers Whose Almighty Hand"

ADDRESS—"The Massacre at Wood's Barn,"

MAJOR THOMAS S. MARTIN

President, Wissahickon Valley Historical Society

HYMN 490—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee"

EULOGY—"The Virginian's Service and Sacrifice,"

REV. WM. H. COOPER

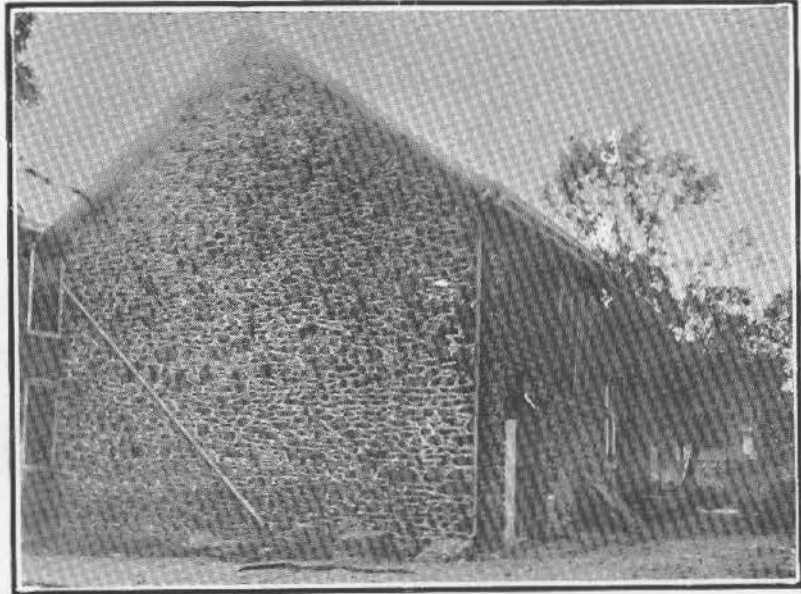
HYMN 494—"From Ocean Unto Ocean"

THE CANTICLE AND PRAYERS

BENEDICTION

RECESSIONAL—Hymn 379

"Onward, Christian Soldiers"



SCENE OF THE MASSACRE
DECEMBER, 1777

THIS SERVICE has been arranged as a fitting memorial by the Wissabickon Valley Historical Society. Officers and Directors of the Society wish to acknowledge with gratitude the sincere and active collaboration of the Pastor and Officials of Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church.

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

REV. WILLIAM H. COOPER
JAMES K. HELMS
LOUIS F. KAPPES
JOSEPH S. MILES
MISS MARGARET MASON
A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

May 1 1928

Mrs A. C. Chadwick Jr
3627 Fish Ave East Falls

To Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, Dr.

Dues _____ \$2.00

Received Payment, Aud Dayton

June 1 - 1920

Mrs. A. C. Chadwick Jr
3624 Fish Ave. Falls 4 - Schuylkill

To Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, Dr.

Dues _____ \$2.00

Received Payment, Edith Righter Schuylkill
Treas

J. S. Miles

"THE HIDDEN RIVER"
 AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE
 BY
DR. THOMAS LYNCH MONTGOMERY
 ALSO
 MOVING PICTURES
 OF THE WISSAHICKON, TAKEN BY THE
 OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER OF PHILADELPHIA
 AND OF ROME TAKEN AT THE INSTANCE OF MUSSOLINI
 AT THE
ROXBOROUGH HIGH SCHOOL
 RIDGE AVENUE AND FOUNTAIN STREET, ROXBOROUGH, PHILADELPHIA
 FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1929, AT 8:15 P.M.
 UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE WISSAHICKON VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
 PLEASE PRESENT THIS CARD AT THE DOOR

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society
Philadelphia

- THOMAS S. MARTIN, PRES.
EAST HERMIT LANE
- JAS. K. HELMS, VICE PRES.
189 KALOS STREET
- MRS. EDITH R. SCHOFIELD, TREAS.
6604 RIDGE AVENUE
- JOSEPH S. MILES, SEC'Y
5493 RIDGE AVENUE
- A. C. CHADWICK, JR., HISTORIAN
5625 FISKE AVENUE.
EAST FALLS

A meeting of the Society will be held in
 THE KENDRICK COMMUNITY HOUSE
 Tuesday Eve., Jan. 21, 1930
 at 8:15 P. M.

MR. JOHN DICKSON

-Wm F. Dixon

will speak of older Roxborough, as he knew it.

Mr. James K. Helms will show a moving picture
 reel, loaned by the B. & O. Railroad, entitled

THE IRON HORSE

All members are invited to be present.

Joseph S. Miles
 Secretary.

OUTLINE OF PROGRAMME:
Roxborough High School Auditorium

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 28th, 1931, starting 8PM, Daylighttime
Under the auspices of the Wicashicken Valley
Historical Society.

Major Thomas S. Martin, President of the Society in charge.

Part One:

Historical or Patriotic talk or address:
By the Hon. Harold G. Knight, a Judge of
the Courts of Montgomery County.

Notes: Judge Knight wrote on April 28th,
that he will be on hand between
7.30 and 8PM, coming in his own car.
Committee to meet his honor: Messrs.
Miles, Chadwick, Barrett, and Leyer,
who will present him to Presiding Officer:

Part two:

Showing of the Sound Pictures:
"ONE DAY ON A GREATER PHILADELPHIA IS RISING!"
With the Compliments of The Evening Bulletin,
G. A. Wiedemann, Director, or his representative.
They will expect a statement from Major
Martin and some of the more prominent
spectators present.

Conclusion:

Introducing, Joseph S. Miles, Secretary of the
Society, who will ask those present, who are
interested, to make application to join the
Historical Society on the blanks furnished.

4/9/31

7/25/1935

96

Historians Make Tour

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society Sponsors Trip to Sources of the "Catfish Stream."—Party Led by Hocker and Yardley.

Members of the Wissahickon Valley, Germantown, and the City Historical Societies journeyed to the Henry Comly Farm, at Montgomeryville, Pa., on Saturday afternoon, to view the springs which are the source of the Wissahickon Creek.

Led by Edward W. Hocker, of the Germantown Society, and Ernest Yardley of Fort Washington, the party left Ridge and Lyceum avenues at 2:15 P. M. and followed a circuitous route which permitted the group to cross and re-cross the Wissahickon about twenty times.

Valley Green road, Mather's Mill, Skippack road, Morris road, Lewis' road, the Dawesfield House, one of George Washington's headquarters in 1777; Reeds' road, School House road, Freas' Mill, Welsh road, North Wales road, formed the greater part of the course, and thence over lanes and fields to the spring on the Comly Farm, which is occupied by a tenant farmer, Joseph M. Frey.

This latter gentleman received the party and courteously directed them to the spring, about a quarter of a mile from the house. A lone mulberry tree stands guardian over the little fount, or well which gives birth to the Wissahickon, which travels from this point, some nineteen miles to the Schuylkill.

Near the Wissahickon Spring, there are two wooded tracts, one to the south, the other northeast. A continuation of Welsh road runs across the Creek about two miles below its source, and it there falls over a little dam.

There is also another spring which feeds the creek, just south of the North Wales road, but the one on the Comly Farm is by far the larger of the two.

10-17-1929

DIRECTORS MEET

Directors of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society met on Tuesday evening at the home of its president, Major Thomas S. Martin, on East Hermit lane.

Plans were made for the coming season's activities of the organization and a resolution regretting the death of Dr. Thomas Montgomery, the late librarian of the Pennsylvania Historical Society was passed.

Letter Tells History Of Hermit Lane

Seventy-Six Year Old Communication Discloses Interesting Facts

AN ANCIENT ROAD

Gave Access to Grist Mill Operated by Martin Rittenhouse

An old letter came to light, among the effects of a resident of the Wissahickon section, who expired recently, that gives some information about the establishing of Hermit lane as a thoroughfare.

The correspondence, to an old local historian, is dated 1859 and reads as follows:

"The present Hermit lane was also the occasion of considerable litigation when first opened, and this feature has not yet deserted it, if all that I hear is true. It seems that from some point of Paper Mill Run (or Monoshone Creek), there was a road which led to Township Line (Wissahickon avenue) and this was accessible to Martin Rittenhouse, who owned the grist mill (near where the present great Henry avenue bridge crosses the Wissahickon), just above the Log Cabin, by a short detour, but he had no outlet to the Ridge.

Hence in 1791, he and a number of his neighbors applied for a new road from Bensel's lane (now School House lane) past his mill to the Ridge, and the Jury reported in favor of such a new road, a mile and a quarter long, beginning on Bensel's lane, about 132 perches southwestward from Township line. But there was a strong remonstrance against the road, on the grounds of expense to Roxborough Township, and also that there were five other roads from Ridge road to Germantown. The report was therefore set aside. Another jury that was appointed on June 4th, 1792, reported a private road, from the mill of Martin Rittenhouse to Ridge road, and said that it should be three-quarters of a mile and forty-five perches long.

"I 1794 a jury awarded the following damages to the owners of lands through which the road passed: Viz: John Levering, 20 pounds sterling; Michael Righter, 10 pounds sterling; and William

White, 10 pounds sterling. In December, 1804 this road was ordered to be opened as a public road to the width of 33 feet. It passes the former house of Phoebe Righter, now (1859) owned by Evan Rowhatten (in 1935 known as The Hermitage, home of Major Thomas S. Martin, secretary of Armount Park Commission) where John Kelpius, the Hermit of the Ridge, used to live, and near which is still to be seen his spring water; and it crosses the Wissahickon Creek above the Arcade. The name of Hermit lane has only been applied within a few years." The Hermit lane that we know today, doesn't go beyond the Wissahickon Drive, but by walking north along this auto highway traces the one-time lane can be seen on the Southeast side of the Creek, climbing up the hillsides toward School House lane.

At its Roxborough end it has been continued across Ridge avenue and even down into Wissahickon and Cresson street.

8/8/1935

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Barton Tells Of Journey to This Vicinity

Wissahickon Valley Described in Chapter of Interesting Book

STILL WRITING

Quotes Annalist's Impression of Three Quarters of a Century Ago

George Barton, a resident of the Quaker City, who penned a volume entitled "Little Journeys Around Philadelphia," back in 1925, continues to have a column of a similar nature in the Catholic Standard and Times.

One of the chapters in Barton's book relates interestingly to this particular "neck 'o the woods" in which we "wake up o' mornin's."

Says Barton: "We are likely to find ourselves all alone in this sylvan dell. (meanin', as Eddie, the Office Boy sez it, The Upper Wissahickon Valley). The absolute quietude is broken only by the running water and the singing of the birds. The leaves are beginning to turn and to fall and we find our pathway carpeted with the most gorgeous designs of nature. The sight of these beautiful colors always brings to mind the line in Sacred Scriptures which declares that the glorious raiment of Solomon was not comparable to the garb of nature. As we go along, we constantly pass little roads radiating from the Wissahickon, each one of which would be sufficient to tempt us into byroads if it were not for the fact that our time is limited and we must keep steadily forward if we are to reach the end of the line by dusk.

"One of the earliest of these byways, less than a mile from the starting point (at Ridge avenue) is Hermit lane. There is a footbridge across the stream at this point and the wayfarer who is so disposed may easily spend a portion of his time in surveying a scene that would tempt the brush of an artist or arouse the noblest instincts of a poet's soul. A little further on we come to other side roads that lead, as one man has it, 'into the wilds of Roxborough'. We pass Kitchen's lane on the left of the creek. This gets its name from W. C. Kitchen, who had an estate there. Off on the summit of a hill, overlooking the stream, is what has been called 'The Monastery'. Here, according to local tradition, the Dunkards came and established their habitation. Just when they left is not certain, but at the present time (?) they flourish in Lancaster County where they vie with the Mennonites and the Quakers in living the simple life. Passing

the Indian Rock Hotel (since gone) we notice Monastery avenue. Nearby on the left of the drive, we see a natural curiosity in the rock. It is the representation of an Indian with a tomahawk in his hand and apparently in the act of springing forward. There are other phenomena of this kind, especially around Valley Green, but one needs to have a good imagination to see the objects that are supposed to be depicted."

And so, Barton goes on, up the rugged little gorge. He returns, however, to tell of scenes nearer the centre of the city in this manner:

"A few words about the entrance and the exit of this beautiful paradise, we will bring our rambling remarks to a close. Before we reach what may be called the Ridge avenue entrance to the drive, we pass through what is known as 'the Falls'. Few places in this part of the country are quite as quaint as the Falls of Schuylkill. How shall I describe it? There is no better way than by quoting the words of Eli Bowen, written almost 75 years ago. I can promise that after all these years this description still holds good.

"The vicinity of The Falls is much frequented," he says, "in the summertime by the citizens of Philadelphia. They ride out here to get an airing. The romantic and picturesque Wissahickon empties into the Schuylkill a short distance above the village, and this is the principal source of attraction. Its banks are bold and rocky, overgrown with stately trees whose shade afford a cool retreat from the heat and the dust of the city. There

are several hotels or places of refreshment, both in the village and on the Wissahickon, and there is no lack of material to gratify or amuse the visitor. The drive from the city is very refreshing — the road being remarkably smooth and studded all along with handsome cottages and tasteful scenery, as well as with objects of historical and general interest. It is customary to enjoy the ride late in the afternoon before dusk, while many drive out to partake of the celebrated catfish and coffee and return by the "light of the moon". Riding horseback, both for ladies

and gentlemen, is, in these days, one of the requisites of a polite education, and the taste for the exercise is indulged to the fullest extent—though there is still a corresponding number of vehicles some of them splendid equipages, to be met on the road."

"We owe Eli a debt of gratitude for this vivid description of how the Philadelphian three-quarters of a century ago acted and lived, although it is hard to forgive him for his reference to what he is pleased to call "tasteful scenery." So much for the entrance to the Wissahickon Drive. We have al-

ready described the chief points of interest between there and the quaint Pro Bono Publico drinking fountain. A mile beyond this point, at the eastern end of the Rex avenue bridge, we see the arched gateway leading to Indian Rock, crowned by the crouching figure of a Lenape warrior. Soon we come to Thorpe's lane, and then we go through the Andorra Nurseries to the county line. We are at our journey's end now and we bid farewell to the beautiful Wissahickon near one of the high points of Chestnut Hill."

Roxborough Times
6/21/1928

HISTORIANS ELECT MAJOR T. S. MARTIN

Park Commissioner Made
President of Local Historical Society

HELMS VICE-PRESIDENT

Major Thomas S. Martin, secretary of the Fairmount Park Commission, was on Tuesday night elected president of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, at its annual business meeting held at The Hermitage on Hermit lane.

Major Martin succeeds Stanley Hart Cauffman, president for the past year, and James K. Helms was elected vice president, succeeding J. Ellwood Barrett. Both retiring officers taking their places on the Board of Directors.

Other officers elected at the meeting were: Joseph S. Miles, secretary; Edith E. Schofield, treasurer, and A. C. Chadwick, Jr., Historian.

The following Board of Directors were also named: Dr. J. Franklin Strawinski, Franklin Edmonds, Ernest J. Weber, Wallace Bromley, Mrs. Wm. C. Ames, Miss Blanche L. Heidinger, Miss Minnie Heidinger and Mrs. Sarah B. Schofield.

Suggestions were made for the various activities which the Society will take in the coming year, including the reading of papers, patriotic services and hikes to interesting sites and buildings.

J. Ellwood Barrett, on behalf of the Society, presented the retiring president, Stanley Hart Cauffman, with three volumes of "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania" in appreciation of the services he had rendered the organization.

James K. Helms exhibited a large collection of hand-colored lantern slides of the Wissahickon Valley and its environs, which drew forth many favorable comments.

6/1/1935

Walnut Lane Bridge Calls Forth A Song

Re-Inforced Concrete Span,
Over Wissahickon, a
Pioneer of Its Kind

HAS BEAUTY SETTING

Constitutes a Permanent
Tribute to American
Skill and Daring

Almost three score years ago, in Germany, Professor Bach, a great engineer, worked diligently at his table, perspiration falling from his forehead, as he charted stresses on the lengthy paper before him. But a smile, a very faint smile, played about his lips, for he was giving the world the first basic theories for reinforced concrete construction. About the same time in Philadelphia two very clever engineers were somewhat similarly employed. Before them also were charts and hundreds of sheets of intricate mathematical equations, and blue prints of plans. And smiles symbolic of success perhaps, glowed in their features, for here spread out, lay completed the plans for what was until then the largest concrete bridge in the world, yet in the abstract. A short two years later, a white span leaped over the Wissahickon at Walnut lane, a concrete monument to engineering genius; a permanent tribute to American daring.

Today, from an aeroplane, the bridge is but a white streak in the center of a winding green valley, over which cars travel like ants. From above the span the white ghost of William Penn surveys the primal forest, gazing from the vernal solitude of the north; behind the trees to the south rise the rose-pink shafts of Alden Park Manor, cut into a blue sky.

The many gray graceful arches of the bridge, spring from their squatting haunches amid emerald evergreens and a profusion of wild flowers, thrust austerly upward in curved flight and lose themselves in the branches and closely-woven patches of foliage. Its stupendous main arches, fighting and groaning under action and reaction, are huge and massive, moulded for resistance and defiance. They leap, reaching ever upward over an arboreal chasm to a point 130 feet in the air and there—falling—fall like a comet and burrow themselves into the slopes of the far side of the Wissahickon. With them, a symphony of smaller arches spring from the great central arch, weaving space forms out of a blue sky, into a rhythmic architecture of

Roman-arch frames.

Somehow, the passerby can feel, by the expression of mass and curve blended to exact harmonious refinement, the load that this Gargantuan structure carries. Imagination has arches springing everywhere to the sky, mounting and merging and blending their curves into each other, distributing their burden as, if it were a sublime joy, flinging the stresses about with delightful fancy, which each catches in turn and hurls on to the other. At the base of the blue bridge, it would seem as if a great parabola of water had been flung from some empyrean mountain chain and in descending, froze rigidly into a rhythmic melody of curves, whose extremities embrace the valley slopes. The bridge piers, towering and prodigious, yet subdued by artistry, aspire ever to thinner air, until, when lost amid sky and tree, they break into delicate semi-circles of exquisite beauty which perspective enhances. The trees stand by on the banks, like black-green abutments, to receive forever the arc of this bridge given to their keeping, just as the east and west horizons of heaven ever receive the rainbow. At the top, huge fingers project from the sides of the span to hold the pavement, a black bar against the sun. At times the underside of the arcs seem wrought of precious metal—creeping silver ripples thrown aloft by the reflecting stream caught and imprisoned there. And then Nature plays a caprice, showing this monolithic creation in flight as a half ring, whose base is buried in vast wealth of emeralds, whose crown—Alden Park Manor—is composed of prismatic ruby crystals, garnishing the alabaster arc with deep-rose splendour.

Graceful, oh how very graceful arc with deep-rose splendour. "A rainbow spanning a garden of Paradise!" At sunset it is an orange crescent across a cerulean sky.

In the evening it drifts—its center spans cut loose from the abutments and drifts and floats sportively on layers of blue valley mist. Clusters of white stars gather there under the grey arching canopy, as if in a fold, throwing vivid white fire to extinguish the creek, murmuring, yet lost far below in the depths of blue fog. And, above on the span automobiles travel with bursts of speed. They shoot like white comets horizontally across the sky into bleak nothingness.

A prayer, it seems, this bridge, a prayer of genius that curves up to the stars and lingering there caresses them for one short instant, and then falling, rushes headlong gathering momentum, till in a full terrific burst of speed, it shatters and splinters its way through bed-rock straight down to the nether regions. "Suicide Bridge," some dub it, but even to the neurotic who clammers over its staunch rail, (thinking to leave the sombre world behind, this span, and the valley far beneath, is to him also a thing of beauty. The bridge is a span over the "Great Divide," over a Paradise that beckons him come to loving arms, to be held against a breast of eternal charms, to rest

in peace in Wissahickon Hills. To some human beings, beauty calls forth madness!

The Walnut Lane Bridge was finished in 1908. Its total length is 610 feet, its main span 233 feet, its height above the water 147 feet. The engineers referred to in the beginning of the article are Messrs. Webster and Quimby. Until 1915, Walnut Lane Bridge held the world's record for being the longest concrete span in existence. Since then, spans of this length have become comparatively common. In 1927 the longest span built in America was the Cappellen Memorial Bridge, in Minneapolis, with a span of 400 feet. A bridge in France now holds the record with an arch span of 558 feet. But American engineers were the pioneers.

H. W. P.

10-10-1929

Assist at Unveiling Ceremonies

Wissahickon Valley Historians
Dedicated Marker
in Germantown

HELD SATURDAY

Hallowed Spot at Point of
Greatest British Advance
150 Years Ago

Germantown on Saturday paused to pay tribute to those patriot soldiers of the Colonial army who fell in their attempt to free the town from the grasp of British invaders.

Civic groups reverently dedicated tablets marking those spots sanctified in Washington's unsuccessful but valiant attempt to wrest Philadelphia from the hands of General Lord Howe.

One hundred and fifty-two years ago the American army, under the leadership of Washington, moved from Whitmarsh to Germantown, attacking the British outposts at Mt. Airy. At the Chew Mansion a strong force under Colonel Musgrave held the Colonials in check until a heavy fog ended the battle, making it impossible to distinguish friend from foe.

On Saturday afternoon patriotic citizens made a pilgrimage to 12 spots of historic importance, where appropriate markers were unveiled and dedicated.

Members of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, of the 21st ward and vicinity had the honor of unveiling the second of the tablets on the west side of Germantown avenue, south of Tulpehocken street, where the advance troops of the British met General Sullivan.

4/18/1935

An Easter Story

The old man slowly turned his head,
And looked me up and down;
His kindly eyes were filmed with age,
And white-haired was his crown.
"What do you know of Easter, lad?
What meaning does it hold,
For one like you who never knew
What life and death unfold?"

There was no answer I could make,
And patiently I stood,
While he was turning sombre gaze
On rippling stream and wood—
The Wissahickon, peacefully,
Flowed through the vale of trees,
Where Life responded thrillingly
To Spring's age-old decrees.

In memory he seemed to brood,
Then said in gentle voice,
" 'Twas forty years ago today,
I heard the birds rejoice!
I think they sang more sweetly
then
Because they saw Her face,
As when we first stood on this
shore,
Imbued with God's own grace!"

A rueful smile engaged his lips,
He paused and then went on,
"You see, they called us foolish
then
On that far Easter dawn.
We'd stroll here on a Springtime
morn,
To reach this quiet retreat,
And felt that peace had sanctified
Our flight from Life's defeat!

"And as we stood in silent awe,
And watched the sun's glad light,
She saw a birdling on the ground—
No doubt struck down in flight!
She gently raised its cold, still
form
And held it to Her breast,
And then Her tear-dimmed eyes
swept up,
As if in holy quest!

"Her face was glowing with a light,
Not known on earth or sea,
As in a voice like muted song
She made Her startling plea:
'May He who came to life this day,
Be merciful, and give
That precious gift He justified
And let this poor bird live!'

"Her clasped hands raised the little
form
Toward the shining skies;
And as I watched; amazed; in awe;
I saw it stir and rise!
It wavered on unsteady feet,
Its twitching wings outspread,
And then it fluttered slowly up
And circled overhead!

"We watched it straighten out and
soar
Toward the sun's bright face—
An arrow speeding to its goal,

And leaving not a trace!
And then the birds gave forth their
songs
Of joy; akin to pain;
Their pleasure seemed to burst
from throats
That strove for notes in vain!"

The old man ceased, then slowly
turned,
And pointed to a glade,
Wherein a shaft of sunlight blazed
In contrast to the shade;
And in unearthly light there stood
A little mound of stones,
Where hovered countless feathered
forms
That sang in lilting tones!

"What do you know of Easter,
lad?"
But gentle were his words;
"How can you know of Easter, lad?
Until you know of birds?"
I did not answer, nor can I now,
But this I know full well:
The lesson that I learned from
him,
Is one words cannot tell!

A. C. C.

11-16-33

Wissahickon In November

Long stretches the creek, a liquid
emerald running turgidly under a
sodden, leaden sky, turning, twist-
ing, seeking to find for itself more
of the deep turquoise flecks in the
heavens, to reflect in its water. For,
gaunt are the reflections of sparse,
black, and amethystine trees, with
only a few jewels of leaves, and the
chalk white limbs of the sycamore
thrust into the blue. Long since
has it been, that oaks and ash and
silver birch mirrored themselves as
glowing braziers and shook down
their beauteous autumnal burden of
fire-leaves, that dropped only to
crackle and skid like burning boats
on the green waters, or to side-slip
and play in the air, or to hurry in
wild abandon down the valley,
leaving trails of fire reflections in
their wake.

On the driveway is a soft russet
carpet of leaves—a scar of bright
colour sweeping into the hills. High
above, on the trees, the wind rat-
tles the dead leaves in a fantasia,
and on the road makes swirling ed-
dies of sienna colour, that mount
and undulate and fall in a never
surceasing kaleidoscopic array.
The low hills creep to the north
with their colour lost in purple
mystery. Out of them suddenly
come sheets of dazzling silver, like
the spears of barbarians marching
down the valley. Rain patters,
beats in a dull rhythm on the dry
leaves. The turquoise spots of sky
disappear; swirls of a strange No-
vember snow flurry fall silently; all

is engulfed in a quiescent beatitude.
The valley pales, then becomes
quickly luminous with burnished
light as the snow ceases. Golden
shimmer the sunbeams from volum-
inous gray cloudbanks, and all the
vale is tawny yellow gold. Shadows
fall pale, yet delicately blended—
rose and lavender bars they are
across the golden russet of the
leaf-bound drive. The creek is a
gleaming yellow liquid, speared
with green hemlock reflections. All,
all is vibrant gold, beautifully
shaped. Like a sequined, studded
veil of precious jewels, flung to the
winds, are the leaves swaying in
the treetops, and from the feath-
ery clouds floating lazily overhead
there is seemingly distilled, a peal-
ing of crystal chimes, which ring
clear in the cold air and echo and
re-echo up the valley. How like
spring it is now, when it treads
these hills with feet of blossoms!
Soon you will be clothed again, O
great black hills, with green gold
flames, and festoons of flowers!

It is dark. Sparks of liquid gold
flash and merge into the azure
twilight and clouds from the reflec-
tion of the evening star, lividly, yet
waveringly mirrored in the placid
from the sky is the premature
water. Like great white-blue tears
snow, falling softly from the void
of twilight, touching the water with
ghostly whiteness. Now the moon,
a great orange sphere, peeps
over the crest of the hills from be-
tween great clouds. As it, mounts
higher it is shattered into frag-
ments by the black branches of
trees. The air is crisp and cold,
and wintry gusts blow from the
north. Soon this valley will glisten
with ice-bound streams and trees
whose bunched branches will shoot
off splinters of silver light and
clink a glass melody in the wind.
Soon these purple hills will shim-

mer with gleams of argent ice light
and crystals will hang from the
trees.

Ah, but many of us will not like
this barren bleakness. Well, there
is always Granada with its waters
clear as diamonds, the perfume of
the flowers which ornament its
courts, the golden dust bathing its
ravines and terraced slopes and
the mountains like heaps of rubies
and carbuncles; there is the Gen-
eralife with its enormous clusters
of oleanders and roses and the pea-
cocks waking upon dismantled
walls; there are the blue Italian
Alps with groves of myrtle and
aloes and blossoming lemon trees
and the great blue flung bay of
Naples—ah, is it not true that
thought need not likewise be bar-
ren in the wintry days to come?

H. W. P.

89

Wissahickon In Winter

In winter the Wissahickon is a green firmament. Its trees are nebulae flashing, curving and falling in stellar space.

The sun rises rapidly over the rippling waters and white hills, till when high in the east it hangs like resplendent quartz, lighting the pendants of icicles with rainbow arcs of color. These hills glow like hyaline masses, their pristine folds of valleys slowly effacing the wrinkles of myriad centuries with the diaphanous cloak of winter. From the low cold depths they rise in swirling curved mounds of whiteness, clothed with the softness of snow, yet somehow bathed with pale purple peripheries of shadow which fuse into a white glare, near the summits.

The creek is like a necklace of green emeralds which winds itself about them and spouts green fire, laving their sides in reflection and then passes into crisscross flashes as the trees catch the rhythm and counterflash it across the valley, till it at last becomes lost in an oblivion of violet vapour hanging low on the shoulders of the hills. The gaunt pines, firs, and hemlocks, glistening with ice, reflect themselves in the creek as sheets and spheres of filmy gossamer, in many intricate designs.

On the plains—

"Pellucid sapphires swing to
the rhythm of eternity,
And the tinkling glass gongs
on the trees

Chime out ephemeral notes of
winter's exotic melody."

There lays a sleety white plain, across whose surface runs flashing fire-trailers to the ice-bound sentinels of fir skirting the edge, half a mile away. There are veritable rivers of cross fires of light flowing across the level like fiery trails streaking down the sky, while all at once the colors of the spectrum flash in blinding profusion. So fast do the light rays change their course under a slight wind that one might well imagine the stars loosed and flung amongst the trees. The plain is alive with sparkling jewels, falling diamond lamps, and trees which are fashioned as some foreign multicolored coral, inlaid with precious stones. Underneath the trees, great spots of color: topaz, ruby and emerald, pour down from above in a dazzling luminous array of beams. Bunched branches high in the trees shoot off splinters of silver light and sing a clinking glass-like melody. The clumps of laurel and rhododendron gathered under this crystal foliage, are of solid aquamarine with spun glass leaves. Tufts of grass stand out in mid-plain like so many stalagmites, while the hanging ice-formations from the trees, enhanced by these tufts conjure the vision of a sub-terranean cavern. These

shapes, undulating like flames, throw spangles of light back and forth as though an interplay of liquid tongues. When however, the sun reaches its zenith, then these shapes leap and play, throwing a ball of living fire to the rhythm of seraphic symphony, while far off, the hills refract with gleams of argent light.

With the setting of the sun, the still hot with lava, against the gray sky.

At night the stars blink high above and drop golden tears on the cheeks of sky and the crystal magic falls away from the trees in golden spume.

H. W. P.

1/30/1936

Sleighting Along Wissahickon is Memory-Jogger

Brings Back Recollections of
Noted Horsemen of the
"Gay Nineties"

LAYCOCK RECALLED

Roadhouse Proprietors Con-
sidered Snowstorms a
Boom to Business

By E. R. MUSTIN

Heavy snowfalls of the past month recall to mind the days of the "gay nineties" along the Wissahickon Valley when sleighting parties, behind fast steppers, with the merry ringing of bells, made winter a dream of pleasure.

The first snowstorm was always the signal for old time horsemen to hitch up their steeds and race up the creek to Indian Rock Hotel to win the bottle of wine which was always presented to the one who arrived first.

This old bottle of wine created intense rivalry. Hundreds sought to win it for the lucky person always got a big write-up in the Philadelphia Record from "Bob" Laycock, who featured the sporting pages of that paper with flowery publicity about every horseman and horse that passed up the creek.

"Bob" knew the name of every animal and the man at the end of the reins. He used to stand in front of the old guard box of Charley Albany and gather columns of material for his paper when the first snowflakes began to fall.

While Riverside and High Bridge Mansion got some of the trade, Indian Rock, noted for its catfish and waffles, was the destination of most drivers. The rivalry for the old bottle has long since died out. The passing of the sleigh for the

swift automobile wrote "finis" to this winter excitement.

There were no autos on the creek in the gay 90's and no drunken drivers and accidents. Sometimes a sleigh would upset but outside of a spill or two, nobody was ever seriously injured.

The winters were more severe than today. Blizzards were numerous and the snow up the valley would last for a month or two.

Not only was sleighing good and parties a nightly occurrence, but sledding on the hilly streets a winter delight among the boys and girls.

With the advent of the automobile, this sport too, has diminished on account of the danger on the thoroughfares.

Righter street, from Lauriston street, furnished a long hill that was popular with hundreds of young folks every winter.

Then, too, there was generally good skating on the Wissahickon Creek. This brought skaters by the hundreds out from town, to enjoy a skim over the icy surface. Local restaurants made many a dollar serving hot drinks and sandwiches to the sportsmen.

The gay nineties were full of good, wholesome fun that cost little or nothing, compared to the expensive drinking parties of today with auto smash-ups, hit and run accidents and deaths.

Women with painted lips, smoking cigarettes and standing up at bars drinking the same as men were unknown.

Proprietors of hosteleries would have been afraid to cater to such business.

6/12/1930

Historians Receive Ancient Deed From Patrick Powers

Document Recorded Before United States Came Into Existence Is Gift of Prominent Roxborough Citizen

At the June meeting of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, held at the home of its president, Major Thomas S. Martin, on East Hermit lane, Tuesday evening, June 3rd, a deed to Roxborough land, written on sheepskin, with all its queer old fashioned seals, intact, and recorded in the year 1764, was presented to the Society, by Mr. Patrick Powers, of 7520 Ridge avenue. Officers of the Society are elated over the acquisition of this noteworthy addition to its store of documents and other relics pertaining to this locality.

The outside of the deed reads as follows:

DEED 1764
George Righter & Ux
to
Leon:d Striepers

"Received this day and date of the within written indenture of the within named Leonard Strieper, the sum of five shillings, it being the Consideration Money within mentioned we say received by us.

Witnesses Present George Righter
At Signing her
C. Brookeep Elizabeth X Righter
Thomas Lusk mark"

"Recorded in the Office for Recording, of Deeds for the City and County of Philadelphia, in Book H, Vol. 25, page 472, on the 6th of April, 1765.

"Witness my hand and seal of my Office, aforesaid.

C. Brockouth, Recorder."

The wording, on the inside of the document states:

"THIS INDENTURE made the thirtieth day of November in the year of our Lord one Thousand, seven hundred and sixty-four, BETWEEN George Righter, late of Springfield Township, but now of the Township of Roxborough, in the County of Philadelphia, in the Province, of Pennsylvania, Weaver, and Elizabeth, his Wife, of the one Part and Leonard Strieper of the Township of

Whitemarsh, in the County aforesaid, Blacksmith, of the other Part.

"WHEREAS in and by a certain Indenture bearing date of the eighth day of March, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three, made or mentioned to be made, between Bartle Righter, of the Township of Roxborough, in the County of Philadelphia Blacksmith, of the one part, and the said George Righter of the other part, Reciting as is therein recited, and for the Consideration therein mentioned, He, the

said Bartle Righter did grant, bargain and absolutely sell, release and confirm unto the said George Righter and to his heirs and assigns. A CERTAIN tenement and two distinct lots, or Parcels of Land, in the Township of Roxborough, aforesaid. The First of Them Beginning at a Stone in the King's Highway, thence by the road leading to Christopher Robin's Mills, south fifty-two Degrees, west seventy-two perches, and a half, to a white oak at corner of John Martin's land, thence by the same North 38 Degrees, west 22 perches to a stone, thence by the said John Martin's Land, north 52 degrees, east 80 perches, to the said Road, beginning, containing ten acres and a half of Woodland and the other of them containing twenty four acres and sixty nine perches of land, together with the appurtenances to hold to him the said George Righter, his heirs and assigns forever. As in and by the said recited indenture, recorded at Philadelphia, in Book H, Volo. 19, Page 451. & C. relation being thereunto had more at large appears. NOW THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH that the said George Righter and Elizabeth, his Wife, for divers good causes and considerations them thereunto moving and more especially for and in consideration of the sum

of five shillings, lawful Money of Pennsylvania, to them in Hand, well and truly paid by the said Leonard Striepers, at and before The Sealing and Delivery hereof The Receipt whereof they, the said George Righter and Elizabeth, his Wife, do hereby acknowledge and thereof do acquit and forever discharge the said Leonard Striepers, His heirs and Assigns, by these presents have granted, bargained, sale, released and confirmed And by these Presents do grant, bargain, sell, release and confirm unto the said Leonard Striepers, his Heirs and Assigns, All the said herein before described lot or parcel of ten acres and a half of Woodland, situate, bounded and being as aforesaid, together also with all the Ways, Woods, Watercourse and Liberties Privileges, hereditaments and appurtenances whatsoever, thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining and the Reversion and Reversions, Remainder and Remainders, Rents, Issues and Profits, TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said described lot or Parcel of land, hereditaments and Premi-

ses hereby granted or mentioned to be granted with the appurtenances unto the said Leonard Striepers, his Heirs and Assigns, to the Use and Behoof of him the said Leonard Striepers, his Heirs and Assigns, for Ever UNDER the proportionate part of the yearly quitrent, hereinafter accruing for the hereby granted privileges, to the Chief Lord or Lords of the Fee thereof. And said George Righter and his Heirs, the said described lot, or Parcel of Woodland, Hereditaments and premises, hereby granted or mentioned to be granted with the Appurtenances unto the said Leonard Striepers, his Heirs and Assigns, Against him the said George Righter and his Heirs against all and every other Person and Persons whatsoever lawfully claiming or to claim by, from, or under, him, them, or any of them, shall and will Warrant and forever defend by these presents.

"In WITNESS whereof the said Parties to these presents have interchangeably set their Hands and Seals hereunto. Dated the Day and year first above written. SEALED AND DELIVERED

George Righter

In the Presence of us
Thomas Lusk Elizabeth X Righter
mark

C. Brokeep (?)
her

"The 15th day of December the year of our Lord, 1764, Before me Isaac Jones, Esquire, One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and etc, personally appeared the above named George Righter and Elizabeth, his Wife, and acknowledged the above written Indenture to be their act and deed and desired the same may be recorded as their Deed. The said Elizabeth thereunto voluntarily consenting, she being of full age secretly and apart examined and the contents of the same Indenture being first made known unto her. Witness my Hand and Seal the Day and Year above stated.

I. Jones"

Patrick Powers, the donor of this priceless gift, for many years, conducted a saloon at Cresson and East streets, in Wissahickon, and possesses the friendship of thousands of the residents of the 21st Ward and vicinity. When the 18th Amendment went into effect, in 1918, Mr. Powers retired and has since resided at the Ridge avenue address.

He was born in Ireland, but in his early youth came to America, and settled in the 21st Ward, where he has dwelt for more than sixty years.

Forty years ago he purchased the ground, referred to in the old deed, which was promulgated before the United States of America was in existence. The land was located at Ridge and Port Royal avenues (once "the King's Highway") and extended to Hag's Mill Road. Twenty-eight years ago, the tract was purchased by the City of Philadelphia, for water storage and filtration purposes. The plot, which sold in 1764, for five shillings, or \$1.25 of United States money, was bought from Mr. Powers for several thousand dollars, and, has, in the natural course of events, increased considerable in value, since its last sale.

The Historical Society is desirous of preserving as many local photos and documents as possible and anyone possessing such articles may be assured of their perpetual care by turning them over to the Society, of which Joseph S. Miles, 5354 Ridge avenue, is the secretary.

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VOLUME XII

MAY, 1927

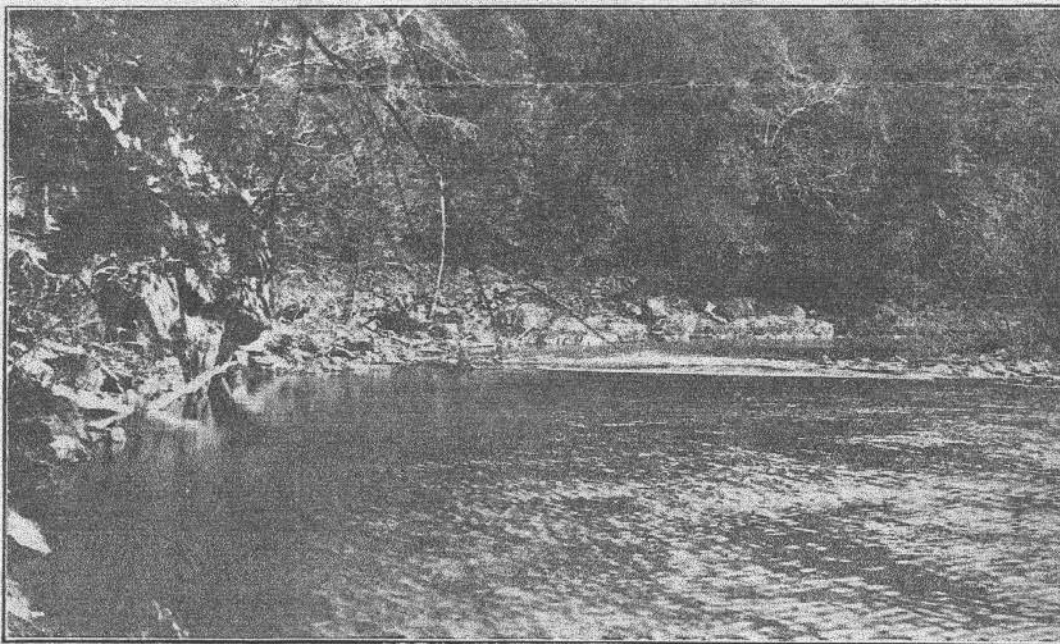
NUMBER 2

"Shadows and Reflections of the Wissahickon" Coney Hemlock Greets Springtime in the Valley

By JAMES K. HELMS, Historian, Wissahickon Valley Historical Society

THE air now is full of "Springtime" aroma, most saturating ozone, it penetrates our bones, and regardless of sunshine or weather, the deep shadows of "The Wissahickon" lure us into their

the fortunate ones, and feel this beckoning of the great outdoors, then in the springtime, you will find your dream come true, "Along the Wissahickon," loveliest of Valleys.



THE HEMLOCK THICKET
Below Valley Green.
"Into the Deep Shadows."

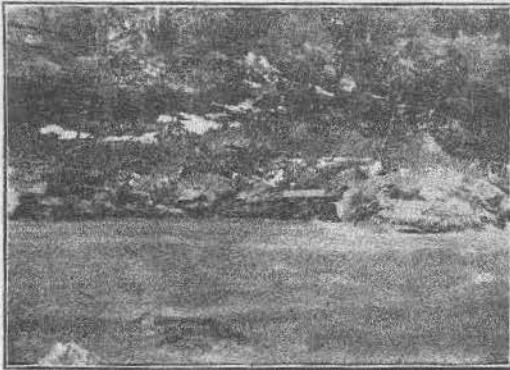
depths. Now you surely feel the longing for the shady by-paths, or the deeper shadows under the never-failing ever-greens of the dear old Valley, where so many like to roam. If you are among

In the Autumn

During the melancholy days of autumn, when the stalwarts of the wild forest are laid bare by frosts and chilly winter blasts approaching, we are apt to ponder, and



perhaps say thoughtfully, "Soon will the old hills open up, and the rocky ledges will be able to show themselves off in their bleakness." After waiting several weeks, of dreary fall days, you return to your favorite tryst along the Wissahickon, expecting to find all the sunlight possible in the fast fading days of the old year, but from the distance you still see



THE STONE WITH THE SPIKE
From the One Log Bridge "of the Monk."

the shadows falling into the deep places. Turning to your old friends, the dull gray rocks, you feel that the numerous lines silhouetted there, only predominate more. Then, and only then, you realize there is something more enduring to the plant life of the Wissahickon Hills, making the deep shadows just a little fuller and richer, when the dull November or December sunlight is allowed to seep in a wee bit further.

See, there hang the bronzed oak leaves of autumn's reward, holding like grim death, while the less hardy foliage of the poplar, catalpa, locust, mulberry, beech, ash and maples have shed their green summer coats, after first turning into the golden tints and shades of the autumn. But the bronzed autumn coat of the sturdy oak too must go. Then we lose our deep shadows, and have only the huge garnetiferous rocky slopes and hills.

The New Year Comes Along

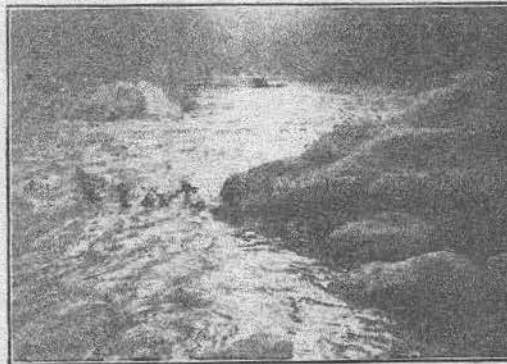
On a cold January day in the New Year, we feel the magnetic hills calling for a few of our dreamy moments. From the enchanting distance we think of no depth, no shadows, no place where "Deep calleth unto deep, like the sound of waterfalls," and for a short time the Spirit of Gloom envelops us. Before long we look up and say, "Why there are those dreamy

shadows, there are the shadowy crevices and clefts in the rocks, there are the imaginary silhouetted figures, everything seems only the deeper." One cannot help but feel that each season coming brings new joys, which, while passing, takes dull cares and sorrows along. What is there so constant and permanent along the Valley of the Wissahickon, that withholds and still keeps its romantic atmosphere throughout all the seasons of the year?

Native Evergreens

Good character wins firm friends, something permanent, enduring. So with the charm of the Wissahickon. The real everlasting charm of the Valley only possesses you, after the spring time, summer, and fall foliage change, when one realizes there are "Native Evergreens." These through all the seasons, give the real depth to the shadows, filling every nook and crevice, enabling us to see great imaginary faces, glaring out at us through the dim shades of the Wissahickon Forest.

As soon as you enter the deep gorge of the Wissahickon in the winter season, you are introduced and get acquainted with the gracefully shaped native of the rocky ledges. You must not mistake the old-fashioned native of the ravine, "The Hem-



The Two Stones of the One Log Bridge Below
Kitchen's Lane.

lock," for any other evergreen. Here you will find, close to the great City of Philadelphia, a long ravine, with its picturesque stream, winding, turning, rippling, even at places noisy. The hills of the ravine are clad with enough native evergreens, to give a permanency, which creates an allurements throughout the complete four seasons of the year.

(Continued on page 17)

"Shadows and Reflections Wissahickon"

Continued from page 1
Coney Hemlock

When standing out in the old hemlock is surely as showing a perfect pyramidal and compels the crowd back. The birds will find numerous but after other refuge fails them, woods the hemlock attains a height, like all the others, are tall enough to overlook the wooded groups will show branches at the top, while near the base some distance from ground, will be lifeless. Air moisture all are shut off from the thick green branches at top and the companion trees.

Then perchance you see the cones, unnoticed during most, but if examined in more strangely nod to you, making "Why, how did you get there all, and why do you seem to all day long at us, utter strange. You seem to know us, and friendly, while we feel you."

Hemlock Leaves and C

The Hemlock gets its leaves and cones. The leaves are about one-half inch or so, are narrow, but unlike the flat, dark green and shiny on side, and light green and with having trace of a faint white on side of the mid rib.

By June the tree is fine, and with every stem tipped with of light yellow green, which of the brightness, are more conspicuous than the blue-green in the springtime. Two cones on each tree, staminate and the former are small, round and the latter are oblong and which are replaced by cones, quarters of an inch long, turn bronze, then brown in the ring on dangling on the sea green trees, all through the winter months.

Springtime is Here

Springtime is now supreme rock-bound gorge, and with sunshine and beautiful



“Shadows and Reflections of the
Wissahickon”

(Continued from page 2)

Coney Hemlock

When standing out in the open, the old hemlock is comely in shape, assuming a perfect pyramidal outline, which compels the second look. Here the song birds will find numerous hiding places, after other refuge fails them. But in the woods the hemlock attains a far greater height, like all the others, aspiring to get tall enough to overlook them all. The wooded groups will show deep green branches at the top, while many branches for quite some distance up from the ground, will be lifeless. Air, light, and moisture all are shut off from below, due to the thick green branches up nearer the top and the companion trees surrounding.

Then perchance you see the countless cones, unnoticed during most of the year, but if examined in midwinter they strangely nod to you, making you think; “Why, how did you get there, friends of all, and why do you seem to blink there all day long at us, utter strangers to you? You seem to know us, and want to be friendly, while we pass you by.”

Hemlock Leaves and Cones

The Hemlock gets its beauty from its leaves and cones. The thin green leaves are about one-half inch or so long. They are narrow, but unlike the pine, they are flat, dark green and shiny on the upper side, and light green and whitish below, having trace of a faint white line on either side of the mid rib.

By June the tree is fine and handsome, with every stem tipped with new growth of light yellow green, which on account of the brightness, are actually more conspicuous than the blossoms, which appear in the springtime. Two kinds are found on each tree, staminate and pistillate; the former are small, round and yellow, while the latter are oblong and pale green, which are replaced by cones about three-quarters of an inch long. These cones turn bronze, then brown in the fall, hanging on dangling on the beautiful evergreen trees, all through the long, cold winter months.

Springtime is Here

Springtime is now supreme along the rock-bound gorge, and with the bright sunshine and beautiful balmy days,

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greater allurements are offered by the Valley of the Wissahickon. Now we do not wish for company and companionship, as we did during the winter days when few will wander among the igneous rocks, heavily laden with stores of mica, garnets, and possibly other ornaments. Although springtime abounds along the Wissahickon Ravine, why forget about the dreamy shadows?

With each succeeding springtime we get on the trail of the old arbutus, narcissus, violets, jack-in-the-pulpit, or try to find a surviving trace of our creeping pine friends, the crow's foot, and the turkey's beard or the sweet birch and the sassafras. What would our lovely glen be without our old friend, "Coney Hemlock," who stands firm all year round, while these short time stayers of the ground are only visitors? Is there not some fine, old specimen of hemlock, which has for some reason become the companion of your many reveries, where you love to idle a few of your choice spare moments in contemplation, or where your better nature asserts itself, and you think of the possibilities of your coming life, and your interest in your fellow man? If

not, then hunt one up from among the hundreds of the Valley.

Out in the Moonlight

If you love adventure, but not too great a risk, wait for the moonlight night, and say to your better self; "Tonight would be ideal for that longed for stroll along the Wissahickon." But remember that you must expect to see the great depths of the forest shades, cast by reflected shadows from our ever standing friends, the original natives of the Wissahickon Valley, and our old friend Coney Hemlock. They stood there a hundred years ago and there hundreds of them now remain. On your moonlight stroll you will look into, but not through them. Shadows, like character, are deep, especially the hemlock shadows of the moonlight stroll. These you must not fear; the more we try to explain, the more unable you are to understand. These deep shadows of the night will, on our return, only add to our love for the old by-paths, which formerly were only familiar to us in the sunshine.

The King of the Valley

Along the Wissahickon in midwinter,

Read

THE HISTORICAL ARTICLES BY

EDWARD B. PHILLIPS

Germantown's Foremost Historian

ON

"Bits of Far-Famed Germantown"

in the

Germantown Telegraph

EVERY WEEK

the old-fashioned tree, "Coney Hemlock," is the King of the Forest. Beautiful all year round, strong competition in other seasons makes it more or less obscure, but lovers of the Valley, will never go back on the all-year-stand-by, because "Coney Hemlock" offers companionship year in and out.

Nature is the best planter. Wander up the narrow glen, at any time, and cresting every mica laden, garnetiferous rock, you will soon see its nature-given green mantle. After you enter the Wissahickon Valley, under the High bridge, and along the blasted rock, which opened the Valley, about a hundred years ago, you find its charm thrust upon you, and if you are thoughtful, or just a little romantic, you will think, "Wherein does this charm arise?" and if you ask me to answer, I would say, "Let the 'Hemlocks' answer, 'Shadows'."

The Wissahickon Hall soon is passed, and beyond in the woods are the Hemlocks, ever faithful, across the Creek; see the little Garnet Glen, and then high on the brow of the hill see the old Salaignac Mansion, almost closed in with its guardians and evergreens of the whole year. Then look up the next glen across the Creek, The Renowned Hermit's Glen, with the old Powwattain Mansion, and there too will you meet our friend "Coney Hemlock."

2/6/36

Sign Attracts Attention Along the Wissahickon

Hikers Pause to Read Verse, Written by Shakespeare, Carved in Rocky Cliff

AWAKENS THOUGHT

Winter Scenes in Storied Valley Stir Imagination of Artists

There is a sign post by William Shakespeare, standing where the Cresheim creek meets the Wissahickon.

Lines from Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona" are carved in the rocky cliff above Devil's Pool. They are the gift of Dr. Charles D. Hart, president of the Philadelphia Boy Scout Council.

Dr. Hart, calls it a sign post because its purpose is to stop those who are hurrying past and open their eyes to the beauty around them. He says people are so intent on getting some place or just walking that they forget to notice the greatness that surrounds them.

The poetry that stops them at this spot might well have been written for it:

"The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean."

Dr. Hart, who frequently walks across the rustic Devil's Pool bridge, is delighted because his experiment "really works." He has seen children and nurse maids, formerly oblivious to the splendor of the scene, stop, read and admire.

3/5/36

Wissahickon Area Existed Far Back In the Azoic Age

Geologist Exhibits Specimens of Rock to Prove His Argument

HAS OTHER EVIDENCE

Storm-Gouged Gully Disclosed Ruins of Springhouse Far South of Creek

Not many years ago, a geologist, searching for interesting specimens of rocks, made his way out to the valley of the Wissahickon. With his hammer and magnifying glass he tramped along the little stream in its gorge-like setting, for many hours.

After weeks of study over the little chips of stone which he carried home he made the declaration that the Wissahickon Creek was older than the Schuylkill river; that the latter stream came down from up-State long after the smaller stream had been flowing for years.

He exhibited the specimens of rock which he had taken from the banks of the Wissahickon and said they belonged to the azoic age. These, he stated, showed by the wavy lines in them, that they had been belched up while in a molten state by the force of the earth's great internal heat. Upon the surface were reddish colored crystals, the American garnet, few of which are capable of standing the lapidary's process of polishing.

There is an old tradition to the effect that the Wissahickon Creek originally flowed across Ridge avenue, a short distance below its present bed and emptied into the Schuylkill at a point just below the forebay of the Queen Lane Pumping Station. This tradition was somewhat verified before Gustine Lake was made, when excavations for an intercepting sewer was made through the former Robeson meadow, evidence of the bottom of the creek or river bed being found by the ditch diggers.

9/29/1929

93

Historians to Mark Sites

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society Members to Participate in Unveiling Markers of Germantown Battle Site, Next Week.

At the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Germantown, in 1927, a fund was raised to mark significant sites connected with the battle. The organizations which cooperated in the 150th anniversary have been invited to dedicate the memorials on Saturday, October 5th, next.

Among these are the Woman's Club of Germantown; the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society; the Business Men's Association of Germantown, pupils of the Germantown High School and members of the Mothers' Association of the school; Germantown and Chestnut Hill Improvement Association; Thomas Leiper Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution; Patriotic Order, Sons of America; East Germantown residents; Germantown Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution; North Carolina Society of Pennsylvania; Henry H. Houston Post No. 3, American Legions and the Germantown Historical Society.

Bronze tablets will be unveiled at The Johnson House, Germantown avenue and Tulpehocken street, Germantown avenue and Walnut lane, Germantown avenue and High street, Market Square, Church lane and Wister street, Church lane and Limekiln pike, Limekiln pike and Haines street, Germantown and Mount Pleasant avenues, 6613 Germantown avenue, Germantown avenue and Johnson street, and Germantown avenue and Upsal street.

The marker at Germantown avenue and Tulpehocken street will be dedicated at 2:45 p. m. by the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, composed principally of 21st Ward residents.

In the Battle of Germantown on October 4, 1777, the spot was the site of the British advanced commands, comprising the 52nd Regiment (Second Light Infantry Battalion) and part of the 40th Regiment, after retiring before Americans, made a stand west of this point, opposing General Sullivan's American line at Washington Lane.

The committee on markers, is composed of the following men: Dr. I. Pearson Willits, chairman, Casper Wistar Haines, Thomas E. Clemens, James K. Helms, Edward W. Hocker, Harrison S. Morris.

Men and Things

Friends of the Wissahickon Are Marshaling Their Forces to Preserve the Famous Drive as a Parkway and Prevent Its Further Conversion Into a Motor Highway, Involving the Destruction of Its Natural Beauty

PARKWAY or highway? Friends of the Wissahickon—the organization of that name and thousands of other nature lovers—are earnestly protesting against any despoliation of the beauties of Wissahickon Drive, in Fairmount Park. They contend that its natural embellishment, which makes it one of the most beautiful parkways in the country, is invaluable, and of consequence to the people of Philadelphia far greater than any possible facilities for traffic which might be brought about by its conversion into a highway.

Intermittently, for years, there has been an effort to open the upper Wissahickon Parkway for automobile traffic, which is now denied there except for a limited use of a small section. The reservation of this part of the Parkway for the use of pedestrians, equestrians and drivers of horses, has been maintained, and is, perhaps, so firmly established that it will be difficult ever to lift the ban. But there is fear that if the lower Wissahickon Drive shall be further stripped of its natural endowment for the purpose of converting it into a safer speedway, even the protection of the Upper Drive may be weakened and finally forced to yield to utilitarian demand.

Current agitation has resulted from a suggestion of one of the automobile clubs—following an accident some weeks ago—for the removal of a jutting ledge of rocks, not far above the entrance from Ridge avenue and the Reading's high bridge, and the straightening and widening of the Drive at that point. Backers of this suggestion have urged that the Drive has become a main motorway for residents of

Speedway Demands Protested Germantown and Chestnut Hill, who were chiefly concerned in getting to and from the city in the most convenient manner and the shortest time, rather than in the enjoyment of the scenery, which was the chief objective in the original layout of the Park. In effect, the utilitarian plea was that this is a motorized age, and that the Wissahickon Drive has long since become a public highway, and should be treated as such.

The friends of the Wissahickon contend that the Drive was designed as a Parkway, was perpetually dedicated, as a part of Fairmount Park, to such purposes, and should be preserved for the use for which it was originally intended.

In greater or less degree the question of Parkway or Highway arises in other sections of Fairmount Park. East River Drive, the sweep around Lemon Hill, to some extent the West River Drive to Girard avenue, the winding roadway which crosses to Belmont avenue from the Park gateway at the western end of the Girard avenue bridge, have become the accustomed routes of great fleets of motor cars plying between the city and the suburbs beyond the Park. There has been more or less frequent and persistent suggestion that the proper accommodation of this traffic necessitates the obliteration of curves, that were designed for the passage of horse-drawn vehicles, and for widening and straightening operations which would provide a swift and convenient direct highway across the Park.

Much of this desired work of con-

version, or improvement, could be done without serious disturbance of the purpose and service of the Parklands, at least so far as the West Park is concerned.

But in the East Park, and particularly along the Wissahickon, the requirements of the Parkway and those of the Highway come into direct conflict, and the latter cannot be achieved unless the former shall be sacrificed. For instance, it is pointed out that if the particular nose, or ledge of rock projecting on the lower Drive, the removal of which had been proposed, shall be cut away, it would likely be found necessary to remove a large slice of the hill to prevent rock, dirt and debris from being swept down on to the Drive. Num-

First Move May Lead to Serious Loss bers of old trees would have to be laid low. And if this first step should lead to a general widening and straightening of the Drive as might reasonably be asked for highway purposes, the scenic beauty would be ruthlessly destroyed, hundreds of fine old tulips, hemlocks, poplars and oaks would go and the stream bed would lose its natural character and become little more than a stream in a culvert. These friends of the Wissahickon argue that motorists who use the park drives as short cuts, advantaged by the absence of frequent intersections and by other conditions of safety and facility, do not have superior rights and should expect to recognize and conform to the limitations of traffic necessary for the preservation of the Park as a public recreation ground and beauty spot.

Moreover, it is contended that the use of the Wissahickon Drive is not necessary for the convenient motor passage between the city and Germantown, Chestnut Hill and outlying suburbs in that direction, and they cite a half dozen existing routes—some up Broad street with cross-overs via Cayuga street, Belfield or Ogontz avenues, and some through the East Drive to Hunting Park avenue—which can be used and are used daily by a considerable number. On all these routes there are more delays on account of intersecting traffic, but the plea is made that if the motorist prefers the advantage of the Park Drive, its reasonable limitations, although they may constitute a disadvantage, should be accepted.

The essential requirement is that the natural beauty of Fairmount Park shall be preserved. It is a natural asset of which Philadelphia has justly been proud and, although the relative inaccessibility of the upper Wissahickon has made it not quite so well known as it should be, there is no part of the park which repays the rider, the driver or the walker more for the time and trouble taken to get there than a visit to the motorless section that lies north of Rittenhouse street. There, in a sylvan solitude such as the first settlers in the Wissahickon region knew, there is, winter and summer, a scene of beauty such as no other city in the country can show and which has always called forth the admiration of visitors. It is a part of the park that should always be kept as it is.

Even on the lower Wissahickon, where the rush and roar of motors is now constant and where it is often a matter of wonderment how pedestrians and especially children frequenting this section in summer, escape injury in the press of traffic, there is about the valley, with its high, wooded walls, its refreshing coolness in summer and its stern aspect in winter, something which sets it apart from the rest of Fairmount.

Wissahickon An Asset Of the City The Wissahickon Drive at no point is dangerous for orderly traffic. Nor do its curves seriously impede traf-

fic. No one who drives it assumes that the particular piece of ledge on which the present cry for "straightening and widening" starts, is a menace, much less that it endangers the life of any one competent in handling a car. Actually motor traffic over the Drive experiences more delay by reason of the hold-up at the Ridge avenue crossing, where fairly heavy and steady streams of traffic cross. Eventually there will undoubtedly be some separation of grades there, probably by carrying Ridge avenue on a viaduct over the Drive. No complicated or elaborate construction would be required for this purpose and any plan suggested should be designed with a view to preserving the beauty of the present entrance to the Wissahickon, so beautiful and distinctive that it has been sold, in one form of reproduction or another, all over the world.

When the Falls bridge was erected it was designed with a view to carrying an upper roadway, linking the heights of Chamounix on the west with those of Queen Lane on the east, and it may be that this will come to pass some time in the future and form the central structure around which other changes in the vicinity will be gathered in harmony.

The necessities of traffic must be accommodated. But they can be served without despoiling the Park and its Parkways, whose natural beauty and inspiration are even more valuable to Philadelphia's population of nearly two million than they were when they were set apart perpetually for Park purposes by a deed of trust.

11-7-1929

HISTORIANS TO MEET TUESDAY

The public is extended an invitation to attend a meeting of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, which will take place next Tuesday evening, in the Kendrick Community Building at Ridge and Roxborough avenues.

It is hoped to have William F. Dixon, a former member of City Councils, and one-time president of the 21st Ward Board of Trade, and the secretary of the 88th Pennsylvania Volunteers Regiment of the Civil War, make an address concerning Roxborough and the surrounding territory. James K. Helms, vice-president of the Society, will display some of the beautiful Wissahickon Valley picture slides which are in his possession.

Major Thomas S. Martin, president of the Historical Society, is expending every effort to make this meeting of interest to everyone in the community and anticipates a good turnout.

History Society Elects

The annual election of officers of the Germantown Historical Society was held last night at 5241 Germantown avenue.

The following were elected: Samuel Emlen, president; Mrs. Fred Perry Powers, vice president; Joseph C. Ferguson, 3d, secretary; J. H. R. Timmanus, treasurer, and Edward W. Hocker, librarian.

10-26-1929

SUPREME FAITH

A mighty arch leaps o'er the vale,
Where Wissahickon waters flow,
To take the stroller to a trail
Where Indians in the long ago
Were won't to pace, with agile
stride
To mount the hills above the
tide.

Here, once in times which long
have fled,
A native maiden sang her
songs
Of youthful love; and planned to
wed
A brave, whose strength in
stretching thongs
To speed his bow-flung arrows
true
Was such as was endowed in
few.

Just where the bridge ends on
the height,
Is Lovers' Leap, where folk-
lore tells,
They met one bright October
night,
When each star's brilliance ex-
cels
Its neighbor in the God-sent
gleams
That glow in mankind's sor-
riest dream.

And here they talked of hopes
athwarted
By selfish sire, stern and cold,
Who as the chieftain overlorded
This quaint old Lenape free-
hold;
Who ruled no daughter of his
clan
Should marry to an alien man.

So rather than to live apart,
The couple made a solemn vow,
That they would from this earth
depart
Together, and they cared not
how,
And with this pledge they made
their leap
And entered Everlasting Sleep.

The plunge was made with heart
to heart,
Their arms were locked in fond
embrace,
And now, they nevermore will
part,
But dwell together in a place
Afar from this great graceful
span
Which serves the present needs
of man.

The maiden and the brave no
more
Are here to climb the cliff-
steep height,
And though their fate we all
abhor
We ne'er forget their fearful
plight,
And how they ended of their
woes
To find relief in Death's re-
pose.

Despite the sorrow of it all,
There's something beautiful in
faith
Like theirs, with power to en-
thral
The spot with hallowed
thoughts; the wraith
Of which from those who long
have gone
Retains the force to urge us on!
A. C. C.

6-20-1933

Historians Will Attend Grace Church

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←

Major Thomas S. Martin to
Make Address on
Sunday

PASTOR TO PRESIDE

Commemorates Massacre of
Virginia Troopers at
Wood's Barn

A Patriotic Service, commemorat-
ing the death of the Virginia troop-
ers of Washington's army, who per-
ished in December 1777, on the
present site of Grace Lutheran
Church, Ridge and Roxborough
avenues, will be held at the church
next Sunday evening at eight
o'clock. The Wissahickon Valley
Historical Society will attend in a
body and will participate. The
speaker will be Major Thomas S.
Martin, president of the society.
The pastor, Rev. W. H. Cooper, will
also speak briefly on "The Virgin-
ian's Service and Sacrifice." Kip-
ling's Recessional will be sung by
the choir. The committee on ar-
rangements is composed of Rev. W.
H. Cooper, James K. Helms, Louis
F. Kappes, Joseph S. Miles, Miss
Margaret Mason and A. C. Chad-
wick, Jr.

At the morning service on Decem-
ber 14, the subject of the sermon
will be: "The Rich and the Hun-
gry." This is the third of the ad-
vent messages which the pastor this
year is basing upon the first chap-
ter of Luke.

The teachers and officers of the
Sunday School will hold a business
meeting tomorrow evening at 642
Rector street.

Rare Book Describes Wissahickon Valley

BY A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

A rare old book, of which we had the good luck to become the owner, discloses some information concerning the Wissahickon region which should be of interest to the lovers of that hemlock-crowned, rocky-battlemented section of stream and woodland which even before its acquisition by the Fairmount Park Commission was made self-guarded by a gracious Creator.

Until 1826 the Wissahickon Valley was inaccessible except by little by-roads and lanes. At the Ridge road a mass of rock stood on one side and a precipice on the other. During that year the rock was removed and the present road laid out.

Until 1822 the creek emptied into the Schuylkill river over a very picturesque fall of water, ten or twelve feet high. Today the man-made fall is east of Ridge avenue, a goodly distance from the creek's confluence with the river.

Says the old volume: "Passing along the margin of the Wissahickon, the carriage drive reaches first Wissahickon Hall. At this saloon, which is a place of considerable resort, refreshments and ices are sold during the summer and 'catfish and coffee' at all times." At the time the book was printed, which was in 1872, the Hall was conducted by Charles H. Lippen.

Goes on the story: "A short distance further on, the road passes a second restaurant, The Maple Spring. The restaurant which bears this name contains a collection of very grotesque figures of animals, birds, beasts and serpents; these are all the uncut roots of the laurel, found in these forms in the earth. They are the labor of the proprietor's lifetime in the forests of this State.

"Batteaux may be obtained at this restaurant, as also at the lower one, by the hour or for the afternoon or day, for excursions. The west bank of the stream at these points most conveniently reached by this mode of conveyance."

According to an advertisement, in the back pages of the book, the "Maple Spring Hotel and Museum, serves Catfish and Coffee, wines and ices, and possesses the most remarkable collection of curiosities in America." Its proprietor was Joseph Smith.

The book tells of the Log Cabin, and upon the opposite bank of the stream "a short distance above it, the rocky bluff called Lover's Leap," which is pretty well obliterated by the northwest end of the fast-rising Wissahickon Memorial bridge, at Henry avenue.

The writer says of Lover's Leap, It overlooks from its crest a wild gorge. It is the scene of one of the numerous traditions which survive here. There is an illegible inscription in Latin, said to have been chiseled by Gelpius on the face of the rock, and at various places around it aspiring vandals have cut their initials."

What some present-day local historians call the "Great Bend of the Wissahickon," was "The Hermit's Glen" and "was a

favorite spot with the hermits, the scene of their wanderings. It presents some of the most striking natural features along the stream. Immense boulders of many tons weight lie on the hillsides, and a short distance above the Lover's Leap another rock juts out to the length of twenty feet. One feels, after climbing to the crest of this rock and looking far down upon the sharp stones in the gorge peering up through the holes and branches of undergrowing trees, not unlike the ad-

To go on with our quotations, the book of 1872 says: A short distance beyond (three and a half miles from the mouth of the creek) a bridge crosses the stream at one of the most striking pieces of landscape along this whole section of the Park. As you approach this bridge, on the opposite shore, in early spring, winter and autumn, there is a strange effect of deciduous trees among evergreens; skeletons, is Dore would draw them, rising up along the verdure-crowned steep.

"This bridge, known as The Pipe Bridge, finished last year (1871) carries the water supply from the Roxborough to the Mount Airy reservoir at German-town. It is a graceful structure, lifted a considerable height above the stream, and presenting the appearance of three light festoons, hanging between the piers. The bridge is iron, and has four spans, each 172 feet 9 inches; its whole length is 691 feet, and it is supported by three iron piers, 83 feet high, set on masonry 20 feet high; an altitude of 103 feet above the level of the stream. Two twenty-four inch water mains form the top cord of the bridge."

The writer adds a foot-note which says: "Dr. Franklin in his will of 1780, recommends, 'as a mark of his good-will, a token of his gratitude, and a desire to be useful to us after his departure that a portion of the legacy left to accumulate for the benefit of the city of Philadelphia, be employed 'at the end of one hundred years, if not done before, in bringing by-pipes the water of the Wissahickon Creek into the town so as to supply the inhabitants.' His legacy remains unused, but the work, by the appropriation of these creek borders and pipe connections, has now been completely done, and is a most appropriate tribute to his memory."

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John M. Rhind, Noted Sculptor, Died In London

Creator of Heroic Figure of
Tedyuscung Along Wissa-
hickon Died Thursday

DESIGNED MEMORIALS

Works Included Statues of
John Wanamaker and
H. H. Houston

John Massey Rhind, 68, noted Scotch sculptor, who designed the heroic statue of Tedyuscung, which stands along the heights of the Upper Wissahickon Valley, died last Thursday, in London.

He formerly had offices in New York and executed works in many States, including the bronze decorations at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. One, the John Wanamaker statue, was unveiled in City Hall Plaza after funds were raised by public subscription and despite disapproval of the Philadelphia Art Jury in 1923.

Mr. Rhind was born in Edinburgh and came from a family of artists, his grandfather, father and brothers all being sculptors. His father, John Rhind, R. S. A., was a prominent Scotch sculptor, and is noted for the famous Walter Scott Memorial in Princess street, Edinburgh. The son came to America in 1889, after studying under his father, the Royal Academy and in France and Italy.

Among his other works are the H. H. Houston statue on the "ramble" and some of the decorations on the Monumental Memorial, Fairmount Park. He also did the tympana on the Agricultural Building, Washington; the allegorical decorations in General Grant's Tomb, New York; the equestrian statue of George Washington, at Newark; the heroic marble statue of President McKinley, for the McKinley National Birthplace Memorial at Niles, O., and other works in Youngstown, O., and the fountain at Georgian Court, George Gould's residence at Lakewood, N. J.

He received a gold medal at the St. Louis Fair and a silver one at the Buffalo Exposition.

The Indians of Wissahickon Valley

A Two Part Story of Tribes That Once Roamed the Wooded Stream

BY A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

High up on the hills over the Wissahickon Creek, near Valley Green, stands the effigy of the chieftain of the Lenni-Lenapes, known to frequenters of the section as Tedyuscung.

Testifying to the great warrior's part in the history of Pennsylvania, one of the capitals to a column in the beautiful capitol building at Harrisburg, bears another likeness of this Indian who once ruled over part of this Commonwealth.

Tedyuscung was the last great chief of his tribe.



NOTED STATUE

J. Massey Rhind's stone likeness of Tedyuscung, chief of the Lenni-Lenapes, which attracts attention of visitors to Valley Green, along the Wissahickon Creek.

Much has been written about him and many have questioned his motives, but on a careful inspection of the facts that are presented we are forced to the conclusion that in Tedyuscung—or as it is variously spelled "Tadenskund—the people of his clan had a most fearless champion, whose principal thought was the welfare of his subjects and who sought by every means

in his power to restore the independence of his nation.

In making these efforts he displayed ability of the highest order, as a diplomat and orator.

Before he was raised to the dignity of a chief he had distinguished himself as a counselor in his nation. In 1750 he was baptized at the Gnadenhutton Mission, located at what is now Lehighton, in Carbon county, by Bishop Cammerhoff, a Moravian, of Bethlehem.

To the English-speaking people and prior to 1750, he was known as "Honest John," his baptismal name being "Gideon." At this period he was received into the Moravian Church, although his reception was somewhat delayed on account of "his wavering disposition." And shortly after he was enrolled as a member of the mission, his name was removed from its lists.

It was not until 1754 that his people called upon him to assume a military command. The French were then stirring up the Lenni-Lenapes (or Delawares) to lend assistance in fighting the English, telling the Indians that if the English were permitted to go on as they had been doing, there would not be a foot of land for the aborigines to live upon.

Whatever may be said or the attitude of Tedyuscung toward the English at that time, it must be remembered that his position would have been a difficult one for any man to assume. He was the head of an exasperated people.

A people who had been robbed and cheated out of that which all men hold dear—their native land.

Small wonder then that the hearts of the Lenapes warmed to the hearts of the French, and that he failed on some occasions to gratify the Provincial government.

Tedyuscung had many enemies. What leader doesn't? The Munseys were especially jealous of his friendship for the whites and accused him of double dealing.

It has been recorded by Indians and whites who were closest to him, that the true secret of his somewhat wavering conduct was the welfare of his own nation.

The great object of his life was to recover from the Iroquois that dignity which had been wrested from the Lenni-Lenapes by the Six Nations.

When Tedyuscung perceived that the fortunes of war were going against the French, he intimated to the Moravians that he was willing to be received again into the mission.

This they refused to allow him to do, and he then "endeavored to destroy the peace and comfort of the Indian congregations."

Concluded next week

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The Indians of Wissahickon Valley

A Two Part Story of Tribes That Once Roamed the Wooded Stream

BY A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

PART 2—CONCLUSION

The Christian Indians in the neighborhood of Lehighton wished to remove to Wajomick, because that region offered to them what seemed to be superior advantages. In this idea they were encouraged by the hostile tribes which were allied with France, who desired them out of the way so that they might attack the English frontier with less chance of detection. Tedyuscung had been a leading promoter of this removal. The Moravian missionaries, seeing what the result would be, wisely refused to go. Failing to get the Christian Indians removed to Wajomick, Tedyuscung came to Philadelphia, and the Wissahickon territory, to attend a council of the Indians and English, which legend says—was held on or near the high rock on which the great Massey Rhind statue stands today. On his return to Lehighton, he again asked for the removal to Wajomick. The missionaries again refused to move unless the Governor of the State and all the Chiefs so determined. With this answer Tedyuscung had to be satisfied.

By the influence of Governor Denny the hostile and dissatisfied Indians were prevailed to meet the English in a great council at Easton, Pa., in 1756. A string of wampum was sent to Tedyuscung and he was told to meet the council on Monday, as the whites never transacted business on Sunday. Tedyuscung was present at this council as the representative of four nations: Chilohockies, Wanamies, Munseys and Wapingers. Tedyuscung gave on this occasion the following very pointed account of the manner in which the whites fraudulently obtained the lands of the Lenni-Lenapes. On being asked by Governor Denny for the reason of the hostile movements of his nation against the whites, the chief replied:

"The reason is not far away. This very ground (striking it with his foot) was my land. It has been taken away from me by fraud. I say this land, (this was where the city of Easton now stands) I mean all the land lying between Toricon Creek and Wyoming on the Susquehanna.

"I have not only been served so in this state, but the same thing has been done in New Jersey, over the river."

On being asked what he meant by fraud, he said:

"When a man purchases lands from the

Indians, and that man dies, his children forge the names of the Indians to the dead, for land the Indians sold. This is fraud."

Governor Denny asked him if he had been served in this manner. Tedyuscung replied:

"Yes, in this very province. All the land extending from Tobickon Creek over the great mountains, has been taken from me in this manner, for when I agreed to sell land to the old proprietary, by the course of the river, the young proprietary had it run with a compass, and took double the quantity intended to be sold."

The Indians were defrauded also in other ways, the famous "Walking Purchase" being an example. On this instance the Indians claimed that the "walker" ran, and at another time he "walked" after nightfall. All of which was true.

At a later council in Easton, in July, 1758, the same charges were made and pressed home. Again in October of the same year, Tedyuscung demanded the deeds of purchases made, and that true

copies be given him for reference. He further requested that a tract of land be set aside for the Indians, with the distinct understanding that no purchase or sale of the same be allowed in the future. He also asked that a road be opened from Philadelphia to Sunbury, so that goods might be carried by a more certain route than the Susquehanna river.

In 1757, at Easton, Tedyuscung said, among other things, "As we intend to settle at Wyoming; we want fixed boundaries between you and us, and a certain tract of land fixed, which it shall not be lawful for us to sell, or you and your children ever to buy."

To this Governor Denny agreed. The territory demanded by the Indians comprised about 2,000,000 acres, and included in whole or part the counties of Union, Lycoming, Wayne, Luzerne, Columbia, Montour and Northumberland.

Houses were built at Wyoming for the Indians and missionaries sent to them. The great Chieftain, however, did not long enjoy his rest. His enemies were ever on his trail and in 1763 he was humped to death in his own home, while drunk on liquor said to have been sent there to accomplish his destruction.

Within five years of his death the Indian lands were sold. At the beginning of the Revolution there were no Lenni-Lenapes east of the Alleghanies. By a treaty in 1789, lands were reserved for them between Miami and Cuyohoga and on the Muskingum, in Ohio.

About Ourselves

We publish today an interesting sermon by the Rev. A. W. Brownmiller, pastor of Trinity Evangelical Church, Baynton and Duval streets, which is well worth space in our columns. Read it. It is well worth serious thought in these troublesome times.

We conclude in this week's issue Mr. Chadwick's two part story of "The In-

dians of Wissahickon Valley." It is a splendid historical contribution from this brilliant writer's pen.

Next week we begin a new four part story on "The Rittenhouse Mill," by James F. Magee, Jr., who recently contributed a series of articles on "The Ancient Mills of the Wissahickon."

Mrs. H. C. M., Chestnut Hill—The poems of Mrs. Gertrude de Moya will appear in this paper every week. We have a long series on hand from her prolific pen.

J. P. H.—Mr. Chadwick is not a resident of Germantown. He lives at the Falls of Schuylkill and is editor of the suburban Press, Roxborough. James M. Magee, Jr., is a resident of West Philadelphia.

12/4/1930

Park Body Would Save Wissahickon

Fight Proposals to Widen Drives Along Gorge of Beauty

HIKERS HAVE RIGHTS

Weygant Brings Out New Book Concerning Valley

Proposals to widen roadways in the Wissahickon will be fought by the Friends of the Wissahickon, and its executive committee has notified the Commissioners of Fairmount Park that any road-widening "will destroy the natural beauty of this ravine."

"The so-called dangers inherent in the present roadways of the Wissahickon used by motorists are non-existent for all those who obey the rules," the notice adds.

Pedestrians as well as motorists have rights to be conserved in the Wissahickon, the resolutions declare, stating the difficulties of park guards in promoting safety are due to "the carelessness and irresponsible behavior of some drivers."

Citizens are urged to "rise to the support of the Commissioners and of their present policy as to the use of motor roads in the park."

Baedeker referred to the Wissahickon as "An Alpine gorge in miniature of singular loveliness." In a volume called "The Wissahickon Hills" by Professor Cornelius Weygant of the University of Pennsylvania, the traditions as well as the natural beauties are

related and glorified. Professor Weygant's chapters will appeal to many Philadelphians who have come to love the old Creek; it will open new paths and make us realize once more that we can be justly proud of this glorious stretch of woodland and stream.

Professor Weygant shows every spot along the Wissahickon. He has observed what others have missed for many years. He tells about the woodduck on the Creek in the earlier years, about the eagles that used to pass over now and then, about the raccoons, the opossums. "There are mink, weasel and skunk about, though they are scarce." The sections on the birds of the Wissahickon are not only informative but especially engaging. There are chapters on spring-houses, ground cellars and "caves," on "Heaths and Heathy Places," on "Mice and Mousing," and several interesting sections on the gorgeous trees of the valley.

While things have changed since Professor Weygant's boyhood, the beauty of the Wissahickon Hills remains. "Storm can quickly restore to them even now a tonic wildness," he wrote, "and moonlights make them as magical as ever they were to one and twenty. They are the surprise they have always been to strangers from far or near. A bluff of grey schist, hemlock covered, with kinglets seeping through the plumy branches, is refreshing so close to a great city and muskrat tracks in the mud by the creek are a sight to make the years fall off bent shoulders. The Wissahickon and its hills are a blessing to many thousands of us. They are here always, good to visit at all seasons, and just as good as a suggestion of all the far wooded places where men may find freedom and heart-ease."

1/29/1931

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Weakened Ironwork, at Bridge Over Wissahickon Creek, is Cause of Fear

Park Drive Closed as Officials Feel Apprehensive of Henry Avenue Bridge Collapse. — Buckling Gusset Plates Are Said to Have Been Reason

Grave fears arose on Sunday, over the possible collapse of the partly completed Henry Avenue Bridge, over the Wissahickon Creek.

Serious buckling of the steel framework, supporting the bridge proper, caused the Park guards to close the Wissahickon drive, between Ridge and Wissahickon avenues, making many motorists detour several miles.

Workmen noticed that a steel upright, under the middle of the span, where its two arches will meet, had dropped several inches and while it is believed, now, that there is no danger of the bridge collapsing, workmen rushed to the scene early on Monday and started restoring operations.

A. H. Ashworth, field superintendent for the contractors, Francis A. Canuso and Son, and eleven other experts were on the scene early with a corps of surveyors to determine exactly what damage had been done and how much the support shifted.

The bridge for which the city has set a cost of \$1,770,000, is to be 1,800 feet long, including approaches, and the partly completed east span is more than 150 feet above the Wissahickon.

"I am hopeful repairs can be made, but a thorough investigation will be required," said Alexander Murdoch, Director of the Department of Public Works. "I learned about the condition at my home Sunday night, and immediately communicated with John T. Neeson, Chief of the Bureau of Engineering and Surveys, and John E. Allen, principal assistant engineer, who visited the bridge at once.

"Of course, very little could be done in darkness. Mr. Neeson and Mr. Allen stayed on the job, and I

have made a personal investigation. According to two reports I received, a couple of gusset plates were buckled, and two or three steel columns were badly twisted."

A gusset plate is a steel plate connection of the steel framework.

As required by law, a construction bond in the amount of 50 per cent. of the contract price is on file with the city. This bond was written by the Commercial Casualty Insurance Company and the Consolidated Indemnity and Insurance Company.

The Philadelphia Surety Company, of which George C. Klauder, former law partner of Mayor Mackey, is president, is the general agent here for the Consolidated Indemnity and Insurance Company.

For nearly two hours the experts, representing the contractors, the Bethlehem Fabricators Inc., which supplied the steel; city officials and representatives of the architects, Modjeski and Chase, looked over the bridge on Monday morning. The architects are the same who designed the Delaware River Bridge, and were associated with Paul Cret in making the Henry avenue bridge plans.

Field Superintendent Ashworth explained the work had progressed to the point where it had been planned to lay the keystone in two or three days.

"If we can get the keystone into the arch without the framework giving way completely everything will be all right," said Ashworth. "From our examination so far, we do not think the bridge itself has been damaged in any way, and the fault is not with the bridge proper."

The buckling of the framework is another highlight in the history of the span, which has been beset by delays since the first architectural sketch was drawn. Work was commenced last summer after bids had been asked and rejected over a three-year period.

Several times the Art Jury and Fairmount Park Commission failed to approve the plans, and had them redrafted.

Roxborough News 2/23/27

NEW HISTORICAL SOCIETY TO MEET

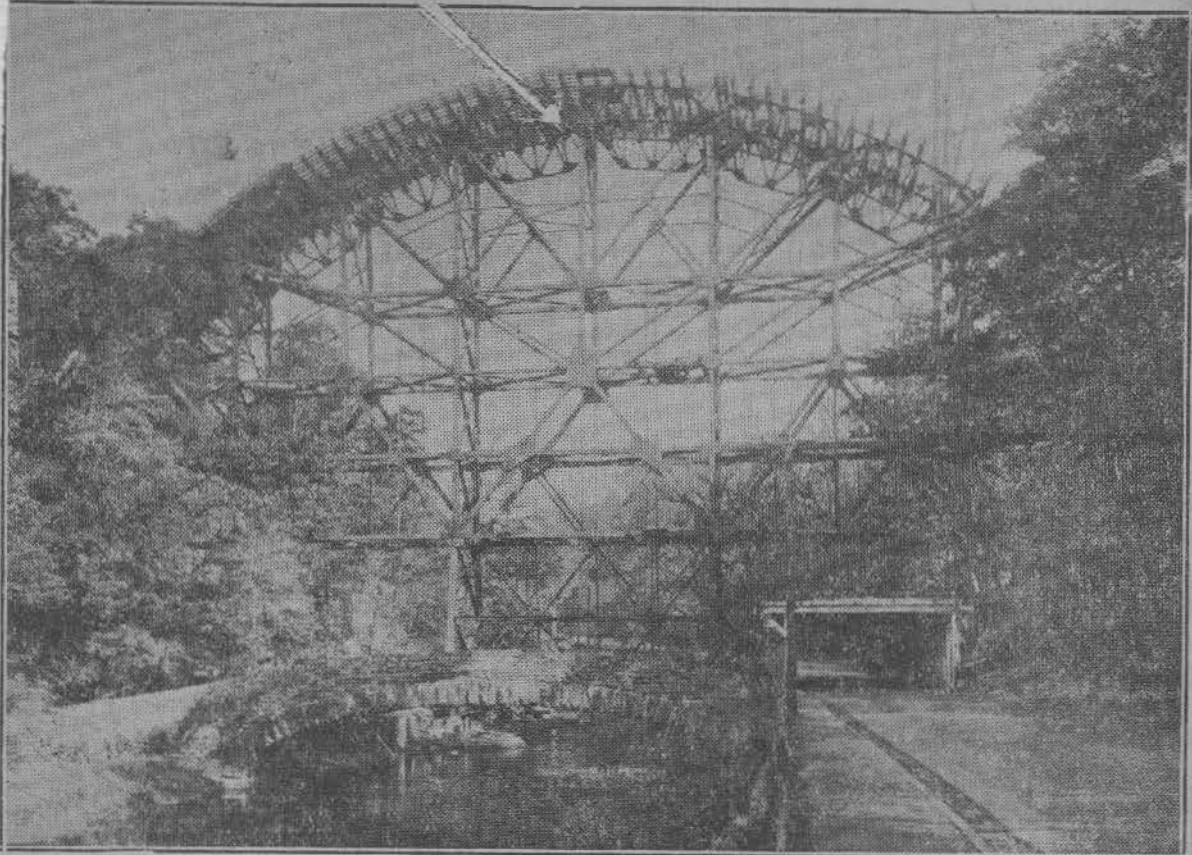
The first public meeting of the newly organized Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, which is the Historical Society of Roxborough, Manayunk, Wissahickon and the Valley of the Wissahickon, has been arranged.

Invitations are being extended to the public who are interested to be present at a showing of D. W. Griffith's romantic, thrilling and patriotic photoplay, "America," at the Roxborough High School Auditorium, Ridge avenue and Fountain street, on Monday evening, February 28, at 8 P. M.

At this meeting the object for which it was founded, its value to the community, and the desirability of membership will be briefly outlined.

Admission will be by complimentary cards, which can be obtained at the following drug stores free: Entriken's, Manayunk, Roach's, Roxborough, and two Strawinski stores, Wissahickon, or of J. Ellwood Barrett, Logan M. Dayton, Wallace Bromley, Esq., Joseph S. Miles, Ernest G. Weber, S. M. Cauffman, James K. Helms, Herman Miller, Hiram L. Wynne, Major Thomas Martin or F. G. Edmunds.

WHERE STEELWORK BUCKLED, ENDANGERING BRIDGE



The above picture was taken, after the skeleton-like falsework, under the Henry Avenue Bridge of the Wissahickon Creek was completed, but prior to the time that hundreds of tons of concrete, forming the giant span was poured. The arrow points to the spot, where on Sunday the supports weakened as the final sections of the arch were being placed in position.

January 16, 1930

HISTORIANS TO MEET ON TUESDAY

On Tuesday evening of next week, there will be a meeting of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, at the Kendrick Community Building, Ridge and Roxborough avenues.

The guest speaker will be William S. Dixon, a former city councilman from this section, who will recite some of the early history of Wissahickon, Roxborough and Manayunk.

Mr. Dixon, who was considerably active in the 21st Ward in his younger years, is one of those most capable of telling of people and happenings of the past, and will doubtless be listened to by a great number of local residents.

In addition to Mr. Dixon's talk, a three reel film, "The Iron Horse," will be shown, through the courtesy of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Company.

The meeting will be in charge of Major Thomas S. Martin, secretary of the Fairmount Park Commission,

who is president of the Historical Society.

The Historical Society also wishes to acknowledge the receipt of Carrol Frey's book, "The Independence Square Neighborhood," issued by the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Philadelphia. The volume is the gift of William A. Law, president of the company.

On Friday night last, members of the society met at Ridge and Monastery avenues, and left on a hike down Monastery avenue to Germantown avenue, returning by trolley and buss.

On Friday night of this week, if it is a good clear evening, another hike will be attempted. The meeting place is at Ridge road and Andorra lane, just about 300 yards above Manatawna avenue, at 8.15. Only in case of a good clear night, will the hike be started.

8/13/31

Falsework of Great Bridge Is Moved

Huge Concrete Form of Memorial Span Slid Into New Position

TRAFFIC NOT HALTED

Engineering Feat Arouses But Little Excitement Among Residents

After waiting patiently for several weeks, those who reside in locality, who were interested in the slowly, but steadily rising Wissahickon Memorial Bridge—the Henry Avenue structure—were rewarded last week, by seeing the great steel falsework of the first of the two great arches moved to an adjacent location for the pouring of the concrete and placing of the finishing stones of the second huge arc.

And the job was accomplished without any more than ordinary activity. No rush, no bustle, no excitement. Automobile traffic along the picturesque drive was not halted for a moment.

The task started on Monday and the tremendous mass of fabricated metal was almost in the desired position by the end of the week.

The falsework had been erected on long heavy girders, laid down near the waters of the creek, the full width of the bridge. These girders, or tracks, as it were, had been set in very firm cement foundations under the arches. Steel wedges, provided with huge screws, at 12 separate points, were released slightly—only the fraction of an inch—permitting the great steel form to recede from the finished span of the first arch. Pneumatic jacks, at 6 places, slowly pushed the structure over on the tracks, which had been liberally greased. The movements of the men at the jacks were synchronized and the structure moved slowly into position, so slowly that even the hands of a clock would have seemed speedy in comparison. The falsework moved at an average rate of three feet per day. It was indeed a noteworthy engineering feat and will live long in the memory of those who participated in, and observed it.

2/5/1931

Henry Avenue Bridge Causes Great Concern

Conflicting Reports Are Rife About Huge Span

AUTHORITIES DIFFER

People of This Section Are Interested in Arguments

Wissahickon Drive, which has been closed since January 25 from Ridge avenue to Rittenhouse street because of the buckling of several of the steel supports on the new Henry Avenue Bridge, was still closed, at the time of going to press last night.

Dissatisfaction of city engineers with the design of the falsework of the \$1,770,000 partially completed concrete bridge in Fairmount Park was reported in City Hall circles on Tuesday.

At the same time Ralph Modjeski, of the firm of Modjeski & Chase, engineers and architects, who designed the structure, told members of the Engineers at a luncheon that the bridge will be built as planned.

Buckling of several gusset plates which reinforce the jointure of the columns supporting the span two weeks ago caused fears of a collapse of the structure. At the time city engineers expressed confidence that repair of the steel falsework of the span was readily possible.

Director of Public Works Alexander Murdoch conferred with Mayor Mackey in the matter on Tuesday. The Mayor subsequently stated that responsibility "rested solely with the contractor."

Modjeski in his luncheon address also said that under the city contract with Francis A. Canuso & Son responsibility for the falsework rests upon the contractor.

"No design for it was furnished with the contract plans, it being left to the contractor to provide steel falsework of adequate stiffness and strength," he said.

It is understood that the repairs are being made with welding devices instead of with rivets, in order to eliminate undue vibration.

The drive which runs beneath the bridge, was blocked off when engineers discovered that part of the steel work supporting the span had buckled.

The drive may be open again before Sunday.

1/2/33

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Huge Bridge Cause of Suit Against City

S. J. Canuso & Sons File Briefs in Common Pleas Court

STEELWORK COLLAPSED

\$100,794 Added to Cost of Construction Through Faulty Falsework

Judge Robert E. Lamberton, of Common Pleas Court No. 5 on Monday ordered attorneys to prepare briefs in the suit of S. J. Canuso, and Sons, contractors, to recover \$100,794 from the city for work done on the Henry avenue bridge, which spans the Wissahickon Creek.

During construction of the bridge the north arch was endangered when steel falsework buckled and threatened to collapse. Emergency work was required to repair the damage. The suit rises out of a claim by the contractors for payment for this work.

They sought to show that the steel falsework was erected in conformity with plans modified by city engineers. The city disclaimed all responsibility. Ralph Modjeski, designer of the Delaware River Bridge, testified. After testimony was taken, Judge Lamberton ordered attorneys for both sides to file briefs.

Wissahickon Roadhouses Once Drew Huge Crowds

The Wissahickon Drive, after having been closed for vehicular traffic for several weeks due to repair work which was taking place, was once more thrown open to the public on Thursday of last week.

In many respects the lower Wissahickon region is now more sylvan in its aspects than it was back in Civil War days. All of the mills and hotels, and practically all of the dwellings that once stood in close proximity to the creek have been removed. The exceptions are the Salagnac House, the Hermitage on the west side of the stream, and the Wissahickon Hotel, which stands at that corner of the Drive and Gypsy lane.

True enough, it is but a short distance to the homes and industries of East Falls, on the southeast, and on the heights of the northwest are the streets of hilly, old Wissahickon, which run to the borders of the park, a stone stairway rising 125 feet to the foot of Freeland avenue. But down in the ravine there dwells the spirit of rural calm, especially in the fall and winter months when picnic parties do not come to dispel it.

Of the old-time roadhouses but one survives, and even it is no longer used

as a hotel. This is the Wissahickon Hall, or Lippens' Hall, as some may remember it. It is the first building along the Drive above the Reading Railway bridge and "Dead Man's Curve." The latter name was given to the sharp angle in the road, caused by the projection of a huge boulder, many years ago. So many collisions of carriages and sleighs occurred there that the Park Commission found it necessary to widen the drive; but as the proposition to blow up the picturesque rock caused a storm of opposition, a retaining wall had to be built whereby the roadway encroached upon the bed of the creek. This work was done in 1899 and 1900, at a cost of \$25,000. Since then a large part of the rock has been removed, either by a slide or at the hands of a contractor. And when one considers the number of speeding automobiles which pass there every day, it is a good thing that the road is wider than in the old days.

Besides Wissahickon Hall there were two other resorts along the creek between the railroad bridge and the Great Bend of the Wissahickon, at Lincoln Drive. The three roadhouses were

situated within a distance of less than a mile, and for a long time each had a large patronage. They catered, however, to three different stratas of society. The aristocracy frequented Wissahickon Hall. Next was the Maple Springs Hotel, where the so-called "middle classes" were wont to stop for refreshments. Some distance farther on was the Log Cabin, which derived its revenue from persons who traveled afoot, and whose greatest indulgence was a five-cent bottle of spruce beer, Waffles, catfish and coffee constituted the features of the menu, both at Wissahickon Hall and Maple Springs Hotel.

The grounds on which the Log Cabin

was built once belonged to Nicholas Rittenhouse, of Roxborough. Five Rittenhouse boys, Martin, James, Nicholas, Jr., Charles and George, and a cousin, William Umstead, built the cabin. It was intended for headquarters of a political club in the Presidential campaign of 1840, when William Henry Harrison was essaying an Al Smith.

After the election, John Cully conducted the cabin as a resort for picnics and dance parties. Volunteer firemen of the city had festivities of various kinds there, and sometimes pugilistic encounters were a feature. The place gained its greatest fame under the management of Thomas Llewellyn, who succeeded Cully. He sold spruce beer in big stone jugs for five cents a jug, and ginger cakes at one cent each, while those who sought diversion other than that of appeasing the sense of taste, could hire row boats on the creek. The Fourth of July and Whitsuntide were notable occasions of the year, when great throngs spent the day in the neighborhood of the Log Cabin.

As his business increased, Llewellyn enlarged the building, and he also procured several monkeys and bears for the amusement of his patrons. One of the performances that delighted the crowds was that of having the bears pull corks out of spruce beer bottles. It is said that occasionally Llewellyn had some of the bottles charged with an extra allowance of carbonic gas, so that when the wire securing the cork was released there was a loud pop and the frothing beer deluged the bear. It is said that Llewellyn's collection of wild animals was the forerunner of our present great Zoological Gardens.

The man who succeeded Llewellyn failed to maintain the prestige of the Log Cabin. Then, too, rival resorts were opening in the neighborhood. These two factors were instrumental in the decay of the Log Cabin, and when the park was created in 1869, the resort was torn down.

The William Leonidas Springs Fountain now marks the spot where the Log Cabin stood. This is a stone memorial which Miss Jeannette C. Springs erected in memory of her father, William Leonidas Springs, who, during the later years of his life spent most of his time in the valley, usually stopping to rest at the place where the fountain now stands.

"The Hermitage," a resort established in 1844 by "Pop" Benson, on the western side of the creek at the foot of Hermit lane, was one of the most popular picnic resorts along the creek. It was reached by a frame truss bridge, which once stood opposite the Springs Fountain, but which was blown down in a storm several years ago.

Sometime, if the opportunity ever presents itself, this Wissahickon lover will attempt to write a tale of the mills which once lined the banks of the stream, but inasmuch as editors seem to take a keen delight in using the scissors on articles which have been stretched out to the length of this one, it behooves me to leave the telling of anything further to a future narrative.

SCCAFF.

Henry Avenue Bridge Nears Completion

Giant Structure Will Be Built
a Monument for Many
Months

NO APPROACHES

Condition Was Predicted
By Fore-Sighted
People

Now it's the Henry avenue bridge that will be ready before its approach is.

The new structure over the Wissahickon Creek is almost completed, but lack of \$200,000 in municipal funds to build approaches probably will prevent its use until next summer or even later.

Failure to sell more than \$3,000,000 of the recently authorized \$15,000,000 municipal bond issue has held up the preliminary contracts for grading and filling, so that when contractors finish the bridge in about six weeks the work will come to a standstill.

Controller Hadley, because of insufficient funds in the city treasury, has held up more than 50 municipal contracts including the first small contract for removing debris, trees and other obstacles on the ground adjacent to the Henry avenue bridge.

Chief John H. Neeson, of the Bureau of Engineering and Surveys said the date for the opening of the bridge would depend entirely when funds are available for work on the approaches.

"We hope to work on the grading and paving early in the spring."

The new span, officially known as the Wissahickon Memorial Bridge, and dedicated as a memorial to the veterans of the World War from Wissahickon, Roxborough, Manayunk, East Falls, and surrounding territory, was first authorized on February 2, 1927. Bids were opened and work begun in October, 1929, with a proviso that the bridge itself should be completed in January, 1932.

WISSAHICKON HALL DAMAGED BY FIRE

Historic Roadhouse in Park
Badly Damaged by Fire
and Water

FIRE STARTED IN SHED

The new fire apparatus, supplied to the local fire companies had their initial action, on Friday evening, when fire broke out, at 5.15 P. M. in Wissahickon Hall, on the Wissahickon Drive, two squares east of Ridge avenue, causing damages that will run into several thousands of dollars.

The building which was erected in the last century, as an inn, has been used for many years by the Fairmount Park Guards as a guardhouse.

The residence portion of the Hall which is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Dorn, was damaged but slightly. Mr. Dorn has been a Park employe for many years and he and his wife act as caretakers of the building.

The fire is believed to have originated in a shed in which the park police store oil for lanterns used as danger signals along the lakes and drives, and gained considerable headway before the arrival of the fire companies from Roxborough, Manayunk and East Falls.

The firemen were compelled, on account of the absence of fire plugs, to use the suction hose to draw water from Wissahickon Creek to quench the flames. The fire crept up and under the shingled roof of the building and it became necessary to remove most of the shingles before the firemen could return to their various stations with the assurance that the conflagration would not start out anew.

Some of the fire apparatus remained on the scene for more than four hours.

Some fifty years ago it was a hotel under the Lippen management and was noted for its catfish and waffles suppers. Before that time it was the original "Zoo," known to many of our grandfathers as the "old-log cabin." Its wooden cages held bears, monkeys and birds; and was used as a picnic ground. At the time of the fire it was used as a sub guardhouse for the rangers along the Wissahickon Creek. In the good old days Wissahickon Hall was the goal of many a Philadelphia horseman and, as soon as the ground had a mantle of snow, the first sleighing party to arrive won a prize bottle of rare old wine.

Old Hotels Along the Wissahickon

BY A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

A meeting of the Board of Viewers was held in 1916 in City Hall, when claimants for damages for property taken along the Upper Wissahickon by the Commissioners of Fairmount Park, were heard. These properties included two former well-known hostleries, the Indian Rock Hotel, at the foot of Monastery avenue, and the Lotus Inn, at the foot of Rittenhouse street and about five acres of the Gorgas Estate.

The properties were taken in order to straighten the park lines along the west side of the Wissahickon, and to get rid of the saloons bordering on the Park. The Park line was taken westward at these points to Henry avenue, the thoroughfare which local organizations endeavored for several years to have opened, from Hunting Park avenue over the Wissahickon Creek and Valley to and through Roxborough to the Montgomery county line. To cross the Wissahickon, these organizations asked an appropriation to construct a reinforced concrete bridge.

The properties were condemned and were turned down when the claims were adjusted, and the sites filled in and suitably improved. Since the condemnation proceedings the two hostleries have been unoccupied.

The Indian Rock Hotel was built by Reuben Sands a well-known resident of Chestnut Hill. He first erected the hotel a short distance from the celebrated Indian Rock, about half a mile below Thorpe's lane, where he continued until the early 70's of the past century, when Fairmount Park was extended along the Wissahickon. The hotel being taken by the Park Commissioners, Sands built another hotel at the foot of Monastery avenue. Back of the new hotel he had a large frame figure painted to represent an Indian chief or warrior, and the place became known by the sign as Indian Rock. After Sands' death 36 years ago his sons, Reuben and Harry Sands, conducted the hotel, which continued to be famous for its catfish and waffle suppers. Later the property was purchased by Mrs. Barbara Fresh, who had a large addition built to the west end. She was succeeded by the manager, Charles Weingartner. The hotel was also conducted for some time by a man named Balkenburg. The last proprietor was William Lova, who had previously kept the High Bridge Hotel at Ridge avenue and Wissahickon drive. This property when condemned belonged to William O'Brien.

Lotus Inn at Shurs' Lane was also famous for its catfish and waffle suppers. Its location close to the famous old Rittenhouse bridge, a frame covered structure, made it readily reached by the people of Germantown or others driving along the township road, now Wissahickon avenue. The Lotus Inn property was part of a large tract of land owned by the late Charles Thomson Jones of Roxborough. Its first proprietor, as far as can be ascertained, was George Locke, who sold out

to Frederick Miley. After his death it was rented by his widow to Charles Mehler.

Further up the creek is Valley Green, once a famous resort for the old-time cotillion dances held by sleighing parties.

With the passing of Lotus Inn and Indian Rock Hotel there was left but one hotel within close proximity to the Park along the Wissahickon, this being the High Bridge Hotel.

Among the old-time resorts which were put out of existence by the Park Commissioners, after the Park was extended up the Wissahickon, was Charles H. Lippen's Wissahickon Hall, at Gypsy lane and Wissahickon drive, which was erected in 1849 by Henry Lippen, father of the last owner, Maple Spring Hotel, a short distance above Wissahickon Hall, was

taken while the late Harry Long was proprietor.

A short distance below was "Tommy Llewellyn's Log Cabin and menagerie. The cabin was one of those used during the memorable political campaign, when he ran for President in 1840. The cabin was hauled on wheels by the enthusiastic admirers of Harrison from Roxborough to Germantown. At the close of the successful campaign the cabin was left standing along what was then the Wissahickon turnpike. Llewellyn bought it, added other rooms and opened it up as the Log Cabin Hotel.

The Hermitage, a resort established in 1844 by "Pop" Benson, on the upper side of the creek at the foot of Hermit lane, was one of the most popular picnic resorts along the creek. It was reached by a frame trussed bridge that spanned the creek.

9/7/1933

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Tedyuscung Battled Long for His Race

Indian Diplomat and Orator
Attended Many
Councils

EFFIGY ERECTED HERE

Massive Statue Overlooks
Wissahickon Valley Near
Storied Roadhouse

High up on the hills over the Wissahickon Creek, near Valley Green, stands the effigy of the chieftain of the Lenni-Lenapes, known to frequenters of the section as Tedyuscung.

Testifying to the great warrior's part in the history of Pennsylvania, one of the capitals to a column in the beautiful capitol building at Harrisburg, bears another likeness of this Indian who once ruled over part of this Commonwealth.

Tedyuscung was the last great chief of his tribe. Much has been written about him and many have questioned his motives, but on a careful inspection of the facts that are presented we are forced to the conclusion that in Tedyuscung—or as it is variously spelled "Tadenskund"—the people of his clan had a most fearless champion, whose principal thought was the welfare of his subjects, and who sought by every means in his power to restore the independence of his nation. In making these efforts he displayed ability of the highest order, as a diplomat and orator.

Before he was raised to the dignity of a chief he had distinguished himself as a counselor in his nation. In 1750 he was baptized at the Gnadenhutton Mission, located at what is now Lehighton, in Carbon County, by Bishop Cammerhoff, a Moravian, of Bethlehem.

To the English-speaking people and prior to 1750, he was known as "Honest John," his baptismal name being "Gideon." At this period he was received into the Moravian Church, although his reception was somewhat delayed on account of "his wavering disposition." And shortly after he was enrolled as a member of the mission, his name was removed from its lists.

It was not until 1754 that his people called upon him to assume a military command. The French were then stirring up the Lenni-Lenapes (or Delawares) to lend assistance in fighting the English, telling the Indians that if the English were permitted to go on as they had been doing, there would soon not be a foot of land for the aborigines to live upon. What-ever may be said of the attitude of

NOTED STATUE



J. Massey Rhind's stone likeness of Tedyuscung, chief of the Lenni-Lenapes, which attracts the attention of visitors to Valley Green, along the Wissahickon Creek.

Tedyuscung toward the English at that time, it must be remembered that his position would have been a difficult one for any man to assume. He was the head of an exasperated people. A people who had been robbed and cheated out of that which all men hold dear—their native land. Small wonder then that the hearts of the Lenapes warmed to the hearts of the French, and that he failed on some occasions to gratify the Provincial government.

Tedyuscung had many enemies. What leader doesn't? The Munsseys were especially jealous of his friendship for the whites and accused him of double dealing. It has been recorded by Indians and whites who were closest to him, that the true secret of his sometimes wavering conduct was the welfare of his own nation. The great object of his life was to recover from the Iroquois that dignity which had been wrested from the Lenni-Lenapes by the Six Nations.

When Tedyuscung perceived that the fortunes of war were going against the French, he intimated to the Moravians that he was willing to be received again into the mission. This they refused to allow him to do, and he then endeavored to destroy the peace and comfort of the Indian congregations.

The Christian Indians in the neighborhood of Lehighton wished to remove to Wajomick, because that region offered to them what seemed to be superior advantages. In this idea they were encouraged by the hostile tribes which were allied with France, who desired them out of the way so that they might attack the English frontier with less chance of detection. Tedyuscung had been a leading

leader of this removal. The Moravian missionaries, seeing what result would be, wisely refused to go. Failing to get the Christian Indians removed to Wajomick, Tedyuscung came to Philadelphia, and the Wissahickon territory, to attend a council of the Indians and English, which legend says—was held on or near the high rock on which the great Massey Rhind statue stands today. On his return to Lehighton, he again asked for the removal to Wajomick. The missionaries again refused to move unless the Governor of the State and all the Chiefs so determined. With this answer Tedyuscung had to be satisfied.

By the influence of Governor Denny the hostile and dissatisfied Indians were prevailed to meet the English in a great council at Easton, Pa., in 1756. A string of wampum was sent to Tedyuscung and he was told to meet the council on Monday, as the whites never transacted business on Sunday. Tedyuscung was present at this council as the representative of the Six Nations: Chilohockies, Wana-dees, Munseys and Wapingers. Tedyuscung gave on this occasion a following very pointed account in the manner in which the whites had recently obtained the lands of the Lenni-Lenape. On being asked by Governor Denny for the reason of the hostile movements of his people against the whites, the chief replied:

"The reason is not far away. This very ground (striking it with his foot) was my land. It has been taken away from me by fraud. I say this land. (this was where the city of Easton now stands) I mean all the land lying between Tohickon Creek and Wyoming on the Susquehanna.

"I have not only been served so in this state, but the same thing has been done in New Jersey, over the river."

On being asked what he meant by fraud, he said:

"When a man purchases lands from the Indians, and that man sends his children forge the names of the Indians to the deed, for land the Indians sold. This is fraud."

Governor Denny asked him if he had been served in this manner. Tedyuscung replied:

"Yes, in this very province. All the land extending from Tohickon Creek over the great mountains, has been taken from me in this manner, for when I agreed to sell land to the old proprietary, by the course of the river, the young proprietary had it run with a compass, and took double the quantity intended to be sold."

The Indians were defrauded also in other ways, the famous "Walking Purchase" being an example. On this instance the Indians claimed that the "walker" ran, and at another time he "walked" after nightfall. All of which was true.

At a later council in Easton, in July, 1758, the same charges were made and pressed home. Again in October of the same year, Tedyuscung demanded the deeds of purchases made, and that true copies be given him for reference. He further requested that a tract of

land be set aside for the Indians, with the distinct understanding that no purchase or sale of the same be allowed in the future. He also asked that a road be opened from Philadelphia to Sunbury, so that goods might be carried by a more certain route than the Susquehanna river.

In 1757, at Easton, Tedyuscung said, among other things, "As we intend to settle at Wyoming; we want fixed boundaries, between you and us, and a certain tract of land fixed, which it shall not be lawful for us to sell, or you and your children ever to buy."

To this Governor Denny agreed. The territory demanded by the Indians comprised about 2,000,000 acres, and included in whole or part the counties of Union, Lycoming, Bradford, Sullivan, Wyoming, Wayne, Luzerne, Columbia, Montour and Northumberland.

Houses were built at Wyoming for the Indians and missionaries sent to them. The great chieftain, however, did not long enjoy his rest. His enemies were ever on his trail and in 1763 he was burned to death in his own home, while drunk on liquor said to have been sent there to accomplish his destruction.

Within five years of his death the Indian lands were sold. At the beginning of the Revolution there were no Lenni-Lenapes east of the Alleghanies. By a treaty in 1789, lands were reserved for them between Miami and Cuyohoga and on the Muskingum, in Ohio.

SCCAFF

Germanstown Telegraph
7/21/1933

Legend of Bell Fantastic Tale

George Lippard, Weird Writer,
Wrote Many Stories
Concerning Wissahickon

BY A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

George Lippard, who knew and loved his Wissahickon Valley, and who possessed a vivid imagination with which to color the facts he learned about this vicinity and Philadelphia in general, died in 1854 but still lives afresh in the products of his pen; many of the writings being believed by the folk of today to be true.

One fantasy of his mind—a legend concerning the Liberty Bell—was written so cleverly plausible that the school authorities printed it in textbooks and there are many people who read the story, who have the utmost faith in its authenticity. But it was pure fiction.

During the 1840's the literary circles of New York and Philadelphia were uncomfortably aware that Lippard satirized their foibles unmercifully and wrote

books which sold in far greater numbers than most of theirs. Lippard wrote in a frankly sensational style. He appealed directly to the mass of people, and he had a tremendous crusading zeal which landed him in all kinds of dangerous situations.

Between the age of 19 and his early death at 32, he published at least 5,000,000 words.

During the years 1846 and 1847, he was engaged by the Saturday Courier, writing a series of "Legends of the Revolution," similar to some he had published before in smaller magazines.

On January 2, 1847, there, appeared in the Courier a story by Lippard entitled, "The Fourth of July, 1776. A legend of the Revolution." It was the first and original account of the old bell-keeper on which innumerable "Ring, grandpa, ring" stories have been based.

After picturing Independence Hall and the square behind it, with anxious crowds gathered about it, the "legend" continues:

"Yet hold a moment! In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the red brick State House, stands an old man with white hair and sunburned face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams, as it is fixed upon the ponderous outline of the bell, suspended in the steeple there. The old man tries to read the inscription on that bell, but cannot. Out on the waves, far away in the forests; thus has his life been passed. He is no scholar; he can scarcely spell one of the strange words carved on the surface of that bell.

By his side, gazing in his face—that sunburned face—in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy, with laughing eyes of summer blue.

"Come here, my boy; you are a rich man's child. You can read. Spell me these words, and I'll bless ye, my good child."

"And the child raised itself on tiptoe and pressed its tiny hands against the bell, and read, in lisping tones, these memorable words:

"Proclaim liberty to all the land and
The old man ponders for a moment on these strange words; then, gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks.

"Look here, my child. Wilt thou do the old man a kindness? Then haste you down stairs, and wait in the hall by the big door until a man shall give you a message for me. A man with a velvet dress and a kind face will come out from the big door and give you a word for me. When he gives you that word, then run out yonder in the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind?"

"It needed no second command. The boy with blue eyes and flaxen hair sprang from the old bell-keeper's arms and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

"The old bell-keeper was alone. Many minutes passed. Leaning over the railing of the steeple, his face toward Chestnut street he looked anxiously for that fair-haired boy. Moments passed, still he came not. The crowds gathered more darkly along the pavement and over the lawn, yet still the boy came not.

"Ah," groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me! These old limbs will have to totter down the State House stairs and climb up again, and all on account of that child!"

"As the word was on his lips, a merry, ringing laugh broke on the ear. There, among the crowds on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands, while the breeze blowed his flaxen

hair all about his face.

"And then swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tiptoe and shouted a single word—

"Ring!"

"Do you see the old man's eye fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder, do you see that withered hand, grasping the Iron Tongue of the Bell? The old man is young again; his veins are filled with new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell speaks out! The crowd in the street hear it and burst forth in one long shout! Old Delaware hears it and gives it back in the hurrah of her thousand sailors. The city hears it and starts up from the desk and workbench as though an earthquake had spoken.

"Yes, as the old man swung the Iron Tongue the Bell spoke to all the world. That sound crossed the Atlantic—pierced the dungeons of Europe—the workshops of England—the vassal fields of France.

"That echo spoke to the slave—bade him look from his toil—and know himself a man.

"That echo startled the King, upon their crumbling thrones.

"That echo was the knell of Kingcraft and all other crafts born of the darkness of ages and baptized in seas of blood."

5-31-1934

PEACEFUL HILLSIDE

I roam to a pleasant hillside,
Near where Wissahickon flows,
On the edge the fields where
the daisy

In all of its beauty grows;
And down in the vale children's
voices

Resound on the woodland air,
Like intruding fairies approach-
ing

To lure me from worry and
care.

From where I repose in a tree-
arm,

If I'm still, I can quietly per-
ceive

Small robins whose wings are
yet useless

Peep out from their nest
through the leaves

And a couple of wrens are
a-singing

Their songs which are joy-
ous and clear,

And a squirrel with manners
impertinent

Pausing near me with listen-
ing ear.

The shadows grow long as the
sun sets,

Far off in the bright Western
sky;

The trees nod their heads in
the breezes,

Bringing peace in their soft
lullabye

To me on my favorite hillside
Where clamorous distractions
all cease

And friendliness spreads all
about me

To give to my soul rest and
peace.

A. C. C.

4/14/1936

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David Rittenhouse, Born on April 8th, Led Busy Life

Mathematician and Scientist First Saw Light of Day in Old Roxborough Township.—Many of His Inventions Still Exist

The 204th anniversary of the birth of David Rittenhouse, who first saw light of day in a little house still standing along the Lincoln Drive, in the Wissahickon Valley of Roxborough Township, was observed last week.

A sketch by Dr. M. J. Babb, of the University of Pennsylvania, recently read, is so concise and illuminating that extracts from it should be interesting to readers of The Suburban Press.

In his opening paragraph Dr. Babb says: "David Rittenhouse, the pioneer American astronomer, was born in the 'New House' with the 'coffin door' on Lincoln Drive, Philadelphia, April 8, 1732, the same year as Washington. Rittenhouse was of Dutch and Welsh ancestry. His great grandfather was William Rittenhouse, the first Mennonite Bishop and the first paper maker in America."

After the first two years, his boyhood and early manhood were spent at Norriton near Norristown, where, at the age of twelve, a bequest of tools and mathematical books and manuscripts from his Uncle David inclined him to mechanics and mathematics. By 1749 he had established himself as a clock maker.

Of his later work the splendid George W. Child's clock at Drexel Institute is the most magnificent. Two years later his future brother-in-law, Thomas Barton, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, supplied him with more advanced books and the two started a circulating library. Barton was able later, as a tutor at the University of Pennsylvania, and on visits to England, to furnish further contracts.

On 1763 Rittenhouse surveyed the boundary of Delaware and Pennsylvania with instruments of his own making. This provided the cornerstone for Mason and Dixon who, in 1766, ran their line for 160 miles. Rittenhouse extended this line in 1779 and at earlier and later dates

he laid the entire boundary of Pennsylvania.

These facts indicate that Rittenhouse's experiences in acquiring knowledge and work were somewhat similar to those of George Washington.

The first description of the famous Rittenhouse Orrery was given to Barton in 1767 when he described his apparatus for determining the time, duration and path of eclipses, extending over a period of 5000 years before and after 1769. Even the great Zeiss planetarium at the Franklin Institute, does not attempt this. The centre space of Orrery was an accurate instrument designed to produce the observable position of the then known planets and their satellites, while another compartment contained Jupiter and Saturn on a larger scale. There were two of these orreries made. The one at Princeton has disappeared, while the one at Pennsylvania is a treasured relic, on view in the Provost's office.

On June 3, 1769, with especially designed instruments that he made himself, and assisted by William Smith, first Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, who lived at the Falls of Schuylkill, and John Lukens, Surveyor General of Pennsylvania, he observed the transit of Venus; thus correcting her parallax from 10 seconds to 8.6 seconds, and putting the earth from 20 per cent farther from the sun than had previously been supposed.

Of another phase of his astronomical work, Professor S. A. Mitchell, in his "Eclipse of the Sun" says: "The first eclipse of the sun to be carefully observed in the British Colonies of North America was that of June 24, 1778, which was watched by David Rittenhouse."

In 1770 Rittenhouse moved to Philadelphia, at the southeast corner of Seventh and Arch streets. On the Northwest corner, diagonally opposite, he soon built an oc-

tagonal brick observatory. This the first and for many years the only observatory in the United States, was partly financed by a grant from the assembly. On this same site he built in 1786 the house later known as Fort Rittenhouse, where he lived with his two daughters, Esther and Elizabeth.

Rittenhouse was elected Secretary of the American Philosophical Society in 1771; Vice President in 1790; and President, succeeding Benjamin Franklin, in 1791. In 1796 he was succeeded by Thomas Jefferson. He was made a fellow of the Boston Society of Arts and Science in 1782 and a Foreign Member of the Royal Society of London in 1795. He received the degrees of M. A. from Pennsylvania in 1767; Princeton, 1782; William and Mary, 1784; and Doctor of Laws, Princeton, 1789. From 1779 to 1782 he was Professor of Astronomy and Vice Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, at a salary of 400 pounds, and a trustee thereafter.

Besides constructing his ingenious clock and the renowned Orrery, Rittenhouse first used spiders' thread for crosshair in his telescope and he invented the collimating telescope in 1785. Many of his papers will be found in the first volumes of the American Philosophical Society's proceedings. In the Society's historical building some of his astronomical instruments are still displayed. It is interesting to note that though engaged in public work, he published seventeen papers from 1780 to 1796, on optic, magnetism, electricity, memoirs logarithms, and astronomical observations, besides translating Lessig's "Lucy Samson or the Unhappy Heiress," from the German and the "Idylls of Gesner" from the French.

After 1763, besides his ordinary vocation he was on various commissions waterways and turnpikes. In 1775 he was ordered to prepare for iron clock weights to replace lead ones, to survey the Delaware for fortifications, and to test rifle cannon. As vice president of the Committee of Safety he issued its proclamations. He succeeded, in 1776, to Franklin's seat in the State Assembly, was a member of the first Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, a member of the Board of War and of the Council of safety. State Treasurer, 1777-1789 and First Director of the United States Mint, 1792-1795.

He died June 26, 1796, three and a half years before Washington, and was buried under his observatory at Seventh and Arch streets. Six months later he was eulogized at the First Presbyterian Church by Benjamin Rush before the President and both Houses of Legislature, the diplomatic corps, and the various honorable bodies of his own city. Later his body was removed to old Pine Street. In 1878 it was borne to North Laurel Hill Cemetery. From this beautiful spot one can look over the Schuylkill to hills and woodland beyond.

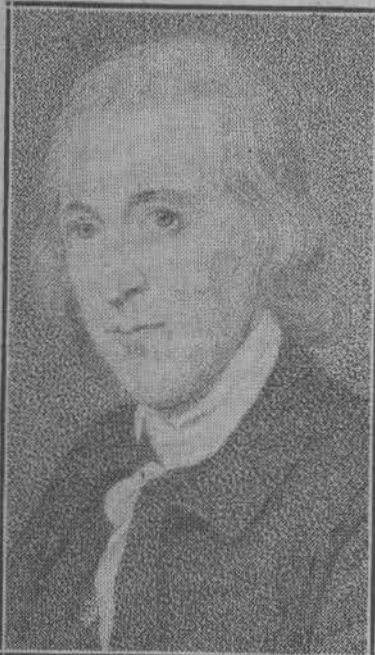
4/7/1932

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Arrangements Complete for Rittenhouse Bi-Centennial Celebration On April 16th

Historical Societies Co-Operate to Make Affair One of Greatest of Its Kind.—Rev. J. Foster Wilcox to Deliver Address. — Bus Tour Included in Plans

BORN HERE



DAVID RITTENHOUSE

Mathematician, astronomer and first Director of the United States Mint, who first saw the light of day, in a little dwelling which still stands, on the Lincoln Drive, in Roxborough township. The bi-centennial anniversary of his birth will be celebrated by local historical societies on Saturday, April 16th.

The likeness, printed above, is a reproduction of a steel engraving made from a Charles Wilson Peale painting of Rittenhouse, which was made in 1772, when the noted scientist was 40 years of age.

Examine your grandfather's clock closely and see whether you can find the name of David Rittenhouse inscribed somewhere upon it. Go through the contents of your attic carefully and try to unearth old papers, surveying implements or astronomical instruments that show signs of having belonged to David Rittenhouse, America's pioneer astronomer.

If you discover any of the possessions of this gentleman of Colonial Philadelphia, for whom Rittenhouse Square was named, call Dr. Maurice J. Babb, professor of mathematics at the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Babb has been digging up Rittenhouse material for fifteen years and has accumulated a mass of fascinating data.

"I have often asked myself," said Dr. Babb, "how you can explain the present obscurity of David Rittenhouse, who, during his lifetime and for years after his death, was considered a rival of two of the greatest mathematicians of all time, Newton and Leibnitz. Why is it that Rittenhouse, who was the first to observe an eclipse of the sun in the Colonies, who built the first and for many years the only observatory in the United States, who made the first mounted telescope and who devised the first mechanical representation of the solar system in this hemisphere, virtually is unsung in our generation?"

"In Colonial days, David Rittenhouse received enormous respect from the populace and was celebrated on the Continent. His intelligence and simplicity of manners, his sincerity and mild temper earned him many lasting friendships. His Philadelphia home was known for its brilliant conversational evenings, and Martha Jefferson, the daughter of Thomas Jefferson, used to visit there for weeks at a time.

"When Rittenhouse died, Dr. Benjamin Rush, a famous physician and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, delivered a eulogy of his genius before a gathering of notables that included every one from the President of the Nation down."

Another who is keenly interested in the life and activities of David Rittenhouse, is Rev. J. Foster Wilcox, of Roxborough, who will deliver an address, "The Birthplace of David Rittenhouse", at the Bi-Centennial Observance being arranged by the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, the Germantown His-

torical Society and the City History Society, at the Rittenhouse dwelling, along Lincoln Drive, on Saturday afternoon of next week. All members of the above-mentioned Societies are urged to be present and the public is cordially invited to attend.

Dr. Wilcox, who is pastor of the Roxborough Baptist Church, which once maintained a Baptist Mission in old Rittenhousetown, is an orator of unusual ability, and this fact, with his efforts in various kinds of research work, forecasts an interesting and instructive discourse at the time of the Rittenhouse ceremonies.

A bus tour is being sponsored by the co-operating societies and everyone will be welcomed, regardless of membership in the organizations arranging the affair. Private cars may join the motorcade, and these may be decorated, but no advertising will be permitted.

Reservations for seats in busses, at \$1.00 each, may be made up to Thursday, April 14th, with Mr. Bernard B. Wolff, 153 West Highland avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. Payment must accompany reservations.

Participants will assemble on Maplewood avenue, east of Greene street, prior to 1 p. m. (Maplewood avenue is No. 5600 North; Greene street is No. 100 West.) Police will reserve Maplewood avenue for the tour, and only cars showing the authorized tag will be admitted to the streets. Tags may be obtained in advance at the Germantown Historical Society, 5214 Germantown avenue, or the Business Men's Association of Germantown, 38 Maplewood avenue, and at the time of the tour from members of the committee at Germantown and Maplewood avenues.

There will be no postponement on account of weather.

The itinerary will be as follows:
1.00 p. m.—Leave Germantown, north on Greene street, west on Rittenhouse street.

1.30 p. m.—Birthplace of David Rittenhouse, Lincoln drive, near Rittenhouse street, Fairmount Park.

The house in which Rittenhouse was born, April 19, 1732 (April 8, Old Style) will be opened for inspection.

Program by the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, Major Thomas S. Martin, president of the Society and secretary of the Fairmount Park Commission, presiding.

Address—"The Birthplace of David Rittenhouse." The Rev. J. Foster Wilcox, A. M., of Roxborough.

Planting of Memorial Tree by Francis E. Brewster, Esq., a lineal descendant of David Rittenhouse.

2.15 p. m.—North on Lincoln drive, McCallum street, Mermaid lane, Cherokee street, Willow Grove avenue, St. Martins lane, Seminole street, Chestnut avenue, Germantown avenue and Germantown pike.

3.00 p. m.—Home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Ballard, Germantown pike, south of Fairview Village. Here David Rittenhouse lived from boy-

BIRTHPLACE OF SCIENTIST



Old Rittenhouse dwelling which still stands between the Lincoln Drive and Paper Mill Run, in the Wissahickon Valley. This house occupies a site west of the old Roxborough township line, and is in what is now the 21st Ward of the City of Philadelphia.

hood until 1770, making clocks, orreries and scientific instruments and later gaining worldwide fame as an astronomer, his greatest achievement being his observation of the transit of Venus, in 1769.

Through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Ballard, their attractive house and grounds will be open to visitors.

Cars will drive to the rear of the house and turn. Cars must not park on the drive facing the house.

3.20 P. M.—Continue north on Germantown pike, right at Fairview Village.

3.30 P. M.—Public Meeting in Fairview Village Assembly Hall, President Judge J. Ambler Williams, of the Montgomery County Courts, presiding.

Greeting .. Mr. Russell C. Thomas, President, Fairview Village Assembly.

Address Judge Williams
Address, "Rittenhouse's Life in Norriton," Maurice J. Babb, Ph.D. University of Pennsylvania.

Illustrated with stereoptican views
Remarks, Mayor Robeson Lea Perot
President, Germantown Historical Society.

4.30 P. M.—Leave Fairview Village for home.

Those wishing to view the grave of David Rittenhouse, in Laurel Hill Cemetery, will have an opportunity to do so, accompanied by a guide, if they will assemble, Sunday, April 17th, at 3 p. m., at the main entrance to the cemetery, Ridge avenue, above 35th street, East Falls.

Phamplets describing the Bi-Centennial Anniversary may be obtained at the Suburban Press office; J. Ellwood Barrett, Walnut lane and Henry avenue; James K. Helms, 189 Kalos street, or A. C. Chadwick, Jr., 3624 Fisk avenue, East Falls.

3/17/1932

Rittenhouse Was Leader Among Men

Historical Societies to Mark
Bi - Centennial Birth
Date Next Month

HAD MANY FRIENDS

Saw Light of Day, on April
8th, 1732, in Rox-
borough

The house in which David Rittenhouse was born, April 8, 1732, still stands in a secluded portion of the Wissahickon valley about a mile west of Germantown, in Roxborough's old township. His ancestors were immigrants from Holland. His father was a papermaker, but afterward a farmer, and the son while engaged as a boy at the plough covered not only fences at the head of the furrows but even his plough with chalked numerical figures. He also residing at home made himself master of "Newton's Principia" by an English translation, and discovered the science of fluxions, of which he for a long time supposed himself to be the first inventor. His constitution being too feeble for an agricultural life he became a manufacturer of clocks and mathematical instruments, and without the aid of an instructor produced work superior to that of foreign artists. In 1769 Mr. Rittenhouse was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society, and was appointed one of the number to observe the

transit of Venus in that year, an account of which he communicated to the society. His excitement was so great on perceiving the contact of that planet with the sun at the moment predicted that he fainted. In 1770, Rittenhouse whose Bi-Centennial anniversary will be observed by local historical societies next month, removed to Philadelphia and pursued his trade. Subsequently he constructed an observatory, where he made some important discoveries. After the Revolutionary War he was one of the Commissioners selected to determine the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Virginia, and between New York and Massachusetts. He had the degree of L.L.D. conferred on him held the office of Treasurer of Pennsylvania from 1777 to 1789, and in 1791 succeeded Dr. Franklin as President of the Philosophical Society, which office he retained till his death. He was also Director of the United States Mint from 1792 to 1795, when failing health led to his resignation. He died in 1796, leaving an unspotted record. Dr. Rittenhouse was justly regarded by his countrymen as the Newton of America. His talents were of the highest order, his industry was indisputable, his exertions in the cause of science contributed in a very large degree to the diffusion of a taste for mathematical and physical knowledge in his native land, and had he enjoyed the advantages of early and thorough education few, if any, of the scientists of the world would have excelled him in the extent of his discoveries and the lustre of his fame. Long will his name be held in admiration for the splendor of his virtues and the brilliancy of his achievements.

Rev. J. Foster Wilcox, pastor of the Roxborough Baptist Church, who will be the orator of the day for the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, when that group holds its celebration at the birthplace of David Rittenhouse, on April 16th, sends the following information concerning the place of nativity of Dr. Rittenhouse, which clinches the fact that the noted astronomer and mathematician was born in Roxborough township.

From the "Memoirs of David Rittenhouse", written by William Barton, a nephew of David Rittenhouse, in 1813, Mr. Wilcox gleaned the following: "Matthias Rittenhouse was born at paper mills, belonging to his family, near Germantown, and about eight miles from the capitol of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia) in 1703.

"In October, 1727, he married Elizabeth Williams, and by this wife Matthias Rittenhouse had four sons and six daughters; three of whom died in their minority.

"The three eldest of the children were born at the place of their father's nativity (at the paper mills, above mentioned) and the others at Norriton. Of the former number was David, the eldest son. He was born on the 8th day of April, 1732" (old calendar).

Mr. Wilcox also found the following excerpt in Johnson's Encyclopedia, "David Rittenhouse was born at Paper Mill Run, Roxborough township, April 8th, 1732." And in Nelson's Encyclopedia "David Rit-

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tenhouse was born in Roxborough, Pa., April 8th, 1732."

All of which gives positive proof that Rittenhouse, who served the people of the new Republic in so many capacities, was born in Roxborough, whose present day residents may be justly proud of the fact.

"See the sage Rittenhouse, with ardent eye,
Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky;
Clear in his view the circling systems roll,
And broader splendors gild the central pole.
He marks what laws the eccentric wanderers bind,
Copies creation in his forming mind;
And bids beneath his hand in semblance rise,
With mimic orbs, the labors of the skies."

3/19/1936

Rittenhouse Was First Director of The U.S. Mint

Roxborough Born Citizen
Received Appointment
From Washington

ILL AT TIME
Building Was First Structure
Owned by Newly-
Created Government

David Rittenhouse, who was born on April 8th, 1732, in a little house which still stands along the banks of Paper Mill Run, a tributary to the Wissahickon, was a many-sided man and the things he undertook to do, he did well.

Edward W. Hocker, Germantown historian, says: "In a time when scarcely any man conspicuous in public affairs, from President Washington down, escaped denunciation and slander, this noted Roxborough-born American was singularly free from attack, although he filled numerous responsible positions. As the first Director of the United States Mint he was confronted with many perplexing problems. Partisan feeling became keen in President Washington's second administration, and the new mint was included among the governmental activities that were subject to censure. This was just after Rittenhouse had resigned the office of director, but the leaders in the attack were careful to declare that the probity of Rittenhouse was unquestioned, and whatever shortcomings there had been while he was in charge of the institution had occurred because he was then in poor health and could not be at the mint every day.

"The mint had been established

in 1792, by an Act of Congress, and Washington personally appointed Rittenhouse, the first to take charge of making the new Nation's coins. At the time Rittenhouse was the president of the American Philosophical Society, having succeeded Benjamin Franklin to the post in 1791.

"As Philadelphia was then the capital of the United States, it was but natural that the mint should be located here. A site was purchased on the east side of 7th street above Sugar Alley—now known as Filbert street. The first mint occupied a site once occupied by a distillery owned by Michael Shubert, which had been bought by Frederick Waller, in 1790, for 515 pounds sterling, and resold to the Government, two years later, for \$4,266.66 and a yearly ground rent of \$27.50. Waller has been described as a "surgeon barber".

"This purchase, incidentally, was the first purchase of real estate ever made by the United States Government, and even in that one a handsome profit was made, for the Pennsylvania pound at that time equaled about \$2.67. And on the land was erected the first structure ever owned by the new nation, for prior to this all Governmental functions were carried on in the State House, which was owned by the State of Pennsylvania, or in various leased quarters.

"Rittenhouse received \$2000 a year as the Director of the Mint. The treasurer, Tristram Dalton, received \$1,200; Henry Voight, the coiner, got \$1,500; and Isaac Hugh, a clerk received \$312. Voight was a Philadelphia watch-maker who had assisted John Fitch in making machinery for the first boat propelled by steam. Albion Coxe was brought from England, in 1793, to serve as an assayer.

"Machinery was procured mostly from England, and by October of 1792 three presses were making "half dimes", of the value of five cents. Apparently this work was only experimental, for not many of these coins were minted, nor were they generally circulated. Martha Washington, wife of the President, is said to have posed for the head of Liberty on these coins, while some of the required metal, it is said, was obtained from the silverware of the Washington household.

"One of those who assisted in equipping the first mint with machinery was Adam Eckfeldt. It is said he built the first screw coining press, parts of which were his own invention. He was the die forger and turner in 1795; January 1, 1796, he became assistant coiner, and from 1814 until 1839 he was chief coiner. His son, Jacob R Eckfeldt, was assayer from 1832 until 1872, and was succeeded by his son, Jacob B. Eckfeldt, who had been a mint employe since 1865. The latter, who lived in Ambler, resigned his office in 1929.

"In 1793, copper cents were made in large numbers. The first ones are said to have borne a chain of fifteen links, representing the number of States then in the Union; but this was objected to on the ground that a chain was symbolical

of the opposite to liberty; so it was replaced with a wreath.

"The first silver dollars were coined in October of 1794; the first gold coins—known as eagles—came out in June of 1795. In this latter month Rittenhouse resigned as director. For a long time his health had been waning, and although he lived in a house at 7th and Arch streets, only a short distance from the mint, there were many days when he could not attend to his duties. He died the following year.

"Dissatisfaction about conditions in the mint was voiced in Congress in 1795. It was alleged that not enough small coins were made to meet the demands of the public, and that mismanagement was evident because the manufacture of every cent cost several cents. Salaries, it was said, were too high, and some of the offices were sinecures. (We wonder what some of those old time gentlemen and critics would think of political appointments today). It was therefore seriously proposed to abolish the mint and to have the coins made by private contractors. A committee of Congress investigated and it was only by a vote of 45 to 40 that the Government decided to remain in the coin business.

"On behalf of the mint officials it was explained they had great difficulty in finding competent workmen and also in procuring copper for the minor coins. For these reasons, and also because all the work was done by hand in primitive fashion, operations went on slowly. It was hoped that with the construction of the canal from Norristown to the Delaware at Philadelphia, on which work was then in progress, water power might be obtained for the mint. But this canal never was completed. Eventually several horses were procured to operate the machinery. Steam power was not utilized until 1816. The mint accounts show payments made for hay and pasture for the horses, for the care and feeding of watch dogs, and also the regular issuance of rum, cider and liquor as "fatigue rations" to workmen every year until 1825.

"When the capital was removed from Philadelphia to Washington, with the opening of the nineteenth century, some Governmental officials urged the mint should also be transferred. But as Philadelphia was the financial center of the country, Congress first permitted the mint to remain here until 1803, and then extended the time for five-year periods until a law of 1828 permitted Philadelphia to retain the mint 'until otherwise provided by law'. As no provision otherwise was ever made the mint is still in Philadelphia. It was removed to Chestnut and Juniper streets in 1883, and from there to Spring Garden and Seventeenth street at the beginning of the present century."

9/12/1929

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Inquirer Recites Story of Rittenhouse Paper Mills

In the Philadelphia Inquirer of Sunday, September 8th, appeared an article concerning the old Rittenhouse Paper Mill, which stood along the Wissahickon creek. It read as follows:

"Basking in the quiet sunlight, by the side of the winding Wissahickon Creek, near where Rittenhouse street enters Fairmount Park, stands a time-worn relic of an almost forgotten past—the old Rittenhouse Paper Mill.

"Survivors of the halcyon days when it played an important part in the industrial life of the valley, it now stands bleak and bare, with the mark of age written plainly upon its walls.

"According to old records in the hands of the historical societies and individual collectors, the present structure was built in 1709, after a spring freshet had destroyed its predecessor. Letters and manuscripts of the period fix the time of the first mill's initial operation at 1688, with William Bradford, famous American pioneer in the art of printing, as a partner in the enterprise.

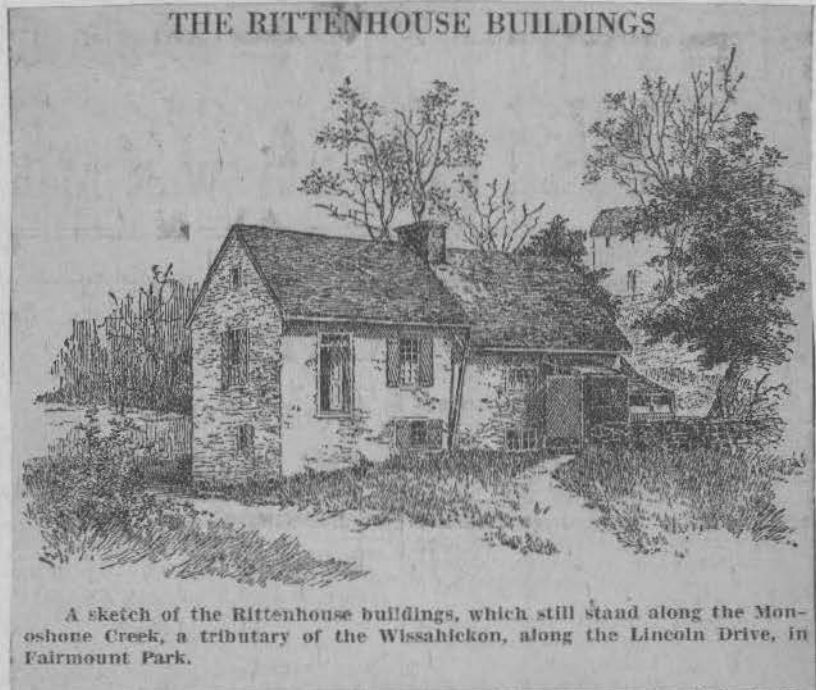
"Although some dispute has arisen among authorities on local history as to whether Rittenhouse Mill was the first to be built along the Wissahickon, it is generally conceded that Rittenhouse was not only the pioneer paper manufacturer in the Philadelphia vicinity, but also was the first to make paper in the American colonies.

"The mill was erected in a glen—back of the Rittenhouse homestead on the banks of a tumbling little stream long known as the paper Mill Run, near where it joins the sluggish Wissahickon. It was natural that the valley should attain an industrial importance because of the settlement of Germans nearby.

"The success of Rittenhouse's venture brought other commercial adventurers to the peaceful banks of the Wissahickon Creek. A few miles north of the Paper Mill Run outlet, Matthew Holgate later established a fulling mill. By 1696 the industrial invasion of the upper valley was well under way.

"Near what is now City Line, William Dewees built the second paper mill, in 1710, and it is believed that paper for cartridges for the Revolutionary Army was manufactured there. Daniel Howell added to the number of plants by erecting a grist mill near that of Dewees' during the latter part of the same year.

"Many of the old records have been destroyed by fire or lost, but enough remain to show that more than twenty-four mills were in operation on or near the Wissahickon by 1793, and over sixty by the year 1850. One of the largest of these was



A sketch of the Rittenhouse buildings, which still stand along the Monoshohe Creek, a tributary of the Wissahickon, along the Lincoln Drive, in Fairmount Park.

built by Thomas Shoemaker in 1745 and was ranked with the leading plants in all the thirteen colonies.

"The first industrial invaders of the Wissahickon were the thrifty Germans who settled along its banks. When Pastorius arranged with William Penn to settle a body of its countrymen in the province of Pennsylvania, Penn offered to

give him "lands on a navigable stream." Such a desirable tract was not available, so Pastorius took what he could get.

"While the Wissahickon was not navigable, it did furnish water power for the numerous mills the industrious settlers established upon its banks. These mills, with their necessary dams, were instrumental in building the common Colonial interest which later was to be such an important factor in the success of the American Revolution, for rough roads were constructed to connect the various dams, and consequently to bind together by traversable highways, the settlements of Germantown, Roxborough and the Falls of the Schuylkill.

"The old Rittenhouse Paper Mill, which stood the test of the years and still stands a monument to the efforts of the first Colonial industrialists, is now the prized possession of the Fairmount Park commission. The property, which for years had been in the hands of the Rittenhouse family after William Bradford sold out his interest in the plant in 1705, remained a Rittenhouse possession until the Park Commission took it over.

"It is likewise interesting to note how the Wissahickon received its

name. On a survey made by Thomas Holme, surveyor for William Penn, dated 1690, it was called the Whipstains Creek. The Lenape Indians, who dwell in all the section surrounding the valley, called it both Wisauckiekan, meaning the valley stream, and Wisamickan, the catfish creek. Later the Indian name was corrupted to the present form."

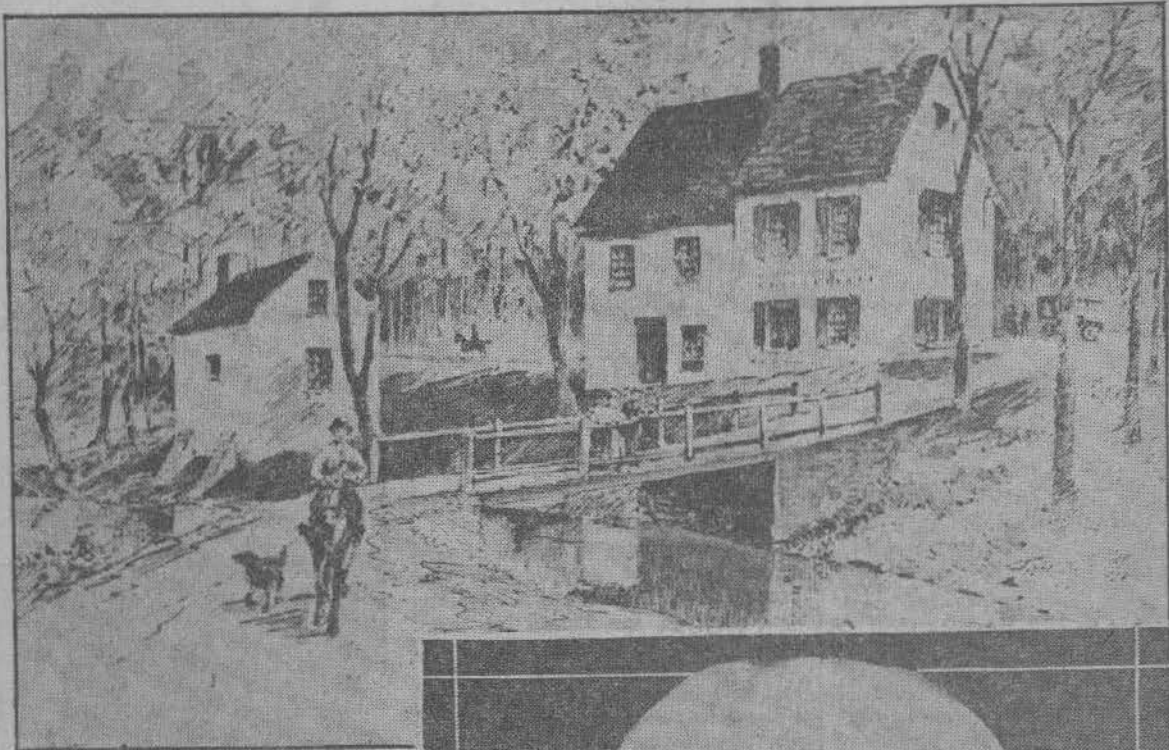
11/5/1931

Rittenhouse Born In Roxborough

At a meeting of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, held at the home of Major Thomas S. Martin, on East Hermit lane, last Friday evening, J. Ellwood Barret was selected to represent the 21st Ward historians, and to co-operate with the Germantown Historical Society, in arranging a fitting celebration in observing the 200th anniversary of the birth of David Rittenhouse, on April 8th, 1932.

Rittenhouse, who became a noted mathematician, astronomer, president of the American Philosophical Society, and first director of the United States Mint, was born in a dwelling which still stands in the confines of the 21st Ward.

Rittenhouse Mill, on the Wissahickon, Nearly Two and Half Centuries Old; Forerunner of Great Industrial Area



Paper Factory Erected Between 1686 and 1691
Played Important Part in
Commercial Life of Period.

Builder, David Rittenhouse,
Scientist and Astronomer,
Pioneer in Developing of
Water Power.

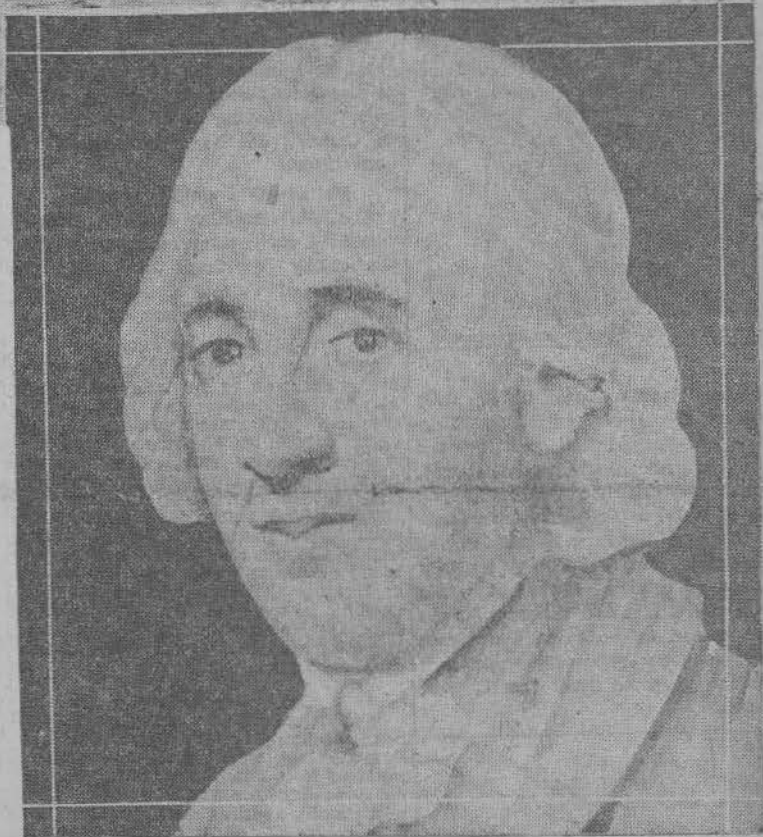
By PAUL COMLY FRENCH

Close by the side of the winding Wissahickon Creek, where Rittenhouse street joins the Wissahickon drive, stands the old paper mill erected by David Rittenhouse between 1686 and 1691.

It is one of the few remaining mills still intact which once made the valley of the Wissahickon a great industrial center in pre-Revolutionary Philadelphia.

Survivors of the days when it formed such an important part in the commercial life of the community, it is now one of the best preserved of the grist, flour, paper or cider mills which used the water of the creek for power.

Yellowed records in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society



The old Rittenhouse paper mill on Paper Mill run, near where Rittenhouse street joins Wissahickon drive, was the first paper mill in the country. It was erected in the period from 1686 to 1691 and was the first of the numerous mills which were constructed to utilize the water power of the Wissahickon Creek. The portrait is of David Rittenhouse, astronomer and scientist, who built the mill. It was painted in 1796 by Charles Wilson Peale and is in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, together with the pen and ink sketch of the mill by Taylor.

Record that on July 11, 1690, Robert Turner sold a tract of 33 1/2 acres on the creek to Andrew Robeson, together with "the house, saw and grist mill erected thereon."

In Colonial days it was a common practice not to record a deed until some years after the actual date of sale and historians believe that Rittenhouse's mill was in operation several years previous to Robeson's.

Whichever mill started first long will be a moot question, regardless of the contention Rittenhouse made the first paper manufactured in the Colonies.

Run by Horse Power.

The old method of operating the mill is curious in this modern day of electric power. At first horses were used as a source of power. Slowly they walked round and round in circles moving the huge grinding stones and crushing either the paper pulp, wheat grains or apples.

Later the mills were moved to the side of creeks and the water power utilized.

Rittenhouse, a scientist and astronomer, no doubt was one of the first mill owners to realize the value of using the power of the streams.

A dam was built high enough to create a falls for the water wheel which was slowly turned by the flow of the creek.

The wheel was connected by wooden shafts to the stone grinders, which revolved on other shafts. The base of the grinder shafts were sunk some eight or 10 feet in the ground, where they connected with a circular wooden block known as a "nigger head."

The "nigger head" was usually constructed of lignumvitae wood, the hardest wood known.

Rittenhouse had two of these "nigger heads" in use in his mill, but when the Fairmount Park Commission took over the property and tried to find them, they had disappeared.

Whether the "nigger heads" were removed when Rittenhouse ceased to operate the mill or whether they were gathered up by collectors of historic objects, is unknown.

The only one now in existence is in the possession of S. Edgar Trout,

an official of the Centennial celebration of 1876.

Museum Gets "Nigger Head."

In 1898 Trout purchased a paper mill on the Conestoga Creek at Eden, about six miles from Lancaster. When electrical machinery was installed the "nigger head" was preserved.

During the recent drive for the Franklin Memorial efforts were made to secure a "nigger head" to complete the exhibit of an old turbine engine which the Franklin Institute was collecting for use in the new museum.

None could be found until Trout offered to present his to the museum. With its acquisition the institute will have a complete turbine engine which did so much in developing the early industrial life of the city.

The mill on the Conestoga was used by the Continental Congress to manufacture what was then called "green-back paper," which was used by Benjamin Franklin in printing the Continental money.

Shortly after Rittenhouse started his mill near the Wissahickon, William Bradford, American pioneer in the art of printing, became his partner.

A quaint piece of doggerel in John Holme's "True Relations of the Flourishing State of Pennsylvania," published in 1696, says:

Here dwelt a printer and here I find
That he can both print books and bind.
He wants not paper, ink nor skill,
He's owner of a paper mill.
The paper mill is here hard by
And makes good paper frequently.

In Richard Fram's "A Short Description of Pennsylvania," printed by Bradford in Philadelphia in 1696, appears the following:

Where live High German people and
Low Dutch,
Whose trade in weaving linen cloth is
much.
From linen rags good paper doth derive.

The first trade keeps the second trade
alive,

A paper mill near German Town doth
stand.

From these early writers comes proof that Rittenhouse's paper mill was of some importance in the Colonies prior to the Revolution.

The mill stood in a shaded glen, back of the Rittenhouse farm, on the banks of a tumbling little stream called Paper Mill Run, near where it joins the sluggish Wissahickon.

It was natural the valley should attain commercial importance because of the nearby settlement of the thrifty Germans.

When Pastorius arranged with William Penn to settle a body of his countrymen in the new province, the Quaker leader offered him land on a navigable stream.

Pastorius' settlement, spread out in a straggling fashion along the main street, grew and prospered. The first commercial invaders of the valley came from these folk.

It is curious to note how the creek received its name. On an old survey made by Thomas Holme in 1690 for William Penn, the creek is called Whip-pains Creek.

The Lenape Indians who lived in the valley called it the Wisauksicken, meaning the yellowed waters, and Wisamickan, or the catfish creek, because of the thousands of catfish found in its waters.

Later the Indian name was corrupted to the present form.

In Family Many Years.

In 1705 Bradford sold his interest to Rittenhouse, and from that time until the transfer of the property to the Fairmount Park Commission it remained in the Rittenhouse family.

Numerous mills followed in the wake of the first paper mill until the entire section from the present City Line down to the Schuylkill River was dotted with them.

These mills served one extremely important purpose.

As dams were necessary to obtain the power of the falls, one was erected at each mill. On top of the dams roads were built which connected the settlements on the Ridge pike with Germantown.

1/14/1932

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Many Groups Join to Mark Bi-Centennial Anniversary of Birth of Rittenhouse

America's Great Scientist, Astronomer and Public Servant
Was Born in Roxborough.—Memory Will Be Observed
With Exercises Along Wissahickon, in
Germantown and at Norristown

Those with a love of the leading characters and traditions of their neighborhood are looking forward to April 16th, when members of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, the Germantown Historical Society, the American Philosophical Society, the Montgomery County Historical Society and Franklin Institute will hold memorial exercises for the bi-centennial anniversary of the birth of David Rittenhouse.

Meetings will be held at the birthplace of Rittenhouse, along the Monoshone branch of the Wissahickon Creek, in Roxborough township, at the Germantown Academy, and at Fairview Village, in Montgomery County, where Rittenhouse spent his young manhood.

Major Thomas S. Martin, president; James K. Helms, vice president; J. Ellwood Barrett, director, and A. C. Chadwick, Jr., historian of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society are representing the local organization in arranging the plans for the celebration.

U. S. Supreme Court Justice, Owen J. Roberts, will be the principal speaker at the Germantown Academy, during the week of the observances, and it is hoped that a prominent Roxborough orator can be obtained to present the local background of Rittenhouse, whose labors meant so much to the United States, in the days of their formation.

David Rittenhouse was born at the homestead of his paper-making ancestors, on April 8th, 1732. This date was on the old calendar and is now recognized as April 16th.

When David was two years of age, his parents moved, to a farm on the hill overlooking Norristown. Here, as time went on, the boy was put to work on the farm. He very early developed a taste for mathematics and proved his inclination by covering fences, walls and plow handles with figures and geometric lines. His father, at first, looked with disfavor upon this tendency to abandon the business of farming, and did his best to discourage it. But after a time he became reconciled and furnished his son with the means to obtain books and tools for study and work. He also

built a little shop on the property, near the roadside, where David started in business as a maker of clocks and mathematical instruments.

Before young Rittenhouse had reached the age of 24, his clocks and instruments were noted throughout the Colonies for their accuracy, and he had gained a wide reputation as a mathematician.

Of course, he had heard of Benjamin Franklin and his kite experiment and talked with interest of discoveries in electricity. He was influenced by the efforts in polite learning being made in the Colonies. The newspaper published in Germantown, by Christopher Sauer, and Franklin's Poor Richard Almanac were welcome visitors to his home, and kept him interested in the world at large.

He became acquainted with Richard Peters, secretary of the Province of Pennsylvania, who called upon him to perform his first public service, a job which involved astronomical and mathematical calculations to determine the true boundaries between Pennsylvania and Maryland. In 1770 he completed his famous planetarium, an intricate and complicated mechanical device showing in detail the movements of the planets of the solar system. The machine was exhibited in Philadelphia and marveled at by the curious who came from miles around to see it.

His reputation before the public becoming thus secure, it was but natural that with the outbreak of the Revolution he should be called to the service of his state. He was appointed treasurer of the newly-organized state late in 1776, to succeed Michael Hillegas, who had moved away. This office he continued to hold for thirteen years. On October 13th, 1777, he was made a member of the National Council of Safety.

About this time he moved to Philadelphia, making his home at Sixth and Arch streets, and numbered among his friends all the influential people of the great town. When Franklin died, Rittenhouse succeeded him as president of the American Philosophical Society, and after the Revolution, he was

made a member of the Royal Society of London. Among the other national positions held by Rittenhouse, was that of being the first director of the United States Mint, in 1790.

In person, David Rittenhouse was tall and slender and the expression on his face, soft and mild. He had such a sense of honor that he refused to invest in the loans of the State while he was treasurer. He was rather effeminate, and extremely modest and sympathetic. His tastes were simple and plain and his greatest pleasure was found in the circle of his own home.

The last year of his life was spent in quiet retirement, and he died on June 26th, 1796, extolled by George Washington, and official Philadelphia, and beloved by a people becoming faintly conscious of the scientific development destined to make their nation the greatest upon earth.

8/23/1934

Rittenhouse Made Orrery

Astronomical Instrument
Made by Roxborough Native, Is One of Most Interesting Exhibits to Be Seen at New Franklin Institute.

Residents of this section will find many things of local interest in a visit to the new Franklin Institute, on the Parkway. Models of various old-time Wissahickon Valley industrial devices, once used in paper mills and the like, as well as other exhibits.

Probably the most prominent of these is the orrery, made by David Rittenhouse, who was born in a little house which still stands along the Lincoln Drive, just above the Rittenhouse street bridge.

The orrery was made for the University of Pennsylvania in 1771. This is one of the most accurate and elaborate models of the solar system ever constructed. The centre section of the instrument shows the position of the sun and planets as known in 1771.

The right hand panel shows the time of day, date, duration and area of visibility of eclipse of the sun and moon for 5000 years before and 5000 years after it was built. No other instrument has ever attempted this.

4/14/1932

RITTENHOUSE MEMORIAL RITES ON SATURDAY

Wissahickon Valley and Other Historical Societies to Mark 200th Anniversary of Birth of Roxborough's Great Scientist and Public Citizen

Roxborough and Germantown will commemorate the 200th anniversary of the birth of David Rittenhouse, with a tour to Rittenhouse landmarks next Saturday, and public meetings at his birthplace on Paper Mill Run, and to Norriton, in Montgomery County, where he spent most of his life, in addition to an exhibition of Rittenhouse relics at the Germantown Historical Society.

The first stop will be at Rittenhouse's birthplace on Lincoln drive, where the program will be in charge of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, of Roxborough. Major Thomas S. Martin, president of the Society, will preside, and Rev. J. Foster Wilcox will be the speaker.

The old house will be open for inspection, and a tree in memory of Rittenhouse will be planted. From the birthplace the tour will continue to the house on Germantown turnpike, nine miles above Chestnut Hill, where Rittenhouse lived from childhood until 1770, and where he achieved fame, first as a maker of clocks and scientific instruments and then as an astronomer. There will be a public meeting in Assembly Hall, Fairview Village, near the Rittenhouse house. President Judge J. Ambler Williams, of Montgomery county, will preside. Dr. M. J. Babb, of the University of Pennsylvania, will make an address.

Rittenhouse's services as a citizen and patriot will be discussed at a public meeting in the Germantown Academy, Tuesday evening, April 19. One of the speaker will be State-Treasurer Edward Martin, of Washington, Pa.

Rittenhouse was born April 8, 1732, Old Style. The committee has adopted April 19, as the anniversary date, in accordance with the New Style calendar adopted in 1752, thus following the precedents set with regard to Washington's birthday, which was February 11, but is observed on February 22.

A move has been made to have the David Rittenhouse home made into a city shrine, but so far a bronze tablet, marking the house, is the only evidence in this direction.

David Rittenhouse is most popularly known for his clocks, although his world-wide fame was achieved through his astronomical discoveries and scientific achievements.

Among the forty-two societies united to honor his 200th anniversary are the American Philosophical Society, of which he was the second president; the University of Pennsylvania, where he held the professorship of astronomy and was vice president and trustee; the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, American Paper and Pulp Association, the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, the Dominion Archivist of Canada, the Maryland Historical Society, the Franklin Institute, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the Pennsylvania Academy of Sciences and the Germantown Historical Society.

3/24/1932

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Many Groups Plan To Honor Rittenhouse

Learned Societies Co-Operate to Mark 200th Anniversary

BORN APRIL 8th, 1732

Wissahickon Valley Historical Society to Plant Memorial Tree

In addition to celebrations by the Wissahickon Valley and Germantown Historical Societies David Rittenhouse, scientist, patriot and statesman, will be honored at a downtown celebration in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of his birth, to be held April 8 and 9 Rittenhouse, who was born April 8, 1732, and died June 26, 1796, spent almost his entire life in Philadelphia.

The affair will be under auspices of the Rittenhouse Bicentenary Committee, which perfected details at a meeting last week. It will call together men and women eminent in arts and sciences, and will be marked by addresses by nationally known speakers.

Opening the celebration there will be a meeting at the rooms of the American Philosophical Society Friday afternoon, April 8. An anniversary dinner will be held that evening at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. There will be a general anniversary meeting Saturday afternoon at Scottish Rite Temple, with representatives from more than 40 learned societies in attendance. A meeting in Houston Hall at the University of Pennsylvania Saturday night, will be under the auspices of the Rittenhouse Astronomical Society.

During the first three weeks in April there will be on view at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania a comprehensive exhibit, including a number of Rittenhouse clocks, and some of his surveying instruments, including one he made for George Washington.

Germantown to Observe Rittenhouse Bicentennial

Complete Program Arranged Beginning With Tour of
Noted Astronomer's Landmarks on Saturday, April
the 16th

By a Staff Correspondent

Since members of the Rittenhouse family have been identified with Germantown and Roxborough for almost two and a half centuries, much interest has been aroused in the plans for celebrating the bicentennial of the birth of David Rittenhouse here, on April 16 and 19. Rittenhouse, who was America's leading scientist in the eighteenth century and was also active in many public affairs, was born April 8, 1732, Old Style, or April 19, New Style, in a house still standing on Lincoln drive, near Rittenhouse street, in Fairmount Park. His great-grandfather, William Rittenhouse, had settled there about 1690 and built the first paper mill in America.

The program for the bicentennial has been arranged by a committee of the Germantown Historical Society. The opening feature will be a tour to Rittenhouse landmarks Saturday afternoon, April 16, in which the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, of Roxborough, and the City History Society, of Philadelphia, will participate.

The tour will be made in motorcars and busses. Anyone interested may go on the tour regardless of membership in the societies that have made the arrangements. Those wishing seats in busses must reserve them not later than Thursday, April 14, with Bernard B. Wolf, 153 West Highland avenue, Chestnut Hill.

The party will assemble before 1 P. M. on Maplewood avenue, east of Greene street. Police Inspector Reuben Reynolds will exclude all other traffic from Maplewood avenue during this period. To have a place in line drivers of cars must obtain a tag, which will be issued in advance at the Germantown Historical Society, 5214 Germantown avenue, or at the Business Men's Association of Germantown, 38 Maplewood avenue, and at the time of the tour by members of the committee at Germantown and Maplewood avenues.

There will be no postponement because of weather.

Proceeding north on Greene street and west on Rittenhouse street, the first stop will be at the birthplace of David Rittenhouse, in Fairmount Park. There the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society will have charge of the program, its president, Major Thomas S. Martin, presiding. Major Martin is secretary of the Fairmount Park Commission.

The Rev. J. Foster Wilcox, of Roxborough, will speak on "The Birthplace of David Rittenhouse." Then a memorial tree will be planted by Francis E. Grew,

ens with a degree of accuracy never before approached.

Following an inspection of the house and grounds, there will be a public meeting in Fairview Village Assembly Hall, President Judge J. Ambler Williams, of the Montgomery Courts, will make the opening address and preside. Dr. Maurice J. Babb, of the University of Pennsylvania, who is the leading authority on matters relating to the career of David Rittenhouse, will then speak on Rittenhouse's life on the nearby farm. His address will be illustrated with stereopticon views.

Those wishing to visit the grave of Rittenhouse in Laurel Hill Cemetery will have an opportunity to do so, accompanied by a guide, Sunday afternoon, April 17. The party will assemble at 3 o'clock at the main entrance to the cemetery, Ridge avenue, above Thirty fifth street.

Tuesday, April 19th, the 200th anniversary of Rittenhouse's birth, a public meeting will be held at 8 P. M. at Germantown Academy, Greene street and School lane. There will be addresses by Franklin Spencer Edmonds on "Rittenhouse—Citizen and Patriot," and by General Edward Martin, state treasurer of Pennsylvania, on "The First State Treasurer." Rittenhouse was the first treasurer of Pennsylvania following independence. Major Robeson Lea Perot, president of the Historical Society, will preside, and there will be musical numbers by the Germantown Academy Glee Club and Orchestra.

A large number of items from the museum of the Germantown Historical Society have been loaned for the Rittenhouse exhibition, now in progress at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Locust and Thirteenth streets. These include paintings of the birthplace and the paper mill a compass which Rittenhouse made, Rittenhouse's own copy of Volume I of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, containing his account of his observation of the transit of Venus, a grindstone from the Rittenhouse paper mill, a chair which Rittenhouse used and other things.

This material will be returned Monday, April 18, and during that week there will be a special Rittenhouse exhibition in the Germantown Society's museum.

Incidental to the bicentennial the committee has made an effort to locate the living descendants of David Rittenhouse. None of these are of the name of Rittenhouse, as David Rittenhouse had no sons. They are descendants of his daughter Elizabeth, who was the second wife of Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant, a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer.

ster, a member of the Rittenhouse bar, who is a lineal descendant of David Rittenhouse.

At 2.15 the tourists will resume their trip, going north in Lincoln drive and continuing through Chestnut Hill and north on Germantown pike to the neighborhood of Fairview Village, nine miles above Chestnut Hill. A stop of twenty minutes will be made at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Ballard, where David Rittenhouse lived from boyhood until 1770, making clocks, orreries and scientific instruments and later gaining world-wide fame as an astronomer. His greatest achievement here was his observation of the transit of Venus across the face of the sun, in 1769, which made possible the measurement of distances in the heav-

ensky. Those who will officiate at the planting of the memorial tree, the following descendants have been invited to be present at the bicentennial: Mrs. Thomas S. Gates, of Chestnut Hill, wife of the president of the University of Pennsylvania; George M. Abbott, 222 West Gowen avenue, Mount Airy, his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Sergeant Abbott, and his sister, Miss Fannie D. Abbott; Clarence Barton Brewster, 8715 Shawnee street, Chestnut Hill; F. Carroll Brewster, 3d, and William J. A. Brewster, Philadelphia; Sergeant B. Brewster, Swarthmore; Mrs. William R. Smyth, Jamestown, R. I.; Mrs. R. C. Gere, Abington; Mrs. William D. Brewster and Miss Geraldine Brewster, Rockland, Me.

Text of Rittenhouse Address Delivered by Rev. J. Foster Wilcox

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are assembled at this humble cottage to honor the memory of one who here first saw the light of day two hundred years ago; and when we contemplate the life of any man, who by his character and ability wins the confidence and admiration of his fellows, and, in the case of David Rittenhouse, achieves fame as a citizen, inventor, scientist and educator, we are prompted to inquire as to where and how these remarkable qualities of mind and heart were attained.

We know that heredity and environment play a great part in such successful lives, and in order to make a fair evaluation of Mr. Rittenhouse it is necessary to inquire as to the character of his forbears, as well as the circumstances surrounding his childhood and youth. And we shall find in our present study the confirmation of Milton's poetical affirmation:

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

David Rittenhouse came from rugged stock, and was cradled in a home where fundamental virtues were emphasized, and where the exercise of mind, the dignity of labor, the inspiration of religion, and the love of liberty were taught by both precept and example.

His forefathers were tried in the fires of persecution, and suffered for righteousness sake. They possessed the courage and daring to resist the existing order under which they lived, and to eventually seek a new land in which they might exercise liberty of conscience and freedom of action.

The old American stock of the Rittenhouses were Anabaptists, and persons of very considerable note in that religious society. Probably, therefore, they were induced to establish their residence in Pennsylvania, towards the close of the seventeenth century, by the tolerating principles held forth by William Penn. It must be remembered that the founder of Pennsylvania had suffered from like persecution in England and Ireland, and he was finally permitted to come to America and found a colony with such laws and institutions as expressed his views and principles. Having

visited Holland, and doubtless having deep sympathy with the Anabaptists and others in their struggle for liberty of conscience, he not only founded a colony for members of the Society of Friends, but welcomed immigrants of different denominations and countries. The justice of the tenure by which he became proprietor of the soil, the excellence of the political regulations established by great legislation founded on principles of Christian brotherhood, and the excellence of the civil government of his newly acquired domains, and a greater degree of religious liberty than had at that time been allowed in the world, made a strong appeal to lovers of liberty everywhere.

The Anabaptists were numerous in Switzerland, South Germany and Austria, but were cruelly persecuted and consequently many fled to Holland as a place of refuge. Menno Simons became their great leader and champion, and soon they were called "Mennonites," probably in derision. But under their strict discipline there was fostered a spirit of true piety and almost ascetic morality in the community.

Among the number who came to America as representatives of this sect from Holland was William Rittenhouse, who became the first Mennonite bishop in this country. It is supposed that he was the great grandfather of David Rittenhouse. William first settled in New York and later came to Germantown where a considerable number of Mennonites had settled, and where a church of that sect was organized. We would note in passing, that the Germantown Mennonites made the first protest against the slave trade on this continent. William Rittenhouse's paternal forefathers had long been papermakers at the Village of Arnheim, Holland, and here on the Wissahickon Creek in 1690, was built the first paper mill in America.

It has been seen that these Anabaptists were imbued with a passion for liberty, and when they made their permanent settlement in Pennsylvania, they constantly affirmed that men should be free in conscience and possessed with the fullest liberty under the law. Their insistence on this principle of religious liberty when the Nation was born, eventually caused the adoption of the First Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

David Rittenhouse was reared in a Baptist home where these great topics were constantly discussed, for we must remember that this question of freedom and tolerance was the battle-slogan in this Commonwealth in his youth, and his fine spirit was but the product of such teaching, and continued throughout his days in a beautiful manifestation.

Nor was the elder son, David, the

sessions, and was Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Montgomery County for nearly fifteen years.

Benjamin also made a surveyor's chain by order of the Federal Congress which has been the standard in the United States Land Office ever since.

David Rittenhouse was the son of Matthias and Elizabeth (Williams) Rittenhouse, and was born here, at what was called Paper Mill Run, Roxborough township, April 8th, 1732. David had three brothers and six sisters, and when he was an infant the family removed to Norriton where the father had purchased farm land. Here the boy grew to manhood and from an early age was engaged in the occupation of husbandman. Much has been written about David's meagre education. However, we understand that education is not alone matriculation in or graduation from an institution of higher learning. In fact, there were but three outstanding educational institutions in America when Mr. Rittenhouse was born. Harvard, founded in 1693, and Yale, founded in 1701. Pennsylvania University was the outgrowth of the Charity School, organized in 1740, eight years after David was born, reorganized as an Academy in 1751, when he was 19, and chartered through the influence of Benjamin Franklin as a college in 1761, when he was 29 and finally the College and University amalgamated and Pennsylvania University established as a great institution of learning in 1791, when he was 59 years of age. Like Washington and Franklin, he was largely self-educated. In fact, self-education was largely the system of his day.

When his father established his residence in Norriton, and during the minority of his son, there were no schools in the vicinity at which anything more was taught than reading and writing in the English language and the simplest rules of Arithmetic.

David's school education in his early youth was therefore necessarily bounded by these scanty limits of accessible education. He was in truth, taught nothing beyond these very circumscribed bounds of literary knowledge, prior to his nineteenth year, "although," says his biographer, "it is certain, that some years before that period of his life, he began to be known—at least in his own neighborhood—as a mathematician and astronomer, in consequence of his cultivation of the transcendent genius with which Heaven endowed him."

His younger brother, Benjamin, relates that while David was employed at the plough, at the age of fourteen years and for some time after, he (Benjamin) then a young boy, was frequently sent to call David to his meals, at which time he repeatedly observed that not only the fences at the head of many furrows, but even the plough and its handles were covered over with chalked numbers and markings. Astronomy appeared to be his

ing thereof with its c also told Bunyan's gaged his of the lat mination he could Low Dutch Latin, and Greek. H covered Drama an During to have in tion and health, no ous physio profound night.

David's namely, I Probably uncle, D trade of his minor Lewis. lived in t tenhouse family. V chest was this ches mentary metic and calculation manurely David W humble, deceased had free boy. He quision the instr ing affor exercising towards in mathe science, favorite must ren of the v made bel years of teen, pos same to clock of ship, and one of composed four hou principle shadowed years of made a plete wa I ben only T also her sons of power fairly p astron from brother him sta genius v mother. We ha house, d dred yet and am tuate. task of opportu acter b

rom as only one familiar
ontents could. We are
by Mr. Rittenhouse, that
"Pilgrim's Progress," en-
thoughts; and the study
anguages proves his deter-
to cultivate his mind, for
speak the German and
I could read French and
I had some knowledge of
a wide range of reading
History, Travel, Poetry,
and Theology.

his youth, David appeared
herited a sound constitu-
to have enjoyed good
withstanding the strenu-
al work by day, and the
and extended study at

mother had two brothers,
avid and Lewis Williams.
David was named for his
avid Williams pursued the
carpenter, but died in
ity as did his brother
probably David Williams
the home of Matthias Rit-
with his sister and the
then he died, his tool
left at the house, and in

we were found a few ele-
books, treating of arith-
geometry, and various
as and other papers in
it, all the productions of
himself. To this
et valuable coffer of his
uncle, David Rittenhouse
access, while yet a young
often spoke of this ac-
as a treasure, inasmuch as
ments of his uncle's called
led his some means of

the bent of his genius
those congenital pursuits
mathematical and astronomical
which were ever after the
objects of his studies. We
remember that the discovery
valuables in the chest was
ore the lad was twelve
age. At the age of seven-
sibly by the use of these
is, he made a wooden
very ingenious workman-
soon after he constructed
the same materials that
the then common twenty-
r clock, and upon the same
s, but his genius was fore-
when he was but seven
age, for at that time he
most interesting and com-
wheel in miniature.

is quite apparent that not
Rittenhouse's mother, but
brother David were per-
uncommon intellectual
the biographer thinks it
reasonable that the great
er inherited his genius
his mother's family. His
Benjamin who survived
ed, "I am convinced his
was more derived from his
than from his father."

we see that David Ritten-
ose in this home two hun-
years, both by inheritance
dominant was indeed for-
Addressing himself to the
making the most of his
nities, he developed a char-
autiful and strong. The

great honors that came to him
were won by the consecration of his
talents, his untiring industry and
the nobility and purity of his life.

His path to fame was often hard
to follow. Without wealth, suffer-
ing many years from constant
weakness and pain, this unknown
plough boy fought his way slowly
but surely to a place of eminence
and honor. State and Nation rec-
ognized his worth, and the learned
men in other lands lauded him.

It is not within the province of
this address to consider the great
achievements of this noble man.
Others will do this as our program
continues. One hundred and forty
years ago, David Rittenhouse re-
vealed his interest in the Roxbor-
ough Baptist church, of which I
have the honor to be pastor, by
contributing to the building fund
of our first meeting-house. After
all of these years, I have the joy, as
a representative of that organiza-
tion, of standing on this spot where
he was born, to evaluate with you
the character of this generous and
distinguished soul.

I am confident that all who will
study the life of David Rittenhouse
and meditate on his successive steps
to fame, will find that inspiration
of which the poet Longfellow
speaks:

"Lives of great men all remind
us,
We can make our lives sub-
lime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of
time."

Saturday, April 16th, 1932.
Bicentennial Celebration.
Wissahickon Valley Historical
Society

TALK OF INTEREST BY J. E. BARRETT

Father Time's Clock Turned
Back 200 Years in Address
On David Rittenhouse

LIFE HISTORY PAINTED

J. Ellwood Barrett, vice president of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, read a most interesting paper on David Rittenhouse before a meeting of that society in the Hattal-Taylor Post Home on the evening of Monday, October 24. Mr. Barrett's address follows in full:

Ladies and gentlemen:

Just forget for a moment that you are comfortably sitting in this room and quietly walk with me down to the Wissahickon. We'll scramble down the embankment to the Park drive near the Walnut lane bridge, where we will enjoy some of the peacefulness of this region we all love. We will saunter on toward Lincoln Drive, turning our imaginations backward about 200 years. The Wissahickon could not have presented a very different picture at that time except that its rugged beauty was probably enhanced by the lack of a passable road. Reaching Lincoln Drive, we ignore the passing automobiles as an intrusion on our picture, and walk up the Monoshone valley several hundred yards to stop before a very old, a very picturesque house beside the quiet brook. We are made aware of the fact that there is some activity in and about the house. The forerunner of the Covered Wagon is backed up to the door where tradition says only coffins were passed out of the house. This door is rather high in the air, stranded as it were, without steps to the level ground about it. Another door nearby is smaller and apparently is used by persons going in and out of the house. Several large boxes are being passed out of the larger one to the waiting wagon. No! They're not coffins. It appears that the family is moving out. Furniture is being neatly stowed in the wagon. A two-year-old child is prattling about—helping—stumbling over the rear of an old rocking chair—screaming as it hits its tiny head upon something hard. An anxious mother runs out of the house, picks the child up, mothers it for a second, mutters a few words in German, and rushes back into the house to continue gathering the family belongings. We venture closer as the wagon filled with furniture, the mother and father and several children move slowly up the narrow dirt road. The sharp warning of an automobile arouses us as we cross the road, and separating our thoughts with 200 swift years, we come forward to read on a bronze tablet plastered to the wall that here, on April 8, 1732, David Rittenhouse was born. Who David Rittenhouse was and what he did to gain everlasting fame is the object of this paper. But before passing on, I want to impress on you the fact that he was born in Roxborough and that his background for two generations was built upon lives lived within the confines of the Wissahickon Valley.

When David was two years of age, he moved with his parents to a farm on the hill overlooking Norristown. Here as time went on the boy was put to work on the farm. He very early developed a taste for mathematics and proved his inclination by covering fences, walls and plow handles with figures and geometric lines. His father at first looked with disfavor upon this tendency to abandon the business of farming and did his best to discourage it. But after a time he became recon-

ciled and furnished David with means to supply book and tools for study and work. He also built a little shop on the farm near the roadside where David started in business as a maker of clocks and mathematical instruments. Before David Rittenhouse had reached the age of 24, his clocks and instruments were noted throughout the Colonies for their accuracy, and he had gained a provincial reputation as a mathematician. No doubt he paused before the glowing glamor of success and thoughtfully looked out upon his world.

He had heard of Benjamin Franklin flying his kite in a thunderstorm and talked with interest of his discoveries in electricity. He was influenced by the efforts in polite learning being made in the Colonies. The newspaper published in Germantown by Christopher Sauer and known as the "High German Pennsylvania Historian" acquainted him with the gossip of his contemporaries. Poor Richards Almanac was a welcome visitor to his home, and kept him interested in the world at large. He read of improved military tactics being successfully developed by the King of Prussia, Frederick the Great. He pored over choice morsels of Addison and Steele, of Pope and Dryden, of Thomson and Milton. Perhaps he exulted a little in the poetry of Thomas Godfrey, of Pennsylvania, and praised the poet's genius while deploring his lack of education to prove it. But he was ever conscious of the growing wish for learning in the Colonies and was prepared to do anything in his power to advance it. He had been interested in an account that Benjamin Franklin had helped to found an Academy in the City, and when Thomas Barton, alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin, married his sister, he became warmly interested in academic work. Thomas proved a worthy brother-in-law indeed, and used his influence to call the attention of men of learning to David's proficiency in scientific and philosophic subjects. He was making frequent trips down to Philadelphia now, and was fortunate in being able to borrow books from the growing library of the American Philosophic Society. He mastered S Isaac Newton's "Principia," and astonished himself by discovering for himself the mathematical method of fluxions, or differential calculus, a thought for some years that he had been the originator of this principle.

He became acquainted with Richard Peters, secretary of the Province, who called upon him to perform his public service, a job which involved astronomical and mathematical calculations to determine the true boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. In 1770 he completed famous planetarium, an intricate complicated mechanical device showing in detail the movements of the planets of the solar system. The relative position of all the planets at any particular time for 5000 years backward or forward could readily be shown by contrivance. The machine was exhibited in Philadelphia and marvelled by the curious who came from around to see it.

His reputation before the public thus secure, it was but natural with the outbreak of the Revolution he should be called to the service of his state. He was appointed treasurer of the newly organized state in 1776, to succeed Michael Hiltges who had moved away. This office he continued to hold by subsequent election for thirteen years. He somehow a method of making an empty treasury devote a big portion of its contents toward successfully financing an expensive and lop-sided war. A

fellow citizen, one John Bull, he was appointed a member of the State Board of War. When the Continental government moved out of Philadelphia at the approach of the British from Brandywine, on September 29, 1777, David packed his official baggage and moved with it. In Lancaster, on 13 October, he was made a member of the national Council of Safety with very broad powers to extend capital punishment in summary courts, and to take at their own appraisal any necessity wanted for the army.

The Council of Safety very strongly felt the influence of General Mifflin, who whipped up a very strong criticism of the high command of the army. Events of the time show this criticism to be but a natural outcome of the gloom and dissatisfaction over the loss of the Capital and the apparent failure of Washington's military tactics. When the news of the brilliant victory of General Gates over Burgoyne at Saratoga came to brighten the prospect, Dr. Benjamin Rush, friend of Rittenhouse and member of the Council, suggested that Gates had proved himself more worthy of high command than Washington. The sinister work of the Conway Cabal found willing, if innocent allies, among the friends of Mifflin, Rush and Rittenhouse, and the showing of the scorpion's head with Conway's mortal wound and public apology to Washington, cleared the skies of what threatened to be a disastrous conspiracy.

Rittenhouse was no longer an obscure scientist. He was very much in the public eye and having moved to a large house at Sixth and Arch streets in the city, he numbered as his friends all of

the bon-tons and influential people of the town. When Franklin died, Rittenhouse succeeded the great philosopher as president of the American Philosophical Society, the fame of which had by 1795 reached the stodge ears of the Royal Society in London, so that David Rittenhouse was elected an honorary member.

The career of Rittenhouse much more resembled that of Franklin than of any of his other contemporaries. The people of provincial and revolutionary Pennsylvania fully believed in the genius of Rittenhouse. Like Franklin he was drawn into the maelstrom of revolutionary politics, and followed in Franklin's footsteps as president of that learned society of philosophers which had afforded both men many of their opportunities.

In person, David Rittenhouse was tall and slender, and the expression of his face soft and mild. He had such a sense of honor that he refused to invest in the loans of the State while he was treasurer. It would be unkind to suggest that his knowledge of the true state of the treasury showed that he was at least discreet. He was rather effeminate, and extremely modest and sympathetic. His tastes were simple and plain, and his greatest pleasure was found in the circle of his own home.

The last year of his life was spent in quiet retirement, and he died on the 26th of June, 1796, extolled by Washington and official Philadelphia, and beloved by a people becoming faintly conscious of the scientific development destined to make their nation the greatest upon earth.

9/7/1933

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Rittenhouse Mill History

An Interesting Narrative

Continent's First Paper Manufactory Was Located on Monoshone Creek in Roxborough Township

By JAMES F. MAGEE, Jr.

William Rittenhouse, Senior, (1644-1708) was born near Mulheim, in 1678, he was a paper maker in Amsterdam. We first learn of him in America in 1687, when he purchased 50 acres of land in Germantown where the Mennonite Church is now located.

He arrived with his two sons, Nicholas (Claus, Klass) and Garrett, also daughter Elizabeth, who married Heivert Papen.

In New York City, Nicholas Rittenhouse married Wilhelmina Dewees, the sister of William Dewees, who reected the second paper mill in America on the Wissahickon, near the Springfield Township line. The marriage record states that Nicholas was, "A young man of Arnheim, living on the Delaware River."

In 1689, William Penn granted the 446 acre tract adjoining Sumac Park on the North to Richard Vickris, (or Vicaris), of Chemagus, England; on this land the five Rittenhouse Mills were erected.

Before the coming of Penn to Pennsylvania the land in which Roxborough and Germantown are located was occupied by the Indian Chiefs—Neneshicken and Malebore. By treaty date 14th day of fifth month, 1683, William Penn purchased from the Chiefs all of their title and interests in the lands betwixt Manatunk (Schuylkill) and Pemmapecka (Pennypack) so far as the hill called Conshohocken on the River Manatunk and from there by a Northwest line to the river of Pemmapecka. The consideration paid the chiefs was: 150 fathoms of wampum, 15 guns, 15 blankets, 3 great kettles, 15 small kettles, 15 coats, 15 shirts, 60 yards duffels, 6 drawing knives, 20 gimlets, 7 pair of shoes, 15 pair of stockings, 15 pair of scissors, 31 pounds of powder, 15 aules, 18 small glasses, 10 boxes, 6 capps, 3 papers of beads, and a paper of red lead. The Treaty was with the *Lenni-Lenape or Delaware Indian* Tribe.

In describing the five Rittenhouse Mills we will number them as follows:

No. 5 Nicholas Rittenhouse, 2nd, Grist Mill, 1746.

No. 6 William Rittenhouse, 2nd, Grist Mill, before 1772.

No. 7 Jacob and Abraham Rittenhouse, Paper Mill, before 1760.

No. 8 William Rittenhouse, Sr., Paper Mill, 1690.

No. 9 Henry Rittenhouse, Grist Mill, 1751.

No. 5 and No. 9 were on the Wissahickon and Nos. 6, 7, and 8, on Paper Mill Run, called by the Indians, "Monoshone."

In this article we will give only

the history of the first paper mill in America (No. 8) and the Rittenhouse dwelling now on Lincoln Drive, near Rittenhouse street. (At a later date we hope to give the history of the other four Rittenhouse Mills.)

In 1690, Samuel Carpenter owned a part of the Vickris tract and 20 acres of this land he leased for 999 years at a yearly rental of 5 shillings and one pepper corn to Robert Turner (of Sumac Park), William Bradford (First Printer in Pennsylvania) Thomas Tress and William Rittenhouse, Sr. The agreement was that they should erect a paper mill.

The 20 acres ran from the Wissahickon, in Roxborough, 110 perch to the Germantown Line, and 35 perch on this line, which included both sides of Paper Mill Run.

This partnership of William Rittenhouse, a practical paper maker, and William Bradford, the first printer in Philadelphia, insured the success of the infant industry.

It was agreed that Bradford should each year receive a certain quantity of writing printing and blue paper for his exclusive use. In 1697 he was to have all the printing paper made for a period of ten years at ten shillings per ream.

A quaint doggerel by John Hoimes, 1693, mentions the mill:

"The paper mill is here hard by,

And makes good paper frequently,

Kind friends when thy old shift is rent

Let it to the paper mill be sent."

Also Richard Frame, printed by William Bradford, in 1692:

"Where lives High-German People, and Low-Dutch,

Whose Trade in weaving Linen-cloth is much,

From Linen rags, good paper doth derive,

The first Trade keeps the second Trade alive."

"Without the first, the second cannot be,

Therefore, since they two can so well agree,

Also when on our backs it is well worn,

Some of the same remain ragged and Torn.

Then of those Rags our paper it is made,

Which in process of time doth waste and fade,

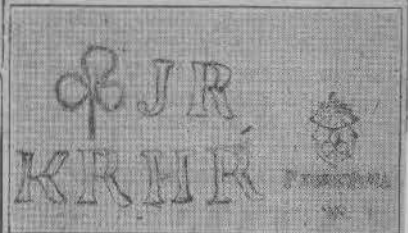
So what comes from the Earth, appeareth plain,

The same in Time returns to earth again."

About 1700 the paper mill was

washed away by a great freshet, this was during the second visit of William Penn to Philadelphia. A certificate in his handwriting states that William Rittenhouse and Claus, his son, part-owners of a paper mill, had sustained a very heavy loss by a violent and sudden flood, which carried away the said mill, with a considerable quantity of paper, material and tools, whereby they were reduced to great distress, and therefore it is recommended to such persons as should be disposed to lend and to give the

WATERMARKS



Tracing made from original watermarks in Rittenhouse paper. The "WR" was used before William, Sr.'s death in 1708. The "KR" with the cloverleaf, was used by Klaas (Claus or Nicholas) Rittenhouse, on paper used for the "American Weekly Mercury" in 1719. The "JR" and "HR" were trade marks after the death of Nicholas, Sr., in 1734.

sufferers relief and encouragement in their needful and commendable employment as they were desirous to set up the paper mill again.

William Penn generously headed the list of subscribers with a contribution of 25 pounds.

It is interesting to know that last month, August 24th, 1933, another great and violent storm visited Paper Mill Run, and washed away the bridge and concrete walls of the run, between the Rittenhouse dwelling and where Mill No. 7 once stood.

The paper mill was rebuilt in about the same location. An indenture of 1705-6 states that the other three partners sold out their interests in the paper mill and 20 acres to William Rittenhouse, Sr.

William Rittenhouse, Sr., was a preacher in the Mennonite Church and in 1701 was ordained the first Bishop of that faith in the Colonies.

Rittenhouse, during his life, sold a three-quarter interest in the mill to his son Nicholas, and upon his death in 1708, (he died intestate), his son became sole owner.

David Rittenhouse wrote that "For the Manufacturing of the paper in the mill they carried the rags in bags on the backs of horses from School House Lane (earlier called Robeson's Mill Road) and returned the paper in hampers in the same manner. The rags were brought from Philadelphia, in carts, and the paper returned to the City"

The exact location of the first paper mill of 1690, and the one that replaced it in about 1702 at the same place is determined from old deeds and surveys. It was built 330 feet above the present Rittenhouse dwelling along Lincoln Drive, on the opposite side of Paper Mill Run.



Dwelling which still stands between the Lincoln Drive and Paper Mill Run, in the Wissahickon Valley, in which David Rittenhouse was born. This house occupies a site west of the original Roxborough Township Line, and is what is now the 21st Ward of the City of Philadelphia.

on a tract of land marked 9 1-2 acres on a survey of William Rittenhouse, 2nd, (Oldest Son of Nicholas, Sr. made in 1772. This lot was south west from the Germantown line including Paper Mill Run and the mouth of the little stream that runs from the south side into Paper Mill Run. The first paper mill dam was just below this juncture about 115 ft. above the first paper mill, west of the 9 1-2 acre lot was an 8 1-2 acre plot marked Jacob Rittenhouse (1722-1811—here was his paper mill No. 7 built before 1760. To the south of this, was a 14 1-4 acre tract, marked Nicholas Rittenhouse 2nd (1719-1787) upon which was erected in 1707 the Rittenhouse dwelling. There was never a paper mill on this 14 1-2 acre lot, many writers claim that the stable or smoke house near the Rittenhouse dwelling was the first paper mill, but this is not correct.

Nicholas, Sr. (1666-1734) increased the production and quality of the paper manufactured and both the "American Weekly Mercury," Philadelphia, 1719, and "New York Gazette" 1725, were printed upon paper showing the water mark of Nicholas. We reproduce a tracing from the "Mercury,"—on one sheet was the clover leaf and on the other the initials K. R. (Klaas Rittenhouse) The other water mark W. R. is from "History of Paper Making" by Weeks.

In the possession of the writer there is a piece of paper marked "H R." (Henry Rittenhouse, died 1768) dated 1745 He must have had an interest in Mills Nos. 7 or 8 before he built the Red Covered Bridge Grist Mill (No. 9) in 1751.

Nicholas, Sr., died in 1734, he willed the 20 acres and old paper mill to his eldest son, William, 2nd.

William, 2nd., (1691-1744) owned at different times over 230 acres in the Vickris and Jannet tracts.

In all deeds of transfer he calls himself a paper maker, as does his son Jacob, the other three sons,

Henry, Nicholas 2nd, and Abraham were also named paper makers, until they built their Grist Mills.

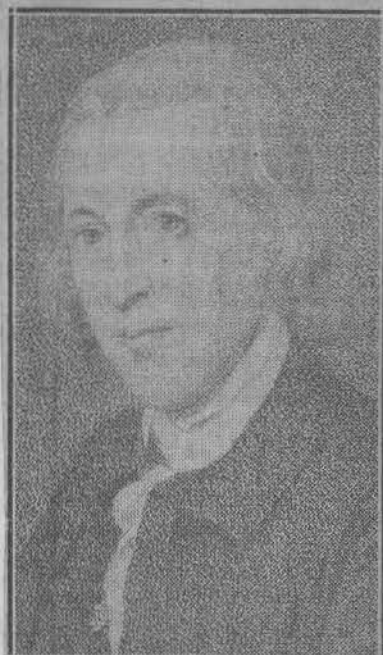
Benjamin Franklin, diplomat, inventor, ambassador, and holder of many great honors and degrees, in his will calls himself simply "printer," so these early Rittenhouses in

PAPER MILL SITE



Upper: Location of First Paper Mill in America, on Paper Mill Run, 330 feet above the Rittenhouse dwelling on the Lincoln Drive, but on the opposite side of the little stream. The mill was built in 1690; washed away in a freshet, 1700; and rebuilt the following year on the same spot.

Lower: The first dam, providing water for the mill was about 20 feet in front of the little wooden bridge shown above, and about 100 feet above the old mill. A raceway conveyed the water to the mill.



DAVID RITTENHOUSE

Mathematician, astronomer, surveyor and first Director of the United States Mint, who first saw the light of day in the accompanying pictured little house which still stands on the Lincoln Drive in Roxborough. The likeness, printed above, is a reproduction of a steel engraving made from a Charles Wilson Peale painting of Rittenhouse, which was made in 1772, when the noted scientist was 40 years of age.

deeds and wills were proud to state they were "paper makers."

Before 1760 there were two paper mills on Paper Mill Run, the old Mill No. 8 and the later Paper Mill No. 7. We suppose the Old Mill became out of date, and the new more modern mill No. 7 was built.

After the death of Nicholas, Sr. in 1734, the paper mill or mills, were continued by his son, William 2nd, and grandsons, Jacob, Nicholas, Henry and Abraham. Jacob was the only one who remained a paper maker, the water mark used was the clover leaf, J. R. He was a member of the Minute Men of 1776 a generous contributor to the Mennonite Church and a prominent citizen.

November 21, 1760, William 2nd, sold to his sons Jacob and Abraham 18 acres of land (old paper mill lot of 9 1-2 acres and mill No. 7 tract of 8 1-2 acres).

The old yearly interest on ground rent of 5 shillings and one pepper corn was to be paid to the heirs of Samuel Carpenter now for only 820 years.

The deed mentions the old paper mill and in several other places mills—they were also to have the water rights of the two small streams running into the 9 1-2 acre lot they were also to have the privilege of cleaning out and keeping up the height of the water as it always had been, and when there was more than enough

water to run the mills, the owners below were to have enough water to flood the meadows. The 18 acres were a part of the original 20 acres.

In 1709, Jacob was assessed for paper mill and 30 acres, Abraham for paper mill and 30 acres. In 1733, Jacob, Paper Mill and 31 acres. In 1785, Jacob and Abraham sell the 9 1-2 acres containing the old paper mill to William Rittenhouse, 3rd, but the deed specified that Jacob was to retain the old paper mill with land upon which was built also privileges to pass and repass, right of mill dam, mill race, also rights of the two small streams running into Paper Mill Run.

A deed of 1815 states that the dam for the Mill was to the N. W. of where the two small streams ran into Paper Mill Run.

The illustration of the "Dam of the Rittenhouse Paper Mill on Paper Mill Run, near Rittenhouse Town, in Roxborough Township" was published in Lockwood's trade Journal.

Mills 7 and 8, also Henry Dewees' plant, were the only paper mills in Roxborough or Germantown townships during the Revolution when there was such a great shortage of paper.

In July 1776, the paper makers of Philadelphia County wrote the Committee of Safety, "That if all the Paper Makers, Masters, Apprentices, and Journeymen within the ages aforesaid (16 to 50 should now leave the trade and follow the camp, then all the paper mills in Philadelphia County, making the majority of the Paper Mills of this continent must immediately be shut up and of course, in a few weeks, the printing offices, even Cartridge Paper, would soon fail."

August 9, 1776, the Continental Congress enacted the following.

"The Honorable Congress having resolved that the Paper Makers in Pennsylvania be detained from proceeding with the Associators to New Jersey, all offices of this State are required to pay strict regard to same."

The American Philosophical Society offered a prize of 25 pounds Sterling, to the person who collected the greatest quantity of linen rags for the paper mills, in order to excite them to greater diligence.

Jacob died in 1811 without issue, and Enoch and Samuel, the sons of his brother Abraham, inherited the Mill. Enoch Rittenhouse died in 1855 and the Mill, or at least the Mill Site, passed into the hands of his cousin Peter Rittenhouse. After 1830, the twenty acres was purchased by the Park Commission. Wonder if they still have to pay the heirs of Samuel Carpenter, the yearly rental of 5 shillings and one pepper corn on the old ground rent for another 747 years.

Two other descendants of the first paper maker, Martin and W. H. Nixon, through their grandfather Martin Rittenhouse, were until comparatively recent the owners of the largest paper mills in Manayunk.

"History of Paper Manufacturing in the United States" 1916 by L. H. Weeks, gives an interesting account of the paper industry of the first mill and as it was in the United States in 1916.

"Altogether there is an amazing

comparison between the solitary Rittenhouse Mill of 1690, worth a few hundred dollars, employing three men, producing annually, perhaps, fifteen hundred reams of paper and supplying only the needs of a small community and, at the other end of the line, the great

business of the twentieth century.

The seven hundred establishments of 1916, with paper and pulp mills, represented an investment in capital of more than \$550,000,000; employing 100,000 persons; a daily capacity of about 20,000 tons of paper, and annually produced to the value of nearly \$350,000,000."

The Rittenhouse dwelling on Lincoln Drive, built by W. G. R. (William and Claus) in 1707, is still standing, and it was there that David Rittenhouse was born in 1732.

William, Sr., and Nicholas, Sr., lived and died there - the latter in 1734. William willed his entire estate to his eldest son, William, 2nd, (1691-1774).

In 1746, he sold the dwelling and 14 1-4 acres to his son Nicholas, 2nd, and in 1802, his son Martin purchased the same, but in these deeds there is no mention of a Mill on this lot.

After 1830, the Park Commission purchased this land.

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11/26/1931

Gathers Data Concerning Rittenhouse

Dr. M. J. Babb, of University
of Pennsylvania, Searches
Into Records

PAPERS IGNORED HIM

Celebration for Birth of Rox-
borough Man on April
8th, 1932

Preparations for celebrating the 200th anniversary of the birth of David Rittenhouse, pioneer American astronomer, who was born in Roxborough have revealed many links in his career with that of Benjamin Franklin, according to Dr. M. J. Babb, professor of mathematics, University of Pennsylvania.

Franklin's Poor Richard Almanac contains remarkable descriptions of astronomy and repair of clothes, which Dr. Babb is convinced Rittenhouse wrote anonymously.

He succeeded Franklin as a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly and both served in the convention which framed the Constitution setting up Pennsylvania as an independent State instead of a British colony. Dr. Babb believes Rittenhouse wrote the preamble and oath of that document. The Roxborough man later served for years as Treasurer of Pennsylvania. When the first Bank of the United States was chartered he was named to receive the money from the sale of stock.

Dr. Babb is trying to gather together all possible memorabilia of Rittenhouse for exhibition at the celebration April 8, and has been hunting every detail of his career. He has found, however, he must search elsewhere than in Philadelphia publications of Rittenhouse's day for particulars. His explanation is that everybody knew all about Rittenhouse, so the local papers didn't "waste space" on him.

"Just as," he said, "there was nothing in the Philadelphia papers about Franklin's funeral—everybody had been there, so the papers felt there was no need of describing it."

3/10/1932

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Rittenhouse Was Born In Roxborough

Old Newspaper Tells of
Strange Error in
Ancient Tale

DRAWINGS W R O N G

Article Penned by Former
Gov. Pennypacker for
Harper's Magazine

After the appearance of last week's edition of the Suburban Press of the streets, a reader forwarded the following clipping from a local newspaper of Friday, April 21st, 1882, which relates to David Rittenhouse, LL. D.

"Harper's Magazine for May is now out, and as usual it has a number of interesting articles, and the illustrations are quite attractive. To residents of Roxborough and Manayunk this number of the Magazine has a peculiar value, as it contains a paper on David Rittenhouse, the American Astronomer, by Samuel W. Pennypacker, Esqr., a member of our Bar and a frequent writer on local history. Indeed there are few persons in the State who know as much as Mr. Pennypacker about early history of Germantown. A recent contribution of his to the Pennsylvania Magazine on the early settlers of Germantown—the Menonites—has received very favorable criticism not only for its truthfulness, but for the new phase it gave to the character of those settlers at Cresheim and Crefeldt, as the upper part of Germantown was once called.

"There was nothing new to be said about David Rittenhouse, but Mr. Pennypacker has grouped all the facts of his early years and later career as an Astronomer and citizen, in such graphic language,

that you are unwilling to close the Magazine until you have finished the article.

Accompanying the paper are two illustrations; one is a copy of the inscription on the date stone in the gable-end of the house, which states it to have been built in 1707. The other purports to be a picture of the house itself, but we doubt if any resident of Roxborough or Germantown would be able to tell that it was Rittenhouse's birth-place, were it not so stated underneath. The person who drew the picture was S. G. Macutchen and we rather think he must have mistaken the house. He certainly mistook the locality, as the picture has beneath it; "Birth place of David Rittenhouse, Germantown, Pennsylvania." As David Rittenhouse, according to the text was born in Roxborough Township, we feel quite sure that Mr. Macutchen has given us the wrong house, which is greatly to be regretted. Mr. Pennypacker says distinctly that Roxborough was the birth-place of David Rittenhouse, and yet the artist made the egregious blunder of locating it in Germantown. This was done, as we have reason to know, even after he had seen and conversed with a gentleman who advised him of the fact that Roxborough and not Germantown was the birth-place of the great American Astronomer. We have had so few great men born in the old Township of Roxborough, that we are unwilling to have such an error as this to remain uncorrected.

chased the various tracts from William Penn are those of Robert Turner, Richard and Robert Vicaris, John Jennett, Philip Tateman, Francis Fincher, James Claypole, Samuel Bennett, Charles Hartford, Richard Snee, Charles Jones and Jonas Smith.

The original acquisition of this territory by William Penn was included in the grant he received from King Charles II in 1681. He offered it for sale in England at the rate of 100 acres for forty shillings with a quit rent of one silver shilling to be paid each year for a 100-acre tract.

As a purchaser procured his land from Penn, he presented his deed to the commissioners, who presumably had their headquarters in Philadelphia. The land commissioners then issued a warrant to the surveyor general to lay it out. When it was surveyed and plotted a patent was issued to the owner.

Speculated on Roxborough Tract

It has been shown that all the Roxborough tracts were purchased on speculation, that none of them was occupied by the first purchasers, and that many of these did not even come to America. The records further reveal that the boundary lines were marked resourcefully by crude notations.

Among the designations used to mark a boundary are such as a "red oak," a "white oak," a "hickory tree," a "gum tree," an "oak sapling," or a "dogwood sapling." Such terms as "post," a "line of blazed trees," or a "heap of stones" were also employed.

"As one contemplates the perishable and movable objects which were used to describe the boundary lines of these tracts of ground, he is more moved to say that the purchase of this ground was more than a speculation," one member of the society declared. "It was a real estate hazard."

The records of the various owners of this historic parcel of land show that very early in American history this ground came into the possession of families whose descendants are still outstanding in the society of Philadelphia. Samuel Powell, Jr., and his sisters, Sarah and Abigail, came into possession of their tract in 1747.

Prominent Families Held Land

Mr. Powell was a man of prominence in the colony, being justice of the common pleas and quarter sessions courts and Mayor of Philadelphia in 1775. He was the last Mayor of the city under the dominion of England, and the first Mayor after the Revolution.

Tract 11 was conveyed to Isaac Norris, in 1715, the old records show. Norris, also a man of distinction in the Colonies, was Mayor of Philadelphia in 1724. The city of Norristown was named after this early settler. His widow, Mary Norris, sold in 1737 two hundred and fifty acres of it to Bartholmew Righter, son of Peter Righter, who owned land "farther down the Ridge"—now known as Wissahickon.

The descendants of this family, together with those of the Leverings, who held title to one of the middle tracts, are residents of the twenty-first ward even today.

Inquirer 1/5/1930

SOCIETY HERE FINDS ANCIENT STATE MAP

Parchment Drawn by Penn's
Surveyor Shows Colonial
Owners of Tracts

Rough Designations of
Boundary Lines Caused
Doubt About Title to Land

An old map of Pennsylvania, drawn in 1681 by Thomas Holme, William Penn's surveyor general, has recently been brought to the attention of the Wissahickon Historical Society.

The aged piece of parchment, on which are plainly legible the names of the Colonial owners of the tract now embraced by Roxborough, Manayunk and portions of Wissahickon, contains a number of parallel lines dividing the old territory into strips of land extending from the Schuylkill River on the west to Wissahickon avenue on the east.

Among the names of those who pur-

Rittenhouse Was Born in Roxboro

Old Newspaper, Says Editor, Tells of Strange Error in Ancient Tale

BY A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

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General Martin to Speak Here

At David Rittenhouse Bicentennial to be Held in Germantown April 19

From a Staff Correspondent

General Edward Martin, State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, has accepted an invitation to speak at the David Rittenhouse bicentennial celebration in Germantown Tuesday evening, April 19.

David Rittenhouse, who was born in a house still standing on Lincoln drive, near Rittenhouse street, April 19, 1732, was the first treasurer of Pennsylvania after independence, holding that office from 1777 until 1789. Hence it was considered appropriate to have his successor in that office at the present time to take part in the program.

Rittenhouse also was the first director of the United States Mint. The present superintendent of the Mint, Freas Styer, will also be invited to speak at the meeting in Germantown, and in addition there is to be a historical address dealing with Rittenhouse's civic services. This meeting will take place at Germantown Academy.

The scientific achievements of Rittenhouse as a maker of clock and instruments and as an astronomer will be told incidental to the tour to Rittenhouse landmarks, Saturday afternoon, April 16. This will culminate in a public meeting in Assembly Hall, Fairview Village, near Rittenhouse's home, on Germantown pike, nine miles above Chestnut Hill. On this occasion the speaker will be Dr. M. J. Babb, of the University of Pennsylvania, who for many years has been assembling data about the life of Rittenhouse.

The observance of the Rittenhouse bicentennial is being arranged by a committee of the Germantown Historical Society. The Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, of Roxborough, and the City History Society, of Philadelphia, will participate in the tour on April 16.

General Martin, who will speak at the meeting on April 19 is a lawyer and banker of Washington, Pa. He served as a private in the war with Spain, in 1888, and as a lieutenant colonel in the World War. He is now brigadier general in command of the Fifty-fifth Infantry Brigade, one of the two infantry brigades in the National Guard of Pennsylvania. General Martin was Auditor General of Pennsylvania from 1925 until 1929, when he became State Treasurer. He is also chairman of the Republican State Committee.

Rittenhouse Was Leader Among Men

Historical Societies to Mark Bi-Centennial Birth Date Next Month

HAD MANY FRIENDS

Saw Light of Day, on April 8th, 1732, in Roxborough

The house in which David Rittenhouse was born, April 8, 1732, still stands in a secluded portion of the Wissahickon valley about a mile west of Germantown, in Roxborough's old township. His ancestors were immigrants from Holland. His father was a papermaker, but afterward a farmer, and the son while engaged as a boy at the plough covered not only fences at the head of the furrows but even his plough with chalked numerical figures. He also residing at home made himself master of "Newton's Principia" by an English translation, and discovered the science of fluxions, of which he for a long time supposed himself to be the first inventor. His constitution being too feeble for an agricultural life he became a manufacturer of clocks and mathematical instruments, and without the aid of an instructor produced work superior to that of foreign artists. In 1769 Mr. Rittenhouse was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society, and was appointed one of the number to observe the transit of Venus in that year, an account of which he communicated to the society. His excitement was so great on perceiving the contact of that planet with the sun at the moment predicted that he fainted. In 1770, Rittenhouse whose Bicentennial anniversary will be observed by local historical societies next month, removed to Philadelphia and pursued his trade. Subsequently he constructed an observatory, where he made some important discoveries. After the Revolutionary War he was one of the Commissioners selected to determine the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Virginia, and between New York and Massachusetts. He had the degree of LL.D. conferred on him held the office of Treasurer of Pennsylvania from 1777 to 1789, and in 1791 succeeded Dr. Franklin as President of the Philosophical Society, which office he retained till his death. He was also Director of the United States Mint from 1792 to 1795, when falling health led to his resignation. He died in 1796, leaving an unspotted record. Dr. Rittenhouse was justly regarded by his countrymen as the Newton of America. His talents were of the highest order, his industry was indisputable, his

exertions in the cause of science contributed in a very large degree to the diffusion of a taste for mathematical and physical knowledge in his native land, and had he enjoyed the advantages of early and thorough education few, if any, of the scientists of the world would have excelled him in the extent of his discoveries and the lustre of his fame. Long will his name be held in admiration for the splendor of his virtues and the brilliancy of his achievements.

Rev. J. Foster Wilcox, pastor of the Roxborough Baptist Church, who will be the orator of the day for the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, when that group holds its celebration at the birthplace of David Rittenhouse, on April 16th, sends the following information concerning the place of nativity of Dr. Rittenhouse, which clinches the fact that the noted astronomer and mathematician was born in Roxborough township.

From the "Memoirs of David Rittenhouse", written by William Barton, a nephew of David Rittenhouse, in 1813, Mr. Wilcox gleaned the following: "Matthias Rittenhouse was born at paper mills, belonging to his family, near Germantown, and about eight miles from the capitol of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia) in 1703.

"In October, 1727, he married Elizabeth Williams, and by this wife Matthias Rittenhouse had four sons and six daughters; three of whom died in their minority.

"The three eldest of the children were born at the place of their father's nativity (at the paper mills, above mentioned) and the others at Norriton. Of the former number was David, the eldest son. He was born on the 8th day of April, 1732" (old calendar).

Mr. Wilcox also found the following excerpt in Johnson's Encyclopedia, "David Rittenhouse was born at Paper Mill Run, Roxborough township, April 8th, 1732." And in Nelson's Encyclopedia "David Rittenhouse was born in Roxborough, Pa., April 8th, 1732."

All of which gives positive proof that Rittenhouse, who served the people of the new Republic in so many capacities, was born in Roxborough, whose present day residents may be justly proud of the fact.

"See the sage Rittenhouse, with ardent eye,
Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky;
Clear in his view the circling systems roll,
And broader splendors gild the central pole.
He marks what laws the eccentric wanderers bind,
Copies creation in his forming mind;
And bids beneath his hand in semblance rise,
With mimic orbs, the labors of the skies."

SAD SPOOK HAUNTS RITTENHOUSETOWN

Ghost of Suicide Reported Wandering Among 5 Ancient Homes in Park

ECHOES OF 200 YEARS AGO

(Illustrated on Picture Page)
BY LAURA LEE

Ah, David Rittenhouse, if you could but see "Rittenhousetown" today!

Your old home of whitewashed stone is still there by the banks of Mill Run creek, facing Lincoln Drive, a short distance from the Rittenhouse st. entrance to Fairmount Park from Germantown.

It stands there, solid and stable, just as it did that April 8, 200 years ago, when you were born under its slanting roof.

Across the creek, four other homes of your illustrious family still stand, with but few changes on their exteriors.

Spring has come to the woods and Wissahickon valley . . . the thrill and romance you must have felt are still poignant there. Little boys play around that old rustic bridge back of the house just as they must have in your day.

But there are many changes!

Little Girl Doesn't Like It

Automobiles are as thick as flies on the road in front of your house and the great walls of the Kenilworth, the kind of home people live in today, simply dominates the scene.

The little girl who lives in your house now, Dorothy Giesey, doesn't like it there a bit. She wrinkles up her nose disdainfully and says she doesn't like old houses like this and, anyway, it's so far to the store. She wishes they would move away. Maybe they will, too, if the Bicentenary Committee now celebrating your birth, has its way and converts the place into a Rittenhouse museum.

Of course, they do have some con-

veniences, Dorothy admits. They've put in electric lights and such things. Which is more than can be said of all the Rittenhouse houses.

Why, the one across the stream farthest from the road (the one built by old Jacob C. Rittenhouse, where one of his descendants, Mrs. William Pinkerton, now lives) why, over there they're still using kerosene lamps.

Rittenhouse Relics

Mrs. Pinkerton was born there and there she raised her 13 children (11 of them are living) and she has a deep reverence for the Rittenhouses—first of all, for old William Rittenhouse, who in 1707 built the house in which David was born, near the site of his paper mill, the first in America. This and her own home are the oldest of the group.

She reverts the name of David Rittenhouse, one of the first scientists of America, internationally famous as an astronomer and clock maker. He was the first professor of astronomy at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Pinkerton has a box of relics upstairs in an old trunk, a photograph of David Rittenhouse, Mrs. Jacob Rittenhouse's dainty kid slipper, and an old Bible from the Rittenhouse school, which stood up there on the hill when this was an industrial community with paper, textile and grist mills, before Fairmount Park was extended along Lincoln Drive.

A William Penn Descendant

She also has several little silken pocketbooks made by the Rittenhouse girls, a cannon ball from the Revolu-

tion, found there in the woods, and a tiny cap, yellowed by the years, which belonged to William Penn's daughter, also one of her ancestors (9th generation).

But Mrs. Pinkerton's children are no more interested in the relics and the Rittenhouses than are the Paul Gieseys. The Gieseys are one of the four families of Park employes who live in the houses.

"They never had time for old furniture and such"—and what old pieces the family once had have long since been converted into firewood by the succession of tenants.

Ooh! The Ghost

All, however, are interested in a clean-shaven man in a dark suit, who, they whisper, walks about the grounds now and then. When Mrs. Pinkerton was a child, Grandmother Rittenhouse had a boarder, a silent man who worried because he couldn't pay his board. One night he hanged himself on the old maple which still stands in front of the house.

It is he who walks about the grounds. All of the Pinkerton family have seen him as have many outsiders. They see him from the kitchen window when they hurry outside to work, he vanishes.

Not to those who have

seen him . . . he is as real to them as the maple itself.

But in spite of restless ghosts, speeding automobiles and apartment buildings, the valley has retained its peaceful atmosphere. The picturesque beauty of the houses has not been ruined by "improvements." Natural thickets, old-fashioned gardens surrounded by marine shells and white rocks, the grape arbor in the back, the babbling brook, the picket fence and the "coffin door" on the second floor of the David Rittenhouse home, where coffins were hoisted in and out for funerals—they are all there, just as they were.

Evening Bulletin 4/8/1932

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RITTENHOUSETOWN STILL DEFIES TIME

Relative of Penn and Famed
Scientist Occupies One of
Venerable Houses

(Illustrated on Picture Page)

A substantial remnant of old Rittenhousetown still stands, little damaged by the ravages of time, little changed by modern improvements.

Clustered on the banks of Paper Mill Run just inside the boundaries of Fairmount Park, off Rittenhouse street and Wissahickon avenue, stand five houses, sheltering thirty-two inhabitants.

The oldest house and the most famous is the birthplace of David Rittenhouse, scientist and astronomer, born April 8, 1732—200 years ago tomorrow.

The bicentennial of David Rittenhouse will be celebrated here tomorrow and Saturday by representatives of forty-two learned societies and institutions from all over the country.

Descendant Lives Nearby

His birthplace is now occupied by John Paul Giesey, Fairmount Park laborer, and his two children. A neighboring house, just across the stream, is still occupied by Mrs. William Pinkerton, a collateral descendant of David Rittenhouse.

Mrs. Pinkerton was met at her front door.

"I was born in this house 61 years ago," she said. "It belonged to my great-grandfather, William Rittenhouse."

The house was built, Mrs. Pinkerton explained, by a man named Wiley, whose daughter married William Rittenhouse. At his death the house went to Jacob C. Rittenhouse, and so on down to Mrs. Pinkerton, who lives there with her husband and two of their thirteen children.

She still has all the old deeds to the property, as well as many other historical relics, including the baby cap of Hannah Penn. On her mother's side, Mrs. Pinkerton is a descendant of William Penn, nine generations removed.

May Give Up Old House

"The house belongs to the Park now," she said. "But I may live in it as long as I wish. No, it doesn't go to my children. If I were to go tomorrow and say I was through with it the city would take it over and my husband and children would have to move."

"But surely Mrs. Pinkerton, you will never do that?"

"Well, I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "Living in the same place sixty-one years gets kind of monotonous. I always wanted to move into a nice little new house with electricity, hot and cold water, a mechanical refrigerator and electric washer."

Lieutenant William L. Long, of the

Link With Fame



Ledger Photo

MRS. WILLIAM PINKERTON
Collateral descendant of David Rittenhouse, who occupies one of the ancient houses in Rittenhousetown

Fairmount Park guards, and his wife and six children occupy the house which once was used for the village's doctors and nurses' home. It sits on a hill overlooking the other dwellings. The Rittenhousetown Hospital, which was on a lower knoll, has since been demolished. Dr. Mary Ridgway formerly occupied the house.

With the exception of Mrs. Pinkerton, only employes of the Park are permitted to live in these houses. The former home of Isaac Rittenhouse is occupied by P. J. Merry, his daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. John Solon, and their five children. A widow of a Park employe, Mrs. Mary Griffin, and her four children live in the house next door.

House Urged as Shrine

A move has been made to have the David Rittenhouse home made into a city shrine, but so far a bronze tablet, marking the house, is the only evidence in this direction.

David Rittenhouse is most popularly known for his clocks, although his world-wide fame was achieved through his astronomical discoveries and scientific achievements.

Among the forty-two societies united to honor his 200th anniversary are the American Philosophical Society, of which he was the second president; the University of Pennsylvania, where he held the professorship of astronomy and was vice president and trustee; the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, American Paper and Pulp Association, the Dominion Archivist of Canada, the Maryland Historical Society, the Franklin Institute, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the Pennsylvania Academy of Sciences and the Germantown

Historical Society.

Germantown will celebrate its Rittenhouse Centenary April 19, which is the New Style date, the calendar having been changed September, 1752.

Suburban Press 3/9/1932

Rittenhouse Was Born In Roxborough

Old Newspaper Tells of
Strange Error in
Ancient Tale

DRAWINGS WRONG

Article Penned by Former
Gov. Pennypacker for
Harper's Magazine

After the appearance of last week's edition of the Suburban Press of the streets, a reader forwarded the following clipping from a local newspaper of Friday, April 21st, 1882, which relates to David Rittenhouse, LL. D.

"Harper's Magazine for May is now out, and as usual it has a number of interesting articles, and the illustrations are quite attractive. To residents of Roxborough and Manayunk this number of the Magazine has a peculiar value, as it contains a paper on David Rittenhouse, the American Astronomer, by Samuel W. Pennypacker, Esqr., a member of our Bar and a frequent writer on local history. Indeed there are few persons in the State who know as much as Mr. Pennypacker about early history of Germantown. A recent contribution of his to the Pennsylvania Magazine on the early settlers of Germantown—the Mennonites—has received very favorable criticism not only for its truthfulness, but for the new phase it gave to the character of those settlers at Creshelm and Crefeldt, as the upper part of Germantown was once called.

"There was nothing new to be said about David Rittenhouse, but Mr. Pennypacker has grouped all the facts of his early years and later career as an Astronomer and citizen, in such graphic language,

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that you are unwilling to close the magazine until you have finished the article.

Accompanying the paper are two illustrations; one is a copy of the inscription on the date stone in the gable-end of the house, which dates it to have been built in 1707. The other purports to be a picture of the house itself, but we doubt if any resident of Roxborough or Germantown would be able to tell that it was Rittenhouse's birth-place, were it not so stated underneath. The person who drew the picture was S. G. Macutchen and we rather think he must have mistaken the house. He certainly mistook the locality, as the picture has beneath it; "Birth place of David Rittenhouse, Germantown, Pennsylvania." As David Rittenhouse, according to the text was born in Roxborough Township, we feel quite sure that Mr. Macutchen has given us the wrong house, which is really to be regretted. Mr. Pennycker says distinctly that Roxborough was the birth-place of David Rittenhouse, and yet the artist made the egregious blunder of dating it in Germantown. This was done, as we have reason to know even after he had seen and conversed with a gentleman who advised him of the fact that Roxborough and not Germantown was the birth-place of the great American Astronomer. We have had so many great men born in the old township of Roxborough, that we are unwilling to have such an error as this to remain uncorrected.

4-21-1892

DAVID RITTENHOUSE, L. L. D.

Harper's Magazine for May is now out, and as usual it has a number of interesting articles, and the illustrations are quite attractive. To residents of Roxborough and Manayunk this number of the Magazine has a peculiar value, as it contains a paper on DAVID RITTENHOUSE, the American Astronomer, by Samuel W. Pennypacker, Esqr., a member of our Bar and a frequent writer on local history. Indeed there are few persons in the State who know as much as Mr. Pennypacker about the early history of Germantown. A recent contribution of his to the Pennsylvania Magazine on the early settlers of Germantown—the Mennonites—has received very favorable criticism not only for its truthfulness, but for the new perspective it gave to the character of those settlers at Cresheim and Orefeldt, as the upper part of Germantown was once called.

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300 Visit Rittenhouse Birthplace

Rev. J. Foster Wilcox Delivers Splendid Address at Scientist's Home

MARTIN PRESIDES

Francis E. Brewster, a Descendant, Plants Memorial Oak

According to plans made by the Wissahickon Valley and other historical societies, a pilgrimage to David Rittenhouse landmarks in and about Philadelphia in honor of the bicentennial, Tuesday, of the famous astronomer, was conducted last Saturday afternoon.

Nearly 300 persons participated in ceremonies at the "coffin-door" house at the upper end of Lincoln Drive, where Rittenhouse was born, and in Fairview Village Assembly Hall, near the Germantown pike house where he spent his boyhood.

Thomas S. Martin, president of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society and secretary of the Fairmount Park Commission, presided at the meeting at the birthplace of Rittenhouse. Rev. J. Foster Wilcox, pastor of the Roxborough Baptist Church, was the principal speaker.

On another page of this issue of The Suburban Press, will be found the text of Dr. Wilcox's address.

Directly in front of the house a memorial white oak tree was planted by Francis E. Brewster, former solicitor of the Board of City Trusts and a collateral descendant of the scientist.

After leaving the confines of Roxborough, the pilgrimage was in charge of the Germantown Historical Society.

An illustrated lecture on Rittenhouse's life in Norristown, where he spent his boyhood and where a bequest of mathematical tools and books first turned his attention to mathematics and science, was given at Fairview Village by Dr. Maurice J. Babb, professor of mathematics of the University of Pennsylvania.

Before going to Fairview, a visit was made to this house, now the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Ballard, 5214 Germantown avenue. Both house and grounds were thrown open to the visitors for inspection.

Major Robeson Lea Perot, president of the Germantown Historical Society, and Russell C. Thomas, president of the Fairview Village Assembly, were speakers at the meeting in Assembly Hall.

Thomas S. Gates, president of the

University of Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Gates, another lineal descendant of Rittenhouse, and members of the Montgomery Historical Society and the Valley Forge Chapter of the D. A. R. were among those who attended.

The local historical society's participation in the Rittenhouse Bicentennial was in charge of a committee composed of J. Ellwood Barrett, chairman; Major Thomas S. Martin, A. C. Chadwick, Jr., and James K. Helms.

On Sunday, members of the Wissahickon Valley and Germantown Historical Societies, visited the grave of David Rittenhouse in Laurel Hill Cemetery. Edward W. Hocker, librarian of the latter group, placed wild flowers which been gathered at Norriton, and daffodils, from "Wyck" in Germantown, upon the grave; and Miss Mary McBride, of 538 East Walnut Lane, Roxborough, a descendant of the Rittenhouse family, represented the Wissahickon Valley historians by placing a bouquet of sweet peas on the mound.

4/21/1932

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Submission piece
4/23/1931

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H. G. Knight To Address Historians

Montgomery County Jurist to
Speak at Roxborough
High School

MARTIN WILL PRESIDE

Evening Bulletin's Great
Film "One Day" to Be
Exhibited

Cards of invitation are being distributed by members of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society to attend its annual meeting in the auditorium of the Roxborough High School, Ridge avenue and Fountain street, next Tuesday evening.

Hon. Harold G. Knight, Montgomery County Court Judge will deliver an address on matters pertaining to the Upper Wissahickon Regions. Judge Knight is very popular as a speaker, and comes well recommended to the people of this section by the Montgomery County Historical Society.

In addition the projection of the sound picture, "One Day, Or A Greater Philadelphia Is Rising" will be made through the courtesy of the Evening Bulletin. The McCallum Company have charge of this feature, and have promised to have sufficient amplification in the High School auditorium to insure the success of the showing.

Major Thomas S. Martin, president of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society will be in charge, and everything has been done to make the evening a pleasant one. There is no charge, except that invitations are issued through the courtesy of members of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society and their friends. No person without a card will be admitted until 7.55 P.M., and children must be with their parents to be admitted. The Committee in charge is James K. Helms, Joseph S. Miles, A. C. Chadwick, Jr., George Laver, J. Ellwood Barrett, Miss Blanche L. Heidinger, and Mrs. H. F. Hagenbucher.

The aim of the local society is to create an interest in things of local historical interest, and this treat is the third event of its kind promoted and financed by the Society.

WILL SPEAK HERE



HON. HAROLD G. KNIGHT
Montgomery County Court Judge,
who will deliver an address, concerning the Upper Wissahickon, at a meeting of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, which will be held at the Roxborough High School, on Tuesday evening of next week.

4/30/1931

Judge Knight Tells of Upper Wissahickon

Montgomery County Jurist
Relates Experiences
of Boyhood

PLEASE LISTENERS

Evening Bulletin Representatives Display Educational Film

At the Roxborough High School, Ridge avenue and Fountain street, on Tuesday evening, Judge Harold G. Knight, of the Montgomery County Historical Society, gave a most interesting series of reminiscences concerning the Upper Wissahickon.

Judge Knight carried his listeners back to the days of his boyhood, when he swam, fished, hunted and played along the banks of the romantic stream. The speaker talked for 35 minutes, reciting tales of the beauty, the history and delightful experiences beside and near the Wissahickon, which has been the theme of many stories by writers of

international prominence; Wallace Nutting, Rudyard Kipling and Thomas Moore being particularly referred to, as lovers of the region.

Judge Knight told of Eberhard Flues, old silk mill, and of the "Old Dutchman's plan to raise his own silk worms. Mulberry trees were planted, and every phase of producing silk, from the larvae stage to the finished product, was referred to.

Various opinions, concerning the origin of the name of Whitemarsh, through which township the Wissahickon flows, were related, with present day historians' decision that the section receives its name from the "wide marshes" in the valley of the Wissahickon, the name Whitemarsh, being a corruption of "wide" marsh.

Romantic nights, on old bridges and in skating parties, humour and tragedy, too, when reference was made of the drowning of a little child and its mother, were inducted into the subject by Judge Knight.

Major Thomas S. Martin, president of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, which sponsored the meeting, presided at the affair.

A moving picture, with sound effects, entitled, "One Day; or a Greater Philadelphia Is Rising," was exhibited by representatives of The Evening Bulletin. The film, which consists of a series of impressions, dating from 1632 until the present day, was greatly enjoyed by those who saw and heard it.

Joseph S. Miles, secretary of the Association, at the close of the meeting, recited some of Roxborough's history, and told of the purpose of local group of historians and ended by making a plea for increased membership.

4/27/1931

BOYHOOD DAYS RECALLED BY JUDGE KNIGHT

Adventures Rivaling 'Tom Sawyer'
Narrated Before Wissahickon Valley Historians

Narrating boyhood adventures along the upper Wissahickon with all the zest of the best chapters from "Tom Sawyer," Judge Harold G. Knight, of the Montgomery county courts, delighted a large audience last night in the Roxborough high school, the occasion being a public meeting of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society. Especially thrilling was Judge Knight's account of how he and another lad, clad only in their "birthday suits," were swept four miles on a raft when the stream was at floodtide.

"All my life," said Judge Knight, "I have lived within a stone's throw of the Wissahickon at Ambler. I have seen the earlier beauty of the stream marred by pollution, but I am glad now to see the approach of a better day that will check this pollution.

"Some of my earliest memories are associated with the stone bridge that carried Butler pike over the Wissahickon. Five years ago I found on my desk, awaiting my signature as a judge of the courts, a contract to demolish that bridge and replace it with a modern concrete structure. I could scarcely bring myself to place my name on the paper, for it was like signing the death warrant of an old friend.

"Not many of the old stone bridges remain. There is one on Morris road at Fort Washington, another below Penlyn and a third at Gwynedd; but I know of no others on the upper Wissahickon.

"Once there was a suspension bridge, just wide enough to permit one person to pass. A flood washed it away and it was never rebuilt.

"In my boyhood days there were two mills in operation on the Wissahickon in the Ambler region, and I often helped the miller at one of these mills pull up the gate that permitted the water to flow over the waterwheel. Now no mill is operated anywhere along the Wissahickon.

"Between Ambler and Fort Washington, Eberhard Flues once undertook to manufacture silk, importing silk worms, planting 200 mulberry trees to feed the worms and erecting a mill to weave the silk thread. But the venture was a failure."

Judge Knight expressed his gratification because of the extension of Fairmount Park along the Wissahickon to Fort Washington. In this neighborhood, he said, are the wide marshes from which the name

of Whitemarsh township originated.

"The favorite ways of fishing in my boyhood have nearly all been outlawed, and properly so," continued the speaker. "We would wear hip boots, if we owned them, or else wade to spear the fish. This was done at night, the fish being blinded with a lantern. Many a night I was thus engaged from 8 in the evening until 3 in the morning.

"We also set lines in summer, 50 to 100, with no corks, the lines being fastened to a peg driven into the ground. Then we would go up and down the shore, pulling in line after line, removing the fish and rebaiting. This method, too, has been outlawed, for it is unsportsmanlike.

"We caught suckers, sunfish, catfish, eels, some perch and occasionally a trout. I have never eaten fish that tasted so good as those we used to cook immediately after catching them. A large stone would be heated in a fire and the fish was placed on the stone to fry.

"In the winter we would set traps along the creek. Some winters I caught 100 to 250 muskrats, a dozen skunks, some opossums and once in a while a mink.

Recalls Ritual for Trapping

"We had a regular ritual for trapping. It was improper to set a trap before the first button came off your coat in winter. Sometimes we helped the button to come off. After school each evening every boy set about 20 traps. In the early morning, as we went from trap to trap, we had the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime—especially if there was a skunk in the trap. At least once my mother would not let me enter the house for many hours, and I had to change my clothes in the barn.

"Today everything is different. My boys have tried trapping and fishing, but they were unsuccessful. Farther up the stream, however, the boys do still catch some muskrats.

"We would fasten the skins on a shingle and let them dry until spring, when we sold them to a fur dealer, getting 15 to 20 cents for a muskrat skin, and \$1 for the skin of a skunk. Now a muskrat skin brings \$1 to \$1.50, and a skunk skin \$7.

"An experience which I believe was really unique occurred when, with the aid of a companion, I built a big craft. We built it on the ground, for ordinarily there was not enough water in the Wissahickon to make rafting worth while. Our plan was to wait for a flood.

"One day in July the flood came. We hurried down to the creek, removed all our clothes—bathing suits were unknown to boys then—and soon the raft was afloat with two 13-year-old boys on it.

"But when we tried to guide the raft we realized that the swirling current was too strong for us. In a few moments the raft was beyond our control, and we were rushing down stream. It was too dangerous to jump off into the water, so we clung to the raft. Finally, down near Flourtown, where the water spread out over the meadows, we were able to get ashore.

"But here we were four miles from home, dressed in our birthday

suits. And it was broad daylight. If we hid until night our parents would make a search and perhaps find our clothing and conclude we had been drowned. So we set off for home, dodging through the woods, until we recovered our clothes."

Judge Knight also recalled the skating on the creek, and remembered that once, while skating backward, "to show off for the girls," he broke through the ice. By the time he got home his clothing was frozen stiff and his mother "had to amputate his trousers."

Outstanding Scenic Beauty

"We in Montgomery county," said Judge Knight, "believe we live in the garden spot of all the United States. Our hills do not have the grandeur of the Alps or the Rockies, but there is a charm about the Montgomery county countryside I have never found elsewhere. Wallace Nutting appreciated this, as is evident by the Montgomery county views in his book, 'Pennsylvania Beautiful.'

"Among all the romantic streams, the Wissahickon stands pre-eminent. It has a beauty that is unique. To me it is the stream of sentiment that rises in the foothills of memory and flows down through the days of my youth, and along its shores walks the barefoot boy that I used to be.

"On hot days, when I go to some elaborate modern swimming pool, with all its artificial luxuries, I close my eyes and see again the old swimming hole of my boyhood days in the Wissahickon.

"And at night as I sit beside the open fireplace my thoughts go back to winter nights when the jingle of sleighbells sounded on Morris road and the ring of skates was heard on the Wissahickon, and I see again the ruddy cheeks and the Tam O'Shanter's of the girls we used to know.

"But I look forward to the time when the stress of busy days is past and I may renew my acquaintance with the Wissahickon, when I may again wander along its banks and watch the waters silently glide by even as my own little bark of destiny passes on to the great sea of Eternity."

A NEW NAME

RESOLUTION DESIGNATING the bridge crossing Wissahickon creek at Henry avenue as the "Wissahickon Memorial Bridge," in honor of the men and women of Germantown, Roxborough, Chestnut Hill, Tioga, Manayunk, Logan, Olney and Oak Lane who served in the World War; and directing the presentation of this resolution to the Mayor for his approval or disapproval.

Whereas, The City of Philadelphia is constructing a bridge crossing the Wissahickon creek at Henry avenue; and

Whereas, It is appropriate and fitting that this bridge should serve as a memorial in honor of the men and women of Germantown, Roxborough, Chestnut Hill, Tioga, Manayunk, Logan, Olney and Oak Lane who served in the World War; therefore.

Resolved, By the Council of the City of Philadelphia, That the bridge now being constructed crossing the Wissahickon creek at Henry avenue be, and the same is hereby designated as the "Wissahickon Memorial Bridge" in honor of the men and women of Germantown, Roxborough, Chestnut Hill, Tioga, Manayunk, Logan, Olney and Oak Lane: and that the Department of Public Works, Bureau of Engineering and Surveys, is hereby authorized and directed to erect a Memorial Tablet so designating the said bridge.

Resolved, That the Clerk of Council be directed to present this resolution to the Mayor for his approval or disapproval.

Approved the 4th day of June, A. D. 1931.

H. A. MACKKEY,
Mayor of Philadelphia.
(No. 154.)

6-18-1931

Mayor Takes Action

June 15th, 1931.

A. C. Chadwick, Jr.,
c/o Suburban Press,
474 Conarroe Street,
My dear Mr. Chadwick:

Acknowledgement is made of your letter relative to the omission of "Falls of Schuylkill" and Wissahickon, in the resolution designating the Henry Avenue Bridge as the Wissahickon Memorial Bridge.

This has been taken up with the Chief of the Bureau of Engineering and Surveys. No slight was intended to the Falls of Schuylkill or Wissahickon in the list of communities named in the resolution and I am sure that the correction can be made before the memorial tablet is completed.

Very truly yours,
H. A. MACKKEY,
Mayor.

City Fathers Make Amends For Oversight

Names of Wissahickon and Falls of Schuylkill to Be Placed on Tablet

REGRET INCIDENT

Henry Avenue Bridge Is Renamed in Honor of World War Participants

In one of Philadelphia's leading dailies—dated last Friday—appeared the following succinct news item, concerning this section, which—without saying so—was a compliment to the alertness of the staff of THE SUBURBAN PRESS.

"City Council yesterday corrected a grave mistake it made June 4.

"On that day it adopted a resolution designating the bridge over the Wissahickon as the "Wissahickon Memorial Bridge," and dedicated it in honor of men and women of Germantown, Roxborough, Chestnut Hill, Tioga, Manayunk, Logan, Olney and Oak Lane who served in the World War.

But the resolution forgot to mention the heroes of Wissahickon and Falls of Schuylkill, the communities linked by the span. So Councilman Howard Smith introduced an amending ordinance adding them to the tablet."

As stated, on June 4th, Howard Smith, one of the Sixth District's representatives, introduced a resolution before City Councils, asking that the name of the Henry Avenue Bridge be changed to the Wissahickon Memorial Bridge, and that a bronze tablet be placed on the structure in honor of the men and women who served in the World War, from "Roxborough, Chestnut Hill, Tioga, Manayunk, Logan, Olney and "Oak Lane."

The resolution passed, was signed by Mayor Mackey, and printed according to the proper legal procedure in such matters.

And then a member of the staff of THE SUBURBAN PRESS noticed the omission of the names of the Falls of Schuylkill and Wissahickon, from among the communities specified to be placed on the marker.

The resolution was reprinted in THE SUBURBAN PRESS, and an editorial written, criticizing the oversight. The incident was called to the attention of various organizations and individuals in the two "forgotten" territories, with the result that complaints poured into City Hall, and to the councilmen, from the East Falls Business Mens' Association, the Falls Mothers' Club, the Breck Home and School Association, Mrs. Bessie Dobson Eastman, who labored so diligently in war activities in the Falls during

the late conflict; Theodore L. Mackenzie, who served in the Falls "White House Committee," in 1917 and 1918; A. F. Skrobanek, assistant cashier of the Commercial National Bank and Trust Company, on whose property the Falls Honor Roll stands; John E. Smithies, former councilman, and others.

In the 21st Ward, Frank L. Kenworthy, Fairmount Park Commissioner; the Wissahickon Business Mens' Association; Dr. J. Franklin Strawinski, and Commander William D. Ralston, of Thomas F. Emery Post, American Legion, and William H. Jones, went into immediate action.

All with the result that Mayor Mackey and Councilmen Smith and Blackburn, extended every effort to rectify the matter.

And then came the information that Mr. Smith had introduced an amendment to the original resolution, adding the names of Wissahickon and the Falls of Schuylkill to those that will be placed on the tablet to be erected on the Wissahickon Memorial Bridge.

THE SUBURBAN PRESS, once more, feels that it has been of service to the people who reside in the section in which it circulates.

7-2-1931

Memorial Bridge Amendment

RESOLUTION AMENDING RESOLUTION entitled "Resolution designating the bridge crossing Wissahickon creek at Henry avenue as the "Wissahickon Memorial Bridge," in honor of the men and women of Germantown, Roxborough, Chestnut Hill, Tioga, Manayunk, Logan, Olney and Oak Lane who served in the World War; and directing the presentation of this resolution to the Mayor for his approval or disapproval," approved June 4, 1931; and directing the presentation of this resolution to the Mayor for his approval or disapproval.

Whereas, The bridge crossing the Wissahickon creek at Henry avenue has been designated as the "Wissahickon Memorial Bridge," in honor of the men and women of Germantown, Roxborough, Chestnut Hill, Tioga, Manayunk, Logan, Olney and Oak Lane who served in the World War.

And Whereas, Wissahickon and Falls of Schuylkill should be included in the proposed memorial tablet so designating said bridge; therefore.

Resolved, By the Council of the City of Philadelphia, That the resolution approved June 4, 1931, entitled "Resolution designating the bridge crossing Wissahickon creek at Henry avenue as the "Wissahickon Memorial Bridge," in honor of the men and women of Germantown, Roxborough, Chestnut Hill, Tioga, Manayunk, Logan, Olney and Oak Lane who served in the World War; and directing the presentation of this resolution to the Mayor for his approval or disapproval," be and the same is hereby amended by adding in the preamble and resolution: Wissahickon and Falls of Schuylkill.

Resolved, That the Clerk of Council be directed to present this resolution to the Mayor for his approval or disapproval.

Approved the 25th day of June, A. D. 1931.

H. A. MACKKEY,
Mayor of Philadelphia.
(No. 172)

Subscription News 7/13/33

Stone Railroad Bridge Has Served Over Half Century

Wooden Structures Used For Forty-Three Years Prior to Erection of More Permanent Viaduct.—
History Told in Annual Reports

Many are the motorists, and others, who as they approach the entrance to the Wissahickon Drive, at Ridge avenue, for the first time, pause to admire the graceful bridge which carries the tracks of the Reading railroad over the Wissahickon Creek at that point.

A search of the records relating to this bridge, proves that it is not the first structure which served the railroad company at the same place.

On August 7th, 1833, proposals were asked for grading of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad, from Robeson's Mill—near the mouth of the Wissahickon—to Norristown. The contracts for this work were awarded on September 25th, 1833. Sections numbered 9 to 12, south to Robeson's Mill, and including the first bridge over the Wissahickon were awarded in September of 1833 to Isaac Otis and Company, and the work was completed in October of 1834. Regular railroad traffic to Manayunk began on October 29th, 1834. An account in a neighboring newspaper, acent this first trip, reads as follows: "Carrs at length approached the Wissahickon, at Robeson's Mill. The construction of this viaduct in the substantial manner in which it appears to be built is certainly an extraordinary undertaking, and has been accomplished in a manner which has given entire satisfaction to the railroad company. The height is about 70 feet above the surface of the water and the length 473 feet, and the cost of construction about \$30,000."

Various extracts from the annual reports of the P. G. and N. Railroad complete the tale of the Wissahickon bridges near the mouth of the stream. "November 1st, 1842: A track of edge rail, supported upon continuous bearings of white oak timber has been laid upon the Wissahickon Bridge, together with a new floor of hemlock planks; and that important structure, about which so much solicitude was felt has been greatly strengthened by additional braces and by arches of white pine in all the spans, added on the outside of the lattice frames and secured to them by screw-bolts. This work had rendered the bridge abundantly strong and a good coat of white-wash has improved its appearance."

"November 4th 1844: To the Wissahickon Bridge there have been made frequent partial repairs during the season; it giving evidence of increasing decay and there being sufficient funds in the hand of the trustee, the Board directed a contract to be made with Messrs.

Haughey & Snyder for the immediate erection of a new bridge. This is far advanced towards completion, the materials being chiefly delivered and the most of the framing done. Its cost will be about \$10,000."

"November 3rd, 1845: At the time of the last annual meeting a commencement had been made at constructing a new bridge over the Wissahickon Creek, which has since been completed. The security felt by passengers now, when crossing the valley and the strong and permanent appearance of this bridge, have no doubt aided materially in increasing the travel upon the road."

"September 30th, 1862: "This amount (giving the sum of receipts from excursion business at Rockdale) would have been largely increased but for the destruction of the Wissahickon bridge by fire, which deprived some twenty excursion parties from fulfilling their engagements made with the company for the use of the said ground. On the afternoon of the 12th of August last (1862) the bridge over the Wissahickon Creek was entirely destroyed by fire. The bridge took fire from the mill adjacent, known as Robeson's Mill. An arrangement was immediately made with Mr. Stone for the erection of a trestle-work as a temporary bridge. The whole work was satisfactorily completed in thirteen days; and in nineteen days the trains were regularly passing over the bridge. During the interval the Reading Railroad Company generously rendered the use of their road (on the west side of the Schuylkill) for the transportation of freight and passengers. The company availed themselves of their kind offer for the transportation of freight; but the passenger operations were conducted on our own road, by a little inconvenience to the passengers, that of walking from one side of the bridge to the other. Proposals having been invited for the construction of an iron bridge, the same were received up to the 1st of October. The bids were few and exceedingly high owing to the increased price of iron and the present difficulty of procuring it. Under existing circumstances the Board reconsidered the resolution authorizing a wrought iron bridge, and the Board instead passed a resolution authorizing the erection of a substantial wooden one. The plan for the same has been adopted and the materials purchased and it is expected that by the first of the coming year a permanent bridge

will have been built."

"September 30, 1863: As recorded in our last report the Wissahickon Bridge was destroyed by fire August 12th, 1862. The temporary trestle-work bridge, constructed immediately after having answered well its purpose, has since been removed and a new and superior wooden structure, much more substantial than the original bridge, has been completed over two spans. An Act of State Legislature, obtained last winter, granted the company permission to construct a stone bridge (two-arched) over the eastern span. This is now being done under the supervision of Messrs. White & Houpt contractors. Said Legislative Act also allows the remaining two spans to be built similarly of stone at any time hereafter. The bridge will be finished about the first of the ensuing year, when a double track will be laid over it, and by this alteration dispensing with the switch-tenders at this point."

On January 7th, 1873, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company entered into an agreement with the City of Philadelphia, for the erection of a new double track stone railroad bridge (this is the present structure). On August 12th, 1874, the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company directed the chief engineer of the Company to "proceed therewith to build a new double track stone railroad bridge over the Wissahickon valley and creek, upon the line of the Norristown Branch of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad."

The annual report of the railroad company, for the year ending November 30th, 1874, states: "The work of the new bridge crossing the Wissahickon Creek on the Germantown and Norristown Branch, was commenced in September and prosecuted with vigor, until the approach of winter compelled us to cease operations. The two largest piers of the bridge have been founded on solid rock in the bed of the creek, and have been built up within five feet of the surface of the water. Their respective foundations are 31½ feet and 26 feet below the mean water level of the dam. The location of this new bridge is on a improved alignment of the road, and will enable the City of Philadelphia to carry Ridge avenue by an overhead bridge across the railroad, thereby avoiding the present danger of grade-crossing, (a work which was not done until about 1927 or 1928) and improving the grade and alignment of this great thoroughfare. It will require at least two years of hard work to accomplish this much needed improvement. The new bridge will better accommodate the wants of the railroad traffic and will be an ornament to the park."

In 1927 extensive repairs and renewals were made to the present bridge, including the addition of concrete walls along the top outer edges for protection of workmen, and in 1932 the iron catenary structures were placed atop of the bridge for the carrying of high tension electric wires for the use of the modern means of transportation, but certainly not adding to the "ornament to the Park."

SCCAFF.

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Dec. 19, 1930

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Hold Service In Memory of Virginians

Historians and Church Officials Collaborate in Fine Service

HELMS CITES FACTS

Rev. William H. Cooper
Lauds Men Who Died
For Freedom

Members of the nursing staff of the Memorial Hospital, and Sons of the American Revolution, participated in the memorial church service, arranged by the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, and Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church officers, at the latter church, Ridge and Roxborough avenues, last Sunday night.

The exercises were held in commemoration of the massacre of the eighteen Virginia troopers, of Washington's army, who were slain at Andrew Wood's barn—which stood on the site of Grace Church—on the night of December 19th, 1777.

A brief story of the affair, which appeared in the printed programs, distributed at the service, reads as follows:

On December 19, 1777, Captain Andrew Cathart of the 17th Light Dragoons of the British Army, then occupying the City of Philadelphia, with a squadron of men, surprised an American picket of 18 men of Lee's Virginia Legion, on Ridge road at an outpost about four miles from the City. This was at Scott's lane and Ridge avenue. The British, greatly outnumbering the American force, opened fire, immediately cutting down seven of the Continentals. The others retreated in the direction of Valley Forge, where the main force of the American Army had recently established their winter headquarters. Toward nightfall they took refuge in the barn owned by Andrew Wood, at what is now Ridge and Roxborough avenues, in Roxborough, which formerly stood on the site now occupied by Grace Evangelical Lutheran Church. There they were discovered by the British. Failing to respond to the first challenge to surrender, Captain Cathart ordered the barn burned, and the Continental soldiers were killed as they tried to escape.

Major Thomas S. Martin, president of the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, who was to have delivered an address concerning the stirring events connected with the sacrifices of the Virginians, was unable to be present, owing to illness, and his place on the program was taken by James K. Helms, vice president of the So-

ciety. Mr. Helms disclosed a vast store of historical facts relative to the family of Andrew Wood, and of the action in Roxborough, on the December night of one hundred and fifty-three years ago, when the soldiers from the Old Dominion lost their lives.

Rev. William H. Cooper, pastor of Grace Church, eulogized the courage and patriotism of the Virginians, who despite the terrible hardships entailed in going off to war, gave their all that the United States of America might come into existence.

The speaker suggested that the families of the patriots must have shared in their sacrifice. "It was a dark Christmas for those Virginia homes," he said, "darker than they knew, for news traveled slowly in those days." Washington, as head of the army at Valley Forge, and Brigadier General Peter Muhlenberg, a Lutheran pastor then at Valley Forge in command of the Virginia line, were mentioned by Mr. Cooper as worthy examples of service and sacrifice to whom the rank and file of the suffering army would look up.

10-25-1934

Autumn Along the Wissahickon

Who is there who has not felt that magnetic, half-mysterious attraction to visit the Wissahickon hills and woodland when autumn parades there, brushing the sky with deep vivid banners of color? We go down winding leafy roads, past long files of silver birches into the valley with its own loveliness ineffable against a dark background; down till we see the waters of the Wissahickon lying complacently, like a broken mirror whose fragments reflect on the earth the colors of the sky. From out of depths adumbral spring the graceful arches of bridges, curving white, gaping as gold leaves spin down the valley, curving overhead and dropping down like a surceasing rain of color. Cyclopean shadows reach great tenacles into the hills, grasping the lowland into its dark maw; out of its magic, stark fox grape vines hang suspended, garlanded in a rich loveliness, like Bedouin tents pitched in the night on a final bivouac with strange campfire flames beckoning the stars. And below the floor of the creek is inlaid thick with patines of bright gold and precious stones of carbuncle and amethyst variety.

The sun bursts in a pyrotechnic display of light; blue-purple tree trunks leap skyward and athwart them, limbed against the sun that peers through the high chinks in the foliage, there burns autumnal rubies, surrounded by soft copper tints and a massive arboretum of trees dyed yellow. The trees rise from either side of this forest path toward the center, in a curving rustic beauty that is somehow ex-

trremely intriguing, especially their similarity to Gothic architecture; the foliage between their great gaunt trunks lit for a moment by the sun to become great beautiful rose windows teeming down harmonies of multicolored light, into the dusky forest, from between gigantic primitive black arches.

Great shadows gather under the trees, streaking across brown oak and yellow maple leaves; gather as if for worship and impatiently darkening and smouldering and spreading in dim obscurity through the wood.

A strange bird flies through this primal grove screeching, and the sun is gone. All about is a greenish-purple light. The sky peers through the trees with an old wrinkled face. Afar the clang of a woodsman's ax rings like a cathedral bell tolling.

There is the smell of fresh split wood, but the clang of wedges ceases; about us the woods are lying still, drinking in with eye and ear the beauty of the wilderness of the wild hills that lay burned and blistered and frost bitten, far as the eye can see, with silence brooding over them, north, west, south; throbbing as it were, like some vast alembic of molten metal.

H. W. P.

Rox. Times 12/13/1928

S.P. 10-12-1933

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Scaff Tells Tale of Last Of Wissahickon Hermits

Most frequenters of the Wissahickon Valley are acquainted with the story of John Kelpius and his band of hermits, with their strange beliefs and practices. Kelpius, who came to America when quite a young man died in his 36th year and then the group of men who lived along the banks of the Wissahickon disintegrated.

The last of the hermits of whom any reliable information can be obtained is John Seelig. He was, probably a German, and was 26 years of age when he landed in this country with Kelpius, in 1694.

He appears to have enjoyed in a high degree, the confidence of his distinguished leader, and is often mentioned in the Latin Journal which was written by Kelpius. He also corresponded with his friends abroad, and one of his letters in German is preserved in a manuscript letter-book.

Seelig occasionally wrote on the subject of mystic divinity, for in a letter to a Mr. Momfort, Kelpius, when referring to the "Reformation and Revolutions in this last Age," says: "As my beloved brothers and faithful fellow-pilgrim in the Wilderness state, Seelig hath written."

From the data which is available, this scribe is disposed to the belief that Seelig was an ascetic of the first water, if the application may be permitted,

and was a believer in Boehme's Teutonic Mysticism; for the Chronicles of Ephrata state that after the death of Kelpius, when many of the Society married, Seelig kept true to his principles, clothed himself in rough, coarse garments and avoided the fellowship of men; and among his literary treasures were no less than ten of Jacob Boehme's books. The probability, therefore is, that when his mentor died—which is supposed to have been in 1708—Seelig remained along the banks of the Wissahickon with another Pietist, Matthias, and such others as were not overcome with the charms of the maidens who lived in nearby Roxborough and Germantown; until as years advanced upon him, and the desire of his soul was not satisfied, he was led to remove from the valley's rugged hills to the vicinity of kind friends in Roxborough.

This is rendered very probable from a tradition which Horatio Gates Jones heard from a very aged lady, whose early life was passed near the creek that Seelig, the Hermit, lived for some years and died on the farm of William Levering, the oldest son of Wigard Levering, Roxborough's first settler.

The same lady said that the Levering abode was in a valley in the rear of the present Leverington Cemetery.

What the precise relationship which existed between Levering and the hermit will never be known, but it was a close and intimate friendship. The acquaintance was doubtless formed at the period of Kelpius' settlement along the Ridge, when the Rittenhouses, Holgates and Leverings were about the only residents of Roxborough, and the hermit was probably assisted and visited by William Levering. It is known definitely that they were close friends in 1735. It was in that year on the 17th of September, that Seelig made his will. It began as follows: "I, John Seelig, of Roxborough, in the county of Philadelphia, Gentleman, being in good health of body and mind, do make this my last will and testament."

The most of his estate he bequeathed to "my friend, William Levering, Sen'r, of Roxborough." The presumption therefore is, that at the time the hermit was living either at Levering's house, or on his farm. His death is recorded in the family Bible of Wigard Levering in the following words: "John Sealy, Hermit, died April 26, 1745, aged 77 years."

As Mr. Levering was his legatee and executor, he no doubt superintended the funeral of his aged friend, and although there is nothing to prove the fact, it is very likely that his remains were buried in the Levering family lot, where the previous February, Wigard Levering, the pioneer, had been interred. This graveyard, which occupied the ground in the rear of the old Roxborough Baptist Church is now a part of Leverington Cemetery, and is beautifully located on an elevated knoll which affords a view of Germantown and the romantic valley of the Wissahickon.

Of Conrad Matthias, who has frequently been designated as the last of the hermits, nothing is really known. He, too, according to John Fanning Watson, died in 1745 -- the year of Seelig's death, but Watson's authority for this statement is not given.

The hermits who were undoubtedly pious and devoted men passed away, one by one. They sought refuge among the rocks and vales of Penn's woods, preferring the dangers of the ocean, the exposure of savages, the wants and trials incident to exclusion from society, to the pleasures of social intercourse, that they might become better fitted to enter upon "the Divine Life." They dreamed of the millenium dawn, and it has probably come true, but not on this earth as they fancied, and though their names are almost forgotten here, it is earnestly hoped that they will be found on the Great Book of Life.

SCAFF

Livezeys in Family Reunion

Plymouth Meeting descendants of Thomas Livezey, pioneer of the Society of Friends, who settled in this country more than two centuries ago, joined in family reunion on the grounds of the Wain Street Meeting, corner of Wain and Unity streets, Philadelphia, Sunday, when a William Penn oak was planted in memory of the sturdy ancestors.

The graves of Thomas Livezey and his son are in the old burial ground. Thomas Livezey was the first of this name to come to America. He and his son landed in Philadelphia in 1681, the year prior to Penn's arrival. Livezey was a farmer and he selected the fertile soil at Glen Fern, near Valley Green, along the Wissahickon, where he purchased 500 acres.

The old Livezey house still stands there along Wissahickon Drive. Somewhat neglected after many years of unoccupancy, it is reached by a winding and rocky path which branches off from Walnut lane. It bears the name of the pioneer, and is known as Livezey lane. The annual gathering of the family were formerly held there, and the Century Wheelmen used the old house as its headquarters for some years.

Livezey lane is so neglected at present as to be impassable except in dry weather, and it has been decided to hold the reunion at the Wain Street Meeting house.

Among the local descendants is Miss Helen Livezey, of Plymouth Meeting, a direct descendant, who resides in a Livezey home erected more than two centuries ago. Miss Livezey was secretary of the family association for a period of 15 years, but these annual gatherings were discontinued during the World War.

Charles Harper Smith, of Hatboro, one of the descendants, has collected the genealogical history of the family here and in England. Alan Corson, chief engineer of Fairmount Park, is married to a Livezey, who is a descendant of Thomas, the pioneer.

Charles Francis Jenkins, former president of the Germantown Historical Society, as well as Roberson Le. Perot, the present president, are both Livezey's. In fact many noted Philadelphians claim either direct or collateral descent from the original Thomas. Mrs. Graeme Lorimer, who was Sarah Moss, is a Livezey.

One of the most unusual things about the family is the way it has spread, over the whole United States. Records show that there is no State in the Union which does not have some descendants of Thomas Livezey in its borders. Indiana has its own Livezey family Association, and Mr. Smith has figured that there are from 10,000 to 20,000 living descendants. Many of them are in California and the State of Washington.

Wissahickon Valley Museum

BY A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

Up the Wissahickon Drive, midway between Gypsy lane and the New Memorial Bridge at Henry avenue, there is a triangular stretch of lawn, with a background of thickly intertwined underbrush, which the older Park Guards often term "The Jungle." This cleared space was once covered by a building known as the Maple Springs Hotel.

The structure was erected shortly after the Civil War, with timber that had been used in a soldiers' hospital, that stood near the Town Hall, in German-town.

The genial host of this inn, bore the popular family name of Smith. His parents, as is a custom, when children are born, gave to him a baptismal appellation: that of Joseph. But time in its march saw this same Joseph Smith receive another cognomen, which the old residents of this section still remember. As proprietor of the Maple Springs Hotel he was more familiarly called "Rooty" Smith.

He obtained this name and attracted great throngs to his inn through his propensity for fashioning animals, birds, furniture, and bric-a-brac out of the roots and vines.

Smith was a self-taught sculptor, and a natural Jack-of-all-trades and mechanic. The hero of our tale was first discovered in the depths of a mine in the brisk mining town of Ashland. His mission there was to teach the colliers the beneficent influences of Art. "See this twisted laurel root" he would say, lecturing to a group of blackened miners over a circle of "glasses all 'round."

"To your un instructed eyes it appears a mere shapeless snag; but turn it over, give a hitch to its tail, and jerk its head, let the light fall on these glass beads I have inserted to form its eyes, and you have the original demon of the Coal Mine to which you are all slaves." And the lecturer would conclude by singing a snatch of some Plutonic stanza about "Down in a coal-mine, underneath the ground."

The figures in his sculpture gallery, augmented by his daily industry, grew to be an enormous museum. Every object in the animal kingdom, every possible bird, reptile or quadruped, together with the whole crew of demonology was represented or caricatured in the collection.

Well known characters, political or otherwise also found their representations in this imperial gallery of statues, by no means flattered in the matter of likeness. For each prominent object the inventor had his jocular anecdote or legend. Curiosities from the mines, and mysterious-looking bas reliefs in hard coal, resembling Egyptian idols of basalt, were added to the series.

Not too proud to prop his artistic career with a practical basis of trade, this Phidias of the mountains kept a house of entertainment; he was always ready to drop his knife and chisel for the duties of hospitality, and poured out ale and elo-

quence impartially. When the collection had swelled to many hundreds, the genius found his sphere among the colliers too contracted. Emerging from the mines, he moved eastward with all his laurels to the valley of the Wissahickon, and established himself as the unrivaled artist and landlord of Maple Spring. He converted this local hostelry into a kind of Prospero's grotto. All the imps and familiars of the Black Art seem to have congregated around his person.

To have seen him in the midst of his demonic congress, say old-timers, was to have appreciated the witches' Sabbath of Faust. One would ask for the proprietor, and with some little ceremony the barman would lead the way to the mysterious creator of so many phantasmal existences; standing there for you to look at him curiously.

"Father" Smith, as the colliers used to call him, was a personage of incalculable years, all except his hair, which continued to be young each Christmas. He was a compact, active man, with flexible hands and a quizzical face thatched over with superb collection of dark locks, as glossy and serpentine as his own bunches of laurel roots.

The museum into which he introduced you, was simply a gallery of twisted wooden monstrosities, dug up out of the wild laurel thickets of Pennsylvania and Maryland. In every gnarled root or complicated branch, the prolific fancy of the artist saw a goblin or a caricature. Lopping the offshoots here and there, mounting the specimen, and brightening it up with "a lick of varnish," the senseless wood was changed into form of art. As a result of this singular industry, continued over many years, the inn was crowded with an infinity of the strangest creatures: reptiles in groups and knots, fighting or embracing, or coiled in slumber; birds on the nest, squirrels and wood-tortoises, with many a queer animal which it would require a new Adam to name, squirmed and writhed over the walls and shelves.

There were large mirror-frames composed entirely of the drooping necks and tapering heads of snakes; others seemed like families of birds' nests, out of which the cunning eyes of brooding hen-birds were lifted.

In the midst was the family portrait gallery of His Satanic Majesty; Mr. and Mrs. Beelzebub, with the reigning princes of their dynasty in China, India, Mexico and Africa, were set up in the most accurate likeness, and the most appalling abundance. Of each hero the proprietor knew the inmost history, the most discreditable story, and often, taking a figure in his hand, he would make it turn, and jump and hide and run, in illustration of the proper point of his lecture.

On a balcony, around the outside of the building, the inexhaustible artisan made a great series of stained Gothic windows, ingeniously patched up out of rejected fragments of colored glass; and the view from those casements commanded a singular system of terraces, fountains cascades, rockworks, labyrinths and flower-beds, laid out on the slope of the hill, by the same tireless genius. It was little wonder that "Rooty" Smith firmly believed and openly boasted that his museum was the most marvelous affair in the world, and sincerely felt that the Fairmount Park Commission, in 1869, acquired title to the property, that it should purchase the collection from him at a good sum for the perpetual benefit and instruction of the people of Philadelphia.

FLOWERS CARPET WISSAHICKON BANK

Nature Trail Leads Down Slope
Covered With Wild and Colorful
Shrubs

VARIETY OF TREES



THE ancients believed that there were gods in the woods, and at times our fancy would have us think that they were right.

Start out late some afternoon from the corner of Chestnut and Seminole avs., in Chestnut Hill, and take the path that leads by the side of Highland Brook down to Wissahickon

Creek. The air will be sweet with the scent of many woodland plants. The western sun will be slanting through the trees, making patterns of soft light on the mossy ground. The sunlight will lie like silver on the surface of the brook. And everywhere will be the Pan-like music of the cardinal. It is at such times and in such places that we best understand the polytheism of classical mythology.

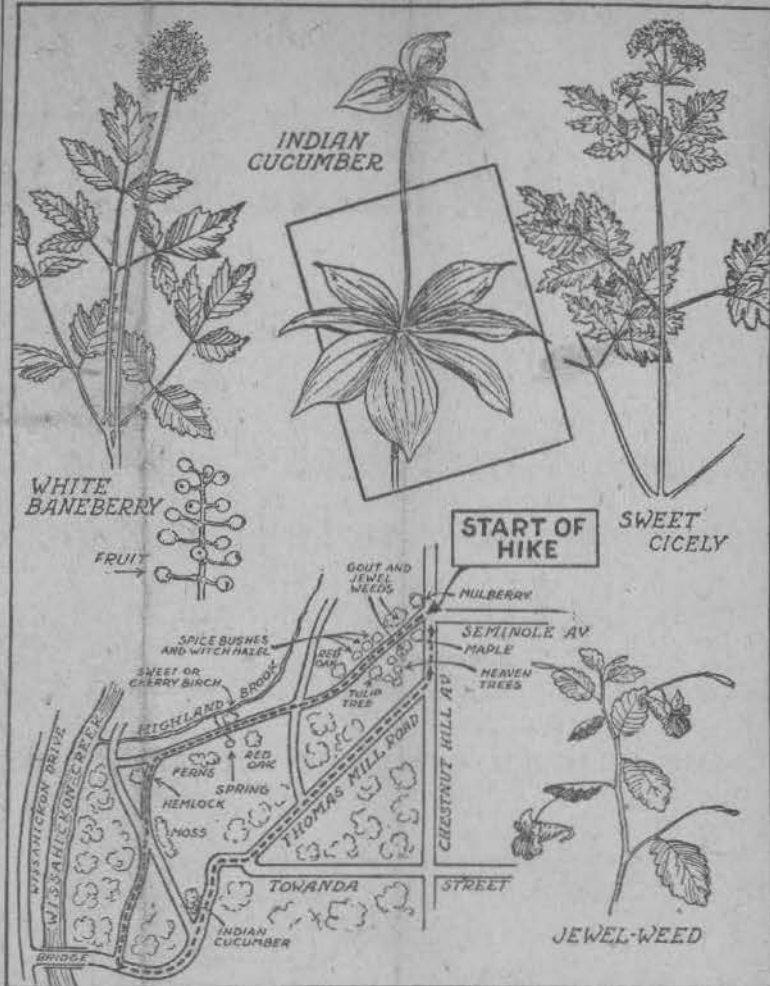
Through this green haunt the Wagner Free Institute of Science, 17th st. and Montgomery av., of which Carl Boyer is director, has mapped out a Nature Trail hike, with George B. Kaiser as nature authority. The Bulletin prints descriptions of these weekly hikes so that all who wish can follow the Trails using the articles as a guide.

Two familiar trees stand on each side of the path just where it branches off from Chestnut av. The study hike begins with these. The one on the left is a maple. The other is a white mulberry (*Morus alba*), native to China, often seen here in cultivation. It was first brought to this country in the interests of the silk industry, for this is the tree on the leaves of which the silk worm feeds.

After walking just a few feet down the path, the hiker will see that two kinds of plants seem to have crowded out all others. One is a coarse weed several feet high, the gout or bishop weed (*Aegopodium podagraria*), and the other a seemingly delicate plant of about the same height, the stem of which is translucent, the jewel weed (*Impatiens pallida*). If the freshly cut stem of the latter is placed in red ink the fluid will be drawn up even into the leaves, giving to the plant a brilliant color. Among these two weeds grows the Sweet Cicely (*Osmorhiza longistylis*), a familiar herb with dull green leaves often stained with purple and brown and with clusters of tiny white flowers.

Witch hazel and spice bushes line the path continually until it reaches the Wissahickon. Dogwood and ironwood are numerous, too. A short distance down on the left stands an exceptionally fine tulip tree, towering above others nearby. Clustered about its base are a number of trees of heaven (*Ailanthus glandulosa*), which resemble the sumach in their long

NATURE HIKE ALONG WISSAHICKON CREEK



Map showing the route followed in this week's nature hike, from Chestnut and Seminole avs., Chestnut Hill, down to Wissahickon Creek. Drawings of some of the flowers and plants encountered in the jaunt are also shown.

compound leaves.

Stray weeds and wild flowers are seen at intervals along the path. One of them is the tall yellow-flowered horse balm or rich weed (*Collinsonia canadensis*), named after Peter Collinson, an English correspondent of our early botanist, John Bartram. Another is the yellow violet (*Viola scabrauscula*). Here is the white bane berry or doll's eyes (*Actaea alba*), a bushy woods plant with round white berry-like fruits with one black dot on each. The wild geranium will be recognized by its deeply-cut leaves spotted with brown or white and its five-petalled pink or light purple flowers. It is also called the cranesbill (*Geranium maculatum*).

The Indian turnip or Jack-in-the-pulpit (*Arisaema triphyllum*) with its flower enclosed in a striped hood or spathe was until recently very commonly seen here. But many of them have been torn up by unthinking people and the dried stalks can be seen now along the way. The bulb of this plant is edible when boiled, but uncooked is exceedingly peppery.

A lover of damp shady places is the day flower (*Commelina virginica*), a ribbon-leaved plant with blue or light violet flowers. It is named after Kaspar Commelin, an early Dutch botanist. The Indian cucumber (*Medeola virginica*) is one of the most easily recognized. Its leaves are light green and grow from the stem in two clusters, one of three at the very top of the stalk and one midway of greater number. The small flowers, often drooping below the higher leaf cluster, are pale green and in late summer are replaced by deep pur-

ple berries. The root tastes like cucumber and was relished by the Indians.

The path is continually downhill until it reaches the level of the Wissahickon. About half way to that point it meets Highland Brook, a small stream which falls musically over rounded stones and many a fallen tree. Low shrubs bend over it, their branches dipping in the cool waters. Finally the Wissahickon is seen through the trunks of native hemlocks and on its shadowed surface are mirrored the trees that line the bank.

After the dense woods of maples, oaks, tulip trees, birches and elms, the Trail comes to a grove made up almost entirely of hemlocks. Their needles have made the ground like a brown bed with splashes of green from the moss. Ferns grow in sheltered places, chiefly the boulder fern and the lady fern.

Here the path goes upgrade and along the slope above the stream. After a few hundred feet it comes once more to mixed woods with a few scattered hemlocks. In a cluster of maple-leaved viburnum, alders and other similar shrubs, it meets with Thomas Mill road and turns sharply back to the left proceeding again to Chestnut Hill av.

(This is the fourteenth of this series of Nature Trail hikes. The Trail next week will lead through the grounds of Fayter's Arboretum, near Media, Pa.)

4/28/1934

Studies Of Nature To Be Found Nearby

Wissahickon Valley a "Gorge of Endless Surprises" For Botanists

HEMLOCK IS WONDER

Cecidology, a Branch Research, Provided for Visitors to the Region

"A gorge of endless surprises," says the student of nature, when referring to the Wissahickon Valley. All too few people visit the upper reaches of our own storied stream, for there seems to be a common impression that the creek does not possess much charm beyond Valley Green.

As a matter of fact, some of the most beautiful portions of the valley are to be found quite a distance beyond this well-known road-house. This is particularly true of the stands of mighty hemlocks, and the walks along the bank of the creek traverse a forest primeval, through which pedestrians rarely stray.

Up around the Bell's Mill road section there is plenty of opportunity provided to clamber over ledges of rocks, which give the ravine the appearance of a mountainous country. This is an unusually cool place these hot days, and offers a profusion of wild flowers for study.

To the right and left, as we stroll along the bridle path, there are box elders, ground ivy, Clearweed (piles canadensis) which is a member of the nettle family with inconspicuous green flowers. Nearby are plants of Sanicula Marylandica, a member of the parsley family, with little yellow clusters of flowers. As we walk along the path we notice that the leaves of many trees in this area are spotted with what looks like red or brownish paint. This gives research into a study known as Cecidology. The spots are known as galls, and are formed by the sting of insects. The eggs inserted in the tissues of the leaves are hatched there with the larvae living within the plants tissues.

If we observe closely we see examples of the Lion's Foot, or Gall-of-the-Earth, (Prenanthe alba). The leaf is shaped like the imprint of a lion's foot and hence the name. Later on in the season this plant will send up large stalks from which will hang clusters of nodding flowers of a creamy white color.

There are many white wood asters (aster divaricatus) which have starry white flowers in the late summer and early autumn, in

this vicinity, and here can be found the strawberry bush (anonymus americana) with their waxy green flowers.

Over the trees are festoons of wild grape-vines, and our nostrils dilate to the odors of oenanthic acid in the air. There is probably no scent in nature that is as penetrating. Blackberry bushes grow in great numbers and in the tangled underbrush near these blackberries are cow parsnips (heracleum lanatum) which stand about eight feet high. It is named after Hercules, because of its great size and is the largest of the unbeliferous plants in the vicinity.

Along the upper Wissahickon, too, can be found fine samples of the American Linden (Tilia Americana) which are believed to be the tallest along the stream. It is sometimes called the Lime-tree, oftener "Whitewood", and commonly, the Basswood.

EDDIE TOAR.

4-7-1934

"Erdenheim" Was Home of Race Horses

First American-Bred Equine to Win English Derby Was Reared on Wissahickon

WELCH WAS OWNER

Native and Arabian Steeds Crossed to Produce Cavalry Mounts

With the daily papers becoming more crowded each passing week, with the doings of horses, such as "Cavalcade" and his like, and also with the deeds of jockeys, horse-racing appears to be staging a "come-back."

And old residents of this area are prone to go reminiscing along these lines. Whenever they do, more than likely "Erdenheim" will creep into the conversation.

The name Erdenheim was given to an estate, near Chestnut Hill, along the Wissahickon Creek, by Johann George Hocker, a wealthy native of Wurtemberg, who settled in the neighborhood in 1751. Its translation means "Earthy Home".

Erdenheim became notable as a stock farm for some of the most famous American horses, when the place was owned by Aristides Welch, who had bought the property in 1861. On the land he erected three large stables, one of them having more than one hundred box stalls.

In 1864 Welch purchased "Flora Temple" for \$8000, and for many years this queen of the trotting track had her home at Erdenheim. She occupied a special "cottage", built especially for her, on the lawn, and at her death she was

buried nearby and her place of interment marked with a marble memorial.

"Lady Thorn" was the property of Welch from 1863 to 1870. He had paid \$17,000 for the mare and sold her for \$31,000, which was then a record-breaking price for a horse. "Leamington", twice winner of the Chester Cup, in England, came to Erdenheim in 1869, Sir. R. W. Cameron being given \$11,000 for the horse, by Welch. Most of "Leamington's" famous progeny were born at Erdenheim, and on the death, in 1878, he, too, was buried on the lawn.

Another horse-grave at Erdenheim, was that of "Maggie B. B.", the dam of "Iroquois", whose sire was "Leamington". "Iroquois" was the first American bred and probably only horse to win the English Derby. Pierre Lorillard purchased "Iroquois" from Welch and entered him in the Derby of 1881 and the Chestnut Hill horse won the contest.

Many prominent horsemen visited Erdenheim when Welch owned the place, including among them President U. S. Grant, August Belmont, William Astor and Pierre Lorillard.

Welch sold Erdenheim in 1882 to Commodore Norman W. Kittson, of St. Paul, Minnesota, for \$125,000. Kittson greatly improved the farm and erected additional stables. He constructed three tracks for racing, one a mile in length, another a half-mile, and the third being one-eighth of a mile around. The Westerner spent money lavishly in improving Erdenheim, one project being the erection of a stone bridge across the Wissahickon, for private use.

Kittson went in for much experimenting, in attempts to produce a superior breed of horse for the United States Cavalry service, his plan being to combine the blood of the wild horse of the American prairies with that of an Arabian horse descended from one which the Sultan of Turkey had presented to President Grant. A handsome, hardy, breed of animal was the result, but they proved to be too expensive for army availability.

Kittson expired in 1888, and for some years thereafter there was much litigation among his heirs as to the ownership of Erdenheim. Finally, in 1893, Robert N. Carson bought the farm from the Kittson estate for \$165,000. He maintained the stock farm and spent more than \$100,000 on improvements. After his death, in 1907, Carson's will disclosed his desire to have Erdenheim become the site of a school for girls similar to the institution for boys, familiar as Girard College. Carson College has since been established there.

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5/25/1933

Old Building Housed Famed Fishing Club

Structure at Mouth of Wissahickon Has Interesting History

NAMED COLONY CASTLE

Men of Illustrious Families on Organization's Roll of Members

From time to time people with a bent for inquiring into the history of this locality, ask about the State in Schuylkill Fishing Club, now located at Andalusia, along the Delaware, which at one time in its existence had headquarters in Colony Castle, the old building at the mouth of the Wissahickon Creek, now occupied by the Philadelphia Canoe Club.

One such person made inquiries about the old building quite recently, and in searching through old records the following facts were accumulated, which are well worth preserving.

It was in April of 1902 that the State in Schuylkill decided to move away from the banks of the Schuylkill, to its present location. The club had at various times, clubhouses farther down the Schuylkill.

At the time the State in Schuylkill moved away, the structure had fallen into decay and it appeared as if the historic pile was doomed, for it had been decided that the expense of repair would be so costly that it would be cheaper to raze it.

People residing in the neighborhood believed that the old fishing club was about to disband, and in refutation of this erroneous rumor, W. Worrell Wagner, then secretary of the famed old club, said:

"We do not intend to disband the State in Schuylkill; on the other hand we propose to continue it until the millennium and then take it with us."

Both the club and the old building have interesting histories which date back to the early days of our country—the club having been organized in 1732, five years previous to the old Beefsteak Club of London, which oftentimes is referred to as the oldest social club in the world.

The building was one of the first grist mills in the country. It was not until 1876 that the building was used as a clubhouse by the State in Schuylkill.

This historic structure was the scene of busy activity several generations ago. It was there that the farmers of the Falls of Schuylkill and the neighborhood came with

their grain to be ground.

It has been many things since that time, but for twenty-six years it was the "Colony," or "Fish House."

Peter Reeve, Philip Syng, the noted goldsmith, grandfather of the eminent physician, Philip Syng Physick; Joseph Galloway, the lawyer, for some years Speaker of the Assembly and member of the First Continental Congress; Samuel Morris, and a score of other men familiar in the early history of our country, were among the founders of the State in Schuylkill, and their portraits adorned the walls of the old club house.

Among the membership of this club were many of those who formerly belonged to the Old Fort, "St. Davids," a similar fishing organization at the Falls, which was located just north of the present stone bridge of the Reading Railway. Previous to this locality being known as the Falls of Schuylkill it was known as "St. David," Fort "Saint David's" finally merged into the "State in Schuylkill."

But to return to the State in Schuylkill Club. The house at the confluence of the Schuylkill and Wissahickon was in 1902 surrounded by a high board fence, which separated it from the once popular Riverside Mansion, and was looked upon with much curiosity, as very few local residents seemed to know to whom it belonged, for although a family, named Smith, acted as caretakers and lived in it for many years, it was only on special occasions that other persons were seen to frequent it.

A fireplace which would do justice to the art of an ancient Dutch architect stood in the dining room.

Over one of the doors of this room there was the curious inscription:

"Let No One Bear Beyond
This Threshold Hence
Words Uttered
Here
In Friendly Confidence."

Everything about the club house was exceedingly plain. The floors were bereft of carpet and the tables made of bare pine wood.

But the fare, when the club met, was most sumptuous, and many a fish broiled in the old Dutch fireplace, and many a yarn spun and pipe smoked around its cheerful blaze.

During the early days of the club, above the old grist mill, where there formerly existed a forebay or head race, the grounds were full of grand old trees and the race was full of fish.

But the race has long since been filled up and the encroachments of the nearby iron works, combined with the numerous freshets, have destroyed much of the natural beauty of the surrounding country.

The goods and chattels of the club were taken to the Castle along the Delaware.

The famous club dates has on its rolls some of the most illustrious names of Philadelphia.

There was undoubtedly a good deal of fun in our ancestors, and among them were "sports" whose sober mien and dignity of speech did not in any way interfere with the keen enjoyment of forest and

river.

The newness of the country, the abundance of fish and game, and the ease with which such supplies could be obtained, made every Pennsylvanian of the sterner sex in those days a hunter and a fisherman.

This State in Schuylkill is the earliest society for the furtherment of sport and protection of sportsmen established in the State.

The founders assumed the right of eminent domain over woods, fields and streams in the vicinity of their clubhouse, which was always known as the "Castle."

Their first club house, was built on the property of William Warner, who, for this favor was dubbed by the club Baron Warner, and received annually three fresh fish, the first of the season for the rent.

When the Revolution was brought to a successful termination and the colonies became the United States, the fishing club adopted a new constitution, planned after the one drawn up for the Union, and abolished Baron Isaac Warner, establishing him Chief Warner of the Castle instead.

The Castle built in 1747 had become in the course of years decayed and inconvenient, and it was replaced in 1871 by a new Castle, built at an expense of about \$800.

This building remained at Eggleston until 1823, before which time the work of building the dam at Fairmount and the obstruction to the navigation of the Schuylkill rendered it necessary to remove the domain of the State from its ancient boundaries.

In 1876, the club, realizing that the Castle was at an inconvenient distance from the homes of some of its members, leased from the Park Commission the old grist mill at the mouth of the Wissahickon in Fairmount Park, and gave it the title of the Colony, and held meetings alternately there, and later, and up until today, in the Castle on the Delaware.

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PENN VALLEY NEWS



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Address Box 276, Narberth, Pa.

ISSUE No. 2

PENN VALLEY, MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

OCTOBER, 1930

Penn Valley Five or Ten Years Hence

Modern Homes, Fine Roads,
Community Activities Are
Pictured.

Have you stopped to consider the Penn Valley of five or ten years hence? We will be an old community then, the home of fine residences and beautiful estates. Our population should be several thousand and we should be as distinctive as Merion or Haverford—more distinctive, let us hope. We shall have broad and well-paved highways lined with mature flowering fruit trees which will make Penn Valley the mecca of all who love the beauties of "out of doors" particularly during the flowering season in early spring.

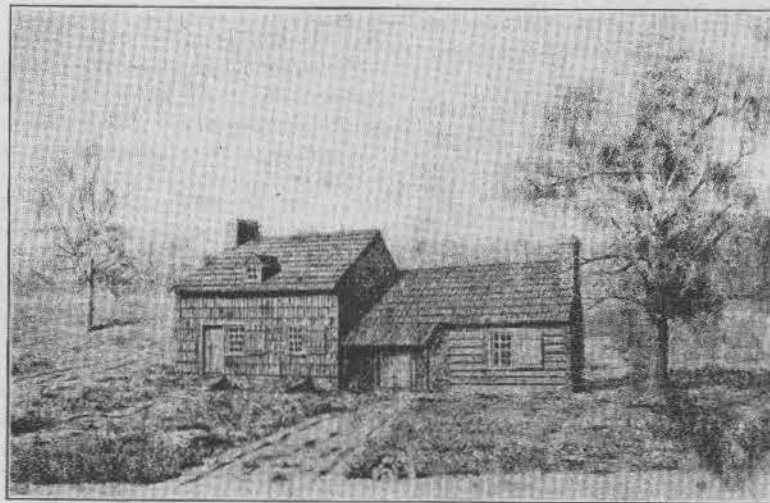
Bryn Mawr Avenue, which we now view with mingled feelings of pride and concern, will be a main artery of travel from the westerly suburbs to northern Philadelphia, although it will not carry much heavy traffic. It will be lined with lovely homes and will be beautifully planted. State Road will be a wide well-paved road and will probably carry considerable heavy traffic. The new State Boulevard to Valley Forge will be open, let us hope, providing us Penn Valleyites with through and quick traffic possibilities to the heart of the city. Viaducts over Belmont Avenue and City Line will mean entrance to the now newly paved West River Drive within five minutes from our homes. Ten or fifteen minutes to City Hall should be the regular program.

On either side this boulevard will be lined with fine homes and the whole area, from State Road to the River, will be Class A residential country. The crossroads—Woodbine, Gulph and Hagys Ford—will run through to the River. Of course the township dump and the piggeries will long since have given away to the march of modern progress.

Ten years from now we shall have built our Community House with its swimming pool and social halls. We shall also have our Penn Valley Golf Club down on the heights near the River. Our own golf, less than five minutes from our doorsteps—how many would like that in the near future? Perhaps there may be a flying field nearby and certainly the Association will make every effort to continue the lovely woodsey roads and trails which now make horseback riding in Penn Valley such a joy. Transportation will come slowly, which is as most of us will wish it. The railroads and trolleys will never reach Penn Valley, but in time we shall have our bus lines.

And lastly, in much less than ten years, the Penn Valley News will be published regularly by Mr. Livingston as one of his chain of suburban papers.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Hargett spent their vacation this July in Canada and Vermont.



The log cabin, built about 1683 for Katherine Thomas and family, one of the first Welsh homes in our Penn Valley district.

This pencil sketch was drawn by the artist, Mr. Jonathan Jones, one of her descendants, by a description given him many years ago by his father of the original log cabin.

Many of the early Friends' marriages took place in this cabin before the erection of the Merion Meeting House in 1695.

Sketch given through the kindness of Mrs. Laura Lee Jones.

Early Days—When Penn Valley Was Penn's Valley

The Colonial and Revolutionary history of the Penn Valley district will interest all of those who now live in that portion of Lower Merion Township.

Traditions, contents of old deeds, local landmarks and lives of the early settlers should make us love the great trees, hills and valleys, running brooks, birds and fauna of Penn Valley.

At the corner of Montgomery Avenue and Woodbine Avenue the Colonial Dames have placed a stone inscribed: "On this and adjacent ground, Washington's Army encamped September 14, 1777." This event took place after their retreat from the Battle of the Brandywine to Valley Forge.

The old house on the Montgomery School property is referred to as Penn Hall and Penn Cottage.

Thomas Penn-Gaskill, a great-great-grandson of William Penn, owned the property in 1846. In his will he calls himself of Ballymaloe, County Cork, Ireland, and Penn Hall, Montgomery County.

Thomas' widow, Mary, in 1852, first month thirty-first, gave a reception and dinner to Granville John Penn, a lineal descendant of William Penn, an Englishman visiting friends in this country. Having invited him to dine with her at her residence, the beautiful Penn Cottage, also the family of Peter Penn-Gaskill and his children, all the descendants of William Penn. The whole entertainment was conducted in a very elegant and expensive manner. It was now 169 years since their ancestor came to this favored land—then a wilderness. And though few in numbers there were present in that parlor the descendants of William Penn by each of his wives.

There were also present descendants of the first President of Councils, first Governor, first Speaker of the First

Legislative Assembly, James Logan, the Secretary of William Penn, The Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, also Anthony Morris, the first Mayor of Philadelphia.

The portion of the Penn Valley of special interest to us is the 612½ acres of the southern part of Penn Valley deed to John ap Thomas, which was the northern part of the Welsh tract consisting of 2500 acres between City Line west of Montgomery Avenue, McClenaghans Mill Road, Montgomery School Line, Righters Mill Road, North of Mary Waters Road, to the Schuylkill River, south to City Line.

September 16 and 17, 1681, William Penn decided to seventeen Welshmen—John ap Thomas and Dr. Edwin Jones, Trustees—5000 acres of land in Pennsylvania for a consideration of 100 pounds. Half of this land was surveyed above Philadelphia and was known as the Welsh tract. John ap Thomas died in Wales, but his wife, Katharine, sons and daughters settled in 1683 in the Welsh tract and the 612½ acres deeded to them was called "Gelli Yr Cochriad"—"the grove of the red partridge," and to this day the song of the "Bob White" is heard in the meadows and clearings.

Our illustration of the Katharine Thomas cabin, built before 1683, was drawn many years ago by one of our oldest inhabitants. The artist, Mr. Jonathan Jones, was given the design by his father who remembered the cabin before it was removed for the present modern building.

This cabin was located on the Walter Jones farm, east of State Road and north of Mary Waters Ford Road.

The western half of the John ap Thomas plantation, 303 acres, since 1851, was the Magee farm, and the eastern half ran from State Road and

'Phone Listings

Many Penn Valley residents arranged last spring to have their 'phones listed both in the suburban and Philadelphia directories as Penn Valley. If you have not done so already, you should write the Bell Telephone Company office in Ardmore asking for this change in listing. With the growing importance and recognition of our community, the condition will soon arise that a listing under any other designation than Penn Valley will confuse and mislead those who use the 'phone book.

Treasurer's Report

After giving careful study to the regular needs of the Association it appears that for the year 1930-31 \$2500 will be required to continue the work which has already been started.

So far we have received from about fifty members \$1608.50, and have spent as follows:

Signs	\$608.10
Trees	340.00
Printing	199.95
Miscellaneous	130.43
Organization Work	208.40

\$1486.88

This leaves a balance in the account of \$121.62.

These requirements appear to be conservative, and in view of the fact that the work which has already been accomplished could not have been done with the money at hand if it had not been for the co-operation of the officers and members who did considerable on their own initiative.

That Women's Club

So far as the Executive Committee knows there has been no move as yet towards the formation of a women's organization. Now that we are all back from vacation, won't the ladies please try to get together?

It would solve a lot of Penn Valley problems—particularly it would relieve the committee of worry over the refreshments at the association meetings. If someone or some two or three will just indicate a willingness to call a "get together" meeting for some afternoon the committee will be glad to send out notices.

The Autumn Meeting

At 8 P. M. on Tuesday, October 14, we hold our fall meeting at the Montgomery School. There will be brief reports by your officers and Mr. Peter C. Hess, our Township Treasurer, will give us a description of Township matters. Light refreshments will follow. Please try and be present.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke Wilford, Sally and Edward spent the summer at Whitefield, New Hampshire, at Spalding Inn.

CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE