

Museum at Maple Springs Hotel Attracted Throngs to The Wissahickon Valley

Joseph "Rooty" Smith Possessed Talent of Converting
Queer-Shaped Growths Into Objects on 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 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 pike 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 curiosity.

"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 ter-

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races, 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.

12-24-1931

A Letter From Santa

North Pole-Land,
December 24th, 1931.

Suburban Press,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Here's a bit of news for you! A. G. Hennessey, of 6064 Ridge avenue, Roxborough, is to get a raise in salary for the fine way in which he helped me to do my work, by installing a letter-box in his store so that children from your neighborhood could write to me. This is coming to "Al", despite the fact that Councilmen would try to increase taxes, and mail-men wish Christmas would never come.

And so, along with John S. Turner and the PRT officials who gave the people of the 21st Ward and vicinity the finest Christmas "gift" they ever received—in the new bus lines—I gotta see that he is rewarded.

And to the boys and girls, and all those who love me, just tell 'em that everything is gonta be "oke". I be arpund tonight, according to my schedule, and feel sure that—if not this time, it will be sometime soon—everything will come up to expectations.

How could I help but feel good after receiving the following letters:

Dear Santa Claus:

I am trying to be good. Will

you please bring me a football
and a drum?

HARRY S.

You bet I will, Harry.

Dear Santa Claus:

I am doing all I can to be
good. Please bring me the car
tracks.

PETER P.

O. K. Peter.

Dear Santa,

I want a doll dressed in yellow
with pink rosebuds and a yellow
hat. Please give me a baby
sister; a little mother doll and
father doll, and brothers and
sisters; a cane with a bow on
it, like Bo-Peep's; a little book-
case; a little doll sled, and a
little plant for the doll house.

Lovingly,

MARILYN B.

Yes, indeedy, Marilyn, we'll do our
best, and if we're not in too big a
hurry, you'll get all the things you
mention.

Dear Santa:

I know you are busy receiving
other children's letters, but stop
a while and glance at a little
lad's letter. Please, Santa help
me "two" receive what I wish
for Christmas this year. Mother
said that Santa will not be at
our house this year. But I am
going to be a very good boy and
just wait and see if he is going
to come. I wish that I receive
a story book, a pair of bedroom
slippers, a policeman's suit, a
little dump truck, a few games
and a nice present for Mother
and Father. I think my sister
is very nice, because she took
up all her time to write this
letter for me. Her name is
Margaret Elizabeth.

A friend,

BILLY P.

Well, after reading that, how
could your old friend, Kris forget
you? Don't worry, I'll stop at your
house, just the same as if there
weren't any depression. Don't you
ever believe that there isn't any
Santa Claus. There is, and always
will be.

Dear Kris Kingle:

I'm only a little girl, but I
really and truly want to see
everybody happy on Christmas
and all other days, too. I'll

like anything you give me.

JOSEPHINE M. J.

Dearest Josephine must not wor-
ry, everybody will be happy bye-
and-bye. And I know that you'll
like anything I bring you.

But I must be off about my busi-
ness. With so many other boys
and girls to see, and hear, I am kept
"on the jump" all the time.

Tell all the children to go to bed
early, and when tomorrow morning
comes around, they'll see that I've
paid a visit to each and every
house. Thank Al Hennessey for
me, and wish everyone the merriest
kind of a Christmas.

Your old friend,

SANTA CLAUS.

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1-14-1932

Post Office At East Falls Since 1870

Stephen McGowan Was the
Community's First
Mail Carrier

WAS A SUB-STATION

No Increase in Force Despite
Section's Population
Growth

With the holidays being two
weeks back in past history, the
postal employees of this section
have recovered a great deal of their
old vigor, after many hours of
overtime because of the lack of
thought on the part of Mr. and
Mrs. Public, who failed to mail
their cards and packages early.

The history and growth of the
East Falls post office is intriguing
to those who take an interest in
such matters. Up until 1870 the
people of the Falls of Schuylkill
had their mail served from Station
"I," in Manayunk. In that year
Station "Z," in reality a sub-station
of the Manayunk office, was
established in the flour and
store of John B. Ferris, which

located at Ridge avenue and Calumet street. The station had one carrier—Stephen McGowan.

The district in which he had to make two deliveries each day, extended from Lehigh avenue to School House lane, and from the Schuylkill river to Wissahickon avenue.

Charles K. Sorber became the postmaster at the time Mr. Ferris died, and moved the office to quarters on Ridge avenue below Indian Queen lane, where the residents could buy their stamps, etc., until President Cleveland's administration, when Postmaster John Cruice was placed in charge. The office was again moved, this time to a store on Ridge avenue, opposite the Dobson Mills.

When Grant became president of the United States, Frank Hohlfeld was placed in charge of the Falls station, and the headquarters were moved to Scott's old row of houses, on Ridge avenue, above the Y. W. C. A. building. This structure is now used by a collector of old junk.

In Cleveland's second term, Michael Murphy was made superintendent, with John D. Hutchison as his assistant. This order was reversed in the time of McKinley, Hutchison becoming postmaster, and Murphy the assistant, the office once more being moved, this time just across the street, in Dobson's Row, where it remained until the present office on Midvale avenue was erected.

For some time previous to the post office being moved from Ridge avenue, the mail used to come out from Ninth and Market, via a special trolley car, which was painted white, and was decorated with blue and gold stripes. In addition to having a full trolley crew, the car carried a postal employee who sorted mail enroute. But this era came to an end when the Reading Railroad received the contract, and the mail bags were thrown off at the old East Falls railroad depot at Indian Queen lane, where they were picked up by "Terry" McMahon, who owned a donkey cart. In this humble conveyance the heavy bags were taken down to Ridge avenue.

During President Wilson's administration, W. Clifford Sparks, the present postmaster, was placed in charge of the Midvale avenue office, coming to the Falls from the Mt. Airy station.

About 1922 the North Philadelphia Post Office was established, and the business of the old Fairhill

Post office and part of the territory formerly served from East Falls, below Allegheny avenue, has been handled from the office at Broad street and Glenwood avenue.

During the regime of Postmaster Hutchison, there were employed at the office, one assistant, four clerks, twelve carriers and one laborer, and it is understood that notwithstanding the fact that all the area along Midvale avenue and above 35th street, which was then fields and woods, is now built up, almost solidly, there have been no additions added to the personnel of the office.

SCCAFF

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1-14-32

Now and Then

Few people are aware that the first photograph ever made in Philadelphia, was the accomplishment of a Roxborough man, but nevertheless this is a fact.

Robert Neff Keely, who was born at the old Keely homestead, in Upper Roxborough, in 1826, was the mechanical picture-making pioneer of the Quaker City. For many years he conducted a daguerrotype studio at Fifth and Fairmount avenue. He eventually retired from business with a competency sufficient to last him until the end of his days, which occurred on February 8th, of 1896. One of his sons, Robert N. Keely, Jr., was an oculist and a member of one of the early expeditions of Admiral Peary to Greenland.

The old Keely property, mentioned above, was first purchased by that family, from Daniel Pastorious, the Germantown pioneer, on April 20th, 1795, at a cost of \$75 per acre. When the city took over the land in the early '90's, more than \$1000 an acre was paid for it. At that time a brief of title was existant, showing who had owned the property from the time it was released by William Penn, on September 26th, 1681, to Charles Jones, Sr., and Jr., and later to Edward Shippen, one of early Philadelphia's prominent men.

Dr. Robert N. Keely, Jr., of Rox-

borough, who accompanied Peary on a Northern trip, and a companion on the voyage, one G. G. Davis, penned their adventures, and published them in book form under the title of "In Arctic Seas". They were also the owners of plates for printing the book and for illustrating it. But trouble stalked with their literary venture. Rufus C. Hartranft had agreed to publish a new edition of the book. The first two named delivered to him six hundred printed copies of the book in unbound sheets, and wrote two hundred additional pages to it, it being agreed between the parties that Hartranft should print other books similar to the sheets of the copies, and that these copies should be used partly toward advertising the book.

Keely and Davis alleged that although the book was copyrighted in their names, Hartranft also took out a copyright on it, and without their knowledge or consent turned over the publication of the book to another concern, and did not account to them for any profits of the publication, although he had sold more than 5000 copies. A master in the case, eventually decided in the favor of Keely and Davis and recommended that Hartranft pay damages for his violation of the contract between the three persons involved.

We sometimes wonder if parents forget that the proper choosing of a name for their offspring often has a great bearing on the after lives of children. For instance: While honorable enough Algernon would be a hard name to "get by" with if the boy happened to turn out a base ball player; and Matilda has no consideration when an author picks a name for his heroine. Percy may be all right for a boy, but when he grows to manhood it somehow hints of effeminacy.

But what would you think of a nab of parents who pinned the names of United States Presidents on their sons? It has and is still being done, of course, but the prize is handed to Pa and Ma Richmond who once dwelt in New Jersey. One of their boys, Madison Richmond, may still be remembered by residents of the 21st Ward, and the Falls of Schuylkill, as a canal boat pilot along the Schuylkill.

In addition to having brothers named John and Cornelius, Richmond had other brothers, who bore the titles of Washington, Jefferson,

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Monroe and Calhoun. What a group of illustrious men they must have been, when they all assembled!

In April, the Wissahickon Valley Historical Society, will collaborate with the Germantown Historical Society, in observing the bi-centennial of the birth of David Rittenhouse, which recalls the story of one of Roxborough's early residents, who was born in the old village of Rittenhousetown, now gone into the limbo of things forgotten.

We refer to John Markle, who passed away at the family homestead at Manayunk avenue and Martin street, on March 3rd, 1896.

Mr. Markle was born May 14th, of 1814, in Rittenhousetown, which was in what is now the neighborhood of Wissahickon avenue and Lincoln Drive. After an elementary school education he learned the trade of paper-making with his father, George Markle, in the old Rittenhouse Paper Mill, the first erected in America. He subsequently succeeded his father, and for a number of years carried on the business. He afterwards went into the making of wire-cloth, used in paper-making, and followed that business on Dock street, in Philadelphia, until 1850, when he retired and devoted himself to farming, having the year previous removed to Roxborough, and ever after residing in the building in which he died.

Mr. Markle was a Democrat (Saints rest his soul) and served several terms as School Director in this section, and was ever watchful of the public interest. He was married in 1848 to Sarah M. Levering, daughter of John Levering, whose grandfather, Wigard Levering, was one of the first settlers of Roxborough. The ancestors of Mr. Markle were among the early pioneers of Germantown.

The foregoing prompts a tale of another early resident of the 21st Ward: one Michael Righter, who died in his 63rd year on July 20th, 1885.

Mr. Righter was born in Roxborough, the eldest son of Charles Righter and Hester, his wife. He lived on the old Righter farm, on the Ridge road, opposite the 6th milestone, above Hermit lane, and carried on the farming business until a short time before his demise, when he moved to Ridge and Roxborough avenues. He was the

father of four daughters and two sons, one of whom was Rev. George Markle Righter, who served as pastor of the Laceyville, (Pa.) Baptist Church.

Mr. Righter for many years occupied a honorable position in the 21st Ward, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. As a public man he never sought any office, and although a firm Democrat he was ever a devoted Union man; and while in National matters adhering to his party, he frequently voted for Republicans when he believed their election was for the best interests of the community.

He was known as a kind neighbor, and a loving father, and as a man was regarded as honest, upright, and just in all matters.

He was one of the originators of the Roxborough Passenger Railway Company, and at his death was one of its directors. His ancestors, on the paternal side, were among the early settlers of Roxborough.

S.C.A.F.F.

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1/21/32

Now and Then

There are still plenty of residents of Roxborough who remember Lotus Inn, at the foot of Shur's lane hill, along the Wissahickon Creek, but we doubt if there are many who are alive that can recall who was responsible for that famous old hostelry being erected.

Perhaps the name of Frederick Miley has been forgotten. And then again, maybe it hasn't. However, it was he who built Lotus Inn, and it was under his management that the hotel attained its greatest praise as a stopping place for man and beast.

Miley was born in Philadelphia, October 20th 1837. In his youth he learned the trade of carpenter, which he followed for a short time after completing his apprenticeship. In 1859 he made an extended tour of Western United States, returning to his native city shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War. He very soon enlisted, going to Washington, D.C., where he was placed in charge of

a force of bridge builders for the Army of the Potomac, in which "outfit" he served until the end of the conflict. He subsequently engaged in the carpenter business in the oil regions of Venango County for several years, and after returning to this city, obtained a position as a conductor on the Fourth and Eighth Street Passenger Railway. Later he opened a saloon and restaurant at Fifth and Chestnut streets, this business being continued at several other locations.

For years he took an active part in Republican politics, and was appointed a deputy sheriff, under Sheriff Enoch Taylor. After the end of Taylor's regime, he retired from politics, and in 1884 purchased a little cabin upon the site at Shur's lane and the Wissahickon Drive, where he later built Lotus Inn.

Mr. Miley was married when he was but 20 years of age, and after the death of his wife and five children, he again married, his second wife, three brothers, and two sisters, one of whom was the wife of ex-Mayor William S. Stokely surviving him when he died on Wednesday, July 29th 1896.

Paper-making, it seems, has always been one of the steadiest industries in the 21st Ward, probably because it was in this section that the first mill of its kind was erected on the Western Hemisphere.

Many have been the men sponsoring the paper mills and those employed in the factories. Probably no manufacturer was more prominent, in his time, than the late Jacob D. Heft.

Mr. Heft was born in Middletown, Dauphin County, Pa., in 1826. He learned the trade of stone mason and removed to Shaffers-town, in Lebanon County, where he was married to Elizabeth Stober. Mr. Heft subsequently engaged in cattle selling. In 1855 he removed to Roxborough, and purchased the Wissahickon Dye Works, at the foot of Leverington avenue, on the Wissahickon Creek.

During a cloud burst, in 1866, the dye works was swept away at a loss of \$80,000 on the buildings, stock and machinery.

In the meantime, Mr. Heft was associated with Sebastian A. Rudolph and John Dixon, in the manufacture of paper, at the Ashland Paper Mills, at the west end of the Green lane bridge, in West Manayunk, where he remained until 1870, when the partnership was

dissolved.

After his loss on the Wissahickon, Mr. Heft purchased the Dexter Mills, and engaged in the

manufacture of woolen and cotton goods, and dyeing under the firm name of Heft & Ogle, and still later as Jacob D. Heft and Sons. In 1889 Mr. Heft retired from business and in 1891 removed to Honeybrook.

Mr. Heft was the father of seven children of whom two sons, Alfred S. and John G. and three daughters, Mrs. Josiah Linton, Mrs. Annie I. Nelson, and Mrs. A. May Ogle, survived their sire when the expired on Tuesday March 30 1897.

Every once in a while we hear of men and women who live in this vicinity, who have passed the four score milestone in the march of life, and wonder if, we too, possess the physical characteristics that will carry us along that far on this great adventure which is ours.

One of the long-living residents of the 21st Ward, which some of the older folk may remember, was John Funk, who lingered here for eighty-eight years before he was claimed by his Creator, in February of 1895.

John Funk was born at Port Richmond, on August 6th, of 1817, a few weeks after the death of his father. His mother, Susan Geiger Funk was a sister of the late Mrs. Joseph Ripka, whose husband carried on an extensive manufacturing business in Manayunk.

In 1836 Mr. Funk moved to Manayunk, where he established himself as a wheelwright and wagon builder. In 1850 he moved his place of business to Wissahickon, where he continued it until November of 1894, having given a half century to this work in the 21st Ward. He was succeeded by his two sons, Martin and Charles Funk.

Mr. Funk was married on April 29th 1839 to Christianna Hipple, of Roxborough. The couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1899, the wife dying about five weeks later. Of their thirteen children, seven daughters, and four sons survived their parents. There were also thirty grandchildren, who mourned the loss of Mr. and Mrs. John Funk.

Those whose thatches are now white, residing anywhere near the Schuylkill river in the days when canal and passenger boats plied the waters of that stream, may rec-

ollect the name of Captain John Wolfington, the owner of the canal barge "Viriden."

Captain Wolfington was born in Manayunk, on December 14th 1823 and learned boating with his father, John Wolfington, one of the early settlers of this section. For a great many years he was one of the corps of men who piloted loaded craft from Manayunk to the Falls of Schuylkill. For in those days there were, as we suppose there still is--- many hidden rocks in the Schuylkill, and it required someone with a knowledge of their locations, to safely guide the boats up and down stream.

Toward the end of his time, Wolfington was principally engaged in hauling lime for the Delaware farmers. He was married in 1852 to Ann Eliza Murphy, who with sixth of their eight offspring; three sons and three daughters; with eight grandchildren, survived the old boatman.

Captain Wolfington left his home on Cedar street, Manayunk, in the middle of May, 1897, to take a boatload of lime from near Norris-town to Smyrna, Delaware, and was taken ill aboard his boat at the latter place. On May 27th he was brought to Philadelphia, on the steamer "Vansciver" and being too ill to be taken to his home in Manayunk, was removed to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he expired on June 4th, 1897, sadly mourned by a legion of friends.

SCCAFF

1/28/32

Now and Then

Appreciation is one of those things, which the younger generation says, "can only be found in the dictionary." And often this appears to be true. One instance is the matter-of-fact way in which most motorists utilize the East River Drive, a drive, the like of which exists in but few sections of the world.

One of those who was responsible for the creation of this beautiful stretch of roadway, along the winding Schuylkill, was Samuel Wynne, who long resided in the 21st Ward.

Samuel Wynne, who was a contractor, was a descendant of one

of the oldest families of Lower Merion Township, Montgomery County, which formerly extended down to, or near Belmont, on the west side of the Schuylkill. His ancestors came, with a colony of Friends, from Merionethshire, in Wales, in the year 1682. Mr. Wynne was born in 1818, on a farm which then occupied the site of the Christ Church Hospital, and for many years followed the farming business, at one time tilling the soil on a farm where Memorial Hall now stands.

He subsequently became a contractor, and early in the 70's constructed a large section of the East River Drive along the river. Failing health caused him to retire and he was afterwards a watchman on the Falls Bridge.

In the summer of 1893 he was stricken with paralysis, while on duty and never fully recovered, his death occurring on April 24th, 1895, at the residence of his daughter, on Freeland avenue, in Roxborough.

Descendants of the Wynne family are still residents of Roxborough.

Speaking of Lower Merion, brings up the name of another of that section's one-time prominent residents, Henry Jacobs, formerly the master mason for the Reading Railroad Company, who lived on Ashland avenue, in West Manayunk.

Mr. Jacobs was born in Pikeland township, Chester County, on January 28th, 1817, and after attending the country schools he learned the trade of stone mason, entering the employ of the railroad company, when he reached his majority.

In 1856, upon the death of Christian Swartz, a resident of the Falls of Schuylkill, whose son, the late James Simmons Swartz a few years ago erected a church school building to the memory of his father and mother, Mr. Jacobs was given charge of the mason work along the entire Reading line.

He built the Peacock Bridge, above Reading, and the Schuylkill Haven Bridge, and helped to construct the Flat Rock tunnel. He invented the brace derrick, or crane, which became extensively used. He also built the stonework of the Flat Rock and Conshohocken Dams, for the Schuylkill Navigation Company, and the large brownstone mansion, known as "Old Oaks," on the present site of

the Atwater Kent offices, for a residence for the railroad president, Tucker.

In August of 1838, Mr. Jacobs was married to Mrs. Hester Boyer Rile, of Wissahickon, and the couple, for many years, resided at Manayunk.

Mrs. Jacobs was in her 97th year, when she survived her husband, who died on December 9th of 1896, having four children, ten grandchildren and five great grandchildren to join her in mourning her husband's demise.

At the foot of Robeson's Hill, which is a miserable place to have to wait for a street car on stormy days, there still stands a little cottage, on property which now belongs to the American Bridge Company. It is in the yard, close to the modern machine shop of that once busy manufacturing plant.

The dwelling was known to old residents of this vicinity, as Hope Cottage.

William Craven, who lived in it with his family, was born in Yorkshire, England, on September 28th, 1817. In 1856 he came to this country and settled in Massachusetts, where he became the manager of the Abbott Worsted Company's Mills, at Graniteville, near Lowell.

In 1866, Mr. Craven came to Wissahickon, and was employed as manager of the John and James Dobson Mills, on the Wissahickon Drive, at Ridge avenue.

When that old mill was demolished in 1872, by the Commissioners of Fairmount Park, Mr. Craven was given the management of the firm's extensive textile mills at the Falls of Schuylkill, a position he retained until 1880.

In October of that year Mr. Craven's only son, Horatio Craven, who owned a mill on Bodine street, near Columbia avenue, died, and the father assumed charge of the mill, continuing the manufacture of fine yarns.

Subsequently he took as a partner, John Dearnley, of Wissahickon, and they traded under the name of Craven & Dearnley, until October of 1894, when the former retired.

Mr. Craven had been married on March 14th of 1841 to Mary Murgatroid, and when he died on May 20th of 1896, he was survived by

his wife, three daughters, and seven grandchildren.

After reading of the call for a meeting of the Roxborough Express Horse Company, in last week's issue of THE SUBURBAN PRESS, we received a thrill, of some kind or another, when we ran across an item, in an old newspaper, dated February 26th, 1897.

The president of the Horse Thieves, thirty-five years ago was none other than Frank S. Whiteman; the secretary, Samuel S. Levering; and the treasurer, Maris Wright.

On February 24th, 1897, the group met at the Lafayette Hotel, for its 78th re-union. Of the fifty-one members of the Company, at that time, the following were present at the dinner in 1897: George R. Jones, Christian Reeh, Charles Righter, James Stafford, Henry Root, John Harner, Charles O. Struse, Nicholas Reimshart, Hiram R. Lippen, James Ashworth, Howard Yocum, Henry Loos, Ellwood Hagy, Robert Ruth, John W. Fritzing, Garrett McMaster, John Struse, William Wein, H. Reeves Lukens, Craig Conover, Charles Todd, W. B. Bray, and John C. Heid.

Last Thursday night we were among the crowd which attended a meeting of the Breck Home and School Association, at the Samuel Breck School, which in the old days was known as the Forest School.

We were shown into a room, where as a lad we received elementary instruction under the tutelage of Miss Marion Nuneviller, a lady who taught children until a few years ago, when she retired and made her home in Germantown.

The name recalls James Nuneviller, who was widely known in the Falls of Schuylkill, from before the Civil War until just previous to the Spanish-American conflict. Mr. Nuneviller was a noted gunner, and for many years held a pigeon-shooting championship, a sport, in which, however, he never indulged in after its cruelty was made manifest.

In politics he was an avowed Democrat, having inherited the belief as did many other residents of old Penn Township, of which the Falls formed a part. During President Cleveland's first administration, Mr. Nuneviller held a position in the Custom House. He was one of the original members

of the Monroe Democratic Club.

In early life he had married Catharine Lake, a daughter of Joseph and Mary Lake, proprietors, for many years, of the old Robin Hood Hotel, which stood a short distance below the south entrance of Laurel Hill Cemetery, on Ridge avenue.

SCCAFF

4-2-32

Now and Then

To William Jones, of Haywood street, East Falls we are indebted for the following items, culled from the manuscript of an old-time manufacturing journal, published in the year, 1875, but of which, the name is unknown.

The first excerpt is a copy of the Preface of the old book: "Owing to circumstances entirely beyond the control of the Publisher, there has been a delay in the issue of this work. The crisis of September 1873, and the resulting depression of manufacturing interests made manufacturers indisposed to furnish information of which a few months, or even week, might radically change. The process of combination became therefore exceedingly slow, and it has only been by great exertion and by taking every advantage of the more settled and improved condition of business, that the work has been brought to completion at this time. Every effort has been put forth to protect the interests of the establishments sketched at an earlier day by the revision and correction of the sketches. This has entailed considerable expense, but the publisher trusts he will receive his reward in the recognition by the public of his earnest endeavor to present something like a reliable and worthy record of the principal manufactories and most prominent manufacturers of the greatest manufacturing State in the Union."

The second excerpt relates to the old Hohenadel Brewery, at the Falls of Schuylkill, part of which is in ruins, east of Midvale avenue, at Arnold street, and the remainder of the site is covered by East Falls station of the Reading railroad.

"Falls Park Brewery, located at the Falls of Schuylkill, Twenty-Eighth Ward, Philadelphia, occupies

a site formerly owned by Richard Penn Smith, from whom it was purchased in 1857. The buildings having been completed by Joseph Steppacher, in 1859, he operated it until September 1870, when Jacob Hohenadel, the present proprietor, purchased it from Peter Schemm. The property includes about six acres, with a beautifully shaded park for accommodations for picnics and private parties. On one side of the grove stands the brewery, a building about 100 by 55 feet; and being built in the side of a bank, with four vaults hewn from the solid rock, each 30 by 142 feet. It varies from three to five stories in height. Within the brewery there are fine springs of water, furnishing an abundant supply, while upon the premises are other large springs. It now employs about thirteen men, producing 8000 barrels of lager beer per annum; but there is capacity for the production of more than double the quantity. It is supplied with all the best appliances for brewing a superior article of beer.

"Jacob Hohenadel was born in Hesse, Darmstadt, Germany, August 19th, 1838. He came to the United States with his father, about 1852, and worked on a farm in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, until 1858, when he entered the brewery of Bergdoll and Psotta, at Fairmount. In 1864, he commenced business on his own account, at Broad and Cumberland streets, where he operated a brewery until his purchase of his present property. With few early advantages, he has made his own way in life, and has achieved success by indomitable energy and untiring industry."

Before me there is a newspaper clipping, of July 19, 1909, concerning a story, told by Thomas Burton, a former resident of the 21st Ward, who was born in Manayunk, on July 3rd 1829.

"I'll never forget the day," said Mr. Burton. "I was first employed by Harry White to drive a team of mules between here and Fairmount on the towpath. I was then 15 years old. The next year I became one of the crew of John Adams' 'Dolly Madison,' a lime schooner. Later Hiram Green and I bought the coal barge 'General Taylor.' We continued together through the fifties. At the commencement of the Civil War, I joined the Manayunk Blues, and served for three months. I then re-enlisted in the 88th Pennsylvania Regiment, in Captain Belsterling's Company, while the camp was in the meadow along the

Schuylkill, below Wissahickon Creek.

"We had a pretty hot experience all through the balance of the war." Baring his left forearm and pointing to a scar he continued. "This is the only memento I have of the war. A Johnny Reb plugged me in the arm one night while I was on picket duty along the Rappahannock Valley. Coming back from the war I only stayed here a year, when I removed to West Virginia. I had a ride yesterday in an automobile down along the old Schuylkill. It is now a more artistic looking stream than it was when I boated on it, but it no longer looks as it then did. Man's work of art has spoiled Nature's work. The old rugged shore coves have been straightened out, and the fine willows, birch and other trees that used to bend down to kiss the river have been replaced with cold walls.

"What a pleasure it used to be, in passing up and down the river between here and Fairmount, to watch the crowds of happy passengers on the old steamboats, 'Frederic Graff'; 'Reindeer'; and 'Wissahickon'; What a number of bridges now span the river! When I boated there were only these bridges: The wire suspension bridge at Fairmount, below the dam; the Columbia covered bridge, over which the cars were run to the inclined plane at the west end of the bridge; the Reading Railroad and the toll bridges at the Falls of Schuylkill; the towpath and the toll bridges at Manayunk. Girard Avenue Bridge, a frame structure, had just been built before the war.

"Just below here, on the west side of the river was a pretty little

village that has been swallowed up by the Pencoyd Iron Works. These works were started in the early fifties by Algernon and Percival Roberts, as an iron foundry and a rolling mill for railroad car axles. Down at the Falls were Simpson's silk handkerchief and calico print works. Down by Columbia Bridge was Belmont Cottage, a picnic resort, while on the east side of the river was Bridgeton, with its once famous hotel kept by Richard Van Loo. For a number of years after I first started boating Peters Island contained a good sized hotel of which Jennie Edwards was the proprietress. All these old-time attractions have disappeared and the river is not what it once was.

"I went to town last Friday; rode down on the Reading Railway from Wissahickon, and came back on Ridge avenue trolley. I was lost, as

I rode along what was old Ridge road turnpike. I looked in vain for the old time taverns which in the long ago were well known to most who drove along that winding highway. I used to ride down town and back on John Crawford's coach. It was a long ride for 25 cents each way. The coach horses were accustomed to stopping at most of the taverns to be watered, which gave the passengers plenty of chances to wet their whistles."

When asked if he had been along the Wissahickon, Mr. Burton replied, "Yes, and I greatly enjoyed the ride. It is a most beautiful valley and you Philadelphians ought to be proud that it is owned by the city. I recollect how we used to walk along the creek in picnic times and of skating on its smooth surface in winter. There is a great change since I was a youngster, though. We boys used to go down to the creek for log wood to dye Easter eggs. On the lower side of the Ridge was a logwood grinding mill close beside the old saw mill.

On the other side of the Pike was Robeson's grist mill.

"I see the old house still stands on the lower side of the drive. Take away the porches and replace the old rose garden and the huge buttonball trees with the little cottages on the other side of the pike, and it would be as I remembered it once was. At the turn of the Wissa-

hickon Drive used to be a tollgate. Harry Lippen's, Wissahickon Hall, the only one of the one-time resorts remaining looks as it once did, but I missed the big ice houses that stood just west of the hall. Tommy Lilwellyn's Log Cabin ought to have been preserved. I recollect when the Rittenhouses, Jones', Leverings, and other Whigs hauled the little log cabin during the political campaign of General William H. Harrison, in 1840, although I was only a little boy. Bill Benson's Hermitage was another famous picnic resort that has been wiped out of existence."

When asked about the men he knew in this vicinity, before going to West Virginia, Mr. Burton remembered, Billy McFadden, who kept the boatmen's store at the canal locks; John Wimpenny, John Bowker, James Clegg, David Wallace, Jesse Shoemaker, William Holt, William Laycock, Thomas Shronk, George Shronk, John Thomas, John Thompson, Perry Levering, James Shaw, a burgess; Joseph Ripka, another burgess; George Glanding George Armitage, Thomas Armitage, Peter Singer, Frazer Bailiff, and Andrew Dunlap.

Mr. Burton, at the time of this conversation with the newspaper-

man, was celebrating his 80th birthday, by visiting his grandson, Howard Thomas, who lived on Port Royal avenue, in Roxborough.

SCCAFF

Roxborough Woman Possesses Some Little Known History of George Washington's Family

Has Copy of Address Delivered by George Steptoe Washington, a Collateral Descendant of "Father of His Country" Which Contains Many Interesting Facts

Mrs. Julia Sturgis, of 4416 Dexter street, Roxborough, is the possessor of a typed copy of an address sent to her by George Steptoe Washington, a collateral descendant of the family of "The Father of His Country", who delivered it to the staff and student body of the Nazareth Hall Military Academy, at Nazareth, Pa., on February 21st, 1921, which on account of the coming George Washington Bicentennial Celebration, should be of interest to readers of this newspaper.

After a few explanatory remarks, Mr. Washington, eleven years ago, launched into the body of his address, as follows: "A Washington is a kind of a curiosity in these parts, but where I came from they are very numerous, and they are scattered throughout the country. They have been a prolific family. I have two cousins: one with thirteen, and the other with twelve children. It would have pleased Mr. Roosevelt to know this. My dear Mother raised twenty children, but not all her own. We were but seven. George Washington, (I say George to distinguish him) as you know, had no children. I, then am what is known as a collateral descendant, having the privilege of being descended from two full brothers of George's. I say full brothers, for his father was twice married, and we are descended from his second marriage. George Washington had three half-brothers, one half-sister, three full brothers, and two full sisters.

"My father's ancestor was John Augustine, and Mother's was Samuel, who was the sport of their family, having been married five times, and died at the age of forty-five years. His fourth wife was Miss Steptoe, and they had a son,

George Steptoe Washington, who was a favorite nephew of George Washington, and for whom I was named.

"Father and Mother were what we would call third cousins, being in the fourth generation. Speaking of large families, as before mentioned, one of my cousins had nine sons, and all enlisted in the late war. Two went to Russia, and four to France and Italy. I have many dear friends who had only one to enlist, and when I would tell them of the nine, they would say, "Poor mother, what her anxiety must be!" Sad to say, several who sent but one, had none to welcome home, while the mother of the nine received her all.

"George Washington's brothers settled in the Shenandoah Valley, where they held large tracts of land. He and his brother, Samuel, built Harewood in 1753. Nearby is Charleston, named after Charles Washington, who laid out the town and gave much to it. The farthest outlying Government military post, at that time, was at Winchester, Virginia, twenty miles west of Harewood. It was from this point George Washington joined General Braddock on his disastrous march to what is now Pittsburg. Harewood, still in possession of the family, is a very historical old place. The woodwork is all hand-wrought hard wood and was brought from England in sailing vessels, and hauled by wagon from Alexandria, Virginia, about one hundred miles away, over mountains and rivers, into a wilderness with no roads, and where there were Indians to give all kinds of trouble. The wood-work is in perfect condition today, even to the window shut-

ters exposed as they have been to the elements all these years. The walls are about two feet thick, built of limestone, quarried nearby. History tells us they paid a man one acre of land per day, for hauling stone to build the house. This shows some difference in the value of land from what it is today. The black marble mantle in the parlor was a present from General Lafayette. Harewood also sheltered Louis Phillipe, who was late King of France, and his two brothers, during their exile from their country. Lafayette and his son were entertained there during their visit to this country. Also, President Madison was married to Dolly Payne Todd there, having driven in a coach from Philadelphia.

"History shows the Washingtons were good fighters for many generations back. Dr. Wells, in his history of the family has them in most of the wars of England, back to the time of William the Conqueror, and in the European wars to the beginning of the Christian era.

"Going back to George Washington, did you ever stop to think what was the greatest act of his life? Think it over. I believe the accepted thought of his family is that his greatest act was to refuse to be made King of these United States. Think what it would mean to us all. What a difference it would have made to this grand, free, country of ours.

"George Washington was not only a good soldier but was much interested in education. He helped to establish the first public school in Fredericksburg, Va., which I think was the first, or at least one of the first, in this country.

"America was first settled by the English Church in 1607. I speak of the first permanent settlement within the original bounds of the United States. John Washington, the first ancestor of George's to come to this country was a churchman. George was a good churchman, devoted son and husband. He had no children, which many think was a blessed act of Providence.

"Lawrence Washington, a half-brother of George's, built Mt. Vernon, where my father Richard Blackburn Washington, was born, and a beautiful place it is, and left it to George. Father's mother, Mrs. Jane C. Washington was the last person buried at Mt. Vernon, the vault being full. At a meeting of the family, it was decided that the key of the vault should be thrown into the Potomac river. No one

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present seemed enthusiastic about doing it, so father, who was the youngest member present picked up the key, walked to the river, and threw it in. The river has been dredged since that, but the key was never recovered. When Mt. Vernon was sold to the Association, that portion or the grounds, one-half acre, which was used for family burials was not included in the sale, and still remains to this day as the property of the family. It is hoped that in the near future that posts will be placed, if not already there, marking the lines of this reserved space. The family reserves the right to close off this space at any time, and the right to inter the two bodies of George Washington and his wife, and once interred they will not be on view. The Association and the public have no rights on this one-half acre. The Association, without any right allowed the Conrads to put the names of some deceased members on the monument in this reserved space. These names will have to be removed. Many people think that Mt. Vernon should be owned by the Government. Mt. Vernon was offered to the Govern-

ment at its own price, and the offer was declined. A syndicate from Ohio offered \$300,000 for it as a pleasure ground, but this was not even considered. John Augustine Washington sold it for \$200,000 to the Association.

"We generally think of George as a fighter, and public-spirited man, but there is another side and a mighty good one. He was fond of the ladies, and had several very desperate love affairs. He was a hard fighter, a hard worker, a hard lover, and like most of the Washingtons, was fond of his family, and devoted to his mother.

"The Washington connection in Virginia is extended to may families through the nine Miss Browns; nine sisters all of whom married and settled in Virginia.

"There are few Washingtons in public life. I suppose they feel that the example set is too great to live up to. There is one who is an admiral. The Washingtons, you know, hold a unique place in our country. It is said that no Congress will do anything for a Washington, for fear of starting a precedent from which much might be asked. When our country entered the World War, some papers asked what part the Washingtons would take, some even wrote to members of the family, asking them. I will say none

replied. None asked for any favors. Many enlisted as privates.

"There has been so much said and written of George Washington that I expect many of you know more about him than I can tell you. It is claimed by some that our national flag the stars and stripes, were copied from George Washington's signet ring.

"In closing, let me quote the words of Historian Wells: 'George Washington's close identification to the early history of our country during his entire life is without parallel in the history of men and nations. Of all great and good men our country has produced, he who is known as the Father of Our Country stands foremost in the eyes of our own people, and the estimation of all mankind. The whole world is filled with his glory, and the radiance of his glorious character shines with a lustre the ages cannot dim.'"

George Steptoe Washington, the man who delivered the above address is still active in business in Philadelphia, being a member of a firm of commission merchants, with offices on South Front street. And in and about the city there are a number of other descendants of the Washingtons.

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2/11/32

Now and Then

William M. Morrison, grandfather of James R. Morrison, Roxborough pharmacist, evidently held a love of his community beyond that of the ordinary citizen, for he attempted to compile of history of the section in which he lived, so that people of later generations might catch a glimpse of things as they were in his day.

His grandson, while going through some old papers, at the drug store, found the following "Random Notes of Roxborough", as set down by William Morrison, probably about the time of the Civil War. The explanations in parenthesis are dated in 1932.

Before the Consolidation (of the City of Philadelphia) in 1854, Roxborough was apparently a country village, on the east and west of

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Ridge road farms and open ground. A few lanes ran east leading to Germantown, and west to Manayunk. Shawmont avenue was then known as Green Tree lane; Roxborough avenue, east, was Conrad's lane; and East Walnut lane, was Rittenhouse street. The residents were mostly farmers, truckers and butchers. Hotels and stores were located at convenient places. They were the meeting places for social talk, political or otherwise. The stores all closed at nine o'clock p.m. but later on Saturdays, at 10 p.m.

John Omensetter was one of the earliest (business men) then Silas Leverington on the opposite corner. (This is thought to be at Ridge avenue and Green Lane.) He was succeeded by Harry Yorgey, who died shortly afterwards. In 1857, Wyatt & Lackey opened the place and did a successful business for years. There was a large room adjoining the store which was a meeting place for the older residents and others. Many a spirited debate took place there.

The mills on the Wissahickon gave employment to a number of residents. Charles Greases' Chemical Works, on Creases' Lane (Livesey Lane) was well known.

There were two elections precincts: the 7th (of the old 21st Ward, which extended down to Montgomery avenue, probably) from County line to Creases' Lane; and the 8th, from Creases Lane to School House lane. There were lively times before and on election day. Pole raisings, meetings, brass bands, etc.

There were a number of Southern sympathizers, one election night, and some of them made disparaging remarks at Highley's (Leverington Hotel, now replaced by the Roxy Theatre) which precipitated a fight. The sympathizers were pretty well mauled, and one of them ran down the street, bareheaded, and hid in one of the stores.

The mail stage from Norristown to Philadelphia, drawn by four horses, would come through about 8 o'clock in the morning, the driver blowing his horn at intervals. Then marble and lime teams, on which there were about twenty-five, or so, blocks of marble weighing five or six tons, with eight to ten horses; and a considerable amount of hay, also passed through. That was before hay was baled.

The farmers from Chester and

Montgomery counties supplied the stores with butter and eggs and farm products. Thursday was their day. The ground where the Campbell Mansion stands, and at Hermitage street, was the Shalkop farm; West Leverington avenue, was the Shinkel farm. J. P. Wimpenny erected a mansion some distance off the road and opened a street called Bolton avenue (now Ripka avenue). From the cemetery (Lev-

erington) to Highley's Hotel, was vacant ground. William Nice built the first house; then Dupont street was opened. "Nice" Keely bought the William Levering farm (Ridge avenue and Green lane) and opened Fair street, now East Green lane. There were not many houses on Green lane. No Mitchell, Pechin street, or Manayunk avenue. Nearly all commons with cherry and apple trees. No (street) lights; no pavements.

On Monday the butchers would all go to the droveyard and buy their cattle and bring them home in one drove. John Crawford and John Towers ran stage lines to Wissahickon station. Crawford continued until the horse cars started. Made three or four trips a day.

There was a (?) wagon for five, located back of N. L. Jones' residence. I think it was called the Lady Washington. The building was made into a tenant house and is still standing. The Good Intent Fire Company was located below Parker avenue, until the house on Fountain street was build. There were few fires, but F. Gorgas' Cotton Wadding Mill was burned every year: sometimes twice.

A man namer Summer (?), or Gunnere (?) built the Brown House; at that time a few buildings near: Bishop and Ambler and Mr. Hutton built the first house on the east side of Lyceum avenue, near the Ridge. There were no police offi-

cers for a time, then, we had one in summer and two in winter.

Mail was received two times a week, in 1863. Andorra and Leverington postoffices were consolidated with Philadelphia office. One carrier appointed as a horse delivery, making two deliveries, and two collections were made from Hermit lane to County Line. Sometime afterward one more was appointed: Fountain street was the dividing line. Now, I believe, there are 12 or more carriers. (This note must have been written in the early

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'90's.) And we are unable to get a carrier station, although we are pretty well served; happily the business section is better served.

C. T. (Charles Thomson) Jones built the houses on the west side of Conarroe street (west of) near Ridge road. The Hotel (Britches) and stores that joined were erected on what was called "the Forty Acres". I have seen corn growing on this. Reuben Cooper's blacksmith shop was below the building occupied by Mr. Foering, whose house was built by Mr. Stevens, a finsmith who carried on business for a time. It was afterwards occupied by Dr. J. E. Harned. The ground from the church line (Roxborough Baptist) down to the adjoining property, was farm-land, extending to the Wissahickon. It was farmed by Maris Wright. The entrance to the barnyard is now Monastery avenue. There were two tenant houses, on the lower part of C. T. Jones ground (now William Levering School), occupied by Robert Kitchen and Charles Ershman. There was a pump near, overhung by a butternut tree. The Carlisle property back of the Jones Man-

sion was vacant ground. The first house was built by Mr. Raynor: sixteen of them. There were three or four houses in a hollow, called Frog Hollow. Samuel Levering's farm (Kendrick Center) adjoined the Carlisle property. Levering sold part of ground to St. Timothy's Church. There were dwelling houses on that part, occupied by J. Street, D. Everman, Jacob Harris and Mr. Homiller.

Cadwalader Hallowell succeeded Henry Lippen, at the Hotel on the corner of Walnut lane and Ridge avenue, afterward kept by J. Snell.

Charles Jones conducted a flourishing blacksmith shop nearby. Samuel Miller's cooper shop, next, employed a number of hands: work all done by hand.

Mrs. Rittenhouse had a private school in the Kidd Mansion. George Miller, a bachelor brother of Samuel, was quite a violinist, and he always played when Mrs. Rittenhouse's scholars would pass his home.

And so, due to the foresight of William Morrison, we are enabled to vision what Roxborough looked like, and how its people lived, some seventy years ago.

SCCAFF.

A Regular Fellow

He was a railroad engineer. His locomotive, one of those engaged in hauling freight, was standing on a side track, of the Norristown division of the Reading railroad, at the foot of Sunnyside avenue, in East Falls.

The crew was preparing to pull an empty gondola from a nearby coal yard, and the engineman stepped down, long-spouted oil can in hand to lubricate the bearings of the huge machine which he drove.

A squeak-squeak behind him caused the man to turn and then a grin spread over his face. Two little lads—nine or ten years of age, each—were coming toward him with an express wagon the axels of which were badly in need of oil.

"Hey, Mister!" asked one of the boys, "what's the matter with this wagon? It's gotta nawful lot of squeals in it somewhere!"

"Let's see her, sonny!" returned the engineer. "Oh, that's easy. A drop of oil here and another there, and she's all O. K. again," he said, as his can squirted oleaginous fluid at the proper places.

"Can you imagine wotta big squeak this old engine of mine would make a'rolling along the track if I didn't keep it well oiled? Oil, you know, is important and don't you forget it," he went on, as he pulled himself up into the cab to swing his train out on to the main track.

And he left two little fellows behind him, whose faces clearly portrayed that they were convinced that every once in a while there can be found a man who likes children well enough, to stop in his business of the day, to treat them kindly.

Visit to Poorhouse, In Upper Roxborough, Furnishes A Very Pleasant Surprise

Condition of Farm and Buildings Was Never Better.—
Report Discloses Savings Made by Board of Directors Recommended by Councilman Kenworthy.—Inmates Contented

By A. C. CHADWICK, JR.

"Over The Hill to The Poorhouse," is a phrase which usually carries an ominous ring, whenever we hear it as the title of a song, a book, or a motion picture, but as far as the people of the old township of Roxborough are concerned—particularly during the past two years—it doesn't mean such dire circumstances as one would at first believe.

For the Roxborough Poor district is the only one of four such, remaining in Philadelphia County, which is not in debt, and its farm and buildings were never in better condition. City Controller Willb Hadley has checked over the current report and congratulated the Board of Directors for the fine showing it has made.

For a long while it had been our intention to visit this home for the indigent, and last Saturday we took advantage of an opportunity to make a personal survey of the institution located on West Shawmont avenue, in Upper Roxborough, and we came away agreeably surprised! For the place is one of the finest—although small in comparison to some we have inspected—of its kind that we have ever seen.

All of the outbuildings plainly display the work of William Robinson, the home steward for the past two years, and the supervision of the men who compose the Board of Directors, all of whom were endorsed for their positions by Councilman Frank L. Kenworthy, and have been serving for the same length of time as Mr. Robinson. There is clear evidence of careful planning and the carrying out of the plans for the proper maintenance of the farm, now, and for the future.

In the barn are three horses, two cows and three calves. The horses

are a necessity around the farm and the cows provide milk for the inmates. One of the calves—a bull—arrived about three weeks ago, and as soon as he is sufficiently grown, will be converted into succulent steaks and chops for the men and women who reside at the home.

Enclosed sheds shelter the farm machinery, so that these necessary tools do not have to stand in the open and be subject to the ravages of varied kinds of weather. A large corn-crib and one additional storehouse is filled and overflowing with corn, which is part of a harvest of 800 bushels taken from twelve acres of the ground which was planted with this animal food last year, which constitutes a vast saving on the annual feed bill, that in 1928 amounted to \$508. In 1931 the feed bill was reduced to \$371.92, and the fine crop of last year made it unnecessary to purchase anything except a small quantity of wheat for this year, so that the next bill will also be greatly minimized.

In addition to corn, five acres was planted with vegetables, most of which was used by the inmates; some preserved for winter use; and the remainder sold, and the cash used for other home purposes. The rest of the farm is planted with fruit trees and vines, and a portion is used as pasture land.

Thirty chickens form the nucleus of a flock, which it is planned to increase. Two years ago there were but about a dozen hens on the place.

Eleven men and four women are at present housed, fed and clothed at the Roxborough Poor Farm, but there are thirty-three other individuals—mostly mental cases—which must be cared for by the local Poor Board. A glance at the Board's annual report, in another column of this issue of THE SUB-

URBAN PRESS, will show where these patients are located. Incidentally the Board's outside relief expenses have doubled since 1928.

A comparison of the cost of running the Home, between 1928 and 1931, discloses some interesting facts.

In 1928, according to the published report of the Directors then in charge, it cost \$7,048.87 to conduct the home for the year. The present report, covering 1931, shows that this cost has been reduced to \$4,909.95. Receipts from Farm and Dairy Products, in 1928, were \$227.55—in 1931, \$591.49, which does not include the fruit and vegetables raised on the farm and used by the inmates, who are always given first reference.

Miscellaneous expenses in 1928 were \$11,069.72, while in the year just ended, this figure was cut down to the surprisingly low level of \$4,670.31. And the farm, according to reports, and by very apparent evidence, is in better condition than it has been for some time.

Inside the main building, where the inmates eat, sleep and find recreation, everything was found spotlessly clean, and in splendid order. This building is in charge

Mrs. Florence Robinson, the matron, who is the wife of the warden. Mrs. Robinson supervises the cleaning of the building, the ordinary work in the kitchen, and the laundry work. Stationary wash tubs, an electric washing machine and an electric mangle simplifies the latter task.

Each inmate, with but one exception, has an individual bedroom, where he can keep such small personal belongings as are his—or hers. The building is provided with bathing facilities and the entire structure is steam heated, with a large hot water boiler for laundry, bathing and cleaning needs.

The improvements made in the past two years include the installation of a six burner electric cooking range, which replaced an old-fashioned oil-consuming, odor-producing stove; the outer porch and the windows and doors have been copper screened for summer comfort; and the dining room has been enlarged. A comfortable and tastefully furnished reception room permits the inmates to meet their visitors, and to participate in occasional non-sectarian religious services which are conducted on Sundays by nearby churches.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson occupy a set of rooms in the front part of

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the building, which also includes a room used as an office.

The men and women of the Home, who can do so, work voluntarily, and in a splendid spirit of co-operation, which speaks well for the kindness of those in charge of the place, and are permitted to plant flowers and so forth, in spring and summer months, for their own occupation and pleasure. On Saturday, when we were there, most of the men were found in a well-lighted and ventilated basement, oiling harness and repairing tools and other equipment preparatory to the spring farm work, just as is done by the thrifty farmer.

While we were there a letter was received from the State commission controlling such institutions, in which the directors of the Roxborough Farm were commended for the manner in which the place is conducted.

Last year the farm fences, which had fallen into a sad state of repair, were completely rebuilt, by a large force of "made-work" men under the direction of the Lloyd Committee. The lumber was cut from trees in a nearby wood, after permission to do so had been obtained by Councilman Kenworthy, so that the fences cost the Home nothing aside from furnishing one meal each day for the men who labored there for 12 weeks. New drainage wells have been constructed recently and the main building is being re-painted.

The present Board of Directors of the Poor of Roxborough, are Ralph W. Pope, John A. Sheldrake and John Kenworthy. These men, as well as the three auditors, Homer Parsons, James J. Jellet and Earl E. Harlan, were elected by the voters of the old township of Roxborough, after having been endorsed for the offices by Mr. Kenworthy.

Visitors are always welcome at the Home, at reasonable hours through the day, and anyone who cares to do so, may stop there any time to prove the truth of the statement that living at the Roxborough Poor Farm, under the present conditions at least, are not exactly as bad as is usually pictured, at such places elsewhere.

Now and Then

Mrs. Mary E. Tappen, one of the oldest residents of Manayunk, died at her home, 4349 Main street, on September 17th, 1916, after a brief illness.

Mrs. Tappen was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Buckley, and was born in New York, on November 1st of 1824, and was therefore ninety-two years of age when she expired.

In her early womanhood she had been married to George Tappen, a hat manufacturer, and a descendant of the Tappens who came from Holland and settled in New York, in the 17th century, and for whom the town and bay of Tappen are named.

Mr. and Mrs. Tappen came to Philadelphia, in the 1830's, and the husband formed a partnership with George Ross, the men carrying on a hat manufacturing business at Second and Race streets, until 1846 when they moved to Manayunk, then a part of Roxborough township. Here Mr. Tappen continued his business until the time of his death in 1888, and was succeeded by his son, George H. Tappen.

Mrs. Tappen was a member of Mt. Zion M. E. Church, and notwithstanding her advanced age retained all of her faculties until within a short time of her demise. She was survived by her son, George, one daughter, Mrs. Kate W. Ross, two grandchildren, and two great grandchildren.

Many of the older residents of this section will recall the name and fame of Rev. Charles B. Albany, the Park Guard preacher, who lived in Roxborough.

Mr. Albany was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Albany, and was born in Manayunk, on November 24th, 1842. In his early youth he became a member of Ebenezer M. E. Church, and continued his work there for more than 60 years. He was ordained to the ministry at Bethlehem, Pa., when the Philadelphia Conference met there in 1899. For more than a score of years he was pastor of the Blue Bell Hill M. E. Church, and preach-

ed there every Sunday, as well as being the leader of the Sunday School.

In his early manhood, Mr. Albany was a house painter, but on May 1st of 1876, was appointed a guard in Fairmount Park, being stationed for many years at the Wissahickon Drive and Ridge avenue. Later he served at night, in the Sedgely guard house. During the Civil War, Mr. Albany enlisted in an emergency regiment.

Just below Indian Queen lane, on Ridge avenue, in East Falls, is a vacant lot, which until a couple of years ago was occupied by half of

what was once known as Sorber's carriage shop. Part of the building still stands, but that portion where the vacant lot is now located, was condemned as dangerous to the public and was torn down.

The entire building stood for more than a century. In 1803, William Sorber, a resident of Germantown, moved to the Falls, and after securing possession of the Palmer tavern property, erected the factory and took up his residence in the hotel building, which was one of the first hostleries of its time, along the thoroughfare which until 1812 was known as the Plymouth Road.

In the factory some of the finest carriages and sleighs ever drawn by horses were made. The business was continued by Mr. Sorber until his death early in the sixties, when he was succeeded by his sons, Joseph E., and Charles K. Sorber, both excellent mechanics.

The sons increased the business until 1872, when Joseph fell the victim of a smallpox epidemic, and died. Charles K. Sorber assumed control of the business and it progressed. After continuing for some years Charles K. Sorber took up the real estate business of his deceased son, and his nephew, William Sorber, only son of Joseph E., took charge of the coach works. With the latter's death, in his young manhood, the business was discontinued.

Sorrow accompanied the death of Ross D. Williams, one of the oldest and best known residents of Roxborough, in August of 1916, at the home of his son-in-law, Daniel K. Marple, 7924 Ridge avenue.

Mr. Williams was born April 15, 1845, at 7568 Ridge avenue, and

until within a few months of his death, had always lived in the house of his birth, and carried on a grocery business there until he retired in 1913.

As a boy he worked in the store for his father, and was later made a partner in the business. He also had charge of Upper Roxborough sub-post office, until it was abolished.

Mr. Williams was a charter member of Manalung Tribe, No. 118, Improved Order of Red Men; a trustee of the old Yellow School-house on Shawmont avenue; a member of the Ridge Avenue M. E. Church, and of the Post Office Protective Association.

Mr. Williams, at the time of his demise, was survived by two daughters,

Mrs. S. G. Tipping, and Mrs. Daniel K. Marple; and three sons, Howard S., J. Clyde, and Harry C. Williams.

Many people wonder why the Reading Company has two bridges across the Schuylkill river, at East Falls, so close to each other. The upper stone bridge, crosses the river diagonally and was built by Christian Swartz, then master mason for the Reading Railroad. The other known as "the B. & O" bridge, built of stone and steel, was erected in 1892, for the accommodation of the Royal Blue line trains. Prior to the erection of this latter bridge, the trains, coming from Washington and bound for New York, had to run up from 24th and Chestnut streets to West Falls, and wait until the locomotive was run on a turntable and turned, in order to utilize the Stone Bridge. This took considerable time and passengers complained of the delay. And so the other bridge was built as a time saver.

SCCAFF

3/3/32

Now and Then

Over across the Schuylkill river, at West Falls, there stands the ruins of a little building, at the base of the upper of the two Chamonix Lakes, which often ex-

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cites the curiosity of people on their way to the trolley station. In the winter months, the ruins are in plain sight, but when spring and summer garb the trees and other vegetation in robes of green, it is hidden from everyone except the small boy who goes a'fishing.

The structure at one-time housed the primitive pumps of the William Simpson calico print works, when the lakes, then three in number, were mill dams. The dams were one above the other, like a series of three steps, the lower one having been demolished when Fairmount Park Commissioners acquired the surrounding territory.

One of the men who was once employed in running the mill pumps was William Leach, who for more than half a century resided at the Falls of Schuylkill, and who eventually died of pneumonia, at the residence of his son-in-law, the late Arthur Binkin, on Indian Queen lane, in 1896.

Mr. Leach was an active man in his day, and saved a number of persons from drowning in the Schuylkill. The most memorable incident to old time residents, was on the night of June 14th 1870, when during a slight, but sudden rise in the river, a rowboat, occupied by Albert R. Boker, Margaret Cade, Sarah Brearly, and a man named DeArmond, capsized against a rock near the Stone Bridge. All of the party drowned except DeArmond, who clung to one of the bridge piers. His cries of help were heard by Mr. Leach, who hurried in his boat, and at the risk of his own life, saved the almost exhausted man.

How many years Mr. Leach tended the Simpson pumps we do not know. He was married in Trenton, N. J., on May 23rd, of 1840 to Catherine Booth, who expired two years before her husband. The couple had eight children, seven grandchildren and six great grandchildren when their deaths occurred.

The late * Dr. * * James * * Simmons Swartz, of New York, who died in

December of last year, once assigned the writer to obtain a copy of Zander's "Outlines of Composition," an old-time school room book, from which he had studied English composition while a student at the Boys (now Central) High School. When the book had been purchased and presented to Dr. Swartz, he related a tale of his school days as spent under the tutelage of Nich-

blas H. Maguire, who was one of the faculty at the High School.

Mr. Maguire had at one time taught school in the old octagon building on the Provost Smith estate on Indian Queen lane, which structure was known as "Smith's Folly." It stood on ground which is now occupied by two dwelling houses, on the southeast side of the street, just above Ridge avenue. Subsequently Professor Maguire went to the Boys' High School, and later was the principal of the Horace Binney School.

While he lived at the Falls and taught in "Smith's Folly," the professor married Miss Emmeline Evans, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans. The father of Mrs. Maguire was the proprietor of the well-remembered "Fountain Park Hotel," the original walls of which are incorporated in what we now know as the Cafe Riviera.

* * * * *

Few Roxborough residents know it, but there is a slight connection between that section and the Samuel Breck Public School, at the Falls of Schuylkill.

The last thirty-eight years of the life of Samuel Breck, the main-spring of the movement in Pennsylvania for public education, was spent with "Sweet Briar" Mansion, near Belmont, in West Fairmount Park, as his residence.

Subsequently the Sweet Briar property was owned and occupied by William Savery Torr, who later—for a quarter of a century—was a resident of Roxborough, on an estate known as "Rockshade" on Parker avenue.

William Savery Torr, or Colonel Torr, as he was also known, was born in Philadelphia October 13th 1805, being the son of John Torr, Jr., whose father emigrated from England in 1700, and settled in this city. He received his education at the Friends' School and Academy, and afterward learned the dry goods business, which he carried on for many years at a South Front street address, retiring in the early 1850's and devoting himself to real estate, of which he was a large owner.

In 1868 Colonel Torr took up his residence in Roxborough, where he resided until about 1892, when he removed to West Philadelphia.

Mr. Torr married, in 1830, Anna Clarkson Bringham, a great grand daughter of Matthew Clarkson, an early Mayor of Philadelphia. The couple were the parents of two sons, both of whom entered the Union

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army during the Civil War. One of these gave his life at the siege of Knoxville, Tennessee.

Colonel Torr was a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, the Academy of Fine Arts, and of

the Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of Agriculture. He had the refined and gracious manners of a gentleman of the old school, and was remarkably prompt and liberal in financial matters. He never, it is said, seemed happier than when St. David's Sunday School scholars were spending the Fourth of July, in Torr's Woods.

* * * * *

Every once in a while we hear reminiscences of the steamer "Mozart" which used to belong to a Manayunk man, and ply the waters of the Schuylkill, in order to furnish enjoyment for a group of local merrymakers. Which leads up to one cruise of the famous old vessel which was made in July of 1895, which was taken to the farthest navigable point along the river. The trip lasted for four days, and according to reports "the police, of towns along the route, had to double their forces for that period."

Those aboard were M. W. Kerkelager, H. Reeves Lukens, Emanuel Friedman, Max Himmelreich, Howard M. Levering, John B. Preston, Josephus Yeakel, C. A. Rudolph, C. J. McGlinchey, C. T. J. Preston, George Metzler, John Warner, Hiram Parker, James G. Maree, and John W. Dodgson. The latter two were the pilots. But, as the Irishman said, when he tore a page off the calendar, "Them days have gone!"

SCCAFF

Now and Then

Who is there, that is still alive, who can remember Robert Haly, who conducted a woolen mill on Gorgas' lane, between Ridge avenue and the Wissahickon Drive?

Mr. Haly came to this country from Derbyshire, England, in 1818, and commenced working in James Kershaw's mill, at Blockley. Subsequently he formed a partnership with Augustus Newman, and went into the blue-dyeing business at Rock Hill, in Lower Merion. This firm did not remain in business very long, and Mr. Haly then built the mill along the Wissahickon, on Gorgas' Lane, and operated it until about 1872. He was a shrewd and active business man, and traveled about a great deal, and also took a lively interest in public affairs in and about Roxborough. He was at one time a member of the Roxborough Baptist Church, but later transferred his allegiance to the Baptist Church in Chestnut Hill.

Robert Haly lived to the ripe age of ninety-two and died on the 19th of February 1882. His remains were interred in Leverington Cemetery.

In speaking of people who lived to be ninety, or over, who were once residents of the "high and healthy hills of Roxborough," we cannot forget Mrs. Susannah Layre, widow of Joseph Layre, who lived to pass her four score and twelfth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Layre were united with the Roxborough Presbyterian Church, on the 4th of April 1838, and both retained their connection there until the time of their deaths, Mr. Layre holding several of the church offices.

Mrs. Layre, who died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Amanda Rex, on July 22nd, 1885, was an own

cousin to John Levering, who with his wife, united with the Roxborough Presbyterian Church, from the Market Square Presbyterian Church, Germantown, on April 5th 1837, and who was one of the congregation's staunchest supporters until his death in 1876.

Mrs. Layre survived her husband by 23 years. She, herself, was survived by two sons, two daughters, a widowed daughter-in-law,

twenty-two grandchildren, and fifteen great grandchildren. The interment of this grand old lady was made in the Roxborough Presbyterian Churchyard, on July 25th, 1885.

"There smiles the mother we have wept; there bloom Again the buds that sleep within the tomb; There o'er bright gates inscribed, No more to part, Soul springs to soul, and heart unites to heart."

* * * * *

Among the lantern slides made under the direction of the late Dr. Charles K. Mills, there is one which shows the lodge cottage of the Miffin estate, which stood at the intersection of what is now Ridge avenue and Stanton streets, in East Falls.

Along the Ridge avenue wall, in the picture, there stands a man with a bundle under his arm. This man, according to old-time residents who remember him, is Henry J. Becker. We do not believe the bundle contained greenbacks.

Mr. Becker, in the late eighties and early nineties, was a contractor and builder at the Falls of Schuylkill.

He settled here about 1852, coming from Germany, where he had been born in 1828. With but a single exception, in the person of John Dobson, Mr. Becker erected more houses in the Falls, than any other man. Financial reverses, though plenty in his experience, never seemed to daunt this old Teuton. When he built the Falls

of Schuylkill brewery, in 1856, people were amazed. They were more so, when upon the completion of the building, he in company with a Mr. Steppacher began brewing under the name of Steppacher & Becker. The firm collapsed in a little while, and Mr. Becker embarked in the restaurant business, which he left in 1861 to become an army sutler. After the war he resumed the restaurant business, but soon failed, then he came back to the Falls and started quarrying until the days of the Centennial Exhibition, when as proprietor he opened a restaurant in which he cleared \$40,000 in six months. With this money he paid off all his old debts, and re-entered the building and contracting business. He afterwards became a city contractor, and among his contracts was the construction of the conduit carry-

ing the waters of Scott's Dam to the Schuylkill, near the Stone Bridge, and also the sewer which ended the days of Mifflin's Run, now under Midvale avenue. However, he did not finish these contracts in the specified time and his name was placed on the Delinquent Contractor's List, where it remain-

ed, barring him from further municipal work, until 1895.

Mr. Becker was twice married, but neither union was blessed with children. His death occurred from a complication of diseases on May 27th 1895, with his widow surviving him.

SCCAFF

March 24 - 1932

Now and Then

Eighty-five years ago, Powers, Weightman & Harrison, came out from Ninth and Parrish streets, purchased ground in the Falls of Schuylkill, from George Shronk and James Spence, upon which they built their chemical laboratory, and the rows of dwellings on the hill, for the families of the workmen.

The entrance up the little valley passed a row of ancient dwellings which were torn down in 1847, and the present row erected. Back, on the south slope of the valley, was the old farmhouse in which John Roberts was the last farmer to reside. On the brow of the hill, just above the present livery stable, a square building, which is now dwellings, was erected for a school. This was done at the order of Mr. Harrison, for the benefit of the children of the men who were employed at the laboratory. In it there was also a library and reading room for the grownups.

The school and library continued until 1853, when Mr. Harrison withdrew from the firm, and shortly afterward the structure was made into dwellings. A Mrs. Twiggs was the first teacher of the school. She was succeeded by James Finley, who taught at the place, until it closed.

There are still plenty of people who remember Dr. William J. Hall, Falls of Schuylkill physician and

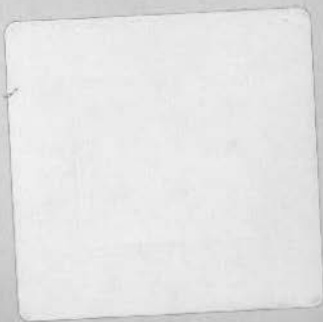
apothecary, who established the drug store at 35th and Indian Queen lane.

Dr. Hall was a kindly man, and held the highest respect of his neighbors in the Falls. He died December 22nd, 1895, following an illness of several weeks. Dr. Hall was born in England, in 1864, and graduated from the Jefferson Medical College in the Class of 1886. In February of 1890 he was married to Miss Minnie A. Gee, who, with two children, William and Grace, survived. Mrs. Hall continued the drug store, for many years, after her husband's demise, before she, too, was claimed by death.

Sometime, when you are fretting and fuming about having to wait a few moments for a busy telephone line to be cleared, think of the conditions which prevailed in 1895, which according to a report in a newspaper of that year was as follows:

"With the exception of one public telephone, residents of Manayunk, Roxborough, Wissahickon and the Falls of Schuylkill, are without telephone service after 6 o'clock in the evenings and on Sundays. The Manayunk station (exchange) with which the other telephones are connected, closes on the minute of 6 o'clock. Persons having telephones in their offices are desirous of knowing why they are deprived of service while the public station is continued in use all night and on Sundays. The matter will probably be brought before the managers of the telephone company at an early date." And then be patient!

SCCAFF



March 24 - 1932

Passion Play Produced Here

While the Falls of Schuylkill is noted for being first in giving us many of the substantial blessings we enjoy, it cannot be blamed for the introduction of the word camouflage, although a moving-picture manufacturer camouflaged the surroundings of the now gone Evans mansion for the Holy Land. This old mansion, which once stood on Abbotsford avenue east of the Queen Lane reservoir at Fox street, was in early times the scene of many hospitable gatherings. About seventeen years ago the building was destroyed by fire and nothing but the walls remained. The hill sloped down to the valley known as Evans's Hollow, now filled up for the opening of streets and avenues. This hollow, with its sloping hills covered with Paradise trees, some years ago was selected for taking photographs of the Passion Play as presented at Oberammergau, owing to its resemblance to scenes about Jerusalem. The Falls run, a narrow stream passing through the hollow, represented the River Jordan; a man-hole on Stokeley street which extended then above the ground was Jacob's well, at which Christ met the woman of Samaria; a mechanic's frame shop close by answered the purpose of Joseph's carpenter shop, in which the carpenter was found plying an old-fashioned hatchet and saw at his work; while the inclosed entrance of a stone culvert under the Germantown and Chestnut Hill division of the Pennsylvania Railroad represented the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, in which the body of Christ was laid after the crucifixion. In taking the pictures the producer of the Passion Play erected scenes of the interior of the Temple in Jerusalem, where the chief actor of the Passion Play was brought before Caiaphas, the high priest. The make-up of the actors and their costumes were copied from old paintings. For several weeks the actors and actresses rehearsed the play and very few of the residents knew of the representation of the great drama at their very doors. The moving pic-

ture play when completed was produced in halls and assembly rooms all over the country, and the majority of people who saw it thought they were viewing moving pictures taken at the Oberammergau festival.

SCCAFF

5-31-1932

Now and Then

An old letter, written by a resident of Roxborough, to the editor of the Germantown Telegraph, in March of 1854, is before the writer, who thought it worthy of printing, inasmuch as it sheds some light on the history of what is now known as the 21st Ward. It is as follows:

Roxborough, March 1st, 1854

Dear Editor:

A few weeks ago you were pleased to speak of this part of the county—I say county, for we are still a sovereign power, and not yet incorporated in the mammoth city of Philadelphia—in very high terms, and you said that improvements here and in Manayunk were rapidly progressing. At the same time, I observed in a city paper, the astonishing fact that it was a difficult matter to procure eligible building lots in your borough, except at an exorbitant price—so great that the demand exceeded the supply. I need not say to you and the citizens of Germantown, that such an announcement has given us of this region great pleasure, for we are always glad to hear of the prosperity of our neighbors, and especially of your "ancient townne," because it must not be forgotten that within the memory of many citizens still living here, and in your place, the people of Roxborough and Germantown voted at the same polls, at all their elections, which were then held either at the old Academy on School lane, or at the Concord School House. There was in the "days lang syne," a community of interest between us—and I trust, as we are soon to mingle in Councils as part of a great city, that your representatives and our

own will always be found protecting the interests of our native soil.

As you have had no direct information from us for some time past, I thought I would give you a general idea of what we are doing. Prominent in Roxborough, and pursuing the even tenor of its way, is the Roxborough Lyceum, whose acts you have chronicled years ago. The number of active members is not large, and our force has been somewhat reduced by absence; still there are a few gentlemen who sustain the Lyceum in all its former strength, and the full houses that we have, attest how well their efforts are appreciated. Our officers, elected in January last, are as follows: President, Nathan L. Jones; Vice Presidents, Charles E. Graeff, Horatio Gates Jones, Jr.; Recording Secretary, Anthony D. Levering; Corresponding Secretary, Joseph E. Harned, M. D.; Treasurer, Joseph H. Hoffman. We have had quite a number of lectures, some of them deeply interesting. The Rev. Thomas Winter, lectured on "The Laws of Heat;" Rev. Samuel Bumstead, on "Four Months in The Great West;" Horatio Gates Jones, Jr., Esquire, on "Valley Forge in 1777 and 1778," and on Tuesday night, the Rev. B. Wistar Morris is expected to lecture on "Queen Isabella."

At this present time we are meeting in the Roxborough Academy, on the Ridge Road, but we hope ere long to have a Town Hall—and to accomplish this we have applied for a charter. When the hall is ready to be opened, we trust that we shall be honored with a visit from yourself.

Before I close this letter, permit me to say all persons who read your paper, that if they cannot secure a proper spot for a house in Germantown, and yet desire a residence in a region equally healthy, and almost as accessible to the city, let them come over to Roxborough, where they will find a number of beautiful cottage lots from half an acre up to five acres, on the Ridge Road, and the streets running into it. This is particularly the case in the lower part of our township, near the Wissahickon. Many of our worthy landholders who reside on farms which have

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been in their families for a century past, and who had no idea of being disturbed by the bustle and noisy turmoil of life, have at last concluded to sell cottage lots to such persons as choose to pay.

I shall in future letters, give you some details about Roxborough, which I hope will be of interest to your readers.

Yours Respectfully,
L.

April 7th 1931

Now and Then

Since the palmy days of the great Dobson Mills, at the Falls of Schuylkill have passed, and most of those who have to work for a living, who are fortunate enough to have jobs in these trying days of depression, the community has lost its reputation as a manufacturing centre.

Before the epidemic of chills and fever which struck the Falls, in 1821, the section was one of Philadelphia's most aristocratic suburbs. The wealthiest citizens had country-seats there or in the immediate vicinity.

In what is now North Laurel Hill Cemetery, Joseph Sims had a fine residence and immediately below it was that of the Willing family, which was afterward occupied by the Peppers.

In South Laurel Hill was a beautiful place belonging to William Rawle, and a short half mile from Ridge avenue, was the McMeekin mansion, and below Nicetown lane—now Hunting Park avenue—was the McCall property. On the western side of the river was Mount Prospect, the home of the Plumsteads, now known as the Cham-onix Mansion. A half mile below the Falls was the fine property of Alexander Dallas, and the Smith and Miffin Mansions were in their glory in the centre of the community. Abbottsford, which had been built by a man named Nicklin stood on the site of the Woman's Medical College.

The announcement that the Falls Male Chorus will offer its annual Spring Concert at Palestine Hall, next Saturday evening, brings to mind one of the old vocal organizations of Roxborough—the Roxborough Choral Society, which gave a

concert in Odd Fellows Hall, Ridge and Lyceum avenues, on May 28th, 1895. On that occasion the Roxborough singers were assisted by the Male Glee Club of the Church of the Covenant, of which the Rev. J. J. Joyce Moore, a one-time rector of St. Alban's P. E. Church, was pastor.

With the exception of the opening chorus, "How Lovely Are the Messengers," the first part of that recital consisted of six selections from Handel's "Creation," including the chorus, "The Heavens Are Telling."

The soloists were Miss M. Evangeline Todd, and Samuel H. Birkmire.

The second part of the program was composed of miscellaneous numbers, two of which were by the Covenant Glee Club.

At a meeting of the members of the Roxborough Choral Society, held on October 1895, the following officers were elected: President, W. H. Lewis; Vice President, Rev.

J. W. Kirk; Secretary, Theodore H. Bechtel; Treasurer, Frank Lackey; and Librarian, Walter Snyder.

* * * * *

One of the lost arts among the residents of the Falls is the old-time hog-killing, which afforded as much pleasure as the old-fashioned husking bees. Preparations for the killing were made a week in advance, and when the morning arrived everybody connected with the event would be up before daylight.

The scaffold, scalding tub, and platform, with the huge boilers for heating the water would all be in place, and by the time breakfast was ready the fires would be lighted under the kettles.

Breakfast, on hog-killing days, was a breakfast well worth remembering. Everybody seemed anxious to lend a helping hand in its preparation and serving. After the meal the slaughtering would proceed and by dinner time the well fed porkers would be strung up on the gambrels ready to be cut up into hams, shoulders, spare-ribs, and flitch, and the rest made into scrapple, lard and souse.

Prominent in this line of winter employment were Francis D. Mower, Daniel Shronk, Samuel Shaffer, John Bechtel, Abraham Barker, George Clouse and Louis Mettinger, everyone of whom has traveled along to a better land.

* * * * *

In clearing out one of the old

rooms in Independence Hall, some 35 years ago, workmen came upon a relic of the early days of the Civil War, which was of particular interest to the people of this vicinity.

It was a soiled and yellow strip of heavy linen paper, bearing the roster of Company "A," Roxborough Home Guards. The list included the names of 135 of the most prominent citizens of Manayunk and Roxborough, who were enrolled on April 25th, 1861. Of this number most are deceased, either in battles in the Civil War, or by the ravages of disease and time since then.

Among the names on the list were: George Northrop, Horatio Gates Jones, David Mattis, Jacob Wright, Robert M. Carlisle, William Arrott, Charles Thomson Jones, Nicholas Rittenhouse, and Joseph Beaumont.

The relic which came into the hands of House Sergeant Louis J. Dunlap, of the Manayunk police station, was turned over to Magistrate Hampton S. Thomas, who in turn presented it to Hetty A. Jones Post No. 12, Grand Army of the Republic, where many of the men who are enrolled in Company "A" afterward became members.

In the Manayunk Chronicle of August 14th, 1885, there appeared a news item which read as follows: "One hundred, or a thousand years from now, as the case may be, when the iron Pay Bridge that is now going up over the Schuylkill, is taken down, to be replaced by one of the patent paper variety, some very interesting memorials will be found in the shallow iron socket which supports the first upright on the northwest side of the Manayunk end of the bridge. About noon on Monday last, the socket referred to was made the depository of several articles which by that time will have acquired historic interest. These included copies of the last issues of the Manayunk Chronicle and Advertiser; the Manayunk Sentinel, names of the chairman and directors of the Manayunk Bridge Company, Mayor and chief of police of Philadelphia, Lieutenant Allison and sergeants of the 13th district, names of the builders and principal artisans, of our Select and Common Councilmen, name of bridgetender; business cards of prominent business citizens; a monthly pass made out to Mr. Wesley Dillon; some of the programs of the Emerald Dramatic Association, with a sketch of the

organization, and other articles too numerous to mention."

One hundred years did not pass since the days those things were deposited in the old Pay Bridge post, for when the present concrete span was thrown across the Schuylkill, a couple of years ago, the late A. S. Rudolph was on hand and received the memorials, among which were the two newspapers mentioned, which were presented to and are now in the possession of the writer of this tale of what happened in the days now designated as "Then."

SCCAFF.

April 28, 1932

Now and Then

The scene was the Manayunk police station; the time, June 25th 1897. Lieutenant Lush was in charge.

Hurrying into the station house entrance on that fine June day, the Lieutenant was surprised to find a note had been pushed under the door, with an anonymous signature under a message which purported to be from a person knowing the perpetrator of one of the most fiendish murders which was ever committed in this section of the city.

The murder was a triple tragedy which took place in Roxborough, in 1851, when Valentine Bartle, his wife, and one of their four children were slain at their home in a lonely woods, near the Schuylkill river above Shawmont avenue.

The handwriting in the note, was of irregular, scrambling style, evidently, or pretendingly, the work of an illiterate person, and the message was recorded on a piece of crumpled paper, in lead pencil, reading as follows:

"Polise Lutent, Roxborow: Roberta Parcalla, he die two months now. He a old man near 70 year, come this country in 1849, go to Roxborow with man Baltine Bartle somewhere near river. He and boss had fight for mon, and he kill boss and wife. He go then to Californy, make plenty mon, but lose it gambling and went to Mexico, where he die very poor; never marry, always in trouble. At night he talk much about Bartle in his sleep. I come New York, week ago, and tell

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you he die in Mexico as he ast me to. He very sorry for Bartle wife and baby."

As near as could be ascertained the signature which was much blurred from rubbing, was that of "Mike Narjola."

Lieutenant Lush did not put much faith in the genuineness of the note, which he believed was a hoax, as in 1866, or 1867, the late Roxborough historian, Horatio Gates Jones, stated that a man died in Connecticut who was credited with confessing on his death bed that he was the murderer of the Bartle family.

It's a cold trail now, but if they were given a break, we believe that Detectives Costello and O'Brien of the present staff at the Manayunk station, could unravel some more of this old mystery.

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We often wonder what became of the old seal of the borough of Manayunk. Possibly there is a reader somewhere in the 21st Ward who can enlighten us concerning its whereabouts.

We are aware that it was in existence in this section in 1893, when in September of that year it was unearthed from a heap of old iron in the vicinity of Main and Levering streets. The seal, at that time, was presented by the finder, to the late James Milligan, editor of the Manayunk Chronicle and Advertiser. It had evidently lain in the junk pile for a number of years and was supposed to have reached that place when a junk-man purchased the metal at a public sale.

The seal, which was engraved upon a circular piece of brass, was mounted upon a piece of wrought iron five inches long and two inches square. Upon its face it bore a representation of a loom, beside which stood a female weaver. Around the outer edge of the circle,

were the words, "Borough of Manayunk," while surrounding the loom, in an inner circle, were the words, "Incorporated June 11th 1840." The opposite side of the seal was on lead, securely fastened upon a plate of brass.

* * * * *

April 15th, may, or may not, mean anything to the people of this age, but to those of the Civil War era, April 15th of 1865, was the saddest in the history of the Nation. For it was on that date that date that America's greatest president, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated.

Robert Roberts Shronk, one of

this section's most talented writers, who was a news-sleuth par excellence in the old days, once told a tale of local happenings on that day which may prove of interest.

"On that day, Saturday, April 15th 1865," said Mr. Shronk, "I was on my way to work, painting John Dobson's residence, then being erected at the lower end of the Falls of Schuylkill. I met James Buchanan, who then lived at the Falls, and sold fruit and sandwiches on the Washington and New York trains. He was returning home carrying an empty basket and crying. I asked him what was the matter, and he replied, 'My God, they have killed the President!'"

"A few moments later I read the news in the Inquirer, under the headline, 'A Crime without a Name.' I returned home, giving up the idea of working, and after helping flags at half mast over Simpson's Mill, and the Lincoln and Johnson Club, in company with Joseph B. Walker, I went to the city.

"On Chestnut street, from Seventh to nearly Fourth, one of the most sorrowful, and at the same time most excited gatherings I have ever seen, was assembled. Every man's nerves seemed to be stretched to the utmost tension, and all that was needed was a leader to direct the crowd in wreaking vengeance upon any supposed enemy of the murdered President.

Mutterings of wrath were heard on all sides; the crowd packing the street surged back and forth and seemed at every surge to become more bent upon doing something in retaliation of the great crime. The muttering, accompanied by threats and curses, became more and more audible every moment; and just as they were developing into a cry and action, a gray-haired man pressed through part of the crowd carrying a paper.

"He advanced to the main entrance of Independence Hall, took a hammer and tacks from his pocket, and tacked the paper to the door frame, and then retired. The crowd watched the procedure and pressed to the place; one after another reading the notice and then calmly departing.

"The man was George H. Stuart, president of the Young Men's Christian Association. The notice read, 'A prayer meeting will be held at noon, in the Church of the Epiphany. Come!'"

"That simple notice quieted the crowd. As one after another read it, their attention was lifted from

their despondency and grief to God. Some, on reading the notice, articulated: 'The Lord God Omnipotent

Reigneth.'

"I shall never forget the effect that notice of a prayer meeting had upon a sorrow, stricken, yet vengeance-seeking assemblage.

"The Sunday on which Lincoln's body was laid in state in Independence Hall was probably one of the most memorable connected with the history of the Rebellion.

"In company with several others, I walked to the city on Saturday expecting that the martyred President would have been arranged for view that evening. The funeral train, however, arrived late at the old Broad and Prince streets depot, and all we saw was the procession, as it passed along the crowded streets, between uncovered and weeping spectators.

"We walked back to our homes, intending to return at daybreak to the city. The others did, but when I awoke it was after 8 o'clock. I started on my walk to the city, and at Columbia avenue, was joined by William G. Morison. Upon reaching Chestnut street, we found the lower side footwalk crowded as far east and west as could be seen, while outside the United States Marines paced to and fro keeping the people in line.

"By dodging the guards we were soon down to Sixth street, where, across Chestnut street, a high board fence had been erected. The pressure was awful. I crowded against a woman who cried out with pain, and then I resorted to a trick. When she cried out again I called to a kind-hearted sergeant of Marines, and appealed to him to permit me to get her out of the crowd, which he did. A passage was opened and I led the woman down Sixth street, and around the crowd, leaving her on the south side of the Hall. I then walked around to Fifth street, and here with a ruse, in conjunction with an Irishman, I made some more progress, by hollering 'Watch your pockets!' when the Celt and myself pushed forward close to the ropes where we were halted by two cavalry officers.

"I told the Irishman to step over the rope, which he attempted to do, but only succeeded in getting one leg over, the other being held fast by the crowd. The soldiers were soon there attempting to chase him away, so I yelled, 'Don't strike him, his leg will be broken. I'll

help him out!" The soldiers had to watch others of the crowd, and permitted me to free the Irishman. As soon as I saw that he was in no danger of being hurt, and while the uniformed men were still occupied, I walked up to one of the windows of the building through which people were passing in single file. Clambering through the window, I passed slowly by the casket, and looked for my first and last time upon the face of one of the greatest men the world has ever known, a face wrinkled from the cares of a nation, with an expression that was both calm and superb. It appeared like the face of one, who, after accomplishing a great task, was enjoying a refreshing and well-earned sleep."

SCCAFF

May 12-1932

Now and Then

East Falls has long held an enviable record for the number of carsmen it has produced, three of whom, Jack Kelly, Paul Costello, and Charles H. McIlvaine gained international championships in the Olympic contests.

Most of the youths who started rowing along the Falls of Schuylkill received their inspiration from two old clubs, the Montrose Boat Club, and the Chamonix Boat Club, both of which are now out of existence.

The Montrose organization came into being on November 26th 1887, as a social club, in the home of an old-time resident on Ridge avenue. The boys who belonged to the association had a big yawl, in which they were accustomed to taking out parties of ladies and gentlemen for a row, the boat sometimes having as many as 44 persons in it. The boat was once rowed from the laboratory wharf, above the Falls Bridge, to the Belmont Water Works, with 43 people aboard, in 29 minutes. This feat gave the boys an idea that they could row, and an effort to form a boat club was made, which resulted in the thought coming into a reality.

Negotiations with the Crescent Boat Club, from further down the river, were entered into and a four-oared paper shell was soon acquired. In this craft the members began to

29
practice and some good crews were soon seen in action.

On July 4th 1894, the club entered a junior eight in the People's Regatta, but were not successful in winning. The following year, however, the club entered the junior eight again, and won, defeating the Vesper, Fairmount and the America Clubs.

This gave the Montrose Club a boom, and entries were made in the National Regatta, at Saratoga, when in the intermediate eights the Falls boys were beaten by two feet, by the Wachusetts, of Worcester, Massachusetts, in the fastest time recorded up until that time on Saratoga Lake.

In 1897, the Club had entries in the Passaic and Harlem Regattas, as well as in the National, then rowed on the Schuylkill.

The Club, that year—1897—was represented in the singles by Cap-

tain Jack Crawford, who was a remarkably fast stroke. A pair-oared crew, composed of Bob Adams and Frank Hickey, was entered in the doubles.

The 1897 officers of the Montrose Boat Club were: President, James Crawford; vice-president, Joseph Nunneville; secretary, Edward Lynch; treasurer, John Adams; and the Board of directors were Edwin Markle, Frank Hickey and William Furman.

The intermediate eight of that year was made up of stroke, Ed Markle; No. 7 William Furman; No. 6 John Crawford; 5, George Pin-yard; 4, Edward Lynch; 3, Edward Auer; 2, Joseph Nunneville; bow, Lincoln Cliff, and the coxswain was George Hobson. The crew's average weight was 144 pounds.

The junior eight (1897) was made up of stroke, John Adams; 7 Daniel Beardman; 6 Robert Adams; 5, William Cardiff; 4, Daniel Furman; 3, James Duffy; 2, John Welsh; bow, Frank Hickey; and the coxswain was James O'Brien. This eight's average weight was 170 pounds.

It is indeed refreshing to observe the matter-of-fact way that the youngsters of today take the air-ship Akron, the radio, the electric refrigerator, and motion pictures for granted, just as if these modern inventions had been with us always.

We wonder how they would like to see a newspaper advertisement announcing a "great phonographic

demonstration and benefit concert to be given for St. Timothy's Hospital, under the direction of Ed. P. Wallace, on Thursday evening, April 20th, 1893, at Temperance Hall."

Those were the good old days in which the mechanical reproduction of the human voice, of musical instruments and other sounds was a marvelous wonder. The advertisement went on to say:

"Come and hear the wonderful reproductions of music and song by Edison's Improved Phonograph. Gilmore's Band; Marine Band; Banjo; Violin; Cornet; piano and xylophone; humorous songs. Negro's Laughing song; dance music, with clog dance plainly heard!

"Tickets, Reserved 35 cents, at Maree's. General admission 25 cents."

A half-century ago, the following notice appeared in one of the 21st Ward newspapers. With the change of address it would serve just as well today.

"The Public are respectfully informed that the undersigned will continue the business of Ryan and Co., undertakers, at 4369 Main street, Manayunk, next door to the Bank.

"Orders entrusted to him will be punctually and carefully executed.
Isaiah T. Ryan"

Every once in a while, when we are passing the Queen Lane Pumping station, on the Ridge avenue side, someone is heard to remark, "That huge chimney is going to fall someday soon. Look at the big crack in its side!"

And we gaze up at the fissure mentioned and smile. For the crack has been there ever since a few days after the great stack was completed in 1894.

The foreman of the force of men who erected the pile, a man named Arthur, said on September 28th, 1894:

"The only trouble with the stack is that the stone trimming on the outside has not settled as much as the brick backing, which forms the body of the stack, and has caused the weight to be thrown on the outside face, which projects beyond the body of the stack about five inches, causing it to crack the face outside.

"The stack proper, is formed of an 18 inch brick flue, or barrel. Outside of this flue and separated from it, is the main wall, or jacket, which is 4 feet 3 inches thick at the bottom, and tapers gradually to the

height of 40 feet, where it is 4 feet thick. Above this point, it tapers to the top, 218 feet high, where it is 18 inches thick.

"The wall in which the cracks are seen has nothing to do with the stack proper, as only the buff-colored facing bricks are affected. The stack is built upon solid rock-bed foundations, and extends 18 feet below the level of the ground. Upon the rock-bed immense blocks of Conshohocken stone were laid in the best cement, so that it would be impossible for any serious settling of the work to take place."

And so that crack has been in the tall chimney for the past 38 years, and is likely to remain there, until the hands of man remove it in tearing the stack down.

SCCAFF

May 19-1932

Now and Then

We ran across a little scrap of history connected with the Manayunk Presbyterian Church and Sunday School, recently, which may be of interest to those who are preparing a review of the activities of that congregation, for its centennial celebration which will take place at the end of this year.

A newspaper article refers to an incident which occurred in January of 1882, and may have slipped the memory of all of the older folk excepting those whose names are mentioned and are still here with us.

The item reads as follows: "On Monday evening last—January 16th 1882—Miss Louisa Sobernheimer, residing at the corner of Washington and Fountain streets, Mt. Vernon, was waited upon by the class of girls she teaches in the Manayunk Presbyterian Sunday School, and presented by them with a satin-lined sewing-basket, with a silver thimble, etc., as a birthday gift. There were thirteen of her scholars present, namely, Misses Maggie Giles, Agnes Innes, Isadora Baer, Mary Weir, Mary Righter, Emily Sobernheimer, Martha Dewhurst, Agnes Hamilton, Emily Cardwell, Lillian Fye, Jennie McLaughlin, Sarah Wendling, and Keziah Wood. After a repast of cream and cake, and having spent a most en-

joyable evening, the happy party left at a rather late hour for such young ladies, who must have felt happy over the part they had taken in, rewarding modest merit."

During the Presidential campaign of 1864, for the re-election of Abraham Lincoln, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania, came to the 21st Ward to make speeches in behalf of the Great Rail-splitter.

The Governor marched with the old Lincoln and Johnson Club, of the then Second Division of the 21st Ward, to the United States Hotel, where he made one of his characteristic war speeches. On the rear of the hotel balcony were seated, that evening, a number of young ladies representing the various States of the Union, each garbed in white and wearing a red, white and blue sash.

After the Governor had concluded his address, and had bowed in response to the hearty outburst of applause, he turned to re-enter the hotel room, when he noticed the young women, for the first time, and pausing said, "My! What a vision of loveliness!" He then walked to the end of the row of girls, and shook hands with each one, and also brought forth the blushes of each by kissing them, one and all.

A few minutes later the Second Division Club relit its torch-lights and transparencies, and to the tune of Andrew Ford's fife and a drum, marched homeward. At that time the song, "We'll All Drink Stone Blind," was in vogue. When the club reached Shur's lane, the men were somewhat astonished to hear a number of Manayunk boys singing:

"Oh, Andy Curtin he got drunk,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Oh, Andy Curtin he got drunk,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Oh, Andy Curtin he got drunk,
And kissed the girls in Manayunk;
We'll all drink stone blind
When Andy goes marching home."

The ready adaptation of the kissing incident to the song, showed that there was a genius in Manayunk, that up until that time had not been recognized.

There are still many residents of the Falls of Schuylkill who recall in fond memory, one of its old time policemen, Fergus Peel, who died at the home of his son-in-law, George Hazzard, at 4012 North 12th street, in December of 1916.

Fergus Peel was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peel, and born in

Huddersfield, England on October 3rd 1841. When he was 18 months old he came with his parents to this country, where the family settled at the Falls.

When he was a young man,

Fergus Peel learned the butcher business, which he carried on until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he enlisted in the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, and served with it for four years. After the conflict had ended he resumed the meat business, for a time, until he was appointed to the police force by Mayor Stokely, in 1872, a position he occupied until he resigned about three years before his death.

When a boy, with his brother, Washington, Fergus had a small athletic park on the west side of the Schuylkill river, just above the Falls Bridge, where they used to train other boys in various stunts, especially boxing, at which the brothers were adepts. Fergus was once offered good pay to train candidates for the prize ring, but he refused the offer. Washington Peel, and the boys' father, Robert, enlisted in the Mozart Regiment, of New York, where the former was promoted to a lieutenantancy for bravery, but was later killed in action.

Fergus Peel, was a member of Palestine Lodge, No. 477, F. and A. M., and of the Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church, and when his death occurred he was survived by two daughters, and two grandsons.

This, from the Manayunk Chronicle of May 20th 1881: "If anybody has any doubt as to the absolute and complete success of Edison and his electric light, we are not nor ever have been among the number. He will have work so far progressed as to be ready to light the cities by the first of July. The metres are being turned out at 500 per day, and the lamps 2000 per day. He wants to have everything in perfect readiness before he starts, in order that there shall be no public disappointment."

One of Roxborough's fine old citizens was John T. Thomas, of Green lane, who died July 16th, 1894, at the age of 68 years.

Mr. Thomas was a mechanical engineer, employed in the City's Bureau of Gas, and for many years had been the superintendent of the Twenty-Fifth Ward Gas Works.

He was born in the Falls of Schuylkill, on August 21st 1826, the son of Francis and Martha Thomas, and after receiving his elementary

education in the public schools, learned the trade of carpentering, which he followed for a number of years.

When Lee's Confederate Army invaded Pennsylvania in 1863, Mr. Thomas enlisted in one of the emergency regiments and served as a lieutenant of the Roxborough company, captained by Anthony D. Levering.

Mr. Thomas was married in young manhood to Mary Rose, of Roxborough, who preceded her husband in death by several years. At the time of the father's death two daughters and a son of the couple survived; these being Mrs. Emma V. Thomas Tyndall; Mrs. George C. Thompson and William J. Thomas.

Mr. Thomas was an active member of the Roxborough Lyceum, served several times as school director; and was a regular attendant of the Roxborough Baptist Church.

SCCAFF

5/26/1932

Now and Then

A few days ago we were fortunate enough to run across an old scrap book which contained some facts concerning the Pencoyd Iron Works, which for so many years furnished employment to a great number of men in this neighborhood.

The first mill was about 75 feet by 75 feet and contained one heating furnace and a trip hammer. The fuel consumed daily was about two tons, and the product each day was 8 car axles. The number of hands employed was 12.

The fame of the works extended, making addition after addition necessary, until all the available space for building was occupied, making it necessary to purchase more space, and in 1865, six acres were obtained from the A. L. Anderson estate, being a part of the original tract like the first purchase made by the iron workers.

Upon this new tract was erected in 1872, a stone structure, 225 by 130 feet, containing two trains of rolls, and 2 steam hammers, which enabled the firm to turn out altogether about 20,000 tons of finished iron per year.

The demand for more iron be-

came so great, that in order to extend the works and control a pure water supply, more purchases of land were made from time to time. In 1885 the firm owned about fifty acres, and since the control of the works has been under the officers of the American Bridge Company, this has been increased.

The capacity of the works, in 1885, was about 35,000 tons of various kinds of manufacture, such as axles, beams, channel and angle iron, etc., consuming about 130 tons a day. An addition added in 1883, 200 by 100 feet in size, contained two gas-heated furnaces, 1 train of rolls, and was capable of turning out 15,000 tons per year.

Fifty years ago the plant had two miles of railroad track in order to handle the material to advantage. Today, this is considerably increased. In that year the plant employed 700 hands, with paydays being regularly spaced out at two weeks apart, the payroll amounting to about \$30,000 per month.

This plant, during the Cleveland administration was working and compared favorably with other plants throughout the State, and was the second largest east of the Alleghenies. The plant, then was worth two millions of dollars, and although classed as obsolete by some people is no doubt inventoried at considerably more than that today.

The firm in 1882 owned fifty-five dwellings, all of which were kept in excellent living condition. The residence of the junior partner, stood, and still stands, on the hillside at the south side of the works, surrounded by the beauties of nature. From the front veranda could be seen "the Lowell of Pennsylvania," Manayunk; the Falls of Schuylkill, North Laurel Hill, the

Reading railroad tracks on both sides of the river, Ridge avenue and the Roxborough Passenger railway, the Schuylkill river steamboats, and the East River Drive, with its teeming populace of handsome horse-drawn "turn-outs."

In the old clipping, it is also interesting to note, that "in order to utilize the roadway on the river front from the works to the city line, the firm has at its own expense, opened a public road, from a point on Righter's Ferry road, continuous to the mill, to County line, on the hillside, west of the Reading railroad, which is to be one of the most picturesque drives to be found anywhere, and when coated with

unders in accordance with intentions, it will rival the Lancaster turnpike, which is now the finest thoroughfare in this section of the country."

Apropos of Bill Roper's speech in Councils last week, it might be interesting to learn that among the bids for lighting which were placed before Councils' Finance Committee on January 21st 1896, the Wissahickon Electric Company proposed to light the East River Drive and Wissahickon Drive lamps from sunset to sunrise for \$12.60 per month, and from sunset to 1 A. M. for \$10.75.

The highest point in Philadelphia county is along Summit avenue, in Chestnut Hill, which is 433 feet above the city datum, that being 2.25 feet above high water in the Delaware river. The line traversed by Ridge avenue, which took its name from the "ridge" running through the upper portion of the city, is somewhat higher than the land on either side. The highest point on Ridge avenue, is near the Manatawna Baptist Church, and is 416 feet above city datum. From this point on the Ridge road, the highway gradually continues down grade until Reading is reached, when once more it rises and exceeds the high point in Roxborough. At Ridge avenue and the County line the height is placed at 397 feet.

Old time bicycle riders will recall the refreshment booth that William Gillespie, whose eyes had failed him in his last years, conducted at the steamboat wharf in the Falls of Schuylkill, just above Midvale avenue. Later on, Mr. Gillespie received permission from the Fairmount Park Commissioners to have a new stand erected in the rear of the Falls Presbyterian Church, and the new place also became popular with riders and pedestrians along the East River Drive.

Who is there that still remembers the Novem Social, which once existed at the Falls? Some of the members, whose names are recalled are Jean Maxwell, Rae Craven, Mattie Beary, Eva Conover, Emma Morrison, Jennie Morrison, Edith Glars, Florence Becker, Della Jamison, Margaret Peel, Nellie Crooks, Mary Schofield, William Wilson, George Pyrah, Ferg Reed, George Knoll, Gene Riley, Alfred Nelson, John Birkmire, David Boone and Charles Sanger.

Now and Then

One of the old time residents of Manayunk, and the Falls of Schuylkill whose name we often run across in the past happenings of this section, was Harry Stites Maree. Mr. Maree was born at the Falls, on July 31st 1819, his parents being among the earliest settlers of this portion of the city.

He was educated in the Old Academy on Indian Queen lane, which was built the year he was born. Of his associates at the school, probably the only two who survived him were the late Joseph Johnson, and Peter Shronk.

Mr. Maree, after leaving the Academy, learned the jewelry business, and subsequently carried on the trade of manufacturing jeweler, his factory being on Third street, near Walnut, and afterwards at Sixth and Poplar streets. He gave up the business in the 'Sixties to accept a position in the passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which he held up until the time of his death, on August 14th 1895.

He was a man who was extremely fond of his home, and he allowed no engagements to interfere with his pleasure. For a number of years he was a member of Crystal Fount Lodge, of Odd Fellows, and filled the various offices, but resigned from the order because the work kept him away from his home too often.

Mr. Maree was married in his early manhood to Rebecca Smith, of Manayunk, who was of Quaker descent. Mrs. Maree preceded her husband in death by two years. A daughter, Mrs. Virginia Hendry, a granddaughter, and a great granddaughter survived the couple, as well as James G. and Louis Maree, of Manayunk, who were brothers of Harry Stites Maree, and two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Wimpenny, and Mrs. Margaret Jones.

Another old-timer among the prominent folk of this vicinity was James Donley, who for more than half a century resided in the 21st Ward.

Mr. Donley was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, on November 18th 1817, and when five years of age was brought to this country by his parents, who first settled at Troy, New York, and then came to Mana-

yunk, where they and their family afterward resided continuously.

James entered the mills at Manayunk, where he learned the manufacturing arts, and for many years filled the position of superintendent of the extensive plant owned and operated by the late Joseph Ripka, and the last 24 years of his life was spent with Powers & Weightman, in their laboratory at the Falls of Schuylkill.

From early life James Donley was a member of Mount Zion M. E. Church, and for a number of years took an active part in the church and Sunday School work there. He was a member of Roxborough Lodge, No. 135, F. and A. M.

He was married in February of 1839, to Eliza Newcomb, who died in 1879. Donley outlived his wife by 16 years, he, himself, expiring November 17th 1895.

* * * * *

Edward Foster, one of the best known business men in the Falls of Schuylkill section, died on Tuesday, April 30th 1895, from an heart attack. For many years he had carried on a large business as a tin and sheet-iron worker, and proprietor of a hardware store at Ridge avenue and Calumet street, a business which is still in existence.

Edward Foster was born in Bolton, Lancashire, England, on February 16th 1842, and came to this country when four years of age, and settled with his parents, in Manayunk. There he subsequently learned the trade of cotton spinner, and afterwards was apprenticed to Thomas Wilkinson, to learn the tinsmith and sheet-iron business.

During the War of the Rebellion he had charge of the business while Mr. Wilkinson was in the army. In 1866 he began business for himself at the Falls, and in a short time built up a large trade, and became an extensive owner of real estate.

In young manhood, Mr. Foster was married to Miss Margaret F. Pyrott, who outlived her husband.

Mr. Foster was a member of the Falls Methodist Church, and for a number of years served on its Board of Trustees. He was also District Steward of the Northwest Conference. In addition to being a member of many fraternal orders he was on the Board of Managers of the Manayunk Trust Company.

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There are still a goodly number of people who remember Matthias

Zimmer, who once lived at the Falls of Schuylkill.

Mr. Zimmer was a native of Germany, where he had won distinction in the army. After coming to the United States, Zimmer enlisted in the army here and served with honor for five years.

Mr. Zimmer, who was noted for his broad intelligence, kindly disposition, Christian charity, and true manliness, had a rather unpleasant experience in 1872, when Mayor Stokely was first inaugurated. The

Mayor appointed Zimmer a policeman, and gave him an order for a uniform.

When the news of the appointment reached the Falls, some influential politicians put their heads together and because Mr. Zimmer belonged to the Catholic Church they objected to the appointment and induced the Mayor to re-consider his action. Having accomplished their purpose, they attempted to convince fair-minded Republicans that the action had been taken because Mr. Zimmer had once been a Democrat.

This fine old character, who had plied the trade of shoe-making, died in 1895, with solemn rites being held in St. Bridget's Church, and the interment being made in St. Mary's Cemetery, Roxborough.

* * * * *

Among the first settlers of Lower Merion Township, were the Roberts' family. In the days when they first came here, the township extended down to the neighborhood of Memorial Hall.

In 1897, after standing for almost two centuries, the old Roberts' homestead, on the Rubican estate, near what is now Falls road, was demolished. Robert Roberts, his father, Titus Roberts, and his grandfather, Robert Roberts were born and reared in the old building, which at the time it was torn down, was in splendid condition.

SCCAFF

Booklet Tells Of Company Of Dragoons

State Organization Was Pride
and Glory of
Roxborough

JONES WAS CAPTAIN

Drunkenness On Parade
Was Considered an Un-
forgivable Offense

With the ex-service men's rites for their fallen comrades of last Monday, things military came to mind, and with them a little booklet, from Captain Charles Thomson Jones, of Green lane, Roxborough, entitled "The Constitution and By-Laws of the First Company, Pennsylvania Dragoons".

The laws of this old local military company, which was the pride and glory of the residents of this vicinity just after the Mexican War and previous to the Civil Conflict, bears the adoption date of December 1848.

Among the articles in the pamphlet is Number V, which reads as follows: "No person shall ever become a member unless he is a citizen of the United States, and as soon as he is elected, he shall be notified to attend the next meeting of the company and sign the Constitution, and receive the equipments allowed by the State."

And those who would have a return of the "good old wet days", are given an idea of how inebriation was considered among the respectable people of the community, by reading a portion of Article VIII, which is worded thus: "Drunkenness in parade is a fault so degrading and disgraceful to the whole corps, that it shall be punished by instant expulsion from the Troop, without any formality."

The equipped members of the First Company, Pennsylvania Dragoons, of Roxborough, in January of 1857, were: Captain, Charles Thomson Jones; Lieutenants, Wil-

liam Kirk, John S. Nicholas and Daniel Arbuckle; Ensign, Nathan L. Jones; Quartermaster, George W. Hipple; Assistant Quartermaster, Henry K. B. Ogle; Surgeon, Dr. J. M. Morrison; Sergeants, William Wright, Maris Wright and James F. Nicholas; Corporals, George Kirkner, John Morton, John Hinkel and Edward Strouss.

The Privates were: Maurice M. Levering, John R. Benson, Daniel R. Umstead, Josiah Umstead, Alexander Crooks, Charles H. Sutton, J. Gordon Kitchen; William Adams, Moses Miller, Madison Richmond, Robert Roberts, James Bowker, Chalkley James, Henry Raynor, John Harris, John Sharpleigh, J. Bolton Winpenny, Thomas Rickards, James Simpson, Jacob Wright, Henry Mower, George R. Dager, George Moyer, David M. Beck, James McFadden, Daniel Kirkner, William Ashton, James Coleman, James Baldwin, Joseph McDowell, Peter Wise, Arnold Hihley, Edward Holgate, Charles Ehresman, George Tams, Richard Blunden and James Lisle.

SCCAFF.

June 9, 1932

Now and Then

The Wissahickon Valley, with its graceful curvings, sloping hills, and lofty hemlocks and other trees, has been the theme for poets who derived their inspiration from its majestic beauty, and of other writers who in classic prose have attempted to portray some of its attractions. It is still, and probably always will be, the admiration of all who travel through the vale. A geologist, who with his hammer and magnifying glass, tramped along the rocky embankment a short time ago, declared the valley is older than that of the Schuylkill, and that long before the latter was formed, the Wissahickon was there. He exhibited specimens of rock which he said belonged to the azoic age. These disclosed by their wave-like lines that they had been belched forth while in a molten state by the force of a great internal heat. Upon the surface were seen reddish colored crystals, the American garnet, some 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 below where the intake of the Queen Lane Pumping Station is located. This tradition was somewhat verified some years ago, when the excavation for Gustine Lake was made in Robeson's old meadow, when evidence of the bottom of a creek or river bed was found by the workmen. When the great flood of water swept down the valley on the night of October 14th, 1877, it tore a deep gully across Ridge avenue a short distance below the lower side of the creek, and there was revealed the foundation and part of the wall of a stone spring house, which presumably once stood at the shore of the creek.

The valley, in the estimation of many, becomes more attractive as the years go by, and it is visited by thousands who stroll along the bridle paths; roll along some of the drives in automobiles; or ride along other, less frequented roads on

horseback.

It is interesting to look over some of the old financial reports of the Roxborough Poor Board and note the difference between the cost of maintaining the farm in the old days, and today.

In the report of 1884, for instance, the receipts for the sale of farm products was \$668.40, which was exactly the amount of the expenditures for the farm. The total receipts were \$3,247.47. Among the work done by the Board of Overseers of that year, which was composed of John Culp, Nicholas Rittenhouse and D. W. Bussinger, with Thomas G. Wyatt, N. L. Jones, and John A. Markley, as auditors; was relief for the poor of the district, not residing at the poor farm, amounting to \$785.11.

Printing and advertising amounted to \$18.00 and a coffin and hearse hire totaled \$10. The auditors received \$6.00 salary, the steward was paid \$547.93 for two years work, the secretary received the munificent pay of \$2.50 for 15 months' work, and the treasurer was paid \$60.00 for three years' watchfulness over the elusive nickels. The population of the Poor Farm in January, 1885, was 7 persons.

And a loan of \$600 was repaid to the Germantown National Bank.

In the 1895 report which is signed by Overseers, William C. Hamilton, William Ring and D. W. Bussinger and auditors, Joseph H. Foering, Samuel D. Evans and W. P. Brooks, the farm receipts amounted to \$869.93, with the farm expenses only being \$581.71.

The total receipts were \$3,934.62. Out-door relief that year summed up to \$539.82. Among the house expense items was one of \$19.75 for tobacco and another of \$25 for the matron's salary for one year. Advertising and printing amounted to \$67.55; the auditors received \$12.00 for their hire, the secretary \$100, and the treasurer \$20. The population of the Poor Farm in February of 1896 was 14; 10 being males and 4 females.

In the earliest sketches of the Falls of Schuylkill which was then called Fort St. David's, the Falls Hotel, more familiarly known today as "Whalen's" is easily identified, but there are no traces of Watkin's Ferry which was in the old days before the bridges, the only way of access across the Schuylkill in back

of the old hotel.

Once there stood along the river at this point a frame ferry house, at the foot of a roadway that led from the Ridge road on the upper side of the hotel, between it and the present-day automobile accessory store. Beside the house was an immense tree, which it is believed was willow, to which one end of the ferry rope was fastened. The other end, on the west side of the river, was fastened to a large iron ring which was attached to a rock above the River road, near Simpson's old barn. In its last days this ferry was attended by George Glanding, whose family occupied the dwelling. George Glanding's father, Archibald Glanding, and Peter Shronk, were predecessors as the ferry tenders.

On the west side of the river the ferry road led up to the hill back of Simpson's barn, crossed the Reading railroad tracks, after the latter had been laid in 1840, and ran along the base of Chamonix hill, and out towards "Five Points", coming up on the opposite embankment at the turn of the Falls road. Until the Falls road was built, in 1850, to connect with the Falls bridge, built two years previously, Ferry road was the only one leading from the Schuylkill to what is now Bala, Merion, and other points in Montgomery County.

In the years which have fled, boys of the neighborhood would unfasten the old scow, pole it up the river toward Wissahickon, and set the boat adrift as they discarded their clothing and went into swim. And many a time, it is said, that old scow held a good load of apples which had been purloined from Jesse Evans' orchard, near the mouth of the creek.

One of the many interesting characters who lived in the Falls of Schuylkill, at one time or another, was John H. Richards, an Alsatian Frenchman, who came to this country as a young man and worked at brush-making. In Virginia he had become acquainted with a naturalist, named Dr. Holbrook, who was a friend of the great Agassiz. The latter, one day, told Richards to draw him a gold fish that was swimming in a bowl. To please the scientist he did so, but when the youthful artist handed the professor the drawing it was torn up with the remark, "Go draw the fish!"

This was repeated several times, until an acceptable drawing was

made. Then the scientist showed Richard how to color it to nature.

From that day Richards gave up brush-making and took to drawing and coloring and became one of the country's best artists in that line, and for years was employed by the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, D. C.

He lived with a woman whom everybody thought was his wife, until the Civil War, when it became known that they had never been married. He had signed over his property to her as he entered the army, and when she learned that he had told their secret, she willed the property to a nephew and a friend.

Richards brought suit against her, but lost the case. However, it was compromised and the couple resumed their former relationship and lived happily together until about 1869 when death claimed the woman and separated them.

SCCAFF.

9-23-32.

Now and Then

When Philip Guckes purchased the Abraham Martin property on School House lane, about fifty-five years ago, and started a beer brewery he purposed turning the place into a pleasure park. Finding that the Martin locality was not easy of access re-rented a property at School House lane, and the Reading railroad, from James Dobson, on which he erected a hotel, ten pin alley, pavilions, dance floor and other structures and laid the grounds out for what a short time was called Guckes Park. The park extended down School House lane, to Ridge avenue, and along the railroad and avenue to a short distance below the Wissahickon creek. There was an older hotel building, on the corner of School House lane and Ridge avenue, with a shaded and winding path leading to the upper hotel and park.

The enterprise did not prove much of a success, and the park became what was termed a "white elephant," and was soon closed. The Brooks high license law put an end to the saloons and the buildings soon became dilapidated.

The property, which was acquired in 1864 by James Dobson from the

estate of Jonathan Robeson, had been in the Robeson family since the latter part of the 17th century, when it was purchased from the Penns. Mr. Dobson had intended to build a mansion on the property, but changed his mind and erected the big house at Henry and Abbottsford avenues.

About 1910, or possibly a year or two later, Mr. Dobson erected a series of red brick buildings on the railroad front of the School lane property, and with his nephew, Charles Schofield, of Roxborough, started an independent match factory. After a brief existence there was several fires in the factory, and finally most of the property was destroyed. The plant was rebuilt and business was resumed, only to be soon afterward relinquished.

The "Old Park" as the property was long known was subsequently purchased by Frank B. Jones. In clearing away for new buildings workmen removed the old fifth milestone on Ridge avenue, which for 95 years had stood in its position to mark the distance from Ninth and Vine streets, on the Ridge turnpike. A photograph of this old milestone, with a brief sketch of the Ridge pike appeared many years ago in one of the Philadelphia daily papers.

While telling of this fifth milestone, it might be well to mention that the Fourth milestone when last seen was serving as an abutment block at an alley in the rear of property at Scott's lane and Ridge avenue. The Sixth milestone was recently located in the vicinity of Markle street and Ridge avenue, in Roxborough.

Adjoining the Old Park property at School lane, on the north still stands (in Barnett's Garden) the old Stritzel cooper shop, and dwelling. In the cooper shop, for more than a century, the Stritzel's made flour barrels for the Robeson grist mill that stood at the Wissahickon road and Ridge turnpike.

High Bridge Hotel, now Barnett's Garden, was originally the old Robeson homestead, until it was purchased in 1864 by James Dobson, who modernized the old dwelling and occupied it as his residence until the Bella Vista, on the top of the Falls of Schuylkill hills was completed.

Some comparison of the difficulties which are being met by the people of this vicinity, during this present "depression" with those who experienced the "panic" of

1857, may be gained from an old newspaper clipping which was taken from a local newspaper of that period.

Men who had been accustomed to receiving \$12 and \$15 per week in Simpson's silk handkerchief works, at West Falls, which was considered "big money" in those days, were willing to work for a dollar a day rather than be idle. So comparatively speaking, 1857 wasn't so terrible after all.

Some of the men walked long distances to work on farms for 75 cents per day and their meals. Today there is no work anywhere within walking distance. The men of 1857 took most of their pay out in potatoes, cabbage and turnips. Today the various welfare societies have to provide these.

In an old account book, of a supervisor of roads in North Penn Township, it is stated that the men received a dollar a day three years previous to the panic of 1857. Some

of the men, whose names are well known in this vicinity, managed to own building and loan shares and built their own homes. Try that today on a dollar per diem. A gold dollar went as far then towards filling a market basket as a \$5 bill would today. The people lived the simple life - - - no electric lighting, no telephones, no gas bills, no reason to use transportation only to get into town occasionally, for they worked near their homes - - - knew few of the comforts, conveniences and luxuries which working people of today must buy whether they will or no. Seldom was anyone found on the streets after 10 P. M. Most of the people worked harder - - - although there are plenty who are willing to work just as hard today - - - they kept out of debt, helped those in trouble - - - now not many are able to help even one other - - - and as a general thing new more happiness than the present generation.

There is much discussion going on in the East Falls section these days of re-opening, as a community centre, the old Y. W. C. A. Buildings at the corner of Ridge avenue and Ferry road. On this site was an old structure which held the distinction of being the first place in which lager beer was sold at the Falls. The YWCA buildings adjoin Hagner's old drug mill, part of which can still be seen at the rear of a three story dwelling. The old mill was converted into dwell-

ings and stores by Winbald Nagle, who used part of the basement for his slaughter house when he carried on an extensive butcher business. In these days the structure abutted on Dobson's Run - - - formerly Falls Creek - - - and all the refuse was carried down the run into the Schuylkill. Originally the drug mill stood back from Ridge avenue, with the run flowing in front, a bridge affording entrance to the mill.

There are still many residents of the 21st Ward and vicinity who remember Robert Maurice Laycock, one of this section's most efficient news reporters, who died at 3221 North Carlisle street, on March 20th, 1919, after a long illness.

Laycock was born in Manayunk on August 8th 1847, being the oldest child of William and Caroline Holt Laycock. After receiving a public school education, he went with his parents to Burlington, New Jersey. Subsequently the family moved to Gynnedd, Montgomery County, where young Bob helped to conduct the Niagra Farms. In 1878 he returned to Manayunk, where he kept a stationery store and conducted a newspaper route. In 1885 he was appointed a deputy collector of internal revenue, and served through President Cleveland's first term. On July 30th 1889, he began his career as a reporter on the Philadelphia Record, continuing until the August previous to his death, when he was forced to retire.

Laycock made a specialty of reporting horse races and became a nation-wide authority on light harness racing. He served terms as a school director of the 21st Section, and for more than half a century was a member of Manayunk Lodge of Odd Fellows. On November 18th 1869 he married Domicilla B. Gillespie, of Manayunk, who died on January 14th of 1917. The couple were childless. Peculiarly enough, each of Laycock's parents was an only child, so that he had neither an aunt, an uncle or a cousin.

SCCAFF

Now and Then

"I see the people are again planning to have a safe and sane Fourth of July," said an old man on Route "R" bus going up Ridge avenue.

"That problem, as far as this section is concerned, was settled way back some 100 years ago. Among the early advocates of the Independence Day picnics was Abraham Martin, who was known all over the city as a Sunday School pioneer. He lived on School House lane, and for years was the president of the Falls of Schuylkill Sunday School Association, which culminated in the Union Sunday School, then into the Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church, the first house of worship in that community.

"Thomas Mason Mitchell, for whom Mitchell street in Roxborough is named, was the superintendent of the school. I do not know the exact date, but it was about 1830 when the officers of the school concluded to hold a Sunday School picnic on the Fourth of July. It proved such a success that it was continued as long as the Union Sunday School existed. Churches of different denominations have been organized and each church has its own Sunday School, and each school, year in and year out, has its annual Fourth of July picnic.

"I have been observing these picnics for more than half a century and have never heard of a serious accident happening to any boy or girl. They go to a nearby woods, where the day is spent most pleasantly by young and old, with plenty of games and amusements for all. Old residents return to greet old friends on Independence Day, and these renewals of acquaintanceships are always glad ones.

"I remember on two occasions when the Union Sunday School was taken down the Schuylkill on a canal boat, decorated for the purpose, with extra horses attached to the tow line to insure speed. There was much fun on the boat for the youngsters, as there was afterwards in the woods.

"Roxborough folk claim the

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credit for instituting this fine old custom, and I won't argue with them over the priority, but if I remember correctly, old Abe Martin's Union Sunday School picnic, was the forerunner of the great affairs now held by the 21st Ward church schools.

It will be thirty-nine years next Monday, July 4th, since Gorgas Park, in Roxborough was formally dedicated, after the ground had been presented to the public by Miss Susan Gorgas, of West Chester.

On the speakers stand at the observance were such prominent residents as: Rev. J. W. Willmarth, D. D., Rev. J. W. Kirk, Rev. Mr. Moore, Dr. W. C. Todd, John J. Foulkrod, C. J. Walton, James L. Rahn, Joseph M. Adams, William F. Dixon, Josiah Linton and George West Blake.

The Sunday Schools of the 21st Ward were present in all the glory of their numbers. Rev. Francis Asbury Gilbert, pastor of the Ridge Avenue M. E. Church offered the invocation, and the assembly singing was led by Principal Robert "Dad" Murphy, of the Manayunk School. The Declaration of Independence was read by George B. Carr, a professor in Schissler's Business College, and a resolution of thanks to Miss Gorgas was read by William H. Lewis.

In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks, when from 5000 to 7000 people lined the hillsides.

The bill, placing the Park on the city plan was introduced into City Councils by the late Josiah Linton, and was referred to the committee on Municipal Government.

On the front page of The Suburban Press, for the past couple of weeks has appeared a boxed article informing the public of the annual distribution of free ice by the Glen Willow Ice Manufacturing Company, on the Fourth of July.

Which brings to mind the fact that it was about the year 1892, the Glen Willow Company started in business.

"Of all the human achievements," says an old news article, the manufacture of ice by artificial means seems the most wonderful. Since the time when the

electric flash suggested the arc light when properly harnessed to meet man's necessities, and the wide spread continuity of the current invited similar enterprise in the line of cheap, portable and inexpensive power nothing seems to compare with the latest discovery.

"To take water, so familiarly known, and amid the torrid heat of summer, to change it into ice by chemical or other means seem to border closely on the miraculous. And yet, not only has this been made possible, but the business now rests on a sound commercial and financial basis, the product being in its season as much of a necessity as flour, and it can be sold for less than the natural product.

"No intelligent person need be told that the Glen Willow Ice Company has 'come to stay.' The amount of capital invested is \$108,000; and the cost of the plant, including engine and storage houses, the necessary machinery, horses, wagons, tools, etc., is also \$108,000. The new stable, wagon sheds, etc., to be erected on the Ogle lot, Main street, below Center, are expected to cost \$10,000. The greatest daily output last year was 80 tons, and the works will be tested the present year to their full capacity, as there are already on file in the company's office to date contracts for wholesale delivery of 5000 tons of ice for the city trade. The number of delivery wagons run last year was 17; this year there will be 21. In winter the wages amounted to \$1000 per month; in summer the amount will be \$2500 per month. The prices will be the same as last year, and ice will be served on Saturday afternoons, for Sundays, and distilled and filtered ice all the season through."

As this item is being typed on Thursday afternoon June 23rd, the fire engines from all sections of northwest Philadelphia, are rushing to a fire at the paper mills in Manayunk.

On September 4th, of 1896, a force of mechanics were at work putting the buildings formerly owned by the American Wood Pulp and Paper Company, on the canal bank, above Fountain street, in working order. The plant, togeth-

er with seven acres of ground has just been purchased for \$38,000 by Alexander Balfour, who purchased the plant to manufacture straw boards from wood pulp.

Every effort was being made to have the repairs completed and the machinery in position to make possible the beginning of the work on November 1st, 1896. It was expected that the plant would have a capacity of 25,000 tons of strawboards weekly, but was to start out with a rating of 10,000 tons. The work was to employ from 60 to 70 men.

SCCAFF

July 7-1932

Now and Then

Last week we were handed four or five picture postals cards of views taken at the Women's Medical College, at Henry and Abbottsford avenues.

To anyone who was acquainted with the place a half century ago the change must seem miraculous. But the estate, whenever it was cared for, was always beautiful.

Abbottsford, so long occupied by the family of the late Charles Abbot, a member of the Board of Education and a great Baptist churchman, with its barn, granary, and outbuildings were in the old days kept in the best of condition; the lawns and garden orderly and the driveways were of the finest.

And then, for a couple of decades before the College authorities came along to purchase the ground and buildings, the place fell into dilapidation.

Abbottsford was in its heyday up until the time of the coming of the Brooks High License Liquor Law. At the time the site now occupied by the Queen Lane Reservoir and Filtration Plant, was occupied by the Philadelphia Rifle Club's Scheutzen Park, and many people in the neighborhood objected to the park owners getting a renewal of their liquor license.

Then the Rifle Club exerted its influence with the administration of Mayor Fidler, and had the city purchase the park and part of the

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site of the city's water plant. Originally it was intended to place the big basin at Chamonix, on the west side of the river, with the pumping station being located where Simpson's mills once stood.

In the August number of the "Proceedings of the Engineers Club of Philadelphia," in 1917, there was an article which referred to the Old Red Bridge across the Schuylkill at East Falls, as follows:

"In 1878 a wooden bridge, known as the old Red Bridge, was washed away by a freshet. In 1863 a part of another wooden bridge was blown into the river by a wind and rain storm."

The facts of the case are that the red bridge which was erected by the city in 1861 to replace the corporation bridge the middle span of which collapsed from the weight of ice when a heavy rain froze, was a covered bridge painted in Spanish brown, and became known as the Red Bridge.

On October 23rd 1878, the middle and western spans were blown into the river by a gale. The older bridge, painted white, which was the first on that site, was erected in 1848-49, and the western span was washed away in the record freshet of the river in September of 1850, when it was knocked from the pier and abutment by the bridge which came down from Flat Rock.

The only span of the bridge which withstood the gale was the eastern span which had been framed by Colonel James Steel, the veteran bridge builder of Manayunk. It was framed on the bridge approach, the other two spans being framed in Tissot's meadow and were swept away by a freshet with other valuable timbers, financially ruining Colonel Steel. The contract was later awarded to Stone, Quigley and Burton.

Among the men of note who have resided in the Falls of Schuylkill none did more good for the intellectual and moral good of young men than Nicholas Maguire whose name has been mentioned in this column before.

Mr. Maguire came to the Falls when a young man and for a number of years taught a class of boys in the octagonal-shaped building which once stood on the brow of

of Smith's hill, overlooking Ridge avenue, at Indian Queen lane, which the Dr. William Smith, the first provost of the University of Pennsylvania had erected as an observatory.

Mr. Maguire became acquainted with the family of the late Robert Evans, proprietor of the Falls Hotel, and married Emmaline, who proved to be a happy helpmate all of his life.

The Maguires had several daughters and one son, Walter, who died after reaching manhood.

Later Mr. Maguire moved down town, where he had charge of the Mt. Vernon Grammar School and afterward became principal of Central High School for Boys.

As a professor at the high school, he had as pupils from the Falls of Schuylkill, Michael Arnold, James Simmons Swartz, Jacob G. Walker and Charles K. Mills, every one of whom made an enviable mark in his profession. Arnold became a noted jurist; James S. Swartz, a leading transportationist and educational leader; Jacob G. Walker, a prominent Baptist clergyman, and Charles K. Mills as a neurologist of world renown.

Maguire left the high school and taught in other schools throughout the city, probably his last position being as principal of the Horace T. Binney School.

It was while in charge of that school that his pupils contributed their spending money to help a poor woman in Wissahickon, whose husband had been fatally injured in Schofield's mill. The money was sent to the Public Ledger office, and then delivered to the widow.

Tall and commanding of figure, Maguire had a noble face, beaming with intelligence and kindness, and in his later years a trick growth of white hair.

The first physician to dwell in what is now East Falls, that there is any reliable record of, was Dr. Jonathan Knight Uhler, who settled in that section in 1855, fresh from the University of Pennsylvania.

He opened his office in the home of Peter Shronk, on Ridge avenue opposite the foot of Calumet street.

At the time there were no local physicians. Dr. L. M. Service resided at "The Lilacs," in West Falls; Dr. John Conry, who served many patients at the Falls, lived in

Manayunk; and Dr. Thomas Betton, of Germantown used to come over when people were ill. Dr. William Greyer, a retired physician, who resided on Hart lane, now Lehigh avenue, occasionally came up on emergency cases.

Dr. Uhler's coming to the town was opportune, for a short time after he opened his office there was an epidemic of scarlet fever. It was not long before he built up an extensive practice, and he soon moved his office to 123 Queen lane, where his sisters, Eliza and Rebecca kept house for him.

A master in his profession, well educated, and a man of winning personality, Uhler became very popular. He married Miss Cauffman, of Wissahickon, and purchased the Dr. Smith mansion and large tract of property from John Dobson, and took up his residence there.

His practice covered a large range of territory, from Roxborough to North Penn village, and from Germantown to the county line beyond the Schuylkill.

In the height of success and popularity he was stricken with heart disease and died suddenly. Dr. Uhler was one of four brothers, all prominent physicians: Dr. William N. Uhler, who was head chemist and manager of the Laboratory here; Dr. Harry N. Uhler, of Manayunk, and Dr. Algernon Uhler, of Bryn Mawr, or Ardmore, being his brothers.

Dr. J. K. Uhler was survived by his widow, who died in California, within recent years, and one son, Jonathan K. Uhler, Jr.

Few men who ever came to the Falls did more to relieve suffering humanity, or won more friends, than did Dr. Jonathan Knight Uhler.

SCCAFF

Old Diary Reveals Some Interesting Lore of The Wissahickon Creek Region

Trip Up Baederker's "Miniature Alpine Gorge" in 1874
Recorded in Well Written Journal.—Pokes Fun at
Tedyuscung, the Last of the Leni Lenapes

An aged bachelor friend; one who possessed the habit of keeping a diary; who has since traveled along to a brighter and better world, left behind him in his many journals some interesting facts relating to the territory in which the readers of this article reside and with which they are well acquainted.

One entry, concerning a horse and buggy trip up along the Schuylkill and the Wissahickon Creek is particularly interesting to the writer. It was penned during the summer of 1874, and is as follows:

"Just above the Falls bridge, on the left, of the river drive of the East Park, we pass the Sphinx Rock, which possesses the merit, not common in these natural monuments, of somewhat resembling the antique figure from which it is named. What riddle does this forest Sphinx propound to us, and what would come to it if we should happen to guess it? We shall not try, for we have no wish to see it plunging from the precipitous bank into the river. Close by, on the edge of the sloping bank, there is a platform, in the spreading branches of an old tree. It is near a beer garden, by whose host it was erected, probably at the suggestion of some bibulous customers, who wanted to have a high old time there. Is the lager any better up yonder, Hans, than it is down here? He does not answer—perhaps, he does not hear, but he orders more beer, which is sufficient answer to the one athirst. Hans and Carl and Louis frequent in fine weather, Schuetzen Park, which is not far away. They come with Gretchen and Maria and Pauline, sweethearts and wives and children, and enjoy themselves in the old German fashion, eating, drinking, and mak-

ing merry. Yesterday the Turners were here; tomorrow, maybe, they will have a Schuetzen Fest. If there were one hundred holidays in the year they would manage to keep them all. When pleasure is in order, they go a'pleasuring; when labor is in order, they labor like men. Provident, thrifty, indefatigable, they are an example to our native citizens in the matter of work, as well as of play. Descendants of the same race as Kelpius, they have outgrown the ascetic follies of the Pietists, the Hermits of the Ridge, and the Tunkers; and if they occasionally make pilgrimages here, they come, not like the last, through the woods silently, following each other in Indian style, with the hoods of their gray surtouts drawn over their heads, barefooted, with cords around their waists, but in their holiday attire, noisy, jubilant, everywhere at home. Jacob Boehme has given place to Prince Bismarck, and Dr. Martin Luther to Lager.

"We have passed the Wissahickon Hall, where we can obtain ices and other diets in summer, and catfish and coffee at all seasons, and further on, Maple Springs Hotel, where we can satisfy the sense of the grotesque with Father Smith's gnarled statuary, and can procure row-boats for as long or short a time as we may desire. We could not have made this drive fifty years ago, for the Wissahickon was inaccessible then, except by by-roads and lanes. At the Ridge road, below, for example, a mass of rock stood on one side and a precipice on the other; there was also a fall, ten or twelve feet in height, where the brawling creek emptied into the Schuylkill. Now there are good roads here, as we see, on either side, for when one side is too mountain-

ous, the drive dertly crosses to the other. There is a bridge on the Ridge road, another at Rittenhouse street, and others above. Just below Rittenhouse street bridge, on the west bank of the Wissahickon, is the Lover's Leap. The summit is reached by clambering the heights up a well-worn path and by keeping along the brow of a cliff, or, with greater labor and danger, by struggling up directly from its base. It overlooks a wild gorge and is fully two hundred feet above the level of the street—a rugged steep of jutting rocks, shattered and splintered by frost and the disintegration of time. It requires some nerve to ascend it, for the rocks have, in some places, a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet. Kelpius is said to have carved his name on the face of the highest rock; but the act is not in keeping with his expressed wish to live without a name. If he carved it at all, it may have been in some ecstatic vision of the Woman of the Wilderness, 'clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and the twelve stars on her forehead.' However this may be, the inscription, if it ever existed, is no longer legible. The Lover's Leap is well known to artists, who are fond of sketching it and its surroundings, but it is seldom seen by ordinary visitors, who like to 'do' the picturesque easily. The most characteristic features of the Wissahickon lie within a short distance—say within five or six hundred feet of each other, in the immediate vicinity, but they are like a book shut up, a fountain sealed, to most pleasure-seekers, who only know of them by hearsay, or catch a glimpse of them from the carriage drive. But the Lover's Leap—what story or tradition does it preserve? We are not told distinctly, but whatever the tradition or story, it doubtless concerned some amatory scion of the Lenni Lenapes, possibly Princess Winona, whose memory and misfortunes are preserved, however, in another Lover's Leap, near the Delaware Water Gap. But what matter who was done to death here? Wherever there are woods and rocks and falling waters, there is a Lover's Leap, a Devil's Pool, and a Bridal Veil.

"A quarter of a mile below the Lover's Leap, there is a spring with which tradition has associated the name of Kelpius. It is about one hundred yards from the brow of a hill, which slopes towards the

creek, and is reached by a lane which passes through the woods above Maple Springs. It is carefully walled at the sides and back, and overhead, either by the hands of Kelpius or his fellow-hermits, and a venerable cedar, which he is believed to have planted grows out and forms a part of the wall to the left and rear. Its roots twine among and strengthen the old masonry, neighboring therein the gnarled roots of a stunted dogwood. A short distance above this natural spring is, or was, a hut, which is said to have been the home of Kelpius. It stood upon the side of a steep, grassy hill, with a southerly exposure in winter, and was made of rough-hewn logs, the interstices of which were plastered over. It was neglected after his death; the walls tumbled down, and foxes burrowed in the cellar. From this last circumstance the name of the township, Rocksburrow, afterwards Roxborough, is said to have been derived. The cellar remained intact, in spite of the foxes, and at a later period a one-story house, or hut, was built upon it. This was occupied by Mistress Phoebe Righter, a widow who took in washing there, and who died some thirty years ago, over ninety years of age.

Following the road upward we reach a bend in the stream, where Paper Mill Run joins it in a little series of waterfalls. Near the last of these, which has a perpendicular descent of twenty feet, stands the old house in which David Rittenhouse was born. A grandson of Garret, Rittenhouse—whose paper mill was close by—he was born in the same year as Washington. He worked on his father's farm in boyhood; but as he was often found with the plow idle in the furrow and the fence covered with figures, it was clear that his thoughts were elsewhere. When he was twelve he came in possession of the mathematical tools of a dead uncle and a translation of Newton's 'Principia.' These determined his career. Before he was seventeen he made, without any assistance, a wooden clock, and before he was nineteen he discovered, also without an aid, the method of fluxions. His father, at last, furnished him with a set of clock-maker's tools, and before he was of age he followed the trade of clock-making, rating his time by astronomical observations. The first work by which he became known, and which he constructed solely at night—in

his idle hours, as he called them—was a great orrery, after a new and more perfect plan than had hitherto obtained. But before his in 1763, he was commissioned by the Proprietary Government to measure the first and most difficult part of the boundary line, since known as the Mason and Dixon line. He also determined the line between New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, as well as the boundaries of other colonies and states, before and after the Revolution. In 1774 he was appointed to calculate the transit of Venus. He was State Treasurer from 1777 to 1789, and two years later he succeeded Benjamin Franklin as president of the American Philosophical Society; the next year was appointed director of the Mint, and the year before his death was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of London. He died in 1796 in his sixty-fifth year.

"We follow the drive a half mile and crossing the Red Bridge soon reach the Monastery. When and by whom it was erected antiquarians are not agreed. It appears to have been built about 1750 by Joseph Gorgas, a member of the Society of Tinkers. It was doubtless his intention to gather here and about himself a community of his own sect, and he probably did so, though not for any length of time, for in 1761 he was removed to Germantown and sold the property. At the beginning of the present century it was owned by a miller, and afterward was used as a paper mill. Still later it again became a dwelling, occupied by a manufacturer of flax, thread and twine. It stands on high ground, on the brow of a hill, with a range of hills lowering above it. A lane winds round the bend of the cliff, and climbing its steep sides forms, in front, a semi-circular lawn. Below in Willow Glen is a spot which is known as the Baptistery, where tradition says converts were baptized by the brethren of the Monastery.

"The Pipe Bridge crosses the Wissahickon about three miles and a half from its mouth. It spans the valley at an altitude of one hundred feet above the level of the stream, stretching from pier to pier in light festoons. It is of iron throughout, except the bases of the piers, which are set in masonry, and is a model of grace and strength. Its length is nearly seven hundred feet and carries two twenty-inch water mains, to convey the public water supply from Rox-

borough to Germantown. A little wooden bridge spans the creek a short distance above the Pipe Bridge. Above that, on the east side are Cresheim Creek and the Devil's Pool, and then a stone bridge with strong buttresses which brings us in sight of Valley Green. We observe the effect of this bridge on the water. Its reflection is so perfect on fine days that we see an oval of masonry instead of a single arch and its mirrored shadows. The deception is marvelous. Half a mile further we come to a marble fountain, rememberable because it was the first drinking fountain in Philadelphia. A mountain spring constantly fills its basin. No wine so delicious in summer as its clear, cold, sparkling vintage. It was erected by John Cook and Charles Megargee and is known as 'Pro Bono Publico.'

"We find fewer traces of the aborigines than we expect along the Wissahickon, and the traditions concerning them, when there are any, are vague and unsatisfactory. We passed one Indian locality, the Lover's Leap; we shall pass another, the Indian Rock. It is half a mile above Pro Bono Publico. The creek enters a deep gorge, the sides are thick woods, which are mirrored in the crystal waters. Stillness broods everywhere—the silence of the unbroken forest. But yonder, on the summit of the eastern hills is Indian Rock. The surroundings resemble a pulpit. Yes, it shall be a pulpit, and the rude figure of an Indian which stands out shall be the preacher. What sermons does this wooden orator preach to the stones below? And who is he? He was placed there, we are told, in memory of the last chief of the Lenni Lenape. He lingered about here on his old hunting grounds long after his tribe had gone. At last, he too, made up his mind to go, and gathering his dusky remnants, forty souls, as the missionaries would say, mostly women, he departed, bag and baggage. We may fancy him, striding away, with his blanket wrapped about him, and his tall feathers nodding, and the women following with packs strapped to their backs, and possibly, a papoose or two. Goodbye, Tedyuscung, and good riddance. For if thou art he, as some believe, thou wert addicted to firewater. Go thy crooked ways, bad Indian, or we will put thee in the stocks."

And so ends the entry of that trip up the Wissahickon.

SCCAFF

7/21/32

46

Now and Then

A copy of the Pennsylvania Gazette was recently shown to the writer. It was for many years the official organ of the University of Pennsylvania, and on the title page had this information: "Published 1729 to 1748 by Benjamin Franklin, Founder of the University, and revived February 1st 1918, as the official magazine of the University of Pennsylvania."

When Franklin founded the Gazette it had a limited circulation, and was brought out each issue with great labor and pains by the publisher.

James Milligan, who gave existence to the Manayunk Chronicle and Advertiser, in January of 1869, had almost the same experience as Poor Richard. Never did anyone enter upon the task of making a success of an enterprise than did Mr. Milligan with his paper. Old folk of the 21st Ward can recall his tramping over the streets of Manayunk, Roxborough, Wissahickon and East Falls, each week, with bundles of Chronicles strapped to his side. And tramping in those days was different to what it is today, as few of the highways were paved, so that in stormy weather the tramping was through mud puddles.

But Milligan did the tramping, told what he thought of the roads, and kept on telling his thoughts, until councilmen got busy and had them paved.

Few men were better known in this section a half century ago, than Perry Leveshy Anderson, a life-long resident of Lower Merion Township, in Montgomery County. In addition to his being for many years a justice of the peace, he was a licensed Baptist preacher, holding membership with the Manatawna Baptist Church, Roxborough, which he helped to constitute.

Perry was a regular visitor to the east side of the Schuylkill, and was well versed in two subjects, the Bible and the history of Montgomery County. He was a son of Anthony and Susan Anderson, and was born in the homestead which stood in what is now West Laurel Hill Cemetery. His mother had inherited the property from her father, George Latch, who manufactured shoes for the U. S. Govern-

ment during the War of 1812.

In his early manhood, Perry Anderson was married to Lydia Ring, a sister of William Ring, of Roxborough.

When Richard Vaux, who like his predecessor as Mayor, Robert T. Conrad, had his home part of the time in the 21st Ward, selected his police force he appointed Peter McGregor as sergeant in place of Robert T. Roberts.

McGregor was formerly a soldier in the British Army, and had a decidedly fine military bearing. He had been a silk handkerchief printer in Simpson's Mill, at West Falls. At that time the policemen wore no uniforms and were distinguished from ordinary citizens by wearing a star.

McGregor was a member of Roxborough Lodge No. 135, F. and A. M. of which he became a past master. With his wife Harriet, he lived in one of two houses he had erected on Stanton street, in East Falls. The sergeant, although a strong Democrat, had among his warmest and best friends, men of the opposite political faith.

SCCAFF

7/26/32

Now and Then

The heavy rainstorm of last Friday night, with the complaints of citizens in the Logan section, which is flooded every time such a torrent occurs, caused an old Falls of Schuylkill resident to recall the days when Samuel Mayberry had his store on what was Mifflin street, about 1890. The site of the store is now occupied by the East Falls office of the Commercial National Bank.

Every time there was a heavy rainfall, Mayberry was annoyed by the water flooding his stable. In those days there were no sewers to carry off the surface water, and great volumes of it rushed down Queen lane, above the railroad, Bowman street, Sunnyside avenue and Fairview avenue, now better known as Ainslie street. The flood would gather, at the top of Dutch Hollow and form a little river out of old Mifflin street. It

was no unusual thing for the crews of the old horse cars to shovel the accumulation of sand, stones and other debris off the tracks. While thousands of dollars worth of damage resulted to Mayberry, he never received a dollar from the city towards covering the loss. The floods were considered an act of God, despite the fact that their flowing down the valley was due to a large extent to the negligence of man, or rather, city officials.

The same old man also wondered what ever became of the hose carriage which was housed in Dobson's Mill before the Falls had a city-paid fire company. Who can answer that question?

Away back in the "fifties", of the past century, there was a little hand fire engine owned by Powers & Weightman which used to be taken to fires in the neighborhood, and on a number of occasions did splendid service. And where is this old piece of fire apparatus?

Where was H. Donnell's Leverington Horse-Shoeing Shop located? An old testimonial of the work done in Mr. Donnell's Shop is contained in a letter, which heads as follows:

Indian Rock Hotel,
Wissahickon Drive,
June 4th, 1894.

This is to certify that I had my running horse, Garrison, shod at Mr. H. Donnell, Jr's Leverington Shoeing Shops on May 29th. I find the same to be excellent workmanship which can hardly be excelled, the shoes being made to fit the feet, and feet not cut down to fit the shoes. I take pleasure in recommending the same to all good horsemen.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES WEINGARTNER.

Believe it or not there used to be some monster political meetings in the 21st Ward, in the days before the radio made campaigning an easy matter for candidates and their advocates.

On September 11th, of 1896, more than 2000 people were on hand at Kalos street and Ridge avenue, in Wissahickon, to witness the raising of a McKinley and Hobart banner by the 21st Ward Citizens' Republican Club.

The ceremony was accompanied by a great open-air Anti-Combine mass meeting, held on the same corner. An hour before the prin-

cipal speakers arrived, the streets were so jammed as to make them impassable.

The meeting was called to order by L. H. R. Nyce, who introduced Frank H. Garrett as chairman. Richard Patton, secretary of the Club, read the names of the following vice-presidents, all of whom were prominent residents of the Ward: James and William Stafford, L. M. Jones, A. W. Givin, Dr. James McGee, Ammon Platt, J. G. Littlewood, Curtis Knowlton, John Kenworthy, Charles O. Struse, Benjamin Kenworthy, William Somerset, Edward H. Morris, John H. Jones, John W. Dodgson, Frank Roach, A. M. Patton, Seville Schofield, Sr., David Wallace, John G. Morris, Archibald Hays, John Robinson, William M. Morrison, Joseph Jobbins, William Rice and George McKeown.

Among the speakers were Messrs. Crow, running for sheriff; James Rankin Young, Congressional candidate; Senator Bois Penrose, and Charles E. Boger, all of whom had made speeches at an earlier meeting at the Falls. The Washington Band furnished the music while the crowd awaited the arrival of the orators.

Among the young-bloods of the Young Men's Association on Indian Queen lane, East Falls, are George Allen, Bob Ransford, the Whitaker twins, Bob Adams, Alex Chadwick, Sr., Billy Campbell and a few others of like age, who spend their leisure in reminiscing.

Recently there arose an argument over the site of old Mund's Park, which was located up near the Queen lane reservoir some time after Noah built his ark of gopher wood. All those present differed as to the definite location of the pleasure ground, until one said, "Well, I'll see Sammy Garrett, and he'll be sure to know where it was situated, for it was part of the old Garrett estate which was afterward used as the Schuetzen Park". And sure enough he did, and received the information that the park was located between Henry avenue and Vaux street, and ran from Queen lane to a point recognized as the lot of ground owned by the Presbyterian Church, along Midvale avenue.

SCCAFF.

The Enigmatist

In an old book written in the hand of James Pemberton Parke, in 1802, are several unusual enigmas which are well worth handing on to the readers of this newspaper.

1. 2 pray meet me 3.
2. Why is a man above stairs murdering his wife, doing what every good man ought?
3. If you were upstairs when the house was on fire, and the stairs were away, how would you get down?
4. Why do white sheep eat more than black sheep?
5. My first, if you do, will increase,
My second, will keep you from heaven,
My third such is human caprice,
Is seldomer taken than given.
6. What word of seven syllables has only one vowel in it.
7. What word is that of five syllables, which by taking away one, leaves no syllable?
8. Pray tell me a thing, if you can guess,
Which by adding unto, grows sensibly less,
And yet as our daily experience shows,
If you add nothing unto it, the larger it grows?

(An Epitaph)

9. R E
 a D Erst
 AY. HE. Relies On
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 ALSO
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 E bro t He
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 I D
 Et I L L A nge
 L S C
 all H Imt
 Othe
 I
 R
 Sideest orse
 X T On

10. A vowel, a swine, and a sheep
 pray unite,
 They will show you a thing
 without fail,
 Though the least of the
 species will oftentimes bite
 And carry a sting in its tail.

More anon.
 Those who are interested in these puzzles will find the answers on the last page of this issue of the paper.

SCCAFF

Answers of the Enigmatist

1. Pray meet me between 2 and 3.
2. He is ABOVE doing a bad action.
3. If the stairs were not A WAY, you could not get down.
4. There are more of them.
5. Ad-vice.
6. Indivisibility.
7. Mo-nosyllable.
8. A hole in a stocking.
9. "Reader, stay. Here lies one Godart, natural son To Master Syl, near Abington, And here will James the brother bide Till angels call him to their side.
10. E-pig-ram.

E. Stor Sexton

8-4-1932

Now and Then

In an old book which named some of the old streets in Roxborough the possessor had written the new names beside the old appellations, and in the case of Creases' lane, had noted that this was now Fountain street, which was a decided error. Fountain street was formerly called Hipple's lane, and Livezey lane once bore the title "Crease's Lane." And the penman was soon "checked up" on his mistake. And how!

When the names of the 21st ward street were revised by the Beard of Surveyors, under ordinance of Councils, on December 27th 1895, the following changes took place:

Former	Present
Roberts street	Aurama street

Chestnut street	Baker street
Eckiel street	Boone street
Jackson street	Canton street
Cemetery avenue	East Connaroe street
Old Markle street	Dexter street
Centre street	Dupont street
Ann street	Eva street
Linden street	Fowler street
Penn street	Gates street
Adams street	Harvey street
	(now Salaignac)
Jefferson street	Hermitage street
Cedar street	Jamestown avenue
Warner street	Kingsley street
Church street	Krams avenue
Seig street	Laynton street
Crease's lane	Livezey lane
Walnut street	Mallory street
Latch avenue	Mansion avenue
Charles street	Markle street
Main street	Nixon street
(Upper end)	
Penn street	Pennsdale street
Robeson street	Rector street
Summitt avenue	Rex avenue
	(and back again)
Bolton avenue	Ripka avenue
Wood street	Silverwood street
Wabash avenue	Smick street
Poplar street	St. David's street
Washington street	Umbria street
Shur's lane	Walnut lane
Allison avenue	Wendover street
Fleeson street	Delmar street
Jeanette street	Rochelle avenue
Magnet street	Fleming street

These, with several others, of minor importance, were the changes which were made in 1895, since when several of the old names have been restored to parts of the various streets and in other cases old 21st Ward street names were given to new thoroughfares in entirely different sections of the ward from the lanes, or roads which originally bore them, often making it a difficult task for searchers into the past of things, here, to properly

locate old landmarks.

With members of the Roxborough Business Mens' Association stressing the fact that its excursion, planned for August 17th, next will proceed by Pennsylvania Railroad trains, direct from Manayunk to Wildwood, via the Delaware River bridge, and the Pencoyd Iron Works plant of the American Bridge Company, being apparently obsolete for modern bridge and skyscraper structures, a tale of the erection of the railroad bridge over the Delaware river is brought to mind.

On Tuesday March 19th 1895, the contract for the Pennsy's bridge from Philadelphia into New Jersey, was awarded to the firm of A. and

P. Roberts, the Pencoyd Bridge Company. The amount of money involved was about \$500,000 and the contract called for the making and putting into place upwards of 7000 tons of iron and steel work.

The contract included three fixed spans and one draw, and did not take in the elevated approaches on either side. The bridge is two tracks wide, and the spans 533 feet long; the draw being 323 feet in length.

The Pencoyd Company had its own corps of bridge erectors—the foremen at least—and as it had the contract for the putting together of the bridge, the railroad forces were not called into service.

The lack of approaches prevented any cars being run on the bridge, so that all the material was floated out piece-meal on barges and hoisted to the top of the construction trestle.

At the time the contract was placed, it was expected to have the structure ready for the laying of tracks on January 1st 1896.

"Have you ever heard of Kelly's Hill?" asked an old man, who was evidently attempting to test the ability of the writer, on his knowledge of local lore. And then we had to tell him of some of the descriptions of the Falls of Schuylkill, which Robert Roberts Shronk, the old-time newspaperman used to write for "The Reporter's Nosegay" in The Philadelphia Record.

"Kelly's Hill," once wrote Mr. Shronk, "had a double significance when I was a small boy. The grade on Ridge avenue, from the Reading Railway's bridge to the entrance of North Laurel Hill Cemetery, was one of them, the other was the hill that extends from the railroad to the original northern boundary of the cemetery, between Ridge avenue and the Schuylkill river. The latter was for years a popular resort for Fourth of July gatherings, and many a participant suffered from lacerations of the head as a result of the fights which took place on the hill. The name of both these hills was given in honor of a jovial Irishman, Richard Kelly, who kept a grocery store at the upper end of Steven's, now Ridge avenue above Scott's lane. Everybody called Kelly, Dick. In addition to selling provisions, he also disposed of gun powder and whiskey, as was the custom of most stores in his time. The grade on Ridge avenue is occasionally referred to as Kelly's Hill, but the real hill lost its old

time name after it had been included in the cemetery, and became part of that quiet resting place for the dead. The roadway in the upper end of the cemetery, which led to Laurel Hill Station, was once the approach to the bridge crossing the river before the railroad bridge was constructed."

SCCAFF

9-4-1932

The Enigmatist

Having heard favorable comment on the first series of enigmas printed in THE SUBURBAN PRESS, we are submitting the second set of riddles in this issue. Answers on last page.

11. a nepit a Pho na Wo! MAN
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WARE.

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ears
Whok now Sbu tinar un o'fye
Arsi n s o metall PIT
chero R Bro Ad Pansh einh
ER SHO Pma Y bea ga In.

12. What is that which God never sees, kings very seldom and we every day?

13. What part of a fowl is its elegy?

14. The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end
And the end of every place.

15. What I do and what you ought to do makes what you are.

16. My first I hope you are.

50
My second I see you are,
My third I know you are.

17. What creature is that which came into the world without a soul yet lived and had a soul, and died without a soul?

18. My first some men will often take,
Entirely for my second's sake;
But very few indeed there are,
Who both together well can bear.

19. Did you ever see a bun dance on a table?

20. My first is misery in the extreme,
My second oft endures it,
My third is that delightful theme.
Who with sweet smiles can cure it.

SCCAFF.

Answers of the Enigmatist

11. An epitaph on a woman who sold earthen ware.
Beneath this stone lies Katherine Gray.
Changed from a busy life to lifeless clay,
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends let me advise
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?

Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher or broad pan
She in her shop may be again.

12. An equal.
13. L E G.
14. The letter "E."
15. Love-ly.
16. Wel-come.
17. The whale which swallowed Jonah.
18. Mis-fortune.
19. Abundance on a table. Often!
20. Wo-man.

Now and Then

With scores of newcomers in the Falls of Schuylkill, especially in what is now known as the "Queen Lane Manor section," the writer is often asked why some of the streets there have two names.

Motormen of the Midvale avenue trolley cars are wont to inquire, "Why is this street called 35th street, and also Conrad street?"

When the city was consolidated in 1854 there was what were known as the city and the Germantown plans or surveys. They did not agree as to the location of certain streets, so it was arranged that the numbered streets should extend northward as far as Hunting Park avenue, and from that point on, the thoroughfares would be called after deceased Mayors of the city.

For instance, 29th street intersects Hunting Park avenue west of the Norristown branch of the Reading Railroad, while the same street line, on the old Germantown surveys, would cross a short distance west of Wissahickon avenue, near the Bucd plant. Therefore that part of 29th street, above Hunting Park avenue, was re-named King street, 30th street became Stokley; 31st is Fox; 32nd, McMichael; 33rd is Henry; 34th is Vaux and 35th is Conrad street.

And at Midvale avenue, to make matters worse for a stranger, 35th street is Conrad on one side of the avenue, and Warden Drive on the other.

According to what was once said by an old surveyor, more than a half century ago, when he was attempting to make the Germantown surveys correspond with those of the city, Allegheny avenue was the last thoroughfare that would cross Hunting Park avenue, and yet there is in the Falls of Schuylkill, what is recognized and admitted to be Westmoreland street.

Every once in a while some moaner in the Falls arises to remark that "things would soon be better if the Dobson mills would get to running again." But that happening is not very likely to take place. For the mainsprings of that once-giant industrial plant have passed on.

John Dobson the founder of the great textile business was ten years older than his brother James.

The latter, after he had passed

the eighty year mark, was once heard to state that his brother had started the business with a capital of less than \$200. He had come here from England, where he had learned his trade in the woolen mills, and learned it right.

Hard work, thrift, and a belief in the future of the United States, made the Dobson plant the greatest of its kind in the world. The names of this pair of brothers were international.

In certain important lines the Dobsons were textile pioneers. Red-hot Republicans they were, too, as is evidenced in some old-time speeches made by the younger brother at a time he was running for City Councils. It was the theory of both John and James that the way to make America great was to foster its industries and make it self-reliant.

The present generation cannot apparently understand how things were when the best always meant something that was imported from a foreign country.

In all the histories of the Falls of Schuylkill, there is none, or at least very little, mention made of the quaint old English style structure which once nestled at the foot of the hill in Roberts' or Rubicam's Hollow, which later became known as Anderson's Hollow, along Neill Drive. It was located not far from the locomotive watering station of the Reading Railroad, on the west side of the Schuylkill, below City avenue.

In this building the late Ellis Leech kept a tavern some 20 years ago, and at least three men lost their lives by being run over on the railroad in the deep cut just below the tavern, while on their way home.

One of these was Jimmie McCloskey, who fell on the tracks and was decapitated. His home was on Ferry road, in East Falls.

The other victims, John Cameron, Sr., a Scotchman, of Manayunk, and John Wilkins, a huge colored man, were killed at night and their bodies found the next morning.

In front of the house, on the upper side of Rubicam's run, was a pretty garden. The house was used long before the coming of the railroad, in connection with the shad fishery of Titus Roberts. When the building was erected, and when it was torn down is now past the ingenuity of the historians to find

out, although there may be some record of the latter question among the archives of Fairmount Park, of which the site is now a part.
SCCAFF

8-18-1932

Now and Then

Ferry road in East Falls is often the subject of conjecture regarding the reason of its name. At the river end of this road, which is located at 4100 block on Ridge avenue, the highway once turned southward along the Schuylkill river to about the foot of Hunting Park avenue, or Nicetown lane, as it is still called by old residents. Here the road went down to Mendenhall's Ferry, by which persons, light vehicles and horses were carried across the Schuylkill.

Another road led to this ferry, down what is now familiar as Robin Hood Dell, the lane being called Robin Hood lane, from which the Philadelphia Orchestra's summer shell receives its name.

On the west side of the river was the Mendenhall Tavern, and the road passed up the hill in a winding course, to Mount Prospect, which we, of 1932, know as Chamounix, and across the ravine there, then known as Bennett's Hollow, and up to Rockhill, now the Philadelphia Country Club.

The road extended to Five Points, where it connected with Monument Road, which continued on to Hestonville, once a thriving section of West Philadelphia.

At the Ridge avenue end of Ferry road stood the Jefferson Hotel, said to have been erected when Thomas Jefferson was president of the United States, and for years a popular resort of farmers who stayed for the night when coming to or returning from the city.

While this short stretch of Ferry road still exists, its old-time environments have gone, and its only use now is as an entrance to Fairmount Park.

Mothers are wonderful persons. They bring us into the world, and succeed or fail we are always sure that they will continue to love us to the end of their or our days. To the old saying about death and

taxes should be added, "mother's love".

One of the finest mothers who ever lived in the Falls of Schuylkill was Mrs. Patrick (Rebecca) McCarty, who passed on to her Just Reward on September 28th, 1895.

Mrs. McCarty had resided in the Falls for more than a half century, being 87 years of age when she

was called to her Creator.

Of her eleven children, only her son John, and her daughters, Mary McCarty and Mrs. Margaret Furlong survived her.

During the War of the Rebellion, two sons, Patrick and James enlisted in the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Patrick was wounded during Phil Sheridan's triumphant ride to Richmond, and the grand old mother, desiring to care for her son, journeyed to Washington, and at General Grant's headquarters received a pass written in the hand of that famous warrior, which permitted her to go to her son's bedside.

She arrived at City Point, when everything was in confusion, owing to an explosion of a mine on front of Richmond, but she brought her lad back to his home and tenderly nursed him back to health, only to later hold his hand as he passed away from the ravages of tuberculosis.

No kinder woman was ever known to reside in any community, and many of her descendants are still here to revere her memory, for when she died she left twelve grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren, in addition to her three children, to mourn her loss.

When St. Bridget's Church was founded, Mrs. McCarthy and her husband were among the little band which helped to form the church.

Men may boast of their accomplishments in life, but when it comes to the welfare and continuance of humanity, the palm must be handed to the good women who become mothers.

If someone were to suddenly ask

you where the heighth, once known as Colfish's Hill was located, it is more than likely you would say, "There isn't any such place!" But there was, once upon a time.

Colfish Hill was that section of Neill Drive, which winds up from Anderson's, or Robert's Hollow, on the west side of the Schuylkill river opposite the Queen lane pumping station. From there one may obtain a beautiful view of Wissahickon, Manayunk, Roxborough and the Falls, and in winter

the tall spires of Tloga and Nicetown.

When Neill Drive was graded the many curves were made to permit the road to follow the least course of resistance (to natural grades) and no thought was given to speeding automobiles. In fact there weren't any automobiles in those days. Part of the roadway extends over the bed of the old Falls road, which it meets a few hundred feet west of the Reading Railroad arch. The latter was constructed in 1850, when the road was first opened, and originally had a passage way of but 25 feet wide, entirely too narrow for present day uses.

SCAFF.

P-25-1932

Now and Then

Advertising in the newspapers, to most people, is just as interesting as the news items. And to the person who is thrifty the spaces which are paid for are of more benefit than the articles which are printed in the news columns and act as a "right-into-the-family-circle" carrier.

Advertising announcements in old newspapers give an insight to the past of a community, as well as the paragraphs which are devoted to the doings of the people.

Let's travel back, by way of some old ads of the pre-Spanish-American War period and see what was going on in this particular section of Philadelphia.

J. Charles Todd had a drug store at 4403 Main street, Manayunk; H. F. Wilhere & Sons sold the best Lehigh and Schuylkill coal, and also kindling wood "by the load" from their yard on Shur's lane; the Thomas Brothers had a Laun-

ery at Righter and Hemlock streets, Wissahickon; Nathan L. Jones conducted a real estate and insurance office at 4402 Cresson street, Manayunk; G. M. Priest, the pure food grocer, at 4329 Main street, had fifty barrels of Washburn, Crosby's Company's Gold Medal Flour for sale at \$5.10 a barrel, and Michener's celebrated sugar cured hams were sold for 12 cents a pound.

William G. Herrmann was the local agent for The Stratford and the New Franklin kitchen stoves and he sold his "large stock of furniture at Hard Time prices" at his store which was located at 4324-26 Main street.

C. O. Struse was at the same stand today, on Shur's lane, making "builders' supplies a specialty". Welsh & Ambrose, the plumbers, at Washington and High streets, were the 21st Ward representatives of the Active Furnace manufacturers. H. F. Morris, Jr., had a coal yard at Cedar and Cresson streets, and the Glen Willow Ice Manufacturing Company, on January 19th, 1897, held a meeting of the Board of Directors at which it declared an annual dividend of four per cent on all stock, the meeting notice being signed by John A. Eichman, secretary.

The Bell Telephone Company put in a special line and allowed 800 calls per year for \$90.00 and a two-party line of 500 calls for \$60. Extra calls were charged for at the rate of 8 cents each. A call was registered every time a user was connected for five minutes, or a fraction thereof. The rates were payable quarterly, in advance, and applied solely to calls made in Philadelphia. S. M. Plush was the General Manager at that time.

On Friday evening, September 11th, 1896, there was an "Anti-Combine Grand Open Air Mass Meeting, under the auspices of the Citizens' Republican Association of the 21st Ward, at the Corner of Ridge avenue and Kalos street, Wissahickon, where the speakers included Hon. Boies Penrose, James Rankin Young, Alexander Crow, Jr., Linn Hartranft and "other prominent speakers."

Landes and Waterhouse had their "light carriage works" on the east side of Ridge avenue above Paoli avenue, in Roxborough, where they made considerable profit selling all makes of bicycles, and new and second hand carriages.

John J. Foran, the real estate

man, of 4416 Cresson street, was busily engaged in selling the "choicest building sites in the 21st Ward. Estate of John Markle, deceased. Lots on Manayunk avenue, Roxborough avenue, Levering, Cotton and Pechin streets, comprising the best locations in Roxborough for either the home purchaser or builders." The list ranged from \$300 up.

Leander M. Jones sold coal from a yard at the foot of Washington street, and William P. Stroud, in addition to coal and wood, purveyed flour, feed and grain, from No. 3702 Ridge avenue, Wissahickon.

The Manayunk Wagon Works was located on Main street, opposite Masonic Hall, where, stated Jonas Landis, the manager, "repair work was a speciality."

Burial lots in Westminster Cemetery could be purchased from George C. Bowker, at his office on "Main street next door to the bank," or from Theo. Elsasser, "on the grounds".

Milligan & McCook, who printed the Manayunk Chronicle and Advertiser, also done book and job printing at the northwest corner of Main and Levering streets.

At the Wissahickon Presbyterian Church, the Ladies' Aid Society held a fruit festival in Terrace Hall, on Thursday and Friday evenings, May 28th and 29th, 1896, with the ten-cent tickets being good for either evening.

Goshaw & McBride conducted a marble and granite yard at the corner of Ridge and Cemetery avenues, where they "furnished monuments, headstones, all kinds of building work on short notice." Howard Levering had just moved his Mt. Vernon Pharmacy to 4654 Washington street, and the annual election of directors for the Manayunk National Bank, was held "at the banking house, on Tuesday, January 12th, 1897, between the

hours of 11 a. m. and 1 p. m." at a meeting called by John J. Foulkrod, cashier.

Frank S. Whiteman, the Roxborough undertaker, whose place of business was on Ridge avenue above Green lane, made it convenient for his patrons to telephone him, by advertising his phone number as "25 D Manayunk."

John Harry Gallati had an especially fine assortment of brushes, brooms and baskets on hand, which

he was selling at reasonable prices.

Theodore G. Farrell, at 4378 Main street, made plain and fancy carriage, wagon and cart harness, and had "constantly on hand covers, whips, brushes, curry-combs, halters, wagon grease, and oils for harness."

Of course there were other stores, and other business men, but these were among the early users of advertising space, and if one will observe and remember the calibre of the men listed, they can readily discern who were the successful merchants, artisans and professional men of the past.

SCCAFF.

9-1-1932

Now and Then

John Levering, a grandson of Gerhard Levering, who was born in Roxborough, in December of 1723 was probably the first American to go as an ordained missionary to the heathens of foreign lands. He belonged to the pioneer family of Roxborough, and entered home mission work in Pennsylvania. In June 1756 he was, with his wife, stationed in the Moravian School, at Nazareth, Pa. In February of 1759 he sailed for Jamaica, West Indies, where he died, after a short service in the mission.

Sarah Bechtel, wife of John Levering, was the daughter of John Bechtel, of Germantown, who had united with the Moravians under the ministry of Count Zinendorf. After John Levering's death she remained in Jamaica, and in 1761 married John Merk, a missionary and native of Switzerland. They returned at a later time to Bethlehem, Pa., where John Merk died in 1796.

* * * * *

We don't suppose there are many people who are still living who remember John Reddinger Johnson, who resided at the Falls of Schuylkill.

John R. Johnson was a veterinary surgeon and also an accomplished druggist. Few men were ever more widely or more favorably known throughout this section than was he. In his early manhood he married Miss Amanda McEwen, a very

estimable young woman, who with her husband was a member of the Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church. Mrs. Johnson expired in early life. The only child of this couple, Miss Uretta E. Johnson was for many years a school teacher at the old Forrest School, which is now familiar as the Samuel Breck School.

Mr. Johnson in addition to his profession of treating ill horses and other animals, kept a grocery store at the lower end of Scott's Row, on Ridge avenue, at, or near where the Midvale Lumber Company is now located. Later he moved to Ridge and Midvale avenues (the latter then being Mifflin street), where he was succeeded in business by Harmon Johnson and Christian Hess. In 1857, in partnership with James Morison he began to manufacture mineral waters. Morison withdrew, and Francis Albright joined in the business, which was afterward carried on by Mr. Johnson alone, up until his death in 1883. In later life he married Susan Kennedy, who died a few years after their marriage.

Mr. Johnson was an entertaining conversationalist, being well informed on general topics and was highly esteemed in this neighborhood where most of his life was spent.

Said a local newspaper of June 1895: "Last Saturday a semi-professional ball team was organized here to be called the 'Wissahickon,' of which John Maxwell is the manager. The team is composed of well known players, formerly members of the Highland, Germantown, Cresson and St. Timothy's Clubs. The nine will be made up as follows: Drennan, catcher; Lancaster and Mason, pitchers; Mackay, first base; Cobbins and Merriman, second base; Brill, third base; Holmes, shortstop; Hawthorne, Conway and Gallagher, fielders."

Residents of this locality have often marveled at the lavish display which is made every time a Chinaman is buried in the little cemetery up on the hills beyond West Manayunk.

And these strange and wierd funerals have been going on since August of 1897, when a group of Celestials, through an attorney, A. Van Wick Budd, purchased the 110 acres of land at \$2250 per acre.

At the time of the land purchase it was the first, and only Chinese Cemetery in the eastern part of the United States, and bodies were

brought here from all sections of the country. Here Wun Low and his brothers may indulge in all their native rites, a privilege which before the establishment of the

nearby cemetery was denied them by other cemetery authorities. It is said that the wealthier Chinamen are only temporarily buried in this country, and that as soon as permanent arrangements can be made the remains are shipped to their native land, where their souls may rest in everlasting peace.

What a difference the Schuylkill Navigation Company, which constructed the canal up along the Schuylkill river, made to this section when the canal was placed in operation about 1819, or 20.

Then there were no postage stamps, houses and other buildings were heated by wood fires and lighted with candles, or smelly oil lamps. Gas or electricity were undreamed of. Matches were far in the future and fires were ignited by flint and steel. There was no police protection, and when a building took fire the yeomen of the locality fought the flames with buckets of water. The only local place of worship was the Roxborough Baptist Church. No newspapers were distributed and few persons cared to be away from home at night. When they were obliged to go out after dark they carried lanterns to light them on their way. And yet people were happy!

SCCAFF

9-8-1932

Now and Then

The electrification of the Norristown branch of the Reading Railroad, brings to mind that one of the great adventures of past years is now practically a thing of that past. We refer to railroad building. Sixty years ago, men in engineering and surveying professions could almost pick their own jobs in the middle and far west, on the great trans-continental lines of rails which were being laid across the country. Today there are sufficient lines, and the one time colorful and exciting job is done.

One man from this section who had a great deal of experience in building western railroads was

Major Amos Stiles, a resident of Roxborough, who at one time was the surveyor and regulator of the Fourth Survey District, which then supervised the engineering work in the 21st Ward.

Major Stiles was one of the men who helped to lay out the Texas Pacific Railroad, in 1872. He, with other members of a party, left Philadelphia on the 1st of June 1872, and reached the Galt House, in Louisville, Kentucky, on the 10th of the same month, enroute to Texas, said the Louisville Courier of that date, on "the morning train for the purpose of surveying the route for the Texas Pacific Railroad, of which Col. Thomas Scott is president."

The Galveston, Texas, Daily Times, of June 15th, 1872, said, "There also arrived yesterday the avant couriers of the Texas Pacific Railroad, in the persons of Major E. D. Muhlenberg, Engineer-in-chief Jonah Barrett, Zane Cetti, Major Stiles, F. Grove and J. J. Young, geologist. These gentlemen will all leave here on Monday next for the scene of their operations, and will commence them at the southeast corner of Jones County, running a line probably about half a degree north of the 32nd parallel, to a point say one hundred miles west of El Paso. We think it probable, when they return, they will survey another line half a degree south of the 32nd parallel, and return to the place of starting."

Mr. Stiles was at San Antonia on June 26th; near Austin, on July 7th; on the banks of San Seba, July 21st; near Fort Concho, on July 28th; and wrote a letter home to Roxborough, from the same place on August 1st.

At San Antonia, the Roxborough man, visited the "oldest church on the continent." He purchased there a pair of Mexican leggings and a sombrero, not without reason it would seem, as he said later, "If you ever saw a Mexican, you can form some idea of my color."

The party, at Austin, consisted of fifteen men, including seven engineers. On July 21st they were within 70 miles of Fort Concho which they thought they would reach within a week. They were then "constantly reaching a higher level above the sea," and found it more pleasant. They arrived at

Fort Concho in good condition, where they were joined by a military escort, rendered necessary by the presence of hostile Indians, and consisting of one company of the 11th Infantry and one of the 4th Cavalry. The party was then 226 miles from Austin and had 126 miles to go before getting to work, beside being a good deal delayed by the escort, which, on the whole proved somewhat cumbersome with its train of 18 wagons added to the freight wagons and two ambulances of the surveying corps, and but for which a decided forward movement would have been made on August 1st.

"Lo", the poor Indian was a great source of annoyance, and the pioneers clearing the way for "the footfall of Destiny" had to take him into consideration. They roamed over the country in small bands, stealing ponies, etc. Mr. Stiles, in one of his communications home, wrote: "Passed one man yesterday, near the roadside, that had recently been killed and scalped. Our party is too large for them to attack. Only this week a few miles beyond Concho they attacked the stage, killed driver, and stole the horses and baggage. They also drove off a herd of two thousand cattle on their way to Colorado. Owing to this state of things every man is a traveling arsenal, with Remington six-shooter, Sharpe's breech-loading carbine, and ammunition to match, making a respectable load to carry. Deer are plentiful but we have little chance to hunt them, as it is not safe to go out alone, or in small parties. But as the redskins only attack inferior numbers, the party is safe enough when it is united. At one place we stopped the camp was surrounded by 20,000 cattle awaiting a guard with which to cross to California, as the Indians are worse on that frontier than they have been for years. But these letters, which I intrust to some of their race, have, I understand, always been faithfully delivered."

With regard to the plan of operations, Major Stiles said: "We commence at Fort Phantom Hill, the latitude and longitude of which we will establish by sextant, and chronometer, to form the southeast corner of Jones County; thence along the southern border of said county, to the southwest corner of the same; thence by a straight line to junction of the Delaware

and Pecos rivers, continuing through the Guadalupe Mountains, so as to strike the Rio Grande somewhere between Donna Anna and El Paso. The party is divided into a Right, Left and Centre, with a chief in charge of each. Side parties will triangulate the country for 30 miles in each direction, so as to ascertain its topography, and general characteristics. After reaching the Rio Grande we will run south 60 miles and trace a contemplated line back to our initial point, side parties again developing 21 miles, by which we open up 120 miles in breadth—a cross section of the country and in the interval of the survey will have been measured 1100 miles of road. After our return we will probably be immediately sent back to locate the line decided upon, and after location, there is little doubt but construction will commence. The road, when completed will be the main one for travel from the East to California."

Local newspapers of the time when Major Stiles was in the Pan Handle country, thought that it was "somewhat odd that Roxborough, which languishes a railroad, should send her citizens out to confer the boon on semi-civilized Texas, and that it was really the sort of charity which properly begins at home."

SCCAFF.

9-15-1932

Now and Then

Registration Day in the 21st Ward, with its 31 divisions nowadays, is a great deal different from what it was away back in 1872 when John Hartranft was running for the governor's seat.

The Personal Registration procedures which are now prevalent, were not in force, of course, but it was necessary to personally visit the assessor and to see that your name was on the list; otherwise you couldn't vote.

The canvassers of 1872, as they were called, sat on the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 28th and 30th days of September at the following places:

- 1st Division: Fountain Hotel.
- 2nd Division: Old Police Station on Mechanic street.
- 3rd Division: Ledger's Hotel,

Grape and Cresson streets.
 4th Division: Metzler's Hotel, 4202 Cresson street.
 5th Division: Quinton Hotel, Main street.
 6th Division: Firth's Hotel, Washington street.
 7th Division: Markley's Store, 10th Milestone.
 8th Division: Riceman's Hotel, Ridge avenue.
 9th Division: Lyceum Hall, Ridge avenue.
 10th Division: Tolan's Hotel, Wissahickon.

Even before the first thought of Henry avenue, horse cars, trolley cars, or high speed transit, it appears that Roxborough was a difficult place to get to. Back in 1872 the old Manayunk Chronicle and Advertiser printed the following:

"We published on June 15th, a proposition to overcome the difficulty of reaching Roxborough from this place (Manayunk) by some modification of the elevated railway system, using an inclined plane, with a stationary engine at the top; and several gentlemen of Roxborough have met and discussed the project informally. A meeting was held on Wednesday evening, at the house of Rev. P. Stryker Talmage, Lyceum avenue, at which Mr. Thomas Shaw, of Eden Hill, was present by invitation; and it was thought that the cost of some such mode as was suggested would not exceed \$100,000. Several favorable circumstances connected with the proposed enterprise were mentioned, and we do not doubt that something practical and beneficial will result from the Conference, although no definite action was taken. Let the subject be fully discussed."

Few there are who can remember the old time Methodist "anniversaries" which were held in the little old Falls M. E. Church, on Jimmy street, which is now more familiar as Stanton street. The building stood, and still does for that matter, although it was converted into dwellings many years ago, on the corner of Stanton and Frederick streets.

According to old-timers, the "Anniversaries" were the great events of the year. The boys and girls of the Sunday school were drilled for weeks before the entertainment and how quiet they kept not to let anyone know the pieces that they were to recite or sing. There is

still one aged lady residing here, who, when a small child, won the admiration of all who heard her recite her little recitation, "I am a little curly head, my father is no preacher, but I love to go to Sunday School, and listen to my teacher." A drawing attraction was the announcement on the posters that "The Misses Simpson, of Manayunk, will sing." We wonder how such an entertainment would go in this advanced age?

We have no idea what gives old residents of the Falls of Schuylkill the impression that we are in possession of knowledge concerning the old town, which is apparently beyond the recollection of any living person. But apparently they do. We were asked a few weeks ago, if we had ever heard of Aaron Smith, who once collected toll on

the old wooden bridge which crossed the Schuylkill river where the present iron bridge now stands. At the time of the questioning, we knew nothing, but from sources which are at our command we culled the following:

Aaron Smith came to the Falls in 1832, succeeding William Davis as toll collector on the Falls Bridge and continued in that position until 1861, when the corporation bridge was sold to the city after the middle span had fallen by the weight of ice that had accumulated on it during a freezing rain. Mr. Smith purchased the toll keeper's frame house, and moved it to his lot on Ridge avenue, near Stanton street, where it still stands to this day. He afterward built a larger dwelling on the corner of Stanton street.

Smith was one of the best boot makers the Falls ever knew, and carried on his trade while tending the bridge. After residing in his new home for some years, he gave up shoemaking and was employed for a short time in Powers & Weightman's laboratory. Later he returned to Norristown, where he passed away about 1895. His widow, who was Matilda Valentine, survived him some years. Their three sons, Elwood, Howard and Alexander, and their sister, Mrs. Ida Smith Johnson, in the interim, have all followed their parents to the grave.

Another former resident of the Falls, of whom the writer is oc-

asionally interrogated was Sebastian Gilbert. He was known as "Boss John" and came to this vicinity as a journeyman baker for the late William Stehle. When the latter transferred his business to Philadelphia, Gilbert became the proprietor and one of the first things he did was to introduce the baking of pretzels. Gilbert successfully conducted the bakery for many years, until Stehle, dissatisfied with his venture in town, returned to the Falls, and bought back the business. Gilbert purchased a property on Lancaster avenue, a short distance from Monument avenue, where he continued the trade of baking. What happened to him afterward, we have been unable to learn.

—SCCAFF.

9-22-32

Now and Then

With the removal of the old trolley tracks, and the widening of Ridge road, from the Montgomery County line up to Barren Hill, the memorial marker commemorating General Lafayette's little brush with the British troops during the revolution has been brought into the view of thousands of motorists who probably never saw the stone before.

The marker, which is a marble representation of a tent, was erected by the Montgomery County Historical Society, back in 1896, near the centre of the ground occupied by the youthful Frenchman's troops at Barren Hill. The committee which had charge of placing the monument was greatly assisted by Levi Streeper, an aged resident of Norristown, who had frequently heard the story of Lafayette's experience from his grandfather.

Across the Ridge road, from where the memorial stands, was during the Revolution, a dense woods, which furnished shelter for a band of Onieda Indians, who were allies of the Americans. These natives figured prominently in Lafayette's clever retreat down Cherry lone to Conshohocken. Tradition says that the redskins remained under shelter until the British came within range of their guns, and then, firing a volley at the ad-

vancing line of Redcoats and giving a terrific war whoop, turned and fled down to and across the Schuylkill.

Old maps of the 21st Ward show that a great portion of what is now known as Upper Roxborough, was once the property of Henry Keely, who acquired title to the ground from Daniel Pastorius, of Germantown, at a cost of \$75 per acre. About 1890, when the city authorities took title to a part of the land for the Roxborough reservoir, they paid more than a \$1000 per acre. A brief of the title was read at that time, showing who had owned the ground, which was released on September 26th, 1681, by William Penn—this in England prior to Penn's landing here—to Charles Jones, Sr., and Jr. Among the owners who afterward possessed the property was Edward Shippen, one of Philadelphia's earliest mayors.

One of the old and respected residents of the Falls of Schuylkill, whose name is often mentioned

when old-time residents refer to the past history of the section, was John Maxwell, Sr., who resided on Indian Queen lane.

John Maxwell was born in County Down, Ireland, in 1834, coming to Philadelphia in 1852, where he learned mill and wheelwrighting at Wissahickon. He afterward carried on that business in Manayunk, and still later became master carpenter at the chemical laboratory of Powers & Weightman.

In 1862-63 he enlisted in Captain John Dobson's Company "I" of the Blue Reserves which served in the emergencies when the Southern army threatened Pennsylvania.

In 1857, Mr. Maxwell married Miss Jane Starrett, who lived until about eight months before her husband's death in December of 1904. Surviving Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were one son, two daughters, nine grand-children and a great-grand-son.

In 1855, Mr. Maxwell, with a small band of Presbyterians, organized the Falls Presbyterian Church, in the Old Academy on Indian Queen lane, and of that faithful group of charter members he was the last to survive. He, with John Porter, as an associate, were accustomed to call for the Rev. Dr. Joseph Beggs, at the manse of the Roxborough Presbyterian Church, and escort him to

the little mission at the Falls. For more than 34 years he served on the Board of Elders of the Falls Presbyterian... Church.

Few indeed, are the couples who round out a half century of conjugal felicity, and when there are any who do, all modesty about ages are forgotten in the happiness that prevails.

One oft-remembered Falls of Schuylkill couple, whose descendants are many in this vicinity, who celebrated their golden wedding, was Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Flanagan, both of whom were born in Ireland. Mr. Flanagan first saw the light of day in County Donegal, in 1852, and when but eleven years of age emigrated to Scotland. In the land of the Kilties he remained until 1850 when he made his way back to Ireland, only to return to Scotland again in 1853 to become a benedict.

Mrs. Flanagan, who was born Miss Anna Toner, had County Armagh as her place of nativity, and it was while on a visit to her sister in Scotland that she made the acquaintance and later married Mr. Flanagan.

In 1862 the couple went to France and for a time resided in

Paris, but in 1864 until 1879 they made their home in England. In 1879 Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan came to America and settled at "the Falls."

They were the parents of fourteen children, two of their daughters being nuns, one in London, England, and the other in Ohio. The Flanagans also had a nephew, William Bolan, who became a priest and was stationed in the Diocese of Indiana. Besides their fourteen children, there were thirty-one grandchildren and six great-grandchildren, who shared in the happiness of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Flanagan.

—SCCAFF.

School Pupils Of 50 Years Ago Recalled

Many of "Dad" Murphy's
Boys at Commence-
ment Exercises

METHODS CHANGED

Studies Were Not Made In-
teresting as at
Present

Children of school age, are not showing many signs of breaking down and crying over the fact that the infantile paralysis epidemic has delayed the opening of the city's places of instruction.

But later on, when the lost time has to be made up, by hard study, there may be heard many wails of despair. For in education, like anything else in life that is worthwhile, Time figures as a great element.

But even with all the hardships which the youngsters may feel the Board of Education will "wish on them," they have little to contend with in comparison to the days of their grandfathers and grand-grandmothers.

There are plenty of intervals in the life of school child, today, which are devoted to studies and tasks, both interesting and pleasant, rather than the "grind, grind, grind" over dry lessons which was the lot of the men and women of 50 years ago or so.

Back about 1882, the pupils of Robert T. "Dad" Murphy's Manayunk School, on Green lane, were taken to the Zoo, in the early Spring, and on a nature study and nutting party back near the Wissahickon, in the Fall. The remainder of their time was spent in the schoolroom, with no physical culture, no shop practice, no needlework, no psychological studies for them.

There may be those who are still residing in the 21st Ward who will

"get a thrill" out of reading the following report, of the 13th Annual Commencement of the Boys' Grammar Schools, of Philadelphia, which was held at Horticultural Hall - - - South Broad street - - - in 1882.

14TH GRADE

Distinguished—Orlando C. Harper, 95.9; Albert M. Levering, 94.8; John Kenworthy, 94; Clayton L. Tunis, 93.6; Edward P. Wallace, 91.1; John Rowland, Jr., 90.2; J. Hugh Wilson, 92.2.

Meritorious—Herbert E. Schofield, 85.8.

13TH Grade

Distinguished—Clifford Rahn, 90.2; Frank B. Dawson, 90.

Meritorious—Elwood E. Erdis, 86.3; Allan Koch, 85.7; Charles O. Wagner, 85.1.

12TH GRADE

Distinguished—Clinton A. Stafford, 93.2; Charles C. Simpson, 91; Horace A. Walton, 90.5; Edward Kaufman, 95.2; Nicholas Whiteside, 90; Paul Dewees, 90.3.

Meritorious—John A. Davis, 86; Alex Russell, 87.1; Emmett Mills, 86.1; Jas. I. Nicholas, 85.4; Arthur Robinson, 85.

11TH GRADE

Distinguished—Charles Broadbent, 91.6; Aleck Christie, 91.4.

Meritorious—James Bernard, 85.

10TH GRADE

Meritorious—August Miller, 86.6; Joseph Brown, 85; Florian Ambuster, 85; Lewis Frame, 85.

9TH GRADE

Distinguished—Harry Harper, 94; Francis Ehly, 90.6.

Meritorious—Thomas Lewis, 86.9; Walter Hornby, 86.8; Willie Brecht, 86.5; Harry Sobernheimer, 86; Ferdie Johnson, 85.6; Wilbur Pepper, 85; Alan Clarke, 85; Thomas McKnight, 85.

8TH GRADE

Distinguished—Harry Smith, 91.9; Willie Jackson, 90.1; Geo. Forster, 85.3.

There were but 24 boys sent from the two Secondary Schools for admission to the Boys' Grammar, 15 from Fairview and 9 from Schuylkill Secondary. This is only about one-half the number that should have been sent.

4TH GRADE

Distinguished—Samuel Wilson, 93.1; Charles Macaleer, 93.1; George Sheard, 91.9; Leon Klein, 90;

George Bratton, Sr.

Meritorious—Oscar Brooks, 89.1; Fletcher Preston, 87.6; Willie Shaw, 87.4; Harry Lance, 87.3; Richard Hall, 87.2; Kirk McMaster, 87; Hugh Gray, 86.9; Harry Birkmire, 86.7; Harry Coight, 85.9; Henry Brecht, 85.6; Martin Kineavy, 85.4; Charles Nuss, 85.4.

SCCAFF

9-29-32

Now and Then

One of the great Baptists of this vicinity was Reuben Wunder, who passed on to a Just Reward on Sunday October 11th 1903.

Mr. Wunder was employed in the United States Custom House in Philadelphia for more than forty-two years, and was a resident of Wissahickon. He was born in Germantown, February 24th 1821, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wunder, his father having been a soldier in the War of 1812.

The Wissahickon man learned the trade of printer and subsequently edited a newspaper in Schuylkill Haven, after which he returned to Germantown and opened a grocery store, which sold liquors.

While engaged in this business he was converted and emptied his stock of intoxicants into the gutter. On March 24th 1861, he was appointed to a position in the Custom House, where he remained until his death.

Mr. Wunder, as a Baptist, became widely known throughout the city, and helped to organize the First Church, of Germantown; Grace Church, at Mervine and Berks streets, which became Grace Temple at Broad and Berks streets, which Dr. Conwell made famous; the Memorial Baptist Church, at Broad and Master streets, and the Wissahickon Baptist Church, here. Of the latter he was the senior deacon.

The death of Mrs. Annie G. Hunter, of Roxborough, recently, brought to mind her husband, David Hunter, who was well known in the Falls of Schuylkill as a landscape gardener.

Mr. Hunter was born near Colraine, County Derry, Ireland, of Scotch-Irish parents, in 1835. He came to America about 1855 and

settled in Massachusetts. During the Civil War Mr. Hunter served on a provision boat chartered by the Federal Government to carry food to the soldiers. After the war he came to the Falls, and took up gardening with David Ferguson, whose reputation as a florist at the time was at its zenith.

Mr. Hunter subsequently obtained employment as the private gardener of Mayor Henry, who then resided on School lane. This position lasted for twelve years. He then spent three years at Andalusia, Pa. For the nineteen years following, up until his death in September 1904, he was in charge of the landscaping for John Dobson, the late textile manufacturer.

Those who have been observant about the weather have noticed how little rain we have had lately. On Thursday of last week the drought was clearly noticeable at Flat Rock dam on the Schuylkill. However, the "sharps" state that this is almost an

annual occurrence at this time of the year.

The newspapers of September 7th 1894 contained the following article concerning the shortage of water at that time:

"According to the oldest rivermen, the water in the Schuylkill at Manayunk reached the lowest level yesterday morning that has been known for almost forty years.

"The cause of the scarcity is the long duration of the present drought which has for weeks existed in this part of the country, and now the condition of affairs has become so critical that alarm is being experienced by the residents of Manayunk, Mt. Airy, Falls of Schuylkill and other places which receive their supply from the Upper Roxborough reservoirs. It is in that portion of the city that the greatest apprehension is felt because of the serious loss in pumpage for the recent break of the main pump at the Shawmont station. It has, however, been repaired and operations were resumed over one week ago.

"If the entire pumping capacity of that station, which would amount to 24,000,000 gallons in 24 hours, could be used, there would be no cause of immediate fear. But as the pipes leading up to the reservoirs are unable to carry the full supply there is some difficulty in keeping up the demands made on them.

"On top of these difficulties come the present reports of exceedingly

low water. At Flat Rock dam no water has passed over the top for more than a week, and in places the breast rises high and dry a foot above the water. The only supply which the lower river receives is from the Wissahickon Creek and a number of small tributaries. At Manayunk, above Green lane bridge, the tops of large rocks and the old stone piers of the former bridge, which have not been seen for many years, are cropping out several inches above the surface.

"So low is it in some places that small boys can wade across. Also the cofferdam along the outer side of the canal boat channel extends above the water from the Manayunk towpath bridge to Wissahickon, a thing which very few have ever seen before. The Wissahickon, which is one of the largest inflowing streams on the lower part of the river, has dwindled down to not much more than a brook, so far as the amount of water is concerned. But with all this scarcity in the streams the water department is keeping up the daily usage, but this is partly owing to the care exercised by the consumers in this section.

"Many rivermen, who have spent their lives along the Schuylkill, agree that not since 1869, has such low water been known in that stream, and some even say it was not so low then as now.

SCCAFF

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 laugh-
ing 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 gran-
ite gray,
Sparkling like diamond rocks in
the sun's ray,
Shall I look down on thee, thou
pleasant stream,

Wherefore, farewell; but when'er
again
The wintry spells melts from the
earth and air;
And the young spring comes danc-
ing through the glen,
With fragrant flowery breath, and
sunny hair;
When through the snow the scar-
let 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 beck-
oning 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 re-
joice,

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.

10-6-32

Now and Then

Although we don't believe there ever was a depression that was the equal of the present situation, one of the heaviest financial blows ever inflicted upon the Falls of Schuylkill was the removal of Simpson's Washington Print Works, from the west side of the river to Eddystone, near Chester, Pa.

The writer has a photograph of the Simpson works here, which was taken just before the removal. These works grew from a small shop which was originally erected by Robert Morris, following the Revolution as a glass factory, and that was later used as a carriage shop by Watson & Ogle.

William Simpson, Sr., a devout Baptist, started in the silk handkerchief printing business about 1835, and at the time of his death in 1848, was succeeded by his son, William, Jr.

At the time of its removal plans had been prepared for enlarging the plant by erecting an immense

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building above the railroad tracks, nearer Chamounix. But with the removal of the establishment to Eddystone, many of the local homeowners moved to the new location.

Another sad feature was the demolishing of a long row of stone dwellings near the Stone Bridge, and the desertion and destruction of a one-time village—Cooksocket—which was just below the railroad bridge, although a couple of the old houses still stand.

This change caused a drain upon the various business houses and churches in the Falls that was never restored, even in the heyday of the great Dobson Mills.

* * * * *

Several of the physicians in the 21st Ward claim Hahnemann Medical College as their alma mater, but those of the present day are not the only ones who settled in Manayunk and Roxborough to build up a lucrative business.

Dr. Jethro J. Griffith, was one of these. He was born in Canandaigua, N. Y., on January 13th 1826, and grew to manhood with but meagre educational advantages. During his youth he applied himself diligently to the study of such books as came into his possession. He came to this city and entered the Philadelphia Dental College, from which he graduated in 1855. Two years later he graduated from the Pennsylvania Homeopathic, now the Hahnemann Medical College, and at once began the practice of medicine.

Dr. Griffith was a man of sanguine temperament, positive convictions and unostentatious benevolence. After practicing medicine at Manayunk, for a brief period, he returned to Philadelphia, where he remained until after the close of the Civil War. He took an active interest in the abolition of slavery and was a warm friend of Charles Sumner and Horace Greeley, for whom he named his two sons. He was one of the first to respond to the call for troops and enlisted for three months in Company B, 18th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Returning to Manayunk he devoted himself to his profession and built up an extensive practice, also taking an active part in the temperance movement as a member of Manayunk Division No. 54, Sons of Temperance, of which he was a trustee at the time of his death on July 25th 1893. Dr. Griffith was a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a member of Hetty A. Jones Post of the

G. A. E.

In early manhood Dr. Griffith married Miss Phoebe A. Perry, a Chester County girl, and at the time of the doctor's death, Mrs. Griffith and two of their children, Dr. Horace Greeley Griffith and Mrs. A. C. Heft survived. The funeral was held from the family residence at 173 Green lane.

Members of Camp Fifty, Patriotic Order of the Sons of America, and the remaining members of Hetty A. Jones Post No. 12, G. A. E. are today the best of friends, but it wasn't always so.

Back in March of 1882 when Camp Fifty met in Lyceum Hall, there occurred a rumpus with the Grand Army men which reached the columns of the newspapers of that time.

Police Sergeant Levi Reger stated "that there were not four policemen present in front of Lyceum Hall, on Monday evening a week, when the lock-out of Post 12, by the authorities of Camp Fifty occurred. There were but two policemen and himself, and they knew nothing of what was likely to occur until some of the members of the Post came up and tried to open the door. Afterwards, when the excitement increased, he thought it prudent to have men enough on hand to prevent a breach of the peace. His men, before that, merely occupied their usual post, and he happened to be there at the time on a different errand. No blood was shed on either side."

An old veteran of the Civil War, recently told a tale of "Judge" John Kelley, who once lived on Laboratory lane, in the Falls of Schuylkill, relative to his enlisting for military service during the War of the Rebellion. Kelley, himself, told the tale at the tale at the fiftieth annual re-union of the Survivor's Association of the 88th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, which was held on Saturday afternoon, September 11th, 1916, at the home of William F. Dixon, at 8335 Ridge avenue, in Upper Roxborough.

Kelley, at the time of the Civil War, was employed by Samuel Frazier, who rented the Robeson Farm, along Ridge avenue, below the Wissahickon Creek, which included the meadow—now covered by Gustine Lake—on which Camp Stokley was located. One day he asked Frazier for a raise in pay and gave until the next day for the matter to be considered. The request was denied and Kelley told his boss: "Sooner than work for

you for \$12 a month, I'll go over in the meadow and enlist for \$13 a month." He said he climbed over the rail fence, walked down to the camp and was sworn in as a soldier of the regiment, and until his dying day declared that he had never regretted the act.

SCCAFF

10-13-32

Now and Then

The visitor to the Memorial Hospital, in Roxborough, if he be observant, will see there a memorial tablet to Eugene Nugent, and wonder who Mr. Nugent was, and what he did for the hospital. The following old letters may prove interesting and informative to those who have noticed the tablet:

Office of

Ashland Paper Mills

Manayunk, May 4th, 1893

To The Board of Managers of
The Memorial Hospital and
House of Mercy of St. Timothy's Church, Roxborough.
Gentlemen:

Knowing and appreciating as I do the advantages and benefits derived from your institution without regard to race, color, or religion, and as I have the honor of being the executor of the last will and testament of the late Eugene Nugent, who was in my employ as confidential clerk for about 17 years, and as by his will left a sum of money for me to apply to such charities as I think proper to select, and as your committee who called upon me on April 30th so eloquently pressed your claim for a donation from the said money, to erect a suitable building for an operating room, and that the said building could be completed at a cost not exceeding \$5000; therefore, in order that the said building may be erected as soon as possible, I have concluded, and do suggest to your committee that you erect the said building at once, and when it is completed I will pay over to you the sum of \$5000 as a memorial to my dear friend, Eugene Nugent.

Knowing that God will reward him for the same, I re-

Now and Then

One of the most prominent of the great Levering family, which first settled Roxborough and Manayunk, was Silas Jones Levering, who died on the 14th of April 1893, in his residence at 466 Green lane.

Silas Jones Levering was born in Manayunk, at the family's old home, which stood on what is now the corner of Green lane and Silverwood street. The building was the first large home erected in Manayunk and was built by Silas Gilbert Levering, father of the subject of this sketch, whose brother was the first male child born in the mill town along the Schuylkill.

Silas Jones Levering, while still a boy, moved with his parents to Roxborough, where he continued to reside until 1850, when the family went to Southeastern Virginia, living there a number of years, then removing to Baltimore, Maryland, where he completed his education, having taken a collegiate course at Newton University.

Mr. Levering devoted much of his time to historical matters and took particular delight in a biographical work on the Levering family, assisting largely in researches and aiding the author, John Levering, of Indiana, in his difficult task. Copies of this book are to be found in the homes of some of the present-day members of the family.

Mr. Levering was married on August 20th 1865 to Emma D. Rose, of Roxborough, and the couple became the parents of two sons.

Funeral services were held over his remains on April 17th 1893 and the interment was made in Leverington Cemetery.

One of Manayunk's early manufacturers was John Maxson, who was born in Halifax, Yorkshire, England, on March 20th 1826. He came to this country when a child, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Maxson, Sr. After brief sojourns in Baltimore, Md., and Linwood, Pa., the family came to Manayunk, where the father and son subsequently owned and operated the Phoenix Mills, on Main street, below Shur's lane, now familiar as G. J. Littlewood's Dye Works, under the firm name of John Maxson and Son. John, Jr., succeeded to the business in 1857. In October 1869, the mill was destroyed by fire, and

during the following year, Mr. Maxson removed to Chester, where he continued to manufacture jeans and cottonades, and for a brief period had associated with him, Daniel Wolfenden, who was from Manayunk.

In 1882 Mr. Maxson retired and removed, with his family, to Millville, N. J. and afterward moved back to Philadelphia.

Mr. Maxson was married, in 1849, to Catherine Hinkle, in what is now the Rudolph house in West Manayunk, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, pastor of the Ebenezer M. E. Church. The couple were the parents of ten children; grandparents of sixteen girls and boys; and also had one great grandchild, when Mr. Maxson expired on May 16th 1896.

At the time of his death Mr. Maxson was a member of the West York Street M. E. Church, and of Roxborough Lodge No. 135 F. and A. M. For many years he had been active in the affairs of Manayunk Division No. 54, Sons of Temperance, and also of the Knights of Pythias. Following services in the West York Street M. E. Church his interment was made in Leverington Cemetery.

Somewhere, in existence, is a little book entitled "Nuts for Historians To Crack," which was published away back in the fifties by Horace W. Smith, grandson of Dr. William Smith the first provost of the University of Pennsylvania, which this writer would like to obtain.

The work deals with the treachery of some of Washington's generals during the Revolutionary War. Smith who lived most of his life at the Falls of Schuylkill, was a son of Richard Penn Smith, and published other books, among which were "Smith's Works," relating to his father, and a two volume biography of his grandfather, the Provost.

Horace Smith studied dentistry which he practiced for some years

at "the Falls." He was a newspaper writer and at one time edited the Sunday Mercury. He resided for a while in Roxborough, from where he returned to the Falls and later had charge of and resided in the Penn House, in Fairmount Park, where he died about 1895. He was the father of two children, Richard

Penn Smith, 3rd, and Ella Smith, who died in young womanhood.

A former resident of the Falls of Schuylkill, while riding over Midvale avenue, in an automobile, admired the Library building which stands at Warden Drive.

"When I was a boy," he said, "there was a Falls of Schuylkill Library Association that did a great deal of good for the moral and intellectual benefit of its members. Every man of any account was glad to be admitted as a member and have the privilege of reading and studying the valuable books. I was not old enough to join the organization, but I knew most of those that did. As I think of them my heart feels sad, for practically all of them have passed away. The organization was kept up until the Civil War. The last four that I remember, who belonged to the Association, was Hugh Scott, Charles K. Sorber, Franklin W. Morison, and Adam Mettinger, all of whom have gone to the Great Beyond."

The mention of Charles K. Sorber, also brings to mind, a tale of the Falls of Schuylkill's early musical organizations, one of which was the "Falls Choral Society," which met in the Old Academy. The officers of this group of singers were: Charles K. Sorber, president; Smith Walker, vice president; John W. Tees, treasurer, and William P. Williams, musical director.

In an article in the old "Falls Advertiser and Riverside Gazette," which was printed by William G. Middleton, dated November 17th 1881, it said: "All persons interested in music are cordially invited to join this society. The expenses are to be met by the male members. It is earnestly desired that there will be a large attendance of ladies. We are glad the above society has come to the surface and earnestly hope that it may float successfully."

SCCAFF

Now and Then

One of the quaint characters of the Falls of Schuylkill whose name is occasionally mentioned by old people of the community, was Joseph Shantz, who had been born in Lawrenceville, Chester County, Pa.

After acquiring a common school education he came to Philadelphia and subsequently to the Falls, where he first tended bar at a hotel kept by Robert Evans. Sometime later Mr. Shantz married Mary Ann Evans, the daughter of his employer.

Not long following the introduction of coal as a household fuel, Mr. Shantz embarked in that business and established a wharf for canal boats and a yard on the east shore of the Schuylkill river, at the foot of old Ferry Road, near the Reading Railroad Company's Stone Bridge.

In 1851 he started a small grocery store in what is now the Primary Department building of the Grace Reformed Sunday School, on Ridge avenue at the entrance to the Falls Bridge. The structure was then owned by Thomas Shronk, of Manayunk, and Shantz, upon taking possession, enlarged the building and included dry goods, notions, hardware, cigars, tobacco, and liquors, and surpassed and like establishment in town.

Shantz, in addition to keeping store, took to politics, and soon became recognized as the leader of the community. In 1859 he was elected by City Councils to the position of Chief Commissioner of Highways, and the year following, sold out his store to Patrick Maguire, of Manayunk.

After completing his term as Highway chief, Shantz became a contractor, and in partnership with John Dwyer, proprietor of the old Rising Sun Tavern, and a man named Murphy, contracted to build the South Street Bridge. The enterprise proved a failure, financially ruined Dwyer, and had to be completed by the city.

Mr. Shantz bought the Thomas Shronk property, and afterwards sold it to the late Thomas Powers, who purchased it to end a litigation which Shantz had instituted against the firm of Powers & Weightman, to secure damages for his well

water, which, he claimed, had been spoiled by the laboratory. He and his family continued to live in the dwelling until his death in 1883.

Joseph Shantz at one time wielded a strong influence in the Falls of Schuylkill, and was looked upon as one of the wealthiest men in the neighborhood. His only daughter, Josephine, who had been most carefully reared, was married to Philip Woodhouse, a Southerner, who came to this section in the sixties as a clerk in Dr. Joseph F. Wilson's drug store. The girl's mother, survived her husband by a few years.

While Shantz kept store he had in the rear of the place a large office in which were a number of armchairs for the accomodation of his political and other friends. In that office the men would gather and talk during the fall and winter evenings. It often happened that the proprietor, while his help were at supper, would be so interested in the discussions that customers in the store would have to wait a long while before being served. This failure, or indifference cost him many a good customer, and more than once he was taken advantage of by the boys of the neighborhood, who often procured their cigars very cheaply.

Mr. Shantz bought his cigars wholesale from Lancaster County. They came in quarter thousand boxes, and were sold three for a cent. The cigar box was kept near the front end of one of the counters. The boys would peep into the store and if Mr. Shantz was surrounded by a number of his friends, one of the boys would go in the store, rap "Attention" by striking the side of a large-sized cent on the zinc-covered counter. The invariable result would be a call from Mr. Shantz, "What do you want, Bubbie?" On being told by the boy that he wanted a cent's worth of cigars, the proprietor would answer, "The box is on the counter; take three and leave the penny on the counter."

After an "all right, sir!" the boy would take the three cigars and as many more as he could grab in one hand, and leave the cent on the counter and depart.

Once outside the store other boys would ask him for a cigar, when he would answer, "Go and get some for yourself; the penny is on the counter." Every boy in the crowd would go in, in turn, rap the same penny on the counter, get the same reply from the storekeeper, and the last boy would not only come out

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with a handful of cigars, but also bring the penny with him, to be used on another occasion.

Shantz would be so occupied with the political and other talks that he forgot all about the boys, the cigars and the much-used penny.

Stanley Lee, the last partner of J & S Lee, manufacturers of cottonades, was once one of the prominent people who carried on business in section west of the Schuylkill river, at Manayunk.

Mr. Lee was born in Royton, near Manchester, England, and came to this country when about 7 years of age.

Previously to removing to Conshohocken, about 1860, he was engaged in the manufacturing business on Mill Creek, and prior to that period, resided for a time in Philadelphia. He and his brother made cotton goods on an extensive scale and conducted one of the largest plants of the kind in this portion of Pennsylvania. His brother expired about 1873, and from that time on the mill was run by Stanley.

At the time of his death Mr. Lee was in his 77th year. He was survived by his wife and daughter, Mrs. John F. Bowker, whose husband, formerly of Manayunk, was put in control of the business of his father-in-law.

SCCAFF

11-23-1932

Now and Then

With the election of November 8th still in mind, an old resident of the Falls of Schuylkill recited a memorable battle which took place here in Centennial year, 1876.

At that time the Falls was a part of the 28th Ward, which was then six years old. With the 21st Ward, it formed the legislative district of which Josephus Yeakle, of Manayunk, was then representative. Yeakle was the candidate for re-nomination. In the 21st Ward, then, there were twenty-one divisions, eighteen of which were carried by Yeakle. Peter Bechtel, of Roxborough, led in the other divisions.

There were twenty divisions in the 28th Ward, four of which were in the Falls. Robert Roberts Shronk was the Republican candidate for the Falls. John M. Vanderslice and Robert Dugan were from other parts of the Ward. On the morning

of the convention. - yes, they held convention for the smaller offices in those days - at the old Punch Bowl, at Broad and Diamond street, forty-one delegates answered the roll call. On the first ballot Yeakel had eighteen, lacking but three to win. During the recess, after those receiving low votes were dropped, he negotiated with one of Shronk's delegates, who won over two others of his fellows; thus giving Yeakel twenty one votes on the next ballot, and therefore the nomination.

Later on, in 1878, Shronk was a delegate to the legislative convention from the 21st Ward, and it was held at the Wine House, Broad and Somerset streets. The 21st Ward, however, had no candidate for nomination, and the delegates of Manayunk, Roxborough and Wissahickon voted for Samuel Town, who was nominated.

An interesting occurrence took place in Manayunk, earlier in the last century, this event taking place in 1861. At the time the Civil War was going on, and excitement reigned throughout the cities and towns of the North, and South, too, I suppose.

In Manayunk, Unionists marched about demanding that hotelkeepers and other business men hang out their national flags. Those who did not comply at once were threatened with all kinds of punishment if the banner was not shown by a given time. Flags in those days were not as plentiful as they are today, and could not be brought ready made without going to some store dealing in military equipment. People had to make their own flags.

The feeling ran high in Manayunk, where every non-Republican was looked upon as a traitor to the Union, if he did not display a flag. One of the town's most prominent residents, Dr. John Conry, kept a drug store on Main street just below Green lane. The Unionists gathered together and marched to his store, yelling, "Put out your flag!" The doctor was absent attending to a patient. In the room the over the store were a number of young women, busy at work, making a flag, under the direction of John D. Shoemaker.

One of the women hastily placed the partly finished flag on a pole and thrust it out the window. Then came a savage cry, "Take in that rag! it's a Rebel flag of Texas, with only one star!"

Shoemaker grabbed up the other stars that were sewn on and

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holding them out of the window, said, "If you fools will wait long enough for the women to sew these stars on the flag, it will be all right!" This satisfied the crowd.

At the Forest School, in the Falls of Schuylkill, a flag was being made by the teachers and girls of the school. One of the teachers who had bought the material, reached across the stripes and was accused of tramping on the flag. The report spread like wildfire and a crowd, headed by a divinity student, attempted to throw eggs at her. They were prevented by the late Daniel Hickey and a number of workmen who were in the neighborhood.

Every once in a while someone asks for a history of the old stone barn which stands along Ridge avenue, near the entrance to the Falls Bridge, on the property of the Merck Chemical Company.

In 1847 when the firm of Powers, Weightman and Harrison bought part of the property on which the laboratory now stands, from James Spencer, who then owned the Fountain Park Inn, more familiar as the original part of the building now known as Cafe Riviere, the barn was used by John Roberts in connection with his farm.

The farmhouse stood farther back on the lower side of the little valley through which a brook trickled down to the river. Roberts had a fine orchard on top of the hill. The farmhouse was turned into two dwellings, but just where they were located is not known to the writer.

Like other things in every community the story of the barn, which is somewhere about 117 years old, will probably never be known. In the condition it is today, it is so well preserved that it looks good for another century.

This reminiscence was recently asked what he knew about Gypsy lane. The lane was opened through properties belonging to the Kempton estate on the east and Jonathan Robeson on the west, and extended from the north side of School House lane to the Wissahickon Drive, and was brought about chiefly by Henry Lippen, the proprietor of Wissahickon Hall, which still stands along the storied creek.

Owing to the steep grade the lane never became very popular as a thoroughfare. It formed, however, a short cut for pedestrians to get to the Wissahickon, particularly in winter time, when there would be

skating on the frozen surface of the stream.

The name, it has been stated, was derived from the frequent encamping of a band of gypsies on the Robeson lot. Opposite the lane was "the snake" or serpentine walk along the west end of Thomas H. Powers property. This path, about four feet wide, was a delightful way of reaching School House Lane, as Mr. Powers never objected to the public using it. The lane and path were opened about seventy-seven years ago, near the close of the Civil War.

SCCAFF.

12/1/32

Now and Then

Many are the anecdotes which may be heard of experiences gained in the World War by the men of this locality who served overseas, but year by year the happenings of Civil War days are heard less.

There is a tale, however, which lately came to light, concerning one John Rhoades, a Falls of Schuylkill man who was serving in Captain John Dobson's Company "I" of the Blue Reserves, when that "outfit" was sent to help in the defense of Pennsylvania at the time the Confederates threatened to over-run the state in 1862. The Company at the time were stationed along the Mason and Dixon line separating Pennsylvania from Maryland.

As Captain Dobson approached Rhoades, one day, the latter said, "Captain, I'm in three states. My right foot is in Pennsylvania, my left in Maryland and my body is in the state of starvation!"

Seville street, in the lower end of Roxborough gets its name from Seville Schofield, who was once one of the 21st Ward's most influential residents.

Mr. Schofield was born on August 13th 1832, in Lees, near Oldham, England. His father, Joseph Schofield, brought his family to the United States in 1845, and settled in Manayunk, where they engaged in manufacturing.

After some time spent at school in Norristown, Seville Schofield assumed charge of his father's mill, and later, purchased the mill of William McFadden, and transferred the business there. His father ex-

pired in 1857, and the son carried on the business without change until 1859, in which year, having married, he and his brother, Charles, formed a partnership, as S. and C. Schofield. The firm prospered continually, and in 1862 it was awarded a contract to make blankets for the U. S. Government. In the following year Charles Schofield retired. The trade continued to increase greatly and other mills were added, which, after a complete equipment were ready to work, when in March 1867, the whole was destroyed by fire, the loss aggregating nearly a quarter million dollars. In 1868, Seville Schofield again started in business, and continued his former successes, becoming gradually one of the largest individual textile manufacturers in Pennsylvania.

The mill buildings of Mr. Schofield's firm comprised several structures, and were among the largest in Manayunk. The production included blankets, broadcloths, cassimeres, and worsted, woolen and carpet yarns. The full number of hands usually employed was about 1600 and the machinery was on a scale commensurate with the character of the works.

From some old correspondence, dated in 1914, we glean the following items concerning happenings in this section: "I was very sorry on Wednesday in receiving your letter to learn of the trouble coming back in your chest. I had hoped that it had left you for good, and wish that it may quickly be controlled by your physician. I do not like the "dope" remedy, because of its danger, so please be very careful how you use it, and be careful of lighted cigars. You might have a serious burn. Have you ever tried deep breathing? My old friend, James Milli-

gan, of the Chronicle, used to think it was one of the best and most effective exercises a person could take, and to it attributed his cure for stammering. I have found it very beneficial.

"I never knew so much about the Mr. James who formerly lived in the house J. Vaughan Merrick gave as a memorial hospital and house of mercy for St. Timothy's Church. I knew an Israel James, who lived in Roxborough, that conducted a flour mill in Manayunk. He was a Methodist and I think was one of the trustees of the Falls Methodist Church. He and my father were warm friends. I used to like to watch him taking pinches

of snuff when I was a small boy.

"I was with Nathan L. Jones, Jr., today, at the annual meeting of the overseers of the Poor of Roxborough Township. He was the retiring secretary, having been succeeded by another man at the last election. The Poor House is located a full mile back from Ridge avenue, on Shawmont avenue, and I started to walk there, but was picked up by a man who was delivering ice cream for the annual dinner. I ate very sparingly of the food. On leaving the Home I was driven in an automobile down to the Wissahickon entrance of Fairmount Park. On the back part of Shawmont avenue, the snow is several feet deep, along the road.

"I suppose you saw in the newspapers where the Dobsons are going to erect a \$250,000 mill at the falls. Mr. Dobson said yesterday that the plans were merely in contemplation and would likely be carried out. It will be done for concentrating their numerous plants into one, as an act of economy and convenience. It will, I think, bring an increase of other business to the Falls of Schuylkill. The firm now has mills in Manayunk, Germantown, and Kensington, besides those at the Falls."

* * * * *

The origin of the name of the State of Pennsylvania, can be found in a letter of William Penn, its founder, dated January 5th 1681, from which the following is an extract:

"This day after many watchings, waitings, solicitings, and disputes in council, my country has been confirmed to me under the seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania—a name the king gave it in honor of my father. I chose New Wales, being a hilly country; when the secretary, a Welshman, refused to call it New Wales. I proposed Sylvania, and they added Penn to it, though I was much opposed to it, and went to the king to have it struck out. He said it was past, and he would not take upon him; for I feared it might be looked upon as a vanity in me, and not as a respect in the king to my father, as it really was."

* * * * *

The most romantic of all numbers is the figure nine, because it cannot be multiplied away, or disposed of anyhow. Whatever you do, it is as sure to turn up again as is the proverbial bad penny which is spoken

of so often.

One remarkable property of this figure is, that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by what you like and it gives the same result. Begin with twice nine, 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 make 9. Three times 9 are 27; and 2 and 7 make 9. So it goes on, up to eleven times nine which is 99. Very good, add the digits; 9 and 9 are 18; and 8 and 1 are 9. Going on in any extent it is impossible to get rid of the figure nine.

Take a couple of instances at random. Three hundred and thirty-nine times nine are 3,051; add up

the figures and they give nine. Five thousand and seventy-one times nine are 45,639; the sum of these digits is 27; and 2 and 7 are nine.

Another queer thing about this number; namely, if you take any row of figures, and reversing their order, make a subtraction sum of it, the total is sure to be nine. Take 5,071. Reverse the figures 1,705. Deduct the latter from the former and the result is 3,366. Add the digits together and they equal 18; or 1 and 8 is nine.

Yah! Yah Nein! Nein!
SCCAFF

12-22-32

Now and Then

There are still some elderly people residing in the Falls of Schuylkill who can recall the ghost stories which were one time attached to the old Mullin mansion which stood on a site now covered by the houses of Eveline street, just above Ridge avenue.

Whether the ghost stories had any foundation in fact I will leave to the sane minded readers of this item, but there is a true story of the old house, concerning an incident that if it were to happen today there would probably be much rejoicing by some one.

While cutting for kindling wood, some old timbers from the Mullin Mansion, which was torn down in 1895, John Shannon, who resided at Stanton and Cresson streets, came across what must have been a valuable find. In splitting a joist, Shannon tore off a board that had been nailed on one side of the heavier timber and out of a cavity rolled a parcel wrapped in heavy

manila paper. Removing the covering, under which was a wrapping of tin foil, he was surprised to see a roll of bank notes. He counted out fifteen \$100 bills, such as were in use before the United States used greenbacks, and a number of other bills of the denominations of \$20, \$5 and \$2, besides a quantity of old fashioned shin plasters, fractional currency, script and several Confederate notes. The bills bore dates ranging from 1802 to 1862, and had been issued by Towanda, Lancaster, Pittsburgh, and other banks throughout the state, one in Philadelphia, one in Fayetteville, South Carolina, and the Bank of the Commonwealth of Richmond, Va., the whole representing more than \$15,000.

It is thought that the bills had been placed in the joist by the late John Stein, who owned and occupied the Mifflin Mansion and carried on a beer brewery and saloon on the premises during the Civil War and from whose estate the property was purchased by William H. Albrecht, who erected the houses on Eveline and Frederick streets.

Last week we had the pleasure of seeing a photograph of a happy party who made one of the famous cruises up the Schuylkill, on the old steamer "Mozart."

Very few of the faces in that old picture were familiar to us, but men farther along in years were able to pick out a good many of their friends, some of whom are still hiking up the hills hereabouts, and still others who have made a greater ascent.

In July of 1895, the Mozart left for a four day trip up the river with the following persons aboard: M. W. Kerkeslager, H. Reeves Lukens, Emanuel Friedman, Max Himmelsreich, Howard M. Levering, John B. Preston, George Metzler, C. A. Rudolph, C. J. McClimney, C. T. J. Preston, Josephus Yeaker, John Warner and Hiram Parker. James G. Mares and John W. Dodgson met the party at Reading and piloted the boat from there down. Those were the days!

As a matter of comparison it is interesting to note the various classes of property in the 21st Ward, subject to city taxes for 1893, which were as follows: Real estate (city rate) \$7,376,905; suburban rate, \$2,079,745; for a total of

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\$10,398,625. Horses and cattle, \$79,545. Returns to the 'Secretary of Internal Affairs: Carriages to Mrs. \$1,250; money at interest, \$2,117,935.02. Place these figures alongside of similar ones for 1932.

Jacob Levering, the tenth of Wigard Levering's twelve children and the first born in Roxborough, was the first resident of Manayunk. His father gave him 85 acres on the hillsides bordering the Schuylkill, along Green lane. Besides tilling the farm, Jacob Levering had a distillery which gave the name of Still House Run to a nearby stream.

Another Levering, William, founded the first school and the first tavern in Roxborough. He gave 20 perches of land on Ridge avenue between the sixth and seventh milestone in 1743, for a school, the deed reciting that the gift was made by William Levering and his wife, "for and in consideration of the love and regard they have and bear for the public good in having a school kept in their neighborhood." The William Levering School, at Ridge avenue and Gerhard street, is today standing on that same site.

Levering's inn, the Leverington Hotel of former years, was built in 1731, and it was first called the Fun Tavern. William's son, Nathan, succeeded as owner of the tavern and enlarged it in 1784. It was owned by subsequent generations of the family until 1858. The building, situated at Ridge and Leverington avenues, was used for hotel purposes until prohibition came into effect. In 1926, the old structure was removed and a theatre built on the site.

Eighty-five years ago Powers, Weightman and Harrison came out from Ninth and Parrish streets, purchased ground from George Shrenk and James Spence, upon which they built what is now the laboratory of the Merck Chemical Company.

One of the first things that was done was the erection of the row of dwellings on the hill for the families of the men employed in the works. The entrance up the little valley passed a row of ancient dwellings which were torn down in 1857, and the present row erected. Back on the slope of the valley was the old farm house of John Roberts. On the top of the hill the present square building was erected

at the instigation of Mr. Harrison as a school house for the boys and girls of the workers, and a library and reading room for the men. These continued until the end of 1883, when Mr. Harrison withdrew from the firm. Shortly afterward the building was converted into dwellings. A Mrs. Twiggs was the first teacher of the school, and she was succeeded by James K. Finley who taught until the school was closed.

SCOFF.

12-29-1932

"Charlie" and "Herb"

Have you ever met the new commander of Hattal-Taylor Post No. 333 Veterans of Foreign Wars?

Well, if you are well acquainted with him, things may be all right. But if you have only known him for ten or fifteen years, don't go into the provision market owned by his father, at 3423 North 35th street, East Falls. Because you are apt to labor under the delusion that you are talking to "Charlie," when in all truth you are not. It will be "Herb" that you're talking to, unless it does—happen to be "Charlie."

And thereby hang a tale.

Charles William Sowden, commander of Hattal-Taylor Post, and J. Herbert Sowden, sons of William Sowden, are twins. Both are married. And we can't figure out yet, how Mrs. "Charlie" or Mrs. "Herb" knows which one is her husband.

Meet Charlie and he'll jestingly tell you that he is Herb. Meet Herb and he'll "lie like a trooper" and say he is Charlie. And to make the confusion still worse, either wife will carry the joke along and tell you that her brother-in-law is her husband. And then comes the headaches.

Commander Charles W. Sowden, deserves a great deal of credit for the record he holds in U. S. Naval ranks. Even before the World War he was in active sea service for his country. He received his early education at the Samuel Breck and Wissahickon schools. Before he was 27 years of age he won the coveted title of second Licensed Officer, Unlimited, which authorized him to be aboard any vessel of the American merchant marine carrying any amount of tonnage and sailing anywhere throughout

the world.

The title was almost the highest degree that a man in the merchant marine service could attain, being at two steps removed from a captaincy. Sowden entered the Pennsylvania Nautical Training School at Philadelphia in 1911 when he was ordered aboard the schooner "Adams." This vessel made a trip across the Atlantic and visited the principal ports of Europe. After a year Charlie came home and aided his father in the meat and provision business, returning for six months more aboard the "Adams." He was graduated in 1913 with first honors, carrying off the highest prize. He then served as junior officer aboard the American-Hawaiian liner "California," which plied between New York and the principal South American countries.

In November 1915 he was scheduled for service on the steamer "Valencia" which was destined for Archangel, the Russian port on the White Sea, but for causes growing out of the Great War the vessel did not clear port. He was transferred to the steamship "Philadelphian" which made three trips to Liverpool, England. In the early part of 1916 he became a member of the auxiliary naval service of the United States Government, going aboard the hospital ship "Solace." This ship of mercy cruised southward along the Atlantic coast and visited South America and the West Indies.

And then the United States jumped into the War and Sowden

was commissioned a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve Force, continuing active service in the Pacific Fleet until 1924 when he retired.

Charlie Sowden was among the first Americans to go to the War Zone following the declaration of war with the Central European governments. He served aboard the U. S. S. Kanawha, which operated with the Grand Fleet out of Scapa Flow, and saw service on U. S. ships cruising in French, Irish and English waters.

Since the War Mr. Sowden has been employed as pier superintendent of the Philadelphia offices of the States Steamship Company, a Portland, Oregon shipping firm, at Pier No. 24 N. Delaware avenue.

And John Herbert--well, Herb, he's been a meat and provision expert with his Dad and brother "Al" for many years. Except for the time he donned the khaki and rode around on the caisson of a gun with Battery "C," 108th Field Artillery, during the late conflict. And you know "them there" 108th P. A. boys were doing a little bit of "strafing" themselves when Fritzzy went on the long run.

Both Charlie and Herb are members of Hattal-Taylor Post. So if you ever go around to the veterans' headquarters at Pechin street and Lyceum avenue, and see these twin brothers, say "Hello" to Charlie and you'll know that you're extending a greeting to Herb. Or maybe it will be Charlie!

SCCAFF

Viewing The City From The Queen Lane Reservoir

Reminiscences of a New Year's Night Twenty-One Years
Ago. — Neighborhood Has Changed
But Little Since 1912

Twenty-one years ago, on New Year's night, 1912, the writer dwelt in the old Hubbard house, which stood southeast of the Queen Lane reservoir, along what is now Abbottsford avenue.

In those days there were not many dwellings, or other buildings, in the vicinity. Just west of the "big basin" was the ancient Abbottsford mansion, tumbling in its ruin, which has been replaced with the college and hospital buildings and the campus of the Greater Woman's Medical College; then, too, Bella Vista, the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Dobson, stood around the corner on Abbottsford road. Next to the late carpet manufacturer's home, which still stands, was the Richards place, since destroyed by fire, and then Edge-wood, the Hubbard home, which has also been removed by the Fire Demon. A few years before the time referred to, there stood on the corner of Fox street and Abbottsford avenue, the Griffith Evans house, which was intimately connected with the Revolutionary days of America. "And that's all there was, there wasn't anymore," to paraphrase a one-time famed lady of the stage.

It is New Year's night, and I wait for a group of young people from the Falls Methodist Church who are coming up to visit us. I climb the steep bank of the reservoir and walk around the bricked driveway which skirts the top of the city's great water receptacle. It was a cold and blowy night, exactly like that of last Saturday. The skies were black save for the stars which twinkled and gleamed from a thousand portholes in the heavens. I turn to look toward the city. I find there are conditions of atmosphere which magnify the huge town and distort some of its elements; a sunset on a clear day will sometimes do this. Under the lights of a full moon the

crowded municipality seems greater than ever, because the edges and outskirts, silvered by the fairy light go shimmering off interminably, intriguing one's imagination with the belief that the city flows on forever, melting into heavenly fields far beyond.

Against the black curtain that canopied western New Jersey, the beautiful skyline, now and then broken by great masses, formless and shadowy, heaped against it. Little could be identified. The statue of William Penn, on City Hall, was marked by a little coronet of lights, near the great Quaker effigy's feet, high above everything else. Since then other great buildings have arisen in Philadelphia sky, and additional electric and gas-electric illumination makes the structures more brilliant and familiar.

On that far away evening the cold black "mask of night" had fallen upon the plain covered with a confusion of tumbled dark masses, generally rectangular. The effect of one brilliantly lighted building was striking, the color was like that of the moonlight upon a warm colored stretch of sand. Here and there were myriads of twinkling lights sparkling blue, but the blackness about them contracted their effulgence.

The lines of the nearby streets and bridges were marked by long rows of many pin-pointed lights, some of them curving. Since 1912 there has been added to these the distant Delaware River bridge, and the more recent Henry avenue bridge over the Reading track near Allegheny avenue. But to go back again. The cornices of downtown buildings, too, were discerned by rows of electric light. The end windows of a house just across the field below me—on Crawford street—reflected tinsel and Christmas

tree ornaments.

Huge electric signs were everywhere, offsetting feelings and the glamour of romance that hovered about the great abyss-like shadows of streets that were filled, by day, with happy, busy folk, exulting in the sunshine, with duties to perform and pleasures to pursue.

A note of warm color is to be seen on the illuminated facades of the houses along the east side of "the Basin". This faint, rose-colored flush fluctuated now and then as passing lights fell upon the dwellings. These came from the sudden release of long lines of automobiles filled with merry holiday seekers freed by some alert traffic policeman. The rising glow was caused by the headlights of the motor cars.

In the moments I stood there, three elements contributed to my enjoyment of the scene. The human element in the view was the most dominant one; there was ever the feeling that beneath the multitude of flat-topped houses and in the street, thousands of people were thinking, acting, dancing and perhaps weeping. Then an illusive element—in this particular instance it might have been called the spectral element—playing a part. The mysterious shadows, the long lines of pin-point lights leading out into the country, the flushed side of a building with no perspective to aid in discerning its shape and size, contributed a great deal to the intellectual pleasure of the view. Suggestion, too, played a role in the drama; just as it does in art; it is akin to the mysterious. The unreality of shadows, the weirdness of the curving lights along the river front, the possibility that any kind of human action may have been being acted—and it probably was—just beneath my gaze, of crime or suffering in some dark fowl alley of the underworld, of a dance in a theatrical performance; of people kneeling in prayer. The semaphores of the nearby railroads and those farther away, as if on ships in the Delaware, of rising and falling flashings; the sudden appearance of a train of brightly lit railroad cars, rushing out of the dark with a roar and departing into an unknowable black just as suddenly; all gave to that memorable night-scene of the city. I fancied long streets of merry holiday makers, happy at various entertainments, or theatres and cafes alluringly and gaily decked with many lights, or the sparkling and numberless Christmas lights still showing in

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many windows; of the cheerless dark homes of the poor; of shivering little children under thin coverlets, hopeless of seeing anything on the morrow which might mean a happy new year. Humanity in all its nobleness and degradation was abroad in the street on every side and in every crevice of the vast plain before me.

There was a solemn roar above the city; low and subdued; through the chill, windy air, the music of a great hymn.

A snail-like motioned freight train, passing for a time along a curve in the railroad track, added a note of ruddy color to the black when the fireman opened the furnace door, and the long trailing smoke reflected the cheerful glow from the firebox. There was, in spite of the wintry black atmosphere and the enveloping dark, a sense that the spiritual nature of the city was awakened, that the coming of a new year meant something more to God's children than was understood by the pagan, even though many features disconnected with religion were manifest. Soon the midnight bell would strike and another work-a-day year from the Creator's great stock of them would be upon us.

Beneath me I could hear the faint, far-off notes from a chime of church bells, so blown hither and thither by the wind that I could not tell from what direction they came. I fitted the tune of the bells to the music of "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

The dark outlines of the Church of St. James the Less could be made out against the dimmer background, bravely setting forth the testimony of righteousness against the great pleasure-bent city, while all about it, the "flecked darkness like a drunkard reeled." The nearby roof of a mill building, crusted with hoarfrost, in spite of the wind, gleamed like a halo of a saint under the cowl of a circle of arc lights.

To the west, on my right, Belmont Plateau loomed a shapeless mass, with no suggestion of any rotundity of hill, or of the great trees that I knew were then rocking beneath the north wind. The cleft between the hills and little valleys could not be discerned. The Plateau, it always seemed to me when I gazed at it on moonlit nights, was a place for little troops of tiny elves, gnomes and fairies to come creeping out from the

"covert of the wood" and shadowy places to form a merry dancing ring on the silver floor.

A ribbon, gleaming and curving, was the Schuylkill, as it wound off on its way to join its mother, the Delaware. From this point one can look straight down the stream and obtain a view of the trolley bridge at Strawberry Mansion. On nights when Luna gives forth her brightest glow, the series of iron arches appear to be made of lace. So dark it was down along the river banks than even John Bunyan's "Christian" would shudder before going down near the water; he would needs buckle on his stoutest armor before doing so, and yet the city, blithe with song and New Year's cheer, lay just over the hill. On the east side of the stream on a huge elevation, rows and rows of the dead lay, bivouacked in the dark, against the dawning of the eternal day.

At my left the Midvale Steel Works was busy with night toil. The pale blue lights of the shops shone flatly through the cobwebby windows, already a sign that the labor of another year had started.

Today there are scores of buildings around the reservoir; those of the Atwater Kent Manufacturing Company being the nearest.

Below my stand was the cinder and dirt road that wound about the base of the reservoir. Along it I saw a man trudging by the side of a wagon loaded with household furniture, as if he had been forced to move in the night. The wagon creaked, the old horse pulled steadily up the slight grade, now and then a buckle gleaming in the rays of distant lights. As the wagon drew closer and closer, I saw that the driver carried a whip, and while he spared his faithful beast, he now and then cracked his lash in the face of the night—as if the creeping shadows leered at him.

And then the party I was to escort around the "basin" arrived, and my poetic fancies were driven away.

But it's still worthwhile to stand on the Queen Lane Reservoir on a cold, bright night, to look at the city.

SCCAFF.

1-5-1933

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Now and Then

One of the best remembered newspapermen who ever wrote up the happenings of this neighborhood was Robert Roberts Shronk, who passed from the Fourth Estate to the Greatest Estate in 1921.

For many years he penned articles for the Manayunk Chronicle, the Philadelphia Record, the Public Ledger and other newspapers.

He was born on Friday, October 18th, 1844, in the old Scott Mansion on Ridge avenue, below Indian Queen lane, in the Falls of Schuylkill, being the second son of Daniel and Elizabeth—Roberts—Shronk.

On his paternal side he traced his ancestry from the great fisherman of the Falls, Godfrey Shronk, who was mentioned by John Fanning Watson, on his "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania," who owned the property on Ridge avenue, near the Merck Chemical Company's laboratory, and resided there. On the river front of this property, Godfrey Shronk had a valuable shad fishery.

"Bob" Shronk's maternal forebears were John and Gaior Pugh Roberts, who came to this country with the Pencoyd Welsh colony in 1682, from Bala, Merionethshire, Wales, and settled on a section of land procured from William Penn, in what is now Montgomery County. John Roberts and Gaior Pugh afterwards became attached to each other and were the first persons to be married in the ancient Friend's Meeting House, at Montgomery avenue and Meeting House lane, Lower Merion. Subsequently they settled in Pencoyd, then written "Pencoid." The old homestead was afterward occupied by one of their descendants, George B. Roberts, a president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Godfrey Shronk, the storied fisherman died in the latter part of the 1830's and was buried, with other members of his family, in Hood's Cemetery, Germantown.

Robert Roberts Shronk, after an early schooling at the old Forest Schools, in the Falls, began to work when less than 13 years of age in William Simpson's silk handkerchief print works, at West Falls, and afterward was employed in various departments of the same

print works. After leaving Simpson's, Mr. Shronk learned the trade of painting, but was obliged to give this up on account of his health. In 1873 he was appointed a letter carrier and in the latter part of the same year became the Falls correspondent of the Manayunk Sentinel, over the nom de plume of "The Observer." This was his first attempt at writing for newspapers and he continued with the Sentinel until 1877, when he accepted a similar position on the Chronicle, and from that time until after the World War his letters appeared weekly in that paper. He also contributed to various other publications. He joined the Falls of Schuylkill Baptist Church in 1863 and at the time of his death had been one of the

deacons there for many years. In 1831 he accepted the task of giving secular instruction at the Eastern State Penitentiary, and was afterward made librarian in that institution, a position which he held until 1832 when he resigned.

In 1876 he married Mrs. Emma V. Story, a widow, whose maiden name had been Shoemaker. Mrs. Shronk was a daughter of Jesse and Mary A.—Wenzell—Shoemaker. She was a descendant of Charlotte Est, who it is said, was the original Lydia Darragh, and rode from Kensington to General Washington's headquarters and apprised the American general of a plot she had heard British officers make, in her father's home.

Throughout the territory covered by THE SUBURBAN PRESS, and among the older downtown newspapermen, the name of "Bob" Shronk invariably starts a reminiscent conversation, with the local writer being praised by those who knew him personally.

According to an old newspaper item, that section of the 21st Ward which is familiar to us of today as "Wissahickon" started developing about 1830. The news article reads as follows:

"Wissahickon avenue is the name which some give to that portion of what has been known as Manayunk avenue, running down from the Ridge road to the Wissahickon Creek. That neighborhood will present a scene of unusual activity when the spring opens. The lots offered for sale on the Camac property have found many purchasers who are getting ready to build. Messrs. Harmer and Gillet have a number of buildings contracted for. The Messrs. Dobson

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have arranged for the building of four more blocks of double houses, eight in all, and Mr. James Christie has bought a lot on the southeast corner of Rochelle avenue. The two handsome brick dwellings in one block, on Sumac street, built for Mrs. Bromley are nearly ready for occupancy, and she and her family will move into one of them in about a month from now, holding the other for rent to a good tenant.

"The completion of the new stone bridge over the Wissahickon (the Reading Railroad bridge), the moving of the railroad track, and the building of a new station, will all contribute to the stir and bustle and business-like activity which is ready to burst forth. All the indications point, therefore, to a rapid growth and development of that quarter, and it will be found that the location of St. Timothy's Working Mens' Institute, the planting of two or three mission churches, and the movement to secure a public school building have not been in any sense premature.

* * * * *
A few years ago, Tom Daly, newspaper columnist and author of one of the best books on the Wissahickon Valley, burst forth in song as follows:

"Why mind the jibes
Of scornful scribes
Who deal in jestful junk?
When every gawk
Has ceased to squawk
And his last wink is wunk,
And every tongue
That lashed and stung
Is shriveled up and shrunk,
There still will be
This song from me
In praise o' Manayunk.

"How oft I've stood
In solitude
Like any hermit monk,
Among those hills
When splendor spills
On many a mossy trunk,
And treetops hold
The sun's slant gold
Long after he has sunk!—
Yet, oh how weak
These words I speak
In praise o' Manayunk!"
And we like the rhyme, the
writer and the region of which he
sings.

SCCAFF

Early Paper Mills Were Located In Roxborough

Second Manufactory, as Well as Rittenhouse's First, Was Situated in The Wissahickon Valley. — Third and Fourth Mills Were Also Near Philadelphia

One hears and reads plenty concerning the Rittenhouse Paper Mill, as being the first of its kind in America. This old mill stood along the present Lincoln Drive, near the dwelling which is familiar as having been the birthplace of David Rittenhouse. It is a matter of Roxborough history for the mill was on this side of Wissahickon avenue, which marks the old German Towne township line.

But little is heard of the second paper mill in this country, which was a direct outgrowth of the Rittenhouse mill. It was built in 1710 by William DeWees, on the west side of the Wissahickon Creek, somewhere near the Devil's Pool. This, too, was in Roxborough township, although it is usually placed in Crefeld, an old sub-

division of Germantown.

William DeWees was a native of Holland, where he was born in 1677. He was brought to New York by his parents, Garrett Hendrick and Zytian DeWees, in 1688. His sister, Wilhelmina DeWees, in 1689, at the Reformed Church of New York, was married to Nicholas Rittenhuysen, or Rittenhouse, who was then entered on the records as "a young man of Arnheim, living on the Delaware River." This fact is recorded in Vol. X, Page 131, of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record.

The marriage was followed by the moving of the DeWees family to this vicinity, where William became an apprentice in the paper mill of his brother-in-law's father, prob-

ably remaining there until he started his own mill. In 1713 he sold this plant, with a hundred acres of land, to Abraham Tunis, William Streeper, Claus Rittenhouse and John Gorgas for one hundred and forty-five pounds sterling. In 1729 he entered into a business agreement with Henry Antes, his son-in-law, the two to

run a combination grist and paper mill. This mill was also located somewhere along the storied Wissahickon.

An indenture of February 20th 1731, describes the land purchased by DeWees in Crefeld, in March 1729, and the two boiling mills and mill house, "built and erected, found and provided, at the joint and equal cost and charge of William DeWees and Henry Antes." The digging and making of the dams of the mill race and the providing and putting in the gears of the paper mill were at the charge of DeWees. For the money and labor expended by Antes and cash of twenty-five pounds sterling, a one-half interest in the mills and ground was conveyed to him. It was also provided that the paper mill should be served only by the over-plus of water after the needs of the grist mill had first been met. This is verified by Deed Book "F," 5; Page 197 of the Philadelphia Recorder's office.

William DeWees parted with his mill before he died in 1745. His will of November 22, 1744, did not mention it specifically, although he bequeathed to his son Garrett, his "dwelling house, grist mill, land and plantation, with the buildings." But his son, Henry DeWees, succeeded him as a paper-maker. On a map of Philadelphia, made in 1746, "Hy DeWees Paper Mill" is properly located. During the Revolution Henry DeWees made cartridge paper for the Continental Army.

The first historian of American printing wrote that as early as 1728, William DeWees and John Gorgas had a mill on the Wissahickon, where they "manufactured an imitation of asses-skin paper for memorandum books, which was well-executed. In support of this statement it was added that:

"John Brighter—or Righter—an

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aged paper maker, who conducted a mill for more than half a century in Pennsylvania, and who gave this account, observed that this kind of paper was made of rotten stone, which is found in several places near and to the northward of Philadelphia, and that the method of cleaning this paper was to throw it into the fire for a short time when it was taken out perfectly fair." This quotation was culled from the pages of Isaiah Thomas' "The History of Printing in America."

The description, above, would seem to indicate an asbestos product. Thomas also says that William DeWees, Jr., operated a paper mill along the Wissahickon in 1736.

But there is no record of this in the history of the DeWees family, which, on the contrary, says that comparatively little is known about the younger William DeWees.

The third paper mill in Pennsylvania, and probably America, was in Concord Township, twenty miles from Philadelphia in Chester County. It was run by an Englishman named Thomas Willcox, who settled in Chester County about 1725, or earlier.

The fourth Pennsylvania mill, which followed the first Rittenhouse mill by forty-six years and the Willcox mill by seven or more years, was erected at Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Another earlier Philadelphia paper maker was Christopher Saur, of Germantown; who built a paper mill in 1744; which is erroneously recorded as being "on a branch of the Frankford river, near the Falls of Schuylkill." A Philadelphia historian gives an account of the confiscation and sale of the forfeited estate of accused Tories in December of 1779, by the American government confiscation agent, and quotes this entry among the records of such sales: "Christopher Saur, house, paper mill, saw mill, mill dam, etc., Wissahickon road, Roxborough, sold to Jacob Morgan, Jr., for five thousand, one hundred and fifty pounds sterling.

SCCAFF.