OLD GERMANTOWN.
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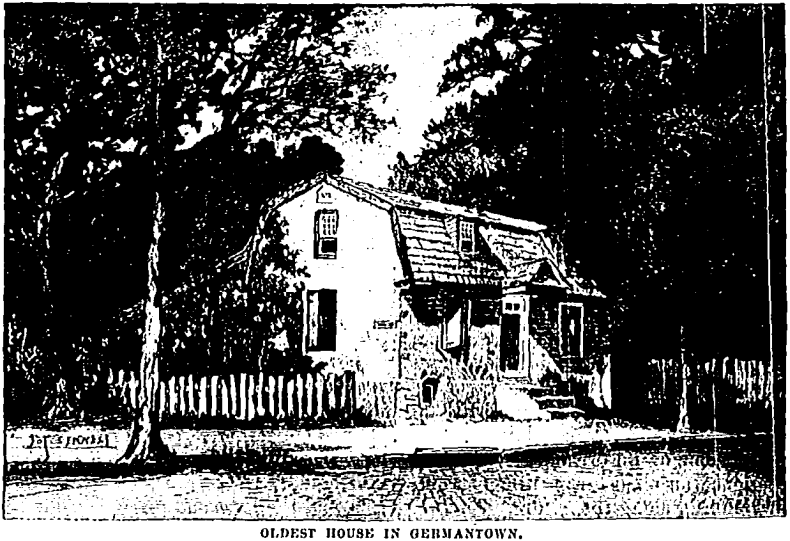
OLD GERMANTOWN.



OLDEST HOUSE IN GERMANTOWN.

RICH in suburbs although Philadelphia may have become, it began with only one neighboring community, to whose interests and purposes it was allied and gave, as it were, the key-note. But Germantown was from the first so distinctive in its traits and so imbued with Old-World color and characteristics that it will take many a generation yet to efface these lineaments and merge its picturesque individuality in the featureless prettiness of the modern suburb. Its first settlers imparted their own stability of mind and purpose even to their earliest and hastiest labors, and gave to the woodlands and pastures where they built their cottages, and even to the little rivers which they forced to turn their mills, something of the familiar expression of the civilization which they had renounced. Thus, we must count the place as distinctly fortunate, full as it is of dear old quaintnesses in which one may read a pictorial history of the town's

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prosperity, while it is, besides, girdled about with woods and waters of unrivalled beauty. It seems natural enough that from its earliest days its inhabitants should have been as much rooted to the spot as if they belonged to the soil, and that it should besides have drawn hither wealthy burghers, who settled down into lives of high comfort, making themselves homes in beauty and durability worthy of the Old World. The situation combines striking advantages, offering conveniences which only a great city can afford, and at the same time presenting scenery which makes one realize with vividness that charm and mystery of wild nature which usually withdraws itself far from towns. It was a delightful caprice of nature's to give to this fertile region the beautiful Wissahickon, with its banks, covered with the richest vegetation, rising into lofty and solemn ridges that tower above the deeply-shadowed gorges where the river sleeps in deep green pools, widens into long and tranquil reaches, or ripples over rocky shallows. The landscape within the circuit of an afternoon's drive offers such widely-varying features that one may meet with almost every impression. This beautiful country is the setting of Germantown,—itself a quaint, picturesque old place, full of suggestions of older countries. It began by being characteristically German, but has nevertheless become in this generation strikingly English in some of its features. One may experience an almost romantic pleasure in wandering along the leisurely-winding Germantown Road and noting the houses which have known all the epochs of the town's gradual rise. They have a richly-historic aspect. They are quaint, they are queer, with their penthouses, their many-paned windows, their solid masonry or rough stuccoed sides. Then all at once one gains a glimpse of a quiet English-looking lawn, full of bloom and verdure, slumberous with lights and shadows sleeping beneath the tall oaks, maples, and magnolias. Or again, breaking the rows of grim old German houses with their fronts converted into shops, there is some fine old country-seat, unchanged since the Revolution, its "spring-house" still standing over the meadow-brook, suggesting the cool butter and cream and lavish abundance of old-fashioned times; or, again, a fine old colonial house, with tall pine- and cedar-trees watching like sentinels before it, murmuring to every breeze their immemorial story. In any description of the general effect of the place, the velvet turf, the shrubberies and splendid trees, to which the slopes and inequalities of ground give a fine effect, the luxuriant creepers covering the walls and fences, the ivy, which the climate allows to grow almost in perfection, must not be forgotten.

But a hundred and fifty years ago, when Germantown consisted of one single straggling street, three miles long, from which diverged green lanes into rural nooks, when Germantown Road was lined with peach-trees, when all the houses were pent-roofed, it was not the many-featured suburb it is now, but a community existing in itself and almost entirely for itself, with all its quaint distinctive German traits unchanged. Toward evening, in summer, when the women sat, knitting in hand, on their front stoops, dressed in short-gowns and petticoats and duck aprons, and the old men, heavily bewigged, tilted back in their chairs, puffing their pipes, discussing the price of hemp and wool, and the young men gathered together, their shorn heads covered with white caps, coatless, barefooted, striped trousers on their long legs, and the boys and girls played in the street, the gossip and the courting and the talk and the children's calls and cries were all in the German tongue. Successive generations clung to the old language with a deep and fervent attachment, transferring, however, their sentiment for their Fatherland to their homes in the New World. It is no matter requiring curious research to discover how Germantown acquired its name. It was called Germantown because it was a settlement of Germans, and German ideas, traditions, manners, customs, industry, thrift, morals, and respectability had been in the town's earliest infancy

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planted deep by earnest and energetic German-men.

All the perplexing religious and theological questions shifting and deepening conviction in men's minds during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries found their outlet in one or another of the American colonies. "There may be room there for such a holy experiment," William Penn said, pointing to our mighty continent, with its virgin woods and waters. And with this sublimely simple hope consecrating their enterprise, one band after another of religious emigrants set forth. Thus, Germantown was first settled by a body of Frankfort enthusiasts, mechanics and weavers; and not one of the colonies seems to have been quickened by more fervent religious zeal. Besides this society of Friends and Mennonites, there were Holy Dunkers and Adventists, proclaiming the speedy coming of the "mystical bridegroom." There were cave-dwellers,

hermits of the ridge, mystics, all living on visions and dreams, reinforcing the strength of their souls by vigils, fastings, and meditations, pouring out obscure allegorical discourses by tongue and pen concerning the relations between the body and the soul, the visible and the invisible, the temporal and the spiritual. It shows no lapse into lesser motives after such lofty beginnings that the ardor of these zealots cooled after their leaders had passed away, and that they were controlled by practical aims and began to act with the community about them. Enthusiasm is necessary, and the enthusiasm of hard workers building their houses, tilling their farms, and spinning their flax is a more hopeful sign than the bewildered and futile enthusiasms of dreamers who wait for miracles to be performed in their behalf. That the real strength of the impulse which had driven these colonists forth to seek for spiritual freedom did not decline is evidenced by the fact that they uttered the first protest made against African slavery in America. It was sent to the Monthly Meeting in 1688 by the German Friends of Germantown, and ran as follows:

"These are the reasons that we are against the traffic of men's body, as followeth: Is there any which would be done or handled at this manner?—viz., to be sold or made a slave of for all the time of his life? How fearful and fainthearted are many at sea when they see a strange vessel, being afraid it should be a Turk and they should be taken and sold for slaves in Turkey! Now, what is this better done than Turks do? Yea, rather is it worse for them which say they are Christians; for we hear that the most part of such negroes are brought hither against their will and consent, and that many of them are

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stolen. Now, though they are black, we cannot conceive there is more liberty to have them slaves than it is to have other white ones. There is a saying that we shall do to all men like as we will be done to ourselves, making no difference of what generation or descent or color they are. And those who steal or rob men, and those who purchase them, are they not all alike? Here is liberty of conscience, which is right and reasonable; here ought to be likewise liberty of the body, except of evil-doers, which is another case. To bring men hither or to steal and sell them against their will, *we stand against.* In Europe there are many oppressed for conscience' sake, and here there are those oppressed which are of a black color. . . . Ah, do consider well this thing, you who do it, if you would be done in this manner, and if it is done according to Christianity! You do surpass Holland and Germany in this thing. This makes an ill report in all those countries of Europe where they hear of it, that the Quakers here do handle men as they handle there the cattle. And for that reason some have no mind or inclination to come hither. And who shall maintain this your cause and plead for it? Truly, we cannot do so, unless you shall inform us better hereof,—viz., that Christians have liberty to practise these things. Pray, what thing in the world can be done worse toward us than if men should steal us away and sell us in strange countries, separating husbands from their wives and children? This is not done in the manner we would be done by: therefore we are against this traffic of men's body. And we who profess that it is not lawful to steal must likewise avoid to purchase such things as are stolen, but rather help to stop this robbing and stealing, if possible. And such men ought to be delivered out of the hands of the robbers and set free, as in Europe. Then is Pennsylvania to have a good report, instead it hath now a bad one, for this sake, in other countries. Especially whereas the Europeans are desirous to know in what manner the Quakers do rule in their province; and most of them do look upon us with an envious eye. But if this is done well, what shall we say is done evil?

"If once these slaves (which they say are such wicked and stubborn men) should join themselves, fight for their freedom, and handle their masters and mistresses as they did handle them before, will these masters and mistresses take the sword in hand and war against these poor slaves, like as we are able to believe some will not refuse to do? Or have not these poor negroes as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?

"Now, consider well this thing, if it is good or bad. And in case you find it to be good to handle these blacks in that manner, we desire and require you hereby, lovingly, that you may inform us herein, which at this time never was done,—viz., that Christians have such a liberty to do so. To this end we shall be satisfied on this point, and satisfy likewise our good friends and acquaintances in our native country, to whom it is a fearful thing that men should be handled so in Pennsylvania.

"This is from our Meeting at Germantown, held the 18th of the second month, to be delivered to the Monthly Meeting, at Richard Troucl's.

"Garret Henderich,
"Derick op de Graeff,
"Francis Daniel Pastorius,
"Abram op de Graeff."

This stirring and peculiarly right-minded appeal, which pierces to the very heart of the sophistries concerning slavery, was in large measure the work of one of the most prominent men in the early history of Germantown,—Francis Daniel Pastorius. It was shirked, of coufse, by the excellent men who received it, who had no wish to controvert its incontrovertible arguments, but who nevertheless found the institution of slavery profitable, besides being generally considered respectable. It was passed on from the Monthly to the Quarterly, thence to the Yearly Meeting of Friends. It was the voice crying in

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the wilderness, but the ways were not yet made straight.

Pastorius was one of the original "Frankfort Company" who had planned the colony to America, and he was the only one of the members who accompanied the settlers across the ocean. He projected the place, and named it Germantown, or Germanopolis, describing it as situated "in a very fine and fertile district, with plenty of springs of fresh water, being well supplied with oak-, walnut-, and chestnut-trees, and having, besides, abundant pasturage for cattle. The principal street of this our town I made sixty feet in width, and the cross-streets forty. The space or lot for each house or garden I made three acres in size; for my own dwelling-place, six acres."

The Yard of the Mennonite House

The original purchase was made in August, 1683, from William Penn, and consisted of six thousand acres. Pastorius himself bought the entire section now known as Chestnut Hill. There is a curious document shown connected with this purchase, where lots were cast for the apportionment of these lands among the settlers, "*in the cave* of Francis Daniel Pastorius."

At first there were but twelve families, consisting mostly of German mechanics and weavers. The houses were built either of stone or with log frames covered with clay and plaster. They were all of one story, with high hipped roofs. The first two-story house built in the place was still standing a few months ago, perfectly well preserved, and bearing its date, 1684. William Penn assisted at the exercises, and made a speech at the "raising" dinner.

Penn frequently visited the town, keeping up a fatherly interest in its progress and taking pains to harmonize its conflicting elements: thus his burly figure and genial countenance make one of the portraits in its early history. He had promised all the sects toleration in the new country, and was looked up to like a father by all the Quakers and Mennonites, Moravians, Schwenkfelders, Anabaptists, Seventh-Day Baptists, Dunkers, and Lutherans. He frequently preached to his own followers in the Friends' Meeting-House.

In 1693, John Kelpius, called "the Hermit of the Wissahickon," brought over his band of forty mystics, all believing in the speedy coming of the Heavenly Bridegroom who was to inaugurate the millennium. They settled in the "wilderness," interpreting a passage in the Book of Revelation as meaning that the beloved of Christ were to issue from the wilderness. These hermits were called "cave-dwellers;" but Kelpius, at least, seems to have lived in a house with foundations secure enough to have lasted to this day. He was said to be a man of noble birth, and one of the first scholars of Germany. He was devoted to music, playing on the harpsi-

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chord and writing hymns, which were chanted by his band. He seems to have had some tinge of the Rosicrucian philosophy which had infected some of the leading minds of the century, and many of his associates were full believers in these wild theories, and after the death of their leader set up pretensions that they were masters of all the secrets of science, art, and religion. They were called "conjurers," were skilful healers of diseases, cast nativities, had divining-rods, and the like. John Seelig was one of the most noted of these wizards, and when his time came to die it is related that he sent his wand or staff to be cast into the deepest waters of the Schuylkill, when, the moment it touched the surface, it burst into flames and exploded. This tradition is a little singular, recalling as it does King Arthur's sending his sword Excalibur by Sir Bedivere to be cast into the middle of the mere, when,—

> ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
> Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
> And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
> Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

The first settlement of Tunkers, or Dunkers, was also made at Germantown. They wore a garb like that of the Dominican friars,—a cap or hood over head and face, a long, colorless tunic reaching the ground, a girdle at the waist, and sandals on the feet. They never shaved either head or beard. When they visited the village, they walked in a procession, Indian file, making an impressive and rather spectral appearance in their white raiment. The men and women Dunkers lived apart, like monks and nuns, never meeting, except on occasions of love-feasts, when they banqueted solemnly on mutton, which seems to have been their sacred meat. They slept in narrow cells, on benches, with blocks of wood or stone hollowed out for pillows. Their sacred music was the one beautiful feature of their monastic life. They composed it with the idea of imitating the music of nature,—the voice of the winds, that blow from God, the source of harmony. Their singing was, in fact, the tones of the Æolian harp harmonized. This music in its perfection has perished as an art, but a branch of the society, in another part of the State, preserves it in a measure.

"Their singing," writes Dr. Fahnestock, "is so peculiar and affecting that once heard it can never be forgotten. There was such sublimity and devotion in their hymns that I repaired every week to the place, to drink in those mellifluous tones which transported my spirit for the time to regions of unalloyed bliss,—tones which I never before or since heard on earth, though I have frequented the English, French, and Italian opera: that is music for the ear; the music of the Dunkers is music for the soul."

Overlooking some of the glimmering pools of the Wissahickon is a large stone building supposed to have been built by this fraternity as a monastery.

The Mennonites were by far the largest religious society which sought toleration in William Penn's dominion. They differed in doctrine from other evangelicals only in rejecting infant baptism. They aimed, however, at a more complete religious practice than that of other sects, and endeavored to imbue their every-day life with the spirit of the primitive Apostolic Church. The first settlers had neither churches nor burial-places. "A church," they declared, "we do not require; for in the depth of the thicket, in the forest, in the water, in the field, and in the dwelling, God is always present." But the next generation, beginning to find that few souls are lofty enough to be content with the invisible and the ideal, built themselves a meeting-house.

These strong convictions, these marked individualities of religious types, which we have only half outlined or hinted at, must account in great measure for the preservation of the German language, customs, and general Old-World characteristics for full a hundred years after the settlement of the town. In other places settled by Germans—in the adjoining counties, indeed—the foreign lan-

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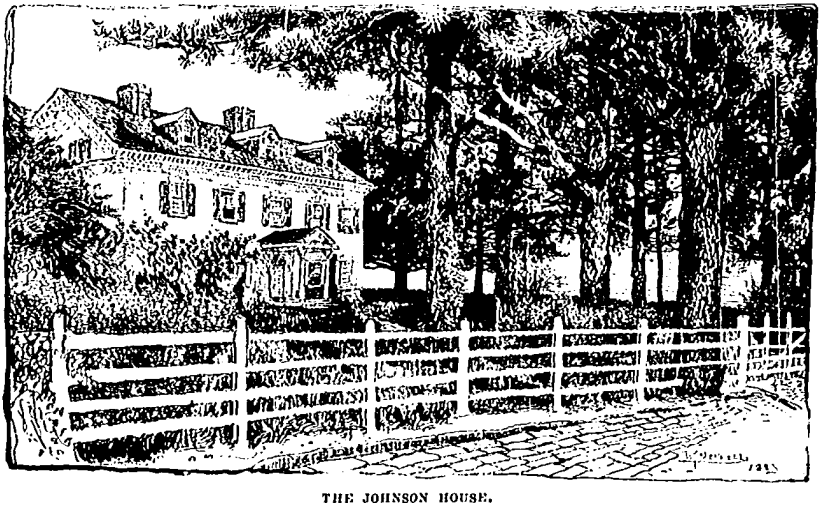
guage was renounced at once; the children were brought up to study and speak English; the very family names were changed when they had an English signification,—Zimmermann, for instance, becoming *Carpenter*, Schneider *Taylor*, etc. No similar transitions were to be effected in Germantown save by the slowest and most natural of developments. Until 1793 there was no regular English preaching in the town; until 1760 there was no English school; even after the Academy was built, a German master was considered absolutely essential for all the branches.

The history of the Germantown Academy has striking features, and is connected with interesting episodes in the history of the last century. Built in 1760 partly by private subscriptions and partly by public enterprise,* it has flourished down to the present time. In tracing its history, it becomes apparent that besides the solid and unworldly acquirements which the founders of the institution had in view, there were added gradually worldly and superfluous lessons, to say nothing of dangerous graces and polite airs which threatened to supersede the traditionary modes and manners.



THE JOHNSON HOUSE.

In 1764, in fact, these insidious teachings forced the trustees to pass a resolution that "The master shall give express orders to the children belonging to the society of Friends that they do not accost him or others by uncovering the head at any time."

The general whirlpool of vicissitudes consequent upon the Revolution, disturbing not only public but private relations, of course affected the school. The "troublous times" made it difficult to find a quorum of trustees with the leisure, to say nothing of the political harmony, required for the proper conduct of its affairs. The Academy was constantly found to be the most desirable building in the region for any public purpose. In August, 1777, it was on the point of being used as a soldiers' hospital, but Israel Pemberton interceded with General Hancock, and the wounded men were quartered in Philadelphia. But it was impossible to keep up the school while the old order of things was changing, and it was closed a little later and not reopened until after the peace. Another spirit-stirring association which the school-building just missed was when,

* After the respectable fashion of that day, much of the money was raised by lotteries in Philadelphia.

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in 1793, the yellow fever invaded Philadelphia, and it was proposed that Congress, then sitting, should adjourn to Germantown Academy. It seems an actual pity that such greatness, all unsolicited of the gods, should not have been added to the town's historical recollections. When one thinks what Congress was in those days, what sturdy and incorruptible old Romans sat on the benches, it seems a sheer loss, a blunder of Fate. In 1798, when the yellow fever again visited Philadelphia, the Academy gave its lower story and its cellars for the use of the government treasury. These periodical scourges which decimated surrounding towns and cities never assailed Germantown, whose "ampler ether" and "diviner air" never yet knew contagion or epidemic.

But before we leave the Germantown Academy we must allude to its jumble of relics. On its spire is still to be seen the crown placed there by the loyal colonists when the school-house was built, while the bell in the steeple is the identical one brought over with the tea thrown into Boston harbor on the occasion of the famous tea-party, when, it is declared, the patriots sounded it for a tocsin. In the school-library, besides other curiosities, is the spy-glass used by General Washington during the battle of Germantown. He may, indeed, have held it in his hand when he swore the second oath recorded against him.

It no doubt required the war and subsequent events to shake Germantown out of its thrifty repose,—to give it a history and ally it by ties of sympathy, a common need, a common aim, with the world about it. It is not necessary here to relate the story of the battle of Germantown, or to point out the honorable scars of the famous Chew House, or even to seek the burial-places of the slain and drop a tear over them. The battle of Germantown is one of the several Revolutionary defeats which we celebrate with the *éclat* of a victory. It seems to have been the result of a great many combined unfortunate circumstances over which our general and his men had no control, and it has been logically proved over and over that the gods were really fighting on our side, and that it was better for our cause that it was lost instead of being gained. And after the interval of a successful century we may afford to look back with tolerant good nature at the mistakes and failures which, although at the time they seemed to put everything dear in jeopardy, finally contributed to the sum of desired results. The despairs of youth serve to enhance the successes of old age.

The spell of history survives in Germantown, and will continue to survive so long as its substantial Chew and other historic houses remain. So we will not lament that the good German Friends and others could not have gone on thriftily wearing their stockings and eating their apple-butter in careless security all through the Revolution. Nor need it be wondered at if we say that the inhabitants of Germantown did not rise with one spontaneous impulse and declare themselves patriots when the war began. They were in large measure a community of non-combatants. Besides the Friends, the Mennonites were averse to war and any form of bloodshed, considering it contrary to the spirit and teachings of Christianity. Then, too, any benefits to be derived from independence of the mother-country were shallow, delusive, impalpable to the imaginations of the people, while the real evils and discomforts which the war entailed were vividly clear to their senses in hindered enterprise, wasted effort, and spoiled thrift. Thus the experiences in store for the place seem not to have been invited by their zeal in the cause, but to have been the free gifts of the good fortune which has from the first kept an eye upon Germantown.

Although richer than other settlements in diversity of religious annals, until the war came there had been little either vivid or effective in Germantown history. The tints had been sober and discreet; the good people had been careful in no wise to depart from those safe but neutral hues which do little for the picturesque in life. Imagine, then, in

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1777, General Howe's entire army, consisting of twenty thousand men, defiling along Germantown Road, taking possession and quartering themselves upon the town! There were red-coated English, gold-braided Hessians, and plaided, kilted, bare-legged Highlanders. No wonder the Academy was closed in those days, and the boys given a prolonged holiday. The troops made as noiseless an entry, however, as was compatible with the tramp of the infantry and the clatter of the cavalry. "Not a drum was heard." Not only the fife but the very bagpipes were

WAKEFIELD MILLS.

silent, and gave no voice to the warning that the Campbells were coming. The army was quietly and efficiently disposed of: the artillery and the Hessians were encamped on the hills; the Highlanders went into quarters close by the Haines place, and the infantry had barracks on the commons. The handsome English officers, mostly very young men, were quartered upon the well-to-do families, and left behind them a pleasing record of good looks and good manners. It is related, however, that, no matter how gallantly they made love to the demure

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little maidens who waited upon them, they achieved no conquests. The pretty Quaker girls were still as German in feeling as they were in speech, and gave their hearts, if they gave them at all, to the German soldiers, forcing the English officers to depend on the brilliant Philadelphia belles for their flirtations.

In the tedious lapses of military life the officers spent their time riding up and down the long street, occasionally making a picturesque foray into the wooded and hilly country roundabout. The trim, elegant English officers rode, it is related, powerful heavy-hoofed horses, while the bulky Germans, with their stiff, frogged, and embroidered coats, sat astride lightly-built, delicate-hoofed animals apparently only fit for ladies' palfreys. These cavalcades clattered up to the market-place twenty times a day. It must have been a pretty sight to the quiet people who looked out of the windows and saw the dragoons beautifully mounted, with arms and accoutrements polished to the utmost shining splendor. On each side of the door-way of General Howe's head-quarters was likely to be seen a mounted trooper waiting for orders. The whole made a picturesque circumstance, and probably left some faint impression on the popular mind of the power and stability of the English government. But it was not easy to subvert Germantown people: they waited to see how events would turn out, and went on in their old way, without show or pretension, carrying on their traffic in hemp and wool, weaving their cloth, and living their homely actual life.

General Howe was first settled at Logan's country-seat, but soon came into the town and occupied what is now Mr. Elliston Morris's house, opposite Market Square, then belonging to Isaac Frank.

General Washington probably carried away tolerably disagreeable reminiscences from Germantown in 1777; but he was to return under more agreeable auspices in 1793, when, on account of the prevalence of yellow fever in Philadelphia, he took up his residence in the very house to which we have just alluded as General Howe's head-quarters. It will thus be seen that the Morris house is not lacking in precious historic associations, even without the royal gilding which William IV.'s living in it while a midshipman may be supposed to lend it. Its outside aspect and inner arrangement have both been well preserved, and are much the same as when it was the Executive Mansion. You may see in it the actual rooms where Washington lived. It is a large, comfortable house, fronting on Market Square, pleasantly old-fashioned in architecture, without any special quaintness, many-windowed, each window containing innumerable panes of glass. Its hall is fine; its rooms are wainscoted and panelled from floor to ceiling with heavy cornices. The woodwork, old as it is, remains perfect to this day, and the door-knobs, latches, and fastenings are of a good fashion, unspoiled by modern improvements. Some of Washington's furniture from his other places of residence has been added to the house, and every room is rich in suggestions of the storied times of the last century.

From the door-way of this respectable dwelling it was the President's habit to issue regularly twice a day during his residence in Germantown, once for a walk, and again for a ride, or, when the roads were sufficiently good, an airing with Mrs. Washington in her phaeton. Let us fancy the Father of his Country on horseback slowly moving down the street, answering reverential salutations with a stately bend of his dignified figure. The street along which he rode or walked showed many of its present features, but under different aspects. Now the old houses, with their green windows and gables, give an effect of delightful irregularity. But at that time there was a dull uniformity about the small, low, moss-grown dwellings; they looked almost prison-like; almost all were built with enormous corner chimneys; the windows were very small, the roofs high and double-hipped. The upper half of the front door was usually swung back, and hanging over the lower half was to be seen the burly figure of the master

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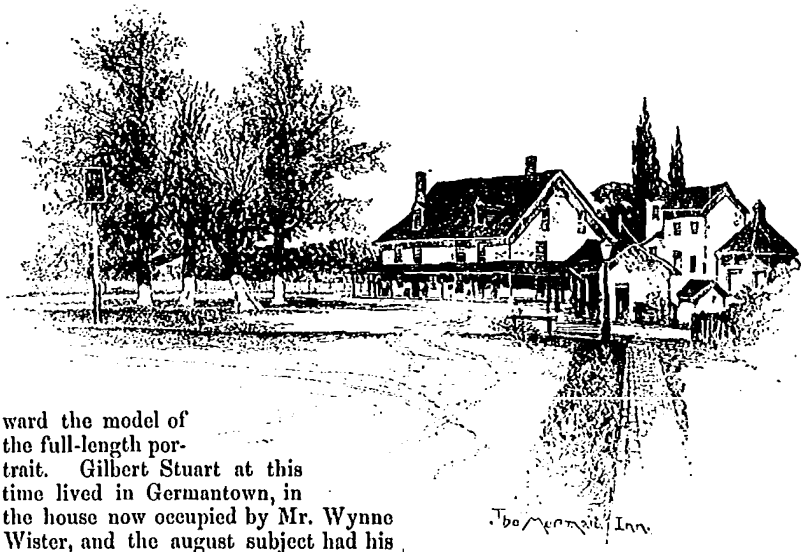
of the house, framed as it were in the casement. There it was the ancient Germantowner's wont to stand, or rather to recline, "resting his elbows thereon while he held converse with an opposite neighbor or with one who might chance to be passing." Thus the President's promenade is likely to have offered him a series of family portraits.

General Washington usually attended English preaching at the Reformed Dutch church opposite his house on Market Square, but went occasionally to hear a sermon in German, to which he listened with such close attention and such apparent edification that almost every one believed he understood the language to perfection. On Sunday morning, the moment the bell began to toll, the door of the Executive Mansion opened, and the General and Mrs. Washington marshalled their entire household to religious service.*

The original Stuart portrait of Washington was painted at this time. The head only was finished, but was afterward the model of the full-length portrait. Gilbert Stuart at this time lived in Germantown, in the house now occupied by Mr. Wynne Wister, and the august subject had his sittings in a barn at the rear, then newly built and used as a studio. This place has been injured by fire; but part of it is still standing.



It is not difficult to imagine the great general, with his stern, almost awful, but yet kindly aspect, sitting for his likeness,—not from any uneasy desire to be perpetuated on canvas, not from promptings of vanity, but because it was perhaps desirable, suitable, and certainly respectable, to have a worthy representation remain to posterity after one's earthly flesh, like other temporalities, is

> Gone like the winds which blow
> A thousand years ago.

It seems a pity that, among other memorials of olden time in the town, the German Reformed church which Washington attended should not have been preserved. It had been built after the ancient Dutch fashion, with a steep shingle-roofed steeple surmounted by an iron cock. The main building was very long, very narrow, and very low, with an excessively diminutive pulpit, perched as high as it could be. When the church was finally pulled down to make way for a new one, the steeple was taken by a lover of antiquities and set up on his grounds as a summer-house; while the

* Jefferson and other members of the Cabinet had adjacent quarters in a large stone house still standing.

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iron weathercock, battered with the bullets of the "Paxton Boys," now holds a post of honor and looks down from the top of a rare musical clock in a reposeful room filled with memorials of immemorial times. No more shifting and veering for the old weathercock, but firmly fixed and conservative nowadays, and not easily moved. The old organ of Market-Square Church also deserves mention. It had been built in Holland, and had in place of a show of pipes a row of resplendent gilt angels blowing their trumpets. These "golden trumpet angels in their glory" have been of late years restored to the modern church.

The "Paxton Boys" were a set of lawless rangers, whose story has been often told, who have been passionately accused and as passionately defended,—whose cruelty, even ferocity, has been condoned by the one party as heartily as it was condemned by the other. There can be no doubt about the horrors of anxiety, besides those of actual suffering, experienced by the settlers in the frontier Pennsylvania towns from the Indians. It was in vengeance for these that the "Paxton Boys" rose in their wrath, fell upon helpless Indian villages, under pretence of seeking certain of the tribe whom they proclaimed murderers, and massacred old men, women and children, without mercy.

The Quakers and Moravians, who liked to live in peace with all men, were accused of favoring the Indians no matter what atrocities they committed. The Paxton Boys were led by Lazarus Stewart, who incited them to burn Conestoga, and when called upon for his defence made a fiery declaration of the principles which had actuated him. "If a white man kill an Indian," said he, "it is a murder far exceeding any crime upon record: he must not be tried in the county where he lives or where the offence was committed, but in Philadelphia, that he may be tried, convicted, sentenced, and hung without delay. If an Indian kill a white man, it was the act of an ignorant heathen, perhaps in liquor. Alas, poor innocent! *He* is sent to the friendly Indians, that he may be made a Christian. Is it not a notorious fact that an Indian who treacherously murdered a family in Northampton County was given up to the magistrates that he might have a regular trial, and was not this Indian conveyed into Bucks County and kept screened from punishment by Israel Pemberton? Have we not repeatedly represented that Conestoga was a harbor for prowling savages? We were at a loss to tell friend from foe. All we asked for was the removal of the Christian Indians. Was not this promised by Governor Penn, yet delayed? A murder of more than common barbarity was committed on the Susquehanna; the murderer was traced to Conestoga; he was demanded, but the Indians assumed a warlike attitude: tomahawks were raised, shots were fired upon the scouts, who went back for additional forces. They returned, and you know the rest,—Conestoga was reduced to ashes," etc., etc.

But such methods were too much like the bloody deeds of the savages themselves to be justified by any such pleas. A cry of horror went up at these barbarous excesses. The friendly Indians were removed to Philadelphia and placed under charge of the garrison. The rangers, hearing of this, assembled from all the country round, and set out for the city, threatening to wrest the Indians from the soldiers and destroy them to the last of the tribe. They reached Germantown, but got no farther. Benjamin Franklin came out from Philadelphia and expostulated with them; they learned, too, that a large force of citizens and soldiers were prepared to give them a warm welcome in the city: then, besides, they were human, and probably second thoughts had cooled their first ardor; a little yielding, a little human infirmity of weakness, rounded off the sharpness of resolution: accordingly, after striking terror into the hearts of the law-abiding Germantown people for a few days, they disbanded and returned to their homes.

Another incursion into Germantown was that of French emigrants who escaped from the San Domingo massacre

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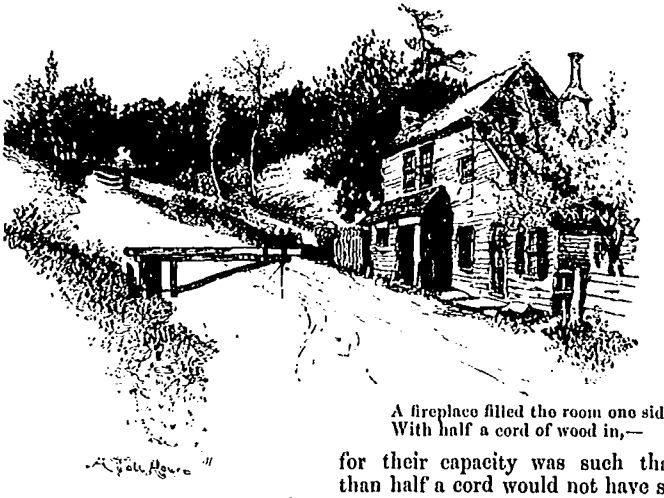
in 1804. They settled down for a time in the place, never merging themselves into its life or manners in the faintest degree, but keeping up their own home-customs, dressing in San Domingo fashions, idling about the streets or at the windows all day and filling the night with gay dance-music and serenades from their guitars. These gay Southerners, with their tropical complexions of various degrees of color, their frivolous indolence, glittering wastefulness, grotesque dress, and apparently easy morals, to say nothing of their habit of killing and eating all kinds of birds not usually included in a Christian bill of fare, must considerably have shocked the people who looked on.

When men and women have religious beliefs which uphold them through every phase and circumstance of their lives, —when a good and consistent example is considered a substantial help to a younger generation on which they ought to mould themselves without mistrust or even questioning,—changes and innovations are rare in any community; and they were particularly rare in Germantown. Great thrift prevailed among the townspeople; but, with the exception of certain leading families possessing inherited wealth, daily life was plain and



A fireplace filled the room one side,
With half a cord of wood in,—

manners and customs were very simple. Mr. Charles J. Wister, whose ancestor came to this country from Hillspach, near Heidelberg, where his father was Jäger to the Prince Palatine, has in his pleasant family memorial done much to realize the doings of former generations to our imagination, and thus draws the picture of the household hearth of the ancient Germantowner: "Fireplaces capacious enough to seat the entire family occupied an undue proportion of the parlors, library, and kitchen, so that those to whom close quarters to the blazing logs brought discomfort found little accommodation elsewhere. It might with truth be said of either of these apartments,—for their capacity was such that less than half a cord would not have sufficed to supply the great cavernous recesses designed for its reception. They were surrounded with panel-work and a mantel so high as to afford perfect security from the fingers of meddlesome children, and, indeed, of all persons not of colossal proportions. Curious antique German stoves made of tiles and extending almost to the ceiling were used to heat some of the upper rooms of the house. . . . With two or three such receptacles for fuel, as I have described, in every house, it is not to be wondered at that forests soon grew thin and began to vanish from the neighborhood."

Turkey carpets were seen only in the best houses: white sand was almost in-

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variably used for the floors of kitchens and sitting-rooms, and parlors as well. The sand-man (not Hans Christian Andersen's delightful sand-man) was looked for as regularly every morning as any other daily vender, and sold his sand at ten or twelve cents a bushel. It was sprinkled on the floor through a sieve, then carefully smoothed down with a hair broom. Much skill could be displayed in fancifully decorating it with profuse flourishes in the shape of flowers and wreaths. Probably certain æsthetic instincts otherwise smothered in these quiet lives found expression here.

In those times there was comparatively little visiting, save in the immediate neighborhood. The roads were bad, and impeded travel not only by difficulties but by positive dangers. They were clayey and miry, with numerous quicksands, and in going from Germantown to Philadelphia, a distance of five or six miles, carriages and even horses were sometimes swamped and lost. A line of stage-coaches was set up after a time, and along the Germantown Road, beginning at Front Street, Philadelphia, and ending at Chestnut Hill, were to be found, at suitable intervals, comfortable and dignified inns. Until the day when the railway came to supersede everything quiet and leisurely, the inns of Germantown Road were a notable feature of this region. The Germantown coach started at the King of Prussia and ran to the George II. in the city, passing on the way The Roebuck and The Rising Sun. Farther on toward Chestnut Hill was the quaint and interesting Mermaid Inn,—which has not suffered the usual fate of inns and mouldered into silence, neglect, and decay, but still shows a prosperous front. But poor and faint nevertheless must be the experiences of any inn of to-day compared with the glories of the past, when its lights were a shining beacon to the tired traveller,—tired of bad roads and persistent toll-houses.

In going to be married in those days the bride rode to meeting behind her father or guardian, and after the ceremony was carried to her new home on a pillion behind the husband's saddle. Outside romance and sentiment were almost wholly absent in all ceremonials and observances of those days, but men and women were very sure of themselves, and fixed their hearts and minds in a deep constancy to each other and to all duty which gave beauty to their lives. Human nature kept itself wholesome and true in fundamentals among these quiet people. Invitations to funerals were given in a fashion thus described in Mr. Townsend Ward's late papers in the "Pennsylvania Historical Magazine:" "Along the road, up one side and down the other, would stalk the self-important herald, who, standing on the threshold of each house in its turn, and whether any one appeared or not, would pronounce, in a loud voice, 'Thyself and family are bidden to the funeral of Dirck Hogermoed, at three o'clock to-morrow.' And so he went from house to house. At the appointed time the denizens would gather at the house, and each as he entered would take from the table which stood by the door a glass of spirits, which it was considered an affront not to do. After a time of solemn communing, they would mount their horses, the wife on a pillion behind her husband, and thus would they ride to the burying-ground, to see their ancient comrades

Each in his narrow cell forever laid."

Of all the historic houses about Philadelphia, Stenton may be said to be the most interesting, both from its associations and from its having preserved its manorial seclusion uncrowded by the march of progress and innovation. The peace and permanence of a vanished century seem to brood over the woodlands and pastures. Trees of mighty girdle, relics of the primitive forest, give dignity and beauty to the landscape. The building erected by James Logan in 1727 remains to this day a substantial house, little out of repair, flanked by picturesque out-buildings and surrounded by tall hemlocks and poplars. Thus isolated and unchanged, it seems to belong almost wholly to the

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past. James Logan, whose country-seat it was, came to America in 1699, in the capacity of William Penn's private secretary. He was promoted from one responsible position to another, and during Penn's long absences in England took his place in almost every department of business, carrying out his views with a singular faithfulness not only to the letter of instruction, but to the spirit of kindness and brotherly love the great humanitarian had inculcated.

We get pretty glimpses of Logan's domestic life at Stenton in his letters, in one of which he writes to Thomas Story about his daughter: "Sally, besides her needlework, has been learning French, and this last week has been very busy in the dairy at the plantations, in which she delights, as in spinning, but is at this moment at the table with me, reading the thirty-fourth psalm in Hebrew, the letters of which she learned very perfectly in less than two hours' time." This is not a solitary instance of a rare combination of solid and useful acquirements on the part of Germantown dames. Such a restrictive tariff was put upon the spirit of frivolity that youthful powers, turned toward reflection and high purpose, found their culmination in a womanhood sensible, dignified, and gracious, from which the incessant pursuit of worthy occupations had removed every trace of triviality.

Logan was a gentle and consistent friend to the Indians, who on their side entertained an absolutely romantic devotion for him, seeking him constantly, and encamping on his grounds to pay him visits of a year in length, pursuing their vocations meanwhile, weaving baskets and hewing various implements out of wood. The Indian chief Wingohocking, on one occasion, wishing to swear eternal friendship, proposed to Logan that they should change names, when Logan replied, with royal tact, "Do thou, chief, take mine, and give thine to this stream which passeth through my fields, and when I am passed away, and while the earth shall endure, it shall flow and bear thy name."

The little river Wingohocking has a right to some pretty legend, so picturesque is its course beneath the shadows of the beautiful Wister woods and across broad, grassy meadows. Its charm has been diversified, not spoiled, by stone factories and mills, which lend an added attractiveness to the landscape about Fisher's Lane, sometimes—as at Wakefield Mills—giving it a character absolutely romantic. The first mills which were built by the settlers possessed beauty; and both on the Wingohocking and on the Wissahickon are to be found structures which really delight the eye, festooned about as they are with vines and creepers. All lovers of the archaic still lament the destruction of Roberts's Mill, the first gristmill of the colony, which was built in 1683, and which until within a few years remained, with its turrets, gables, and great water-wheel, a part of the common picturesque inheritance of Germantown people.

We have glimpses all through the local history of strong, dignified figures who deserve to dwell in the memory. One of the many noticeable worthies of the last century was the gingerbread-maker, Christopher Ludwick. He served through the entire war without pay, and was not only patriotically disinterested himself, but inspired patriotism and disinterestedness in others. His companions-in-arms were once upon the point of mutinying because they received neither pay nor clothes, but he fell upon his knees before them, imploring them to desist and have patience until better times. His entreaties were effectual, and the spirit of mutiny passed. He best showed his powers of eloquence in bringing over some of the Hessians and other Germans, British auxiliaries, to the American side. At one time eight Hessians were taken prisoners, and he begged that they should be given up to him. He took them to Germantown, and showed them the handsome German churches and houses; he told them Germans lived nowhere so well as here, and promised them freedom if they would desert the English and join our

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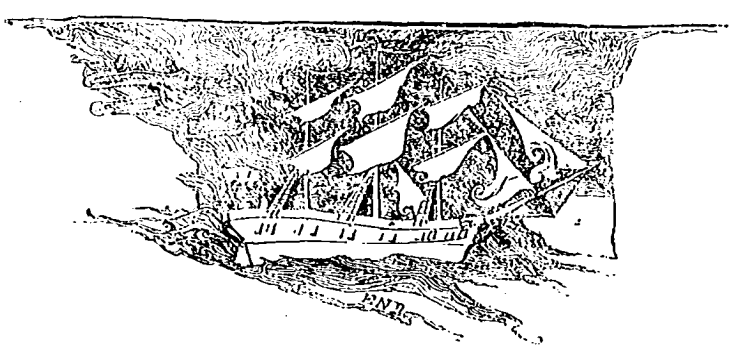
cause. He even went disguised into the Hessian camps at Staten Island and preached to the men of the good fortune and thrift of Germantown Germans. In 1777 he was appointed baker-general to the army, and was instructed to give a pound of bread for a pound of flour. "No," said he, "I will not be enriched by the war. I will give one hundred and thirty-five pounds of bread for one hundred pounds of flour." In 1793, when the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, he left his comfortable home, went into a bakery in that city, and made bread for the poor sufferers, without pay, all through the season of epidemic.

The name of Rittenhouse has been preserved in both Philadelphia and Germantown, in squares and streets. It was in Germantown that David Rittenhouse was born, and that as a lad he covered the fences of his father's farm, and the very plough with which he furrowed his father's fields, with mathematical figures. Here, too, he made his famous wooden clock, and, afterward, his orrery, pursuing his studies and perfecting his inventions with Newton's "Principia" in hand, like Thomas Godfrey, whose discovery of the quadrant dates from Germantown a quarter of a century earlier. It was at Stenton that Godfrey chanced upon the idea by which he perfected Davis's quadrant. He was a glazier, and was setting a window-pane, when a piece of broken glass fell at such an angle and reflected the sun in such a way that the suggestion was forced upon his mind. Mr. Logan encouraged him in his experiments, and the result was an instrument which has hardly been surpassed to this day.

Germantown has been changing for the last thirty years, and it will continue to change. That instinct of rigid discipline, of self-limitation, which made it distinct and individual could hardly outlast primitive times, and must of course rapidly vanish under the spur of modern innovation, the stimulus of whose constant high pressure leaves nothing unaltered. But the character of those who made the town will have its voice and tell its story so long as the last old wall remains, just as the bas-relief of a ship in full sail upon the southern wall of one of the old houses on the Main Street still tells of the deathless love of the sea of the sailor who caused it to be placed there. A new Germantown has arisen, not on the ruins of the old, but as a part of it and as an harmonious development of its rigid rules of truth into the lines of beauty.



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