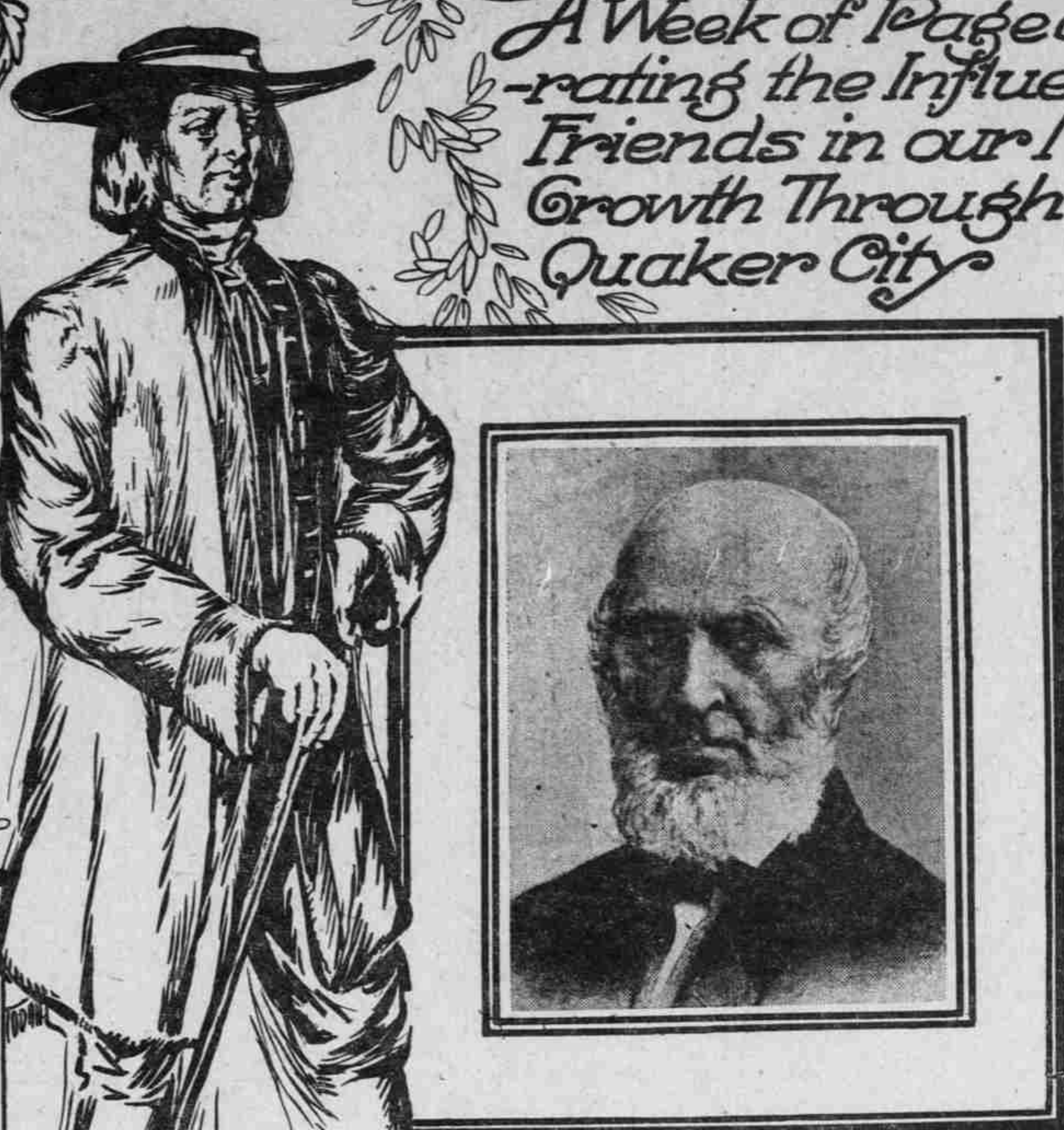
Philadelphia's 225th Birthday

A Week of Pageantry Illustrating the Influence of Friends in our National Growth Through the Quaker City

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, THE QUAKER JOURNALIST AND NOVELIST; PERHAPS THE FIRST OF AMERICAN STORY-TELLERS, AND FOR LONG THE EDITOR OF GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE A LEADING PERIODICAL OF THE EARLY 19TH CENTURY

BAYARD TAYLOR, THE QUAKER POET NOVELIST AND TRAVELER. FROM A PORTRAIT BY THE LATE EASTMAN JOHNSON. OWNED BY MRS TAYLOR.



JOHN G. WHITTIER

Throughout its seven days' fetes the Keystone State metropolis will commemorate the influences of "The Friends" upon its own and the Nation's present stability. How the traditions of the followers of Penn are to be lived again in masquerade.

BY WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Of the influences which have gone to the building up of that composite nation which the world now knows as the United States, that exerted in the infant Colonies by the Quakers is far from least. With them pride as often as not took on the form of self-righteousness, their determination not infrequently developed into a stubbornness aptly characterized as "crotchety;" yet were they obedient and submissive, peaceful and reverential, accurate and just, chaste and truthful. With conscience as their all-sufficient guide in life, they succeeded not only in establishing for themselves that refuge for the exercise of individual liberty which the world had long owed them (refusing the debt), but as well in impressing upon an important section of the land the characteristics and habits which had made them what they were, and which, in turn, largely helped to make that part of the country what it is.—John Fiske.

THE historian Fiske's tribute to the Quaker qualities falls closely apropos with the dispatches telling of Philadelphia's imposing "pageant week" celebration of her 225th birthday, opening this very morning. "The Quaker City" must forever be associated in the popular mind with the tenets and traits of the followers of its founder; for all time to come will it be inevitably the center of Quakerdom, even though the bitter persecutions with which New England met the "Friends," and the social boycotts with which the Southern colonies welcomed their arrival from the Old World, have long since become but picturesque echoes of a half-forgotten past.

Not for years has the Quaker exerted a largely molding force in the metropolis which Penn founded as a refuge for the oppressed of all nations and creeds in general, but, in particular, for those who believed and worshiped as he himself. Less than a generation after the first beginnings of his "Holy Experiment," the Quaker element in the city's population had dropped to a half; in 1756 it was not more than a sixth of the whole. Since the Revolution their history has been merely one of the development of their own religious organization; for more than a century they have ceased, as a body, to play any considerable part, either in political or civil life. Yet the influence of this disappearing people was long powerful, and is still considerable. Biddles and Logans, Copes and Wetherills, Motts and Dickinsons, Morrises and Griscoms still carry down to this festival-making present the traditions (and to an appreciable extent, too, the influences) of the days long gone.

"A disappearing people"—and yet they live in the hearts of half the world even as they do, through their descendants, at the hearths of half Pennsylvania. "The City of Homes" is their monument. "Sleepy," a smiling press has dubbed it, because of a conservatism apt to "leave well enough alone" too long, but also is it sane. When the Quaker builders made the old town so staid-appearing, they also made it honestly comfortable; it is as orderly to live in as unquestionably it is monotonous to look at. Easy-going, it "wears well," does Philadelphia, 225-year-old; and still has it to show in its narrow, primly right-angled, brick-fronted, (and, today, bunting-decked) streets, many of the outward and visible signs of the Quaker forefathers, which fitly accompany their inward and spiritual graces still enduring among its celebrating citizens.

"Plain" Speech and Clothes.

The "thee" and the "thou" one may hear constantly and melodiously in these thoroughfares, tree-named as in the time of Penn's practical self, but "plain clothes" are exceptions far from the rule. Today's Tom Hood may no longer write:

> The Quaker loves an ample brim,
> A hat that bows to no salaam;
> And dear the beaver is to him
> As if it never made a dam.

"Sugar-scoop" bonnets are as little met with as the soft, felted headgear of the George Fox sort, and solid drabs and simple grays, guiltless of ruffles or furbelows, are seen rarely.

In the meeting house enclosures, during "Yearly Meeting" week, one will find instances of just such textures and dove-like color schemes as once upon a time stirred the enthusiasm of the French traveler Brissot, but the question of dress is no longer bound up in the scheme of salvation, and the latest fashions in clothes, for both sexes, have come in along with "hymns in meeting." Yet time was the entry appears under "25th of 8th month, 1701," in the minute book of the Philadelphia Meeting: when heart-deep debate was held whether or not "some young men who have taken with the Taylors that make profession of Truth, and are found in the practice of making such fashionable clothing" (sic) "as Tends to the Corruption of Youth." This sort of thing is a tradition not an influence nowadays; modern dressmakers and "Taylors" are left unexpostulated with.

ELIZABETH FRY, THE ENGLISH QUAKERESS WHO FILLED THE EARLY YEARS OF THE 19TH CENTURY WITH HER PRISON REFORMS AND GENEROUS PHILANTHROPIES. (THE PICTURE SHOWS THE GARB OF THE "ORTHODOX" QUAKERESS, IN ITS ACCEPTED FORM.)—(AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY GEORGE RICHMOND.)

Meeting-Houses and Marriages.

Those meeting-houses, with their substantial, simple lines and the warm "homeliness" of their venerable brick walls, stand out the most eloquent and characteristic reminders of the past of the Friends. Annually does "Quaker Week" bring the representatives of the sect to the historic old building at the corner of Fourth and Arch streets, just as their ancestors for generations have assembled there—since, indeed, Philadelphia ceased to divide the honor with New Jersey's Burlington, back at the close of the seventeenth century. "Quarterly" and "Monthly" meetings, too, still are held, even as when they embodied within themselves the tribunals which settled all matters in dispute among their members, with no recourse to the law—which now is turned to promptly when need be, by your present-day Quaker, whether "Orthodox" or "Hicksite."

The marching years have seen a change not in this respect alone, for the simply impressive marriage ceremony of those older times is no longer the matter-of-course it once was. The clerk of a monthly meeting to announce the "Intention" of John Cope and Sarah Morris to marry, the two standing, on the opposite sides of the primly plain room, while the formula was being read; the second announcement the month following, of their "Continuance" in their desire and intention—this custom has practically passed. But now and again weddings still are solemnized much in the ancient order; John and Sarah standing side by side before the assembled meeting, holding hands, and saying in turn (with, of course, the proper changes of gender): "Friends, in the presence of the Lord and before this assembly, I take Sarah Morris to be my wife, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband till death us do separate."

Let Us Have Peace.

That the Philadelphia of today should take a strong and active interest in the peace movement is distinctly through the Quaker influence, for the city fathers, from the first, had been most earnest in their efforts to stop disputations in their theology, declining any missionary propaganda save the quietest and least "pushing," they were, of all men, most peace-loving. Even the unwarranted aggressions and cruel terrors of the wars waged by the Indians with the colonists so failed to move them from their position in this regard that they stirred the hostile criticisms of more "patriotic" neighbors, and were, later, subjected to severer measures.

The stamp act aroused in Pennsylvania a firm protest, but it was couched in eminently proper terms and was accompanied by no such riotous demonstrations as elsewhere marked its promulgation. With the outbreak of the Revolution the Pennsylvania Quakers refused to pay war taxes, or to subscribe to oaths or "tests" of allegiance, while some went so far as to decline to ship goods in armed vessels. All of which led to arrests and imprisonments (though fines were substituted for actual detention in most cases) while in 1777 a score of Philadelphia's most influential Friends were sent into exile to Virginia. Their general position was that they did not believe in revolutions on the one hand, nor in the irritating proceedings of the British Ministry on the other, and, while they would have joined gladly in a peaceful, legal resistance to English encroachments, they could not, as matters stood, join either party in the dispute. They would not recognize a revolutionary government, "raised by illegal means;" they would not assist the British in "wrongful means used to conquer their rebellious colonists"—in other words they were completely out of the whole matter.

With the examples of such forebears held up for emulation, why should not the Friends of today indorse the Hague tribunals, and work for the furthering of international arbitration?

The Fighting Sort.

Yet the Quaker of this present day has his own way of "fighting," even as had his Revolutionary predecessor. A story is told of one such, back in the days when pirates were actualities and seafaring none too safe, who found himself on a vessel hove to by buccaneer roundshot; the boarding party's small boats were then about to pull in under the gunwales. "Friend Joseph" had refused to arm himself for the coming conflict; he never had fought, and he wasn't going to violate his principles. As he stood by the rail, not a little troubled and yet harking obediently to an eloquent conscience, one skiff pulled in directly beneath him. A rope was dangling from the side of the presumed prize and a rascally cut-throat instantly began to swarm up its wriggling length, knife beneath teeth. Joseph could stand it no longer. "Friend," he shouted, "If thee wants that rope thee may have it," and with one clean stroke of a handy hatchet he cut it and the pirate went down among his fellows without debating the question raised.

In much the same way individual Quakers reached the breaking point, as the Revolution wore its weary way on to eventual independence, and separating from their fellows, both held office and fought; Clement Biddle, for a single instance, served as Aide to Washington himself during the hungry weeks at Valley Forge. These patriots called themselves "Free Quakers;" "Fighting Quakers," the 18th century called them, and high up under the shallow gable of Philadelphia's venerable Apprentices' Library, at Arch and Fifth streets, is still to be seen the tablet which commemorates their story. Perhaps 400 thus cut loose from the strict rules of an unbending meeting, under the spur of their country's need; the last of them dying, it is said, so late as 1836.

Two National Landmarks.

Elizabeth Ross was one of these Free Quakers, (for though Ross was a member of Christ's Episcopal Church, his wife was born a Griscom, and had been a member of the Fourth-Street Meeting) and within a stone's throw of the Apprentices' Library still stands the tiny home where "Betsy," then a widow, fashioned, under the kindly eye of the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces, the first Stars and Stripes. Your strictly orthodox Quaker might not have done this in aid of a war, even a war for freedom, but many a point (and principle) had to be stretched in those "times that tried men's souls," and so "The Flag House" rises a monument to a Quaker loyalty of which the Nation's self, as well as the city and sect, are proud.

With it, and the meeting houses, the present-day memorials of yesterday's Philadelphia friends include, of course, the house of Proprietor Penn. It stands now in Fairmount Park, which its one-time owner never dreamed of, but it is surrounded by just such deep-bosomed trees as he loved, while the snug little building itself is quite as it was when first erected "in the heart of the town and facing the harbor." The hood over the doorway is a replica of the original, and the slates are new, but otherwise it exists just as in the old days, when its master was busiest guiding the infant steps of his "asylum for the good and oppressed of every nation."

Far-Reaching Charities.

Quakers in general have much, and Philadelphia Quakerdom in particular, has much to say in its long annals of the noble life-work of Lucretia Mott, who, in and near the city to whose fame for philanthropies she so generously contributed, followed steadily in the path of good deeds blazed before her by that British cousin, Elizabeth Fry. "The gracious lady" Mott's fame is inextricably bound up with that of Philadelphia; she gave her life's best to its best aims and ends, identifying herself for all time with its almshouses and "homes." Here tradition has begot influence, to the end that the Quaker Philadelphia of today maintains more such institutions than any other city in the whole broad land.

The Friend was more apt to give himself to this branch of charity, indeed, than to educational work. It was so in the beginning and still holds mainly true. The first settlers of Penn's province interested themselves in primary education not a little, and insisted (with foresight antedating by many years the modern vogue of schools for manual training) that every boy of 12 should learn a trade, but schools in the higher grades seem to have made no strong appeal to their minds. The "William Penn Charter School" of today, was founded as long ago as 1689, to be sure, but it was the exception, not the rule; besides which George Keith, the first head master, aspired to the mantle of no less an one than Fox himself, and, at the apostle's death, in 1690, led a schism in the faith which certainly did not then further the fame and prosperity of his school.

Literature Little Cherished.

Nor did the early Quaker treat any too kindly the printer's educational art. William Bradford, "father of American printing," came across in the train of the great proprietor, a young man of 25, armed with both press and "letters" (as types then were known), and that very year, set up his shop in Philadelphia, making a beginning at today's vast printing industry with tracts and almanacs. But Bradford was ill-treated; fault was found with his show of progress; imprisonment and fines fell to his portion; till, at last, it is small wonder that he turned a disgusted back upon his quondam Quaker patrons and went over to New York, there to work (with greater appreciation) till his death.

With the art of letters, so closely wedded to that of the press, the Quakers showed as little sympathy. Whittier is their one great and shining light, with Bayard Taylor following in point of time and Charles Brockden Brown preceding. Possibly H. T. Tuckerman answers here the why of just such facts as these. The Quakers, he says, were "a class distinguished for moral worth, but equally remarkable for the absence of a sense of the beautiful, and for a firm repudiation of the artistic graces of life, and the inspiration of sentiment except of a strictly religious kind."

Sentiment and an appreciation for the aesthetics, often even for the amenities of life were not (and are not indeed) marked characteristics of your bred-in-the-bone Quaker. Other things were his, however, and are today; and these "other things," still native to the latest decendants of the wearers of broad brims and shovel bonnets, brought peace and prosperity to Philadelphia, even as Philadelphia brought peace and prosperity to its sons and daughters. The principles of Quaker Penn, religious and political, may not now be practiced in the city of his dreams, but it still cherishes many of the virtues which were his.

Certainly, too, is Philadelphia properly proud of its Quakers and Quaker traditions. These serene faced men and women, with their gentle speech, stand for the best in its history. They have been a formative influence, not only in the life of the metropolis but of the Keystone State itself, and that influence has been out of all proportion either to their numbers or aggressiveness. Their quiet, gentle, almost negative methods are eloquent in suggestion to an often-too-impatient present; they seem to point that the secret of power is also the secret of peace.

The Green About Doublin

Remarks Is Not Intended as a Joke.

THERE is a great deal that is green about Dublin, and the remark is not intended as a joke. There are several fine parks and breathing places scattered about the city. Many of the residences have large backyards filled with tres and flowers that are hidden from the public by the high walls that guard them from the street, but we can see them from the tops of the tramcars as we ride about. The suburbs of the city are very attractive, with plenty of large trees and vineclad walls and pretty gardens, and here and there a tennis court. As you look down upon the city from a tall tower there is almost as much foliage as in Washington.

Phoenix Park is famous and one of the largest public playgrounds in the world. St. Stephen's green is a rectangular inclosure 22 acres in extent and corresponding to four city blocks, in the fashionable quarter, and is surrounded by the mansions of the nobility and the homes of the rich. Lord Iveagh, the representative of the Guinness brewery family, has a residence on one of the sides and the archbishop's palace is on the other side, near the Shelbourne hotel, which is the best in the city, and several clubs. St. Stephen's is handsomely laid out and has what I have never seen before in a city square—a bridle path a mile long around the interior of the fence where several gentlemen take their exercise on horseback in the morning.

Sir Walter Scott was entertained in what he writes was "a very large and stately house in Stephen's Green, which I am told is the most extensive square in Europe," and writing to his wife, he said: "The streets contain a number of public buildings of the finest architecture I have seen anywhere in Britain."

A few blocks away from St. Stephen's Green is another large park known as Merrion Square, which is a private inclosure like many of the small parks in the City of London, and is accessible only to the residents of the neighborhood, who I understand purchased the land and made it into a park two or three hundred years ago so that the public has no rights there. Each of the leaseholders who are entitled to its privileges is requnired to pay $5 a year for maintaining it and "half a crown for a key to the gates," as I was informed by a policeman on that beat. It is a pretty place, with deep lustrous turf such as you seldom see outside of the British Isles and find in Ireland smoother and richer and greener than anywhere else. There are a pond and several tennis courts, cricket and croquet grounds, which are occupied every afternoon by the rich families in the neighborhood, and it makes you feel a little resentful to see the children of the poor, who need the breathing places more than the owners, peeking through between the iron pickets. It is said that this square plot of ground, which is equal to four ordinary squares in area, was formerly a pond, and that the Duke of Leinster in early days used to sail a yacht upon it. Leinster House is in the neighborhood. But it was drained 200 years ago or more and the splendid great trees that are growing there now were then planted.

The residences around St. Stephen's green and Merrion square are built of ugly brown brick, but are spacious in their proportions, were intended for large families of ample means and the aristocracy have always occupied them. The Duke of Rutland has one of the largest, and in Merrion street, just around the corner, at No. 24, in a large house now occupied by the Land Commission, the great Duke of Wellington was born. It was the town residence of the Earl of Mornington, his father, and Her Ladyship came in from Dangan castle, 24 miles outside the city, and the country residence of the family, a few days before the event, which occurred April 30, 1769. There is nothing either in the castle or in the town house to interest people today, except that they were the birthplace and the home of one of the greatest of Irishmen, and his fellow countrymen have raised a shaft similar to that at Washington in Phoenix Park, in his honor.

Across from Merrion square is the National Gallery of Ireland, which was built in 1864 and contains a fine collection of paintings, numbering about 500, which have been presented and purchased from time to time. All of the old masters are well represented and the Dutch school is especially strong. Attached to the gallery is the Metropolitan School of Art, which is liberally supported by the British government and has a large number of students. Corresponding to the Art Gallery on the opposite side of a quadrangle known as Leinster Lawn, formerly the garden of the Earl of Kildare, is the Science and Art Museum and the Museum of Natural History. Both are well arranged and full of interesting things, particularly Irish antiquities, historical relics and examples of Irish industries. The most precious object is an iron bell shaped like an ordinary cowbell and riveted on each side, which, it is said, St. Patrick used to carry about with him and ring to call the people together to hear mass. It is accompanied by a silver "shrine" or case for its protection, made in the year 1100 at the expense of Donald O'Laughlan, King of Ireland from 1091 to 1106. The "Annals of Ulster," written in the year 552, refer to this precious object as "The Bell of the Will," and its history is known from that date. It came into the possession of the Archbishop of Armath in 1044, and was among the relics of the cathedral there until it was brought to the museum in 1869. No one here seems to doubt that it is genuine.

In the adjoining case is another "shrine," as the case or covering for sacred relics is called, that contains a tooth of St. Patrick, which, according to the tradition, was loosened and fell from his mouth on the doorsill of St. Brone's Church at Killaspugbrone in County Sligo, and can be traced back all these years.

A brooch formerly worn by the King of Tara is also shown as an example of the prehistoric work of the silversmiths of Ireland, with many other beautiful pieces of silver dating and gold which were dug up in the bogs.

Between the two—museum and the library—is a fine old mansion known as Leinster House or Kildare House, erected by the great Earls of Kildare, the leaders of the Geraldines, who chose this spot 400 years ago for the erection of the largest and at that time the most magnificent city residence in Ireland. It once stoood in the center of large grounds, but they have been sold off from time to time and nearly a hundred years ago the residence passed into the possession of the Royal Dublin Society, which has made it the center of activity during its long and honorable career in encouraging and developing the arts, sciences and industries of Ireland. The membership of the Royal Dublin Society for two centuries has included all of the famous men of this nation, and they have rendered a very important service. The Royal Library, the National Gallery, the Museum of Natural History, the Museum of Antiquities owe their existence to this venerable institution and its influence has gathered the greater part of the pictures in the gallery and the articles of interest in the museum.

Kildare House is a severe pile of black stone, and the guide-book says that "the White House at Washington, D. C., is largely a reproduction of its main features, though the American building has a semi-circular colonnaded porch, which rather conceals the likeness." But a resident of Washington, D. C., would find little resemblance between the two buildings, except that they are about the same size and both have windows and a roof.

The cornerstone bears a curious inscription in stilted Latin, which illustrates the lofty pride of the Earls of Kildare. It is addressed to "The Casual Explorer who may find it among the stately ruins of a fallen house, and bids him mark the greatness of the noble builders and the uncertainty of all things terrestrial, when the men who raise such splendid monuments can rise superior to misfortune."

Flowers for Christmas

Now Is Time for Indoor Gardener to Start Them Growing.

"NOW is the time for the window gardener to start plants if she expects to have blooms for Christmas," said a florist who makes a specialty of supplying the Christmas trade, to a reporter of the New York Sun. When the reporter suggested that it might be difficult, if not impossible, to grow holiday plants under home conditions the florist shook his head as he answered: "As the growth of the window collections is slower, plants must be started earlier. That is about the only difference. A slow, cool growth insures a plant's ability to endure hardships under which greenhouse tenderlings would quickly perish.

"The Norfolk Island pine is no longer the only Christmas tree growable in the window garden. Dwarf hollies and even lemons and oranges can be grown in the window with success and if started in time and handled with ordinary intelligence will be ready for Christmas decoration or gifts. While I should recommend purchasing shrubs of this description at the bearing age, where the person has time and space they can easily be raised from the seeds. The ardisia will hold berries more than a year if Winter night temperature is kept at from 45 to 50 degrees. Oranges and lemons require rich soil and plenty of water. Fruit that is set in June will color for Christmas. Both require the full sun. Grafted plants are always the best for the window gardener, both in oranges, lemons and holly. Hollies are best buried in thin dry soil. Peppers and Jerusalem cherries also make effective Christmas decorations and may be easily grown in the window for Christmas. Should the fruits and berries of these plants color too slowly to be ready for Christmas a little less water at the roots, more in the air and a slightly higher temperature will give the desired results. About the most satisfactory method of doing this is by placing a tea kettle on a small oil stove in the room and keeping it boiling. Any drought or chill will cause these plants to shed their fruit, while overwatering will make their leaves fall.

"The single white lilac, Marie Legraye, is perhaps the best suited to forcing in windows. The Charles X and Louis Spaeth are the best of the colored varieties. They require from five to six weeks for forcing in a temperature of from 55 to 65. It is best to buy grafted plants at least a year old of a florist. The glowing crimson red flowers of the crab cactus are easily forced for Christmas. This plant flourishes in the window garden without special care. Christmas heath is another plant especially suited to that season. Many people confuse this with the Scotch heather, which has a minute pink flower and is not adapted to window culture.

"An easy and cheap method of obtaining blossoms for Christmas is by taking branches from hardy trees. Branches of the double flowering almond, Chinese magnolias, currants, flowering cherries and flowering peaches are especially adapted to this purpose. Branches from such trees should be cut about the last week in November, put in a barrel of water in a warm place, with a temperature of about 58 or 60 degrees, and sprinkled with warm water every bright morning until the buds begin to open. I have also seen large branches of the wild crabapple forced into a sheet of beautiful and fragrant blossoms in the same way. There are few country children who haven't experimented with forcing pussy willows in a pitcher or bottle of water during cold weather. Where persons haven't much money to devote to buying Christmas flowers and are willing to devote a little time to the care of a window garden there is no reason why they should not be able to make a very creditable show of blossoms in a sunny window in time for the holidays."

Every year New York City throws into the junk heap enough buildings to accommodate a small city, or a population of 50,000. In the last 10 years there have been torn down enough buildings to house 500,000 persons.