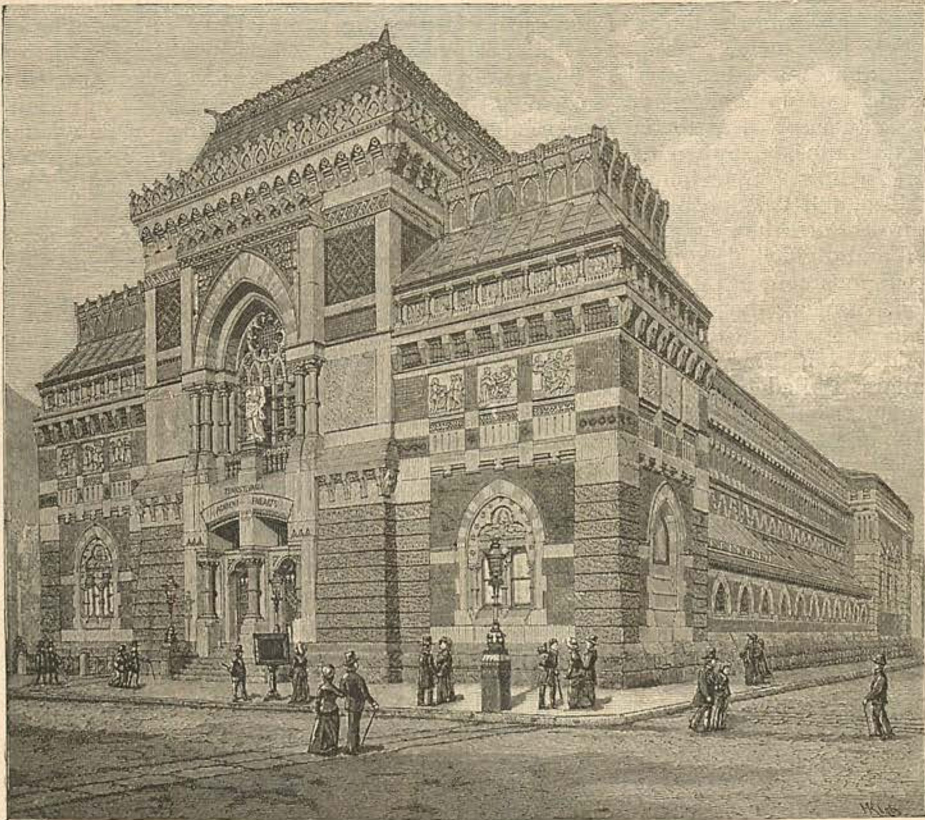
HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXXI.—FEBRUARY, 1882.—Vol. LXIV.



PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

"A CLEVER TOWN BUILT BY QUAKERS."

THE capital of Penn, founded two hundred years ago, was described in 1696 by Rudman, a Swedish clergyman, as "a clever town built by Quakers." His definition would have to be stretched to suit present conditions, and some account would have to be taken of the French, Yankee, Southern, Jewish, and New Jersey elements which have entered so effectively into the composition of the place. But the word "clever" may stand. It applies both in the Northern and in the Southern sense: the inhabitants are shrewd, and they are also exceedingly amiable.

So unobtrusive, however, is their activity in acquiring wealth, comfort, usefulness, and influence that its importance is

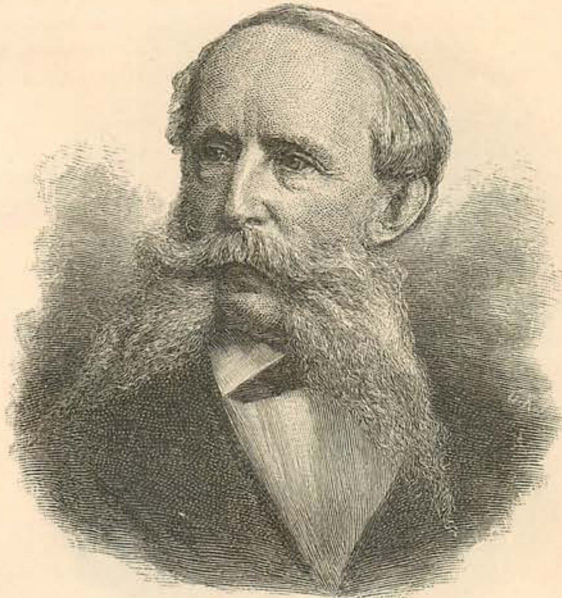
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

often underrated. The way in which the Centennial (which for a time restored the city to its ancient leadership, and has given a great impulse to its development) was carried by Philadelphians to a successful issue roused the skeptical outsider to a perception of latent power secreted here, which has prompted a fresh interest in the social and intellectual conditions of Philadelphia, so that an attempt to observe these, incomplete as it must necessarily be within the limits of a magazine article, may have its use. Yet Philadelphia almost defeats analysis. Sharp differences of opinion obtain among residents themselves as to the proper interpretation to be put upon it. *They* are not certain how Philadelphia should be described, and the outsider is only a little more certain than they. It is a diversified and divided place, yet it is capable of prodigious concentration on proper occasion. During the war, when a Sanitary Fair had been held in Boston, and had yielded something like eighty thousand dollars, Philadelphia followed the good example; but a Boston lady there remarked to one gentleman, "Of course we can't expect to do nearly as well here as in Boston." The Philadelphia Sanitary Fair was set in motion, and the proceeds reached a sum of between one and two million dollars. Philadelphia is said to contain three distinct cities—"up town," "down town," and the northeast region, still called Port Richmond, where the great coal wharves are, and where also abide the shad-fishers, whose wives in the spring season cry their finny wares through other parts of the enormous municipality; but a better-conditioned class of inhabitants has in late years domiciled there. Local pride does not exist in the same sense as in Boston or Chicago; yet its place is not supplied by the confident assumption of metropolitan importance and the comparative indifference toward locality, which characterize New York. It is related that when Tom Hughes visited Philadelphia he remarked to a citizen, with whom he was passing arm in arm from dining-room to drawing-room, that he thought it the most interesting American city he had been in. "Oh," was the response of his fellow-guest, "a dull place—a dull place." This gentleman may not have been fairly typical, but it is certain that the like over-modesty or unappreciativeness is met with among a good many of those who live here. Nevertheless, if a common *esprit de corps* is lacking, there is abundance of honorable esteem and public spirit on the part of numerous individuals.

"Socially considered," said one experienced resident, "Philadelphia is a huge village, inhabited by several distinct clans." This may be true; but if so, it is no more than a natural result from the mode of growth and the topography of the place. How can a city of 800,000 inhabitants, extending twenty-three miles in length and five in width—territorially, indeed, the largest in the world—be expected to become homogeneous, any more than London could? Morally un-Babylonian enough, the city was laid out on a plan adopted from Babylon, and a confusion of social tongues, as one might say, ensues upon the plain of Moyamensing as on that of Shinar. The rectangular street lines sometimes delay communication, though providentially broken by the survival of old turnpikes like Ridge Avenue, Buck Road, Gray's Ferry Road, running out, it may be, for a dozen miles, until they become country highways, and furnishing a sort of "short-cuts" in the city proper. In a snowy winter, when the thoroughfares are piled high on either side the car tracks with frozen snow and mud, a carriage going to an evening party must meander here and there to avoid street cars, must double on its course—in fine, execute a "knight's gambit" on the paved chess-board—to reach its destination. But, added to such obvious barriers of distance, there are much more formidable ones of tradition and association.

The oldest part of the city, where social life first became organized, and where lineage or other tokens of discrimination were, of course, earliest recognized, established its customs and its limits before the rest, and the limits remain strictly defined, even according to the lines of given thoroughfares. Walnut Street, which holds a status like that of Fifth Avenue in New York, old Beacon Street in Boston, or Lucas Place in St. Louis, forms the backbone of the distinctively "fashionable" region. From this the favored area extends southward to Pine Street; but on the north, Market Street (which bisects the city) is regarded by the chosen older society as a sort of "dead line," beyond which few may cross and still preserve their social entity. Some distance beyond this lies Spring Garden Street. For convenience its name

is assumed as denoting a distinct world, allied rather with the manufacturing, the material interests, many of which have their seats close by. The Spring Garden region occupies higher land; the streets are pleasant, and many of the houses are owned by wealthy and cultivated people; but these lead their own life, have their separate entertainments and interests for the most part, and see little of the interior Walnut Street existence. The latter is strong in the claims of family, of tradition, of professional and fashionable interests. It is said to be believed by this circle that the other is anxious to penetrate it, and it is also said that the other is quite satisfied with its own resources. This is delicate ground for the outsider to enter upon; but I am inclined to think that all circles in Philadelphia are singularly self-reliant and well content. There is an agreeable absence of "pushing." The Walnut Street coteries indubitably have the prescriptive right of long usage in social leadership, and it is of them that one thinks in considering the established traits of Philadelphia society. At the same time, solid worth, vigor, and taste for the liberal arts are confined to no single district. This separation of quarters, as I have said, springs out of the history of municipal growth. A great many suburbs and outlying boroughs, formerly independent, have been added to the original settlement—as Kensington, Northern Liberties, Spring Garden, Penn Township, Passayunk, Manayunk, Kingsessing, West Philadelphia, and the like—and the chief of these retain some of their old characteristics. But if Philadelphia is to be called a huge village, we must say—paraphrasing the ancient witticism about Grisi—that it is a village which has swallowed a metropolis. It has somehow acquired the spirit of a big State centre. Moreover, the existence of "cliques" does not disturb enjoyment, and Philadelphia is perhaps foremost among Northern cities as a centre of the most agreeable and unfettered social life: there breathes through it somewhat of the warmth of Southern hospitality and of Southern zest for friendly assemblings. Indeed, private invitations are exchanged between Philadelphians and Baltimoreans, and accepted with great ease, because of the neighborhood of the two cities. On the other side, Philadelphia people run over to New York for dinners and parties with equal readiness—a peculiar advantage of their central position.



JOHN WELSH.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

Despite the want of universal homogeneity, there are great numbers of persons here who show an exceptional uniformity of tastes and dispositions—in part the outcome possibly of Quaker discipline. The past with its memories seems to serve as a medium for holding together the diverse elements of the present. The long rows of red houses, with marble trimmings and white panelled shutters neatly provided with bolts (the upper-story shutters being carefully painted green or slate), typify outwardly and materially the Quaker influence, though there are many innovations of brown stone, green stone, colored marble, and variegated tiles in the later dwellings. And here it may be said that in the new public building for the city government, and in the placing of sundry other edifices, Philadelphia is fortunate in securing architectural effects of mass and group not common in our cities. Speak-

THE LATE ROBERT PATTERSON.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

ing of the past, we must give due weight to the presence of Independence Hall and Carpenters' Hall in connection with the important national history of the town. It is significant, further, that Philadelphia should have been first in so many things. The former mint was the first building put up by Federal authority in any part of the United States. The oldest type-foundry in the country is still carried on here, and the oldest daily paper appears every morning with renewed youth. Of the thousands of national banks organized since the beginning of the civil war, the earliest to be incorporated was in Philadelphia; and so too the Union League of this city was the primary organization of its kind. Henry C. Carey was the originator of the book trade sales. The first house built in the colony was the Penn house in Letitia Court, which remains standing to this day; and human beings likewise seem to have an unrivalled faculty for surviving in this fortunate territory. A case in point is General Robert Patterson, who, emigrating from Ireland in 1792, served on the American side in the war of 1812, organized the Pennsylvania militia, distinguished himself in the Mexican war, led a division in the war for the Union, was an extensive manufacturer, constantly active in society, and shortly before this article was written attended a dinner in honor of his own ninetieth birthday. The establishment of turnpikes and the development of public hospitals are other matters in which Philadelphia was in advance. It can boast likewise in the Baldwin Locomotive Works an establishment which began, in the earliest days of American railroad building, with the painful manufacture of a single locomotive, and has kept pace with the march of that industry until now it turns out five hundred locomotives a year, and employs three thousand workmen.

On every side we are led back to the day of beginnings. The largest industrial establishments, like the works just named, the Diston Saw Company, or the huge Dobson carpet mill, of wide celebrity, have grown up within a generation's time from small foundations. Old houses are carefully preserved, sometimes with the interior furnishings of their Revolutionary prime; and even when historic buildings are disturbed, the old associations cling to their successors. The Friends' Hospital, where Longfellow caused Gabriel to find Evangeline has vanished (to the dissatisfaction of antiquarian authorities), but the legendary value he gave to it remains, and it is mentioned as a point of interest connected with ex-Minister Welsh's house that it covers part of the hospital site. This constant recurrence of the past in the Philadelphia of to-day is in keeping with a conservatism characteristic of the place, manifested in various ways, and commonly explained by the Quaker origin of the city. But that quality is really due to other causes.

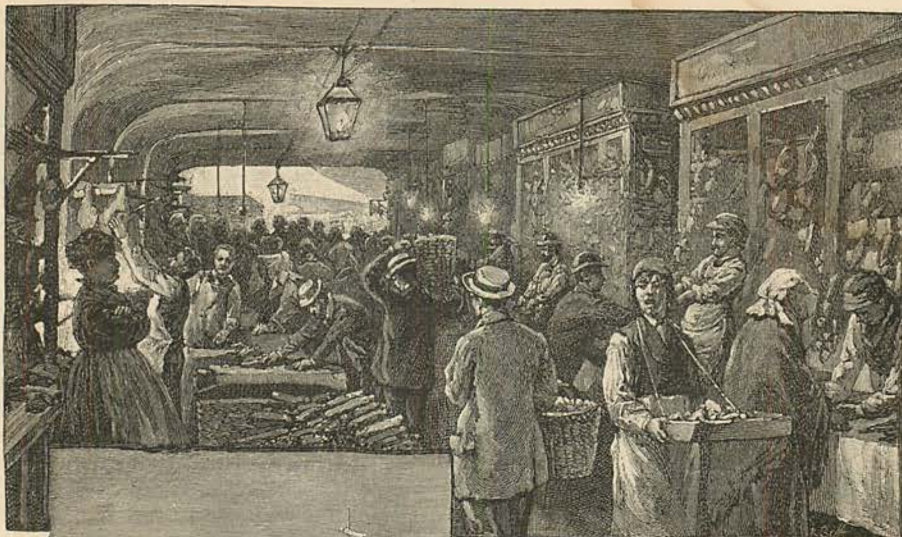
The main fact about Philadelphia, differencing it from our other large centres, is that it rests its importance on the power to produce tangible things of solid usefulness. It adds value. Some commerce there is, and there are banks and bankers wielding extensive monetary influence; but the greater number of inhabitants,

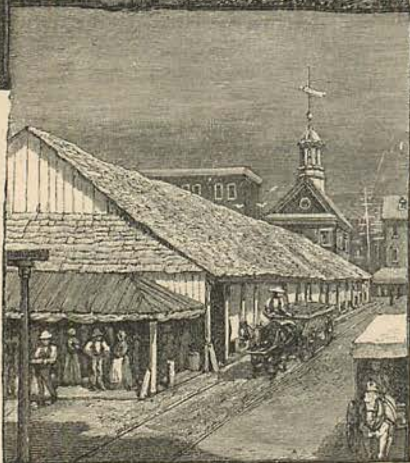
both humble and conspicuous, are interested in manufactures. The mass of the people work hard for a living at the business of *making* something which their labor renders valuable. Gaining money in this way, they appreciate its worth, become saving, and invest their savings in useful property. Where space is plenty, where rents are low, and building associations are ready to lend money, it becomes the habit among salaried men, mechanics, and all persons of small means to acquire or hire a separate house; and this multiplication of homes increases the proportion of responsible and cautious citizens with a high average of intelligence. I may instance a carrier on one of the morning papers, who still continues his rounds, though he is also a botanist of good repute, and a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

The part of the Quakers in forming the orderly, economical habitudes of the population has by no means been so great as might be thought. Their influence has long been on the decline. Here and there in the older quarters one sees their mute-looking spireless meeting-houses unobtrusively holding out against the worldly deluge, but the Friends' garb is a rarity on the streets. In some odd and scattered ways traces of their rule survive, as in the announcement of lectures at the Academy of Fine Arts, which are advertised for "third day, second month," and correspondingly for other days. Another amusing illustration is the prejudice which long discouraged the public recognition of such dangerous institutions as clubs; so that an old fire-engine company of the roughest description, on being displaced by the paid department, but wishing to continue in a social form, felt constrained to incorporate itself as the Moyamensing *Literary* Institute, although it has nothing to do with books, and devotes its energies to giving every winter a big ball.

The older Philadelphia is full of charm, and has settled institutions of its own, on which rests the dignified and pleasant security of ancient origin. One of the most delightful of these is the Saturday Club, of gentlemen, which contrives to make out of the simple custom of meeting at private houses, in rotation, a series of entertainments unique in character and of rare quality. They resemble in a measure the Century Club gatherings in New York, but are more in the nature of receptions or conversation parties. No literary exercise is included, but the members and guests, sometimes making a company of two hundred or more, take part quite informally in the brilliant and varied intercourse opened to them. Growing out of Sunday meetings which Dr. Caspar Wistar, of eminent scientific fame, inaugurated about the beginning of this century, the club was not definitely established until after his death. At his home, men of the highest position and intellectual attainment—originally but twelve in number—used to discuss a wide range of topics. Subsequently the evening was changed to Saturday, and became known as "Wistar parties." General Cadwallader, Isaac Wharton, the Gilpins and Gibsons, Joseph and Francis Hopkinson, Henry C. Carey, Nicholas Biddle, and Rembrandt Peale were among those who attended them. The refection was very plain, consisting of oysters, muffins, "cakes," punch, and a little wine, thirteen dollars covering the expense for forty persons on one occasion; but the suppers are now very elaborate. The terrapin and the famous chicken croquettes of the locality play an important part, supported during a too brief season by the delectable but judicious canvas-back, who makes himself a coveted rarity by his insatiable appetite for wild celery. At these Saturday Club meetings one sees the most interesting men in every department—lawyers, physicians, merchants, editors, and those who lead in politics. There are constant exits and entrances, groups and pairs of talkers, little knots about the supper tables; and, by way of exception, a few ladies sometimes assemble in a separate room, where their brilliant evening dresses in mute argument of beauty assist to draw members and their guests into a sort of sub-reception.

The Assembly, however, is the most select affair of an associative kind at which both ladies and gentlemen meet in any large number. Twice a year it is held in the foyer of the Academy of Music, and for the small sum of five dollars the subscribers, who are carefully sifted from the most fashionable circles, become sharers in a very beautiful ball, charmingly arranged in every particular. The Assembly is of ancient origin, and preserves on its cards of invitation the old form, "the *honour* of your company." Newspaper reports of it are so strictly avoided that a





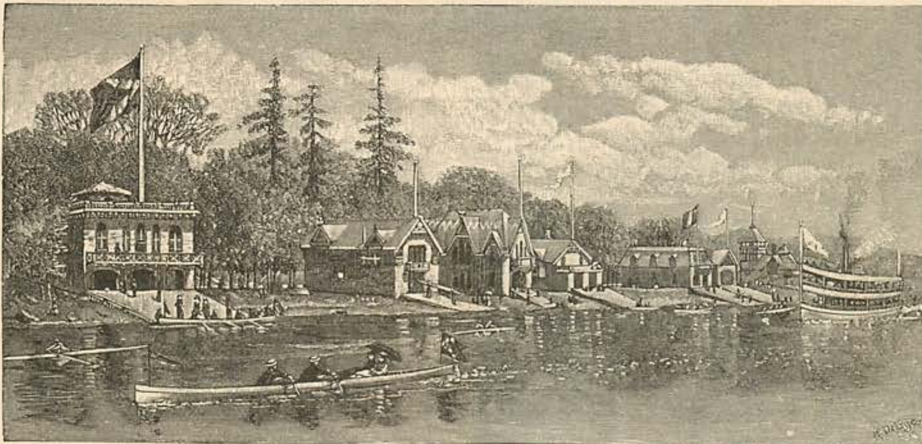
OLD SECOND STREET MARKET.

daily paper once resorted to the device of placing a musically accomplished reporter in the orchestra, under cover of a second violin, with the consequence of much indignation next day, and a stricter supervision of the musicians thereafter. The foyer is also used for private balls given by a number of ladies in concert, which are still more exclusive. There is no harder society to enter than this old Philadelphia world, but when once the doors are open, there is none more hospitable and harmonious. The lighter enjoyments only are sought, and conversation runs principally on personal matters, parties, dress, and the theatre, with hardly a tinge of current reading. But the members have a kind of family interest in one another, and on Sunday afternoons, when people on Walnut Street sit close to their windows, with the curtains drawn aside, and bow to the friends who constantly pass, holding a sort of mute reception, the intimacy of the whole circle is vividly suggested. A reposeful informality prevails. I know of no prettier sight due to this than the supper-room at an Assembly ball, where the ladies seat themselves closely on two flights of marble stairs, constituting a breathing parterre of color and gayety; and the same thing is seen on the public and more miscellaneous occasion of a symphony rehearsal in the vestibule of the Academy of Fine Arts, where the listeners crowd rank above rank on the great entrance stairway.

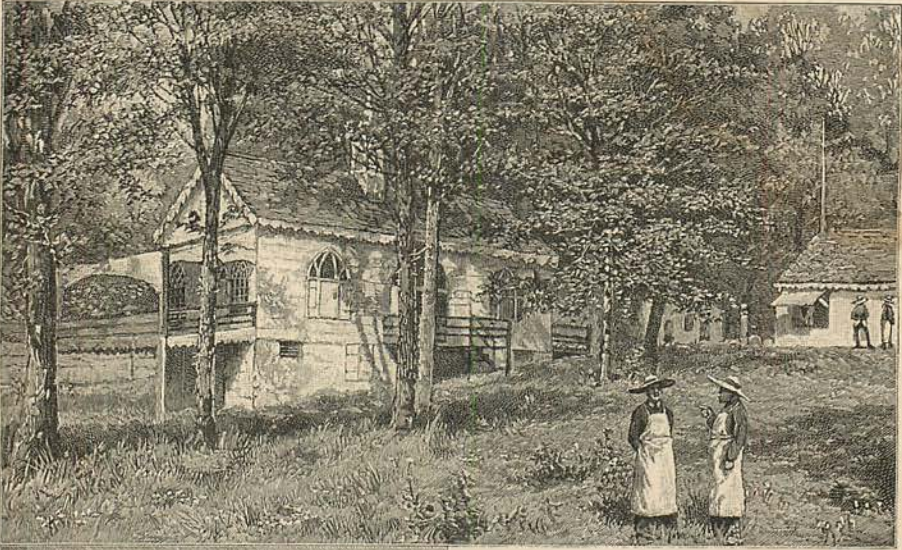
No large evening gathering is ever made without copious and delicate provision for supper. The Philadelphian not only understands "good living," but always practices it faithfully. He does not go out very early in the evening, because his dinner is an important matter, and must not be hastened; but having driven away the cares of business with excellent cookery at his own table, he repairs to his party, and after talking or dancing sufficiently, being gifted with a serene digestion, he makes a hearty supper and retires late, sure to resume the more serious occupations of life at a reasonably early hour the next day. Accordingly, the markets of Philadelphia become a significant item for consideration. No city is better supplied in this respect, and only Baltimore and Washington can compete with it. The old markets of the town

used to be held under long shed-like buildings running up the middle of the streets, and some of them still remain in this form. There is one on Second Street, which consists of two arcades side by side, with plastered vaulting above the innumerable stalls, and old lamps projecting on iron stanchions, making a dingy and picturesque *ensemble* worthy of Italy or unimproved France. Many of the venders are women, who sit with sedate confidence behind their little counters, knitting or sewing, and exchanging gossip in the dignified manner that only years of tattling can impart. But in recent times this kind of market has been replaced by clean, spacious, and lofty brick buildings of a good plain style, in various quarters. Here are to be found, besides the usual commodities, the renowned Philadelphia butter, terrapins which ought to be gold-plated out of respect for their price, the "snapper," the "red snapper," and all other requisites of the local banqueting board. The excellent eating which Philadelphians secure—for ladies are generally as precise and almost as energetic as gentlemen in this matter—is plainly traceable in the substantial and hale appearance of the men one meets everywhere, and in the large healthy type of women seen of a fair day on the streets, who seem to take an enjoyment in the comforts of existence more English than American, and are all the better for it. Nevertheless, some observers contend that this habit of the well-to-do class, whereby it yields so much concern to the replenishment of tissue, creates an indifference toward intellectual effort which holds Philadelphia back in the arts.

A corollary of their relish for various sought-out and delicately prepared viands is that the gentlemen of the polite world take an especial and unusual interest in athletic sports. A large gymnasium in the middle of the town is assiduously visited by three or four hundred men usually of fastidious social position. This is the Philadelphia Fencing and Sparring Club. Skating is ardently cultivated, and many of the skaters belong to an old humane society (dating its foundation some thirty years back) termed the Skating Club, the object of which is to unite life-saving with the healthful pastime that now and then imperils life. Each companion wears a minute silver skate as a badge, and carries a reel containing forty feet of stout cord to rescue the drowning with. Surgeons are provided at their head-quarters, and much good service has been done in this way. In summer the Skating Club's house reverts to a boat club, and then those peak-roofed, picturesque, vine-covered little stone edifices along the Schuylkill shore, at the lower entrance to Fairmount Park, begin to swarm with oarsmen. There are ten boat clubs with flowing names, and the crews are made up of men in excellent social standing. Fashion gives the stroke in these aquatics. One of the crews has a station up the river, called Castle Ringstetten, where they



BOAT-HOUSES ON THE SCHUYLKILL.



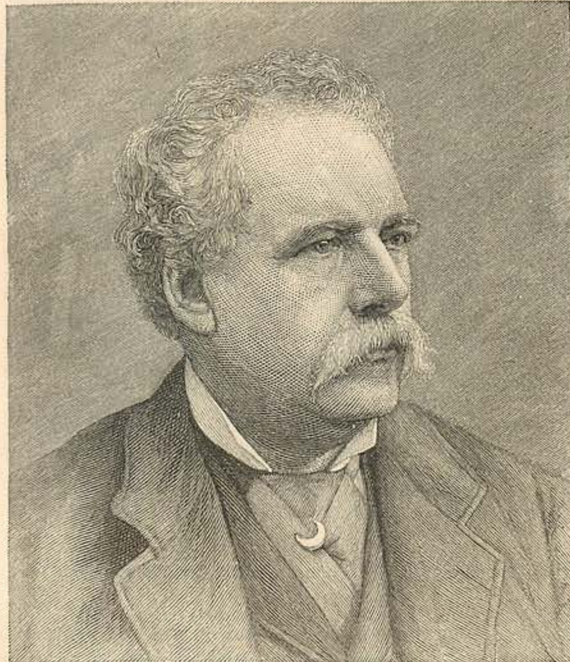
THE "FISH HOUSE" CASTLE AND GREAT DISH.

picnic both in summer and winter, and cook their own suppers. But the chief organization for such a purpose is the "Fish House," or, as it is officially entitled, The Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill.

This body is as quaint in the humor of its constitution and customs as the title it bears. It claims, moreover—and this will surprise many a clubman—to be the oldest club in the world. The Beefsteak Club of London antedates it, but was suspended for a while. The "Fish House" was established in 1732, being first known as The Fishing Company of the *Colony* in Schuylkill, and had a regular political form, though politics and religion, as subjects of discussion, have always been excluded from its proceedings. There were a Governor, a Secretary of State, a High Sheriff, and a Coroner, six of the members being Assemblymen, and forming the legislative body—all this for a group of some thirty merry-makers. The object of the club was simply sport with rod and line, and the feasting that would naturally follow it, but they proceeded in all affairs with the gravity of a powerful government, assuming mock jurisdiction over the little territory they occupied, and paying to the owner of the land an annual tribute or rental of two white perch from the first catch of the year. The owner was called the "Baron," and the two fish have always been presented with great ceremony on a large platter. When the Revolution had altered the status of the colonies, the Fishing Company, approving of the changed order, issued a declaration of independence on its own account, and became a "free and independent State," with a "Grand Legislative and Executive Council." Lafayette was entertained by this State in Schuylkill in 1825, by way of completing his tour through all the States of the Union—a joke which he pleasantly fell in with—and kept as mementos the apron and straw hat, adorned with inscriptions, in which he had assisted at the cooking of his repast. Washington likewise received the hospitality of this piscatorial government, and

for a long time after his death the "memory of Washington" was always drunk standing at its banquets.

Sixty years ago the company was forced, by the building of Fairmount Dam, to move to its present quarters at Rambo's Rock, where with libations and huzzas it established itself in a wooden structure called "the Castle." Here it still holds its reunions, in an apartment fitted up with venerable trophies and prandial appliances. Here are to be seen the "Great Dish," on which the annual scaly tribute is borne, a pewter salver engraved with the arms of the great Pennsylvania proprietary himself; the revered frying-pan of Morris, the first Governor of the Company, and other relics. Outside are "camobooses," for preparing fish in the open air, concocting them into "the tempting savory fry," as an old historian of the organization puts it. Two business meetings are held each year, in May and October, at the first of which eleven fishing days are named, so as to occur once a fortnight through the season. The fishing day is begun early in the morning; at twelve the anglers return, and cook a lunch of hot beefsteaks, which they dispatch for the stay of hunger until the regular repast, made from the day's spoil, at 3 P.M. All the culinary operations are conducted by the honorable members, who, though disguised in aprons and straw hats, represent the prime social and commercial dignity of Philadelphia. On the May gala day, the two mandarin hats, presented by a former and deceased member, are decorated with flowers; everything is lovely, and general hilarity prevails. Only twenty-five gentlemen are now admitted to the full enjoyment of the Fish House privileges, but several candidates for admission, under the title of "Apprentices," are always attached; and these are bound, while under probation, to observe extraordinary punctilio toward the regular members. They must remain standing until the others are seated, must wait upon them, and so on; in fact, the whole organization is picturesquely cobwebbed with traditionary customs. This club, so perfectly maintained amid all our modern bustle and preoccupation, testifies to the power of conservatism in the Pennsylvanian metropolis, and no less so to the capacity of the citizens for solid pleasure in out-door sports and humorous pastime. Such tastes are the more remarkable in a community which is one of the busiest and most enterprising in the Union.



GEORGE H. BOKER.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

More recent, though boasting a duration of about thirty years, is The Rabbit, a driving and dining club, which owns a house six miles out of town, and has its season in the winter, holding a fortnightly dinner that members are loath to miss. In the Rabbit too the meal is cooked by the members, each of whom is an authority on some special dish.

The home-loving disposition of even the fashionable part of the population renders the support of clubs meagre in comparison with that given in other of our large cities. The Union League, of which the Hon. George H. Boker, ex-minister to Russia, is president, owes its large clientage of 1900 men to its political character. It

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS.
[Photographed by Broadbent and Taylor, Philadelphia.]

exhibit bric-à-brac; but it now includes perhaps three hundred names, and makes use of a large and luxuriously fitted dwelling on Walnut Street, having been three years in operation. Another new club, The Reform, has recently died out. In the up-town or northern region there is a Catholic club, another of merchants, and a third levying on the Jewish element. Quite lately, within a year or two, a press association has been formed, to stimulate a better fellowship among journalists. This Thursday Club meets once a month to dine, and also holds a special dinner once a year, to which guests of note are asked. It represents the younger forces in journalism. The Penn Club is the distinctively literary one, a small society meeting at intervals in simple but pretty quarters far down in the older eastern vicinity. Henry Armitt Brown, the brilliant young orator, belonged to it; it embraces many journalists and men of literary or artistic proclivities, and is now headed by Horace Howard Furness, eminent in Shakspearean scholarship. He, in fact, owns the club-house, which is joined by out-buildings to his residence, situated at some distance, and facing upon Washington Square—a drowsy, secluded place, where the lazy overflow of business from Chestnut and Spruce streets is slowly working a change upon the old-time dwellings.

has a very capacious house, and complete appointments. Many distinguished men have been received by it; conferences on public matters continually take place there; its rooms are largely frequented every evening, and the old battle flags and war relics, with Peale's portrait of Washington, and a sofa once owned by Washington himself, enforce the patriotic associations of the organization. The oldest social club, The Philadelphia, is housed with sober elegance on Walnut Street. It is one of the most comfortable places of the kind imaginable, exceedingly well guarded as to admissions, but wholly without formality after entrance is obtained. Quiet and convenient, it helps men to pass the time by the aid of a good restaurant, innocuous cards, and reading and smoking rooms. Over the Philadelphia, as over the Union League, Mr. George H. Boker presides, having of late years partly withdrawn from literary production in favor of politics and the social amenities. The Social Art Club is a more recent formation than the two just mentioned. It originated in the habit which a few friends had of coming to each others' houses on stated evenings to talk over and

The grave, plain front of Mr. Furness's mansion conceals without suggesting the delightful interior, where a studious calm reigns unbroken in the old-fashioned rooms rich in wood-work. Mr. Furness patiently labors at his great variorum edition in a high-ceiled and warmly decorated study, lined on two sides with a valuable Shakspeare library, the mask of the great dramatist looking down upon his table, and other suggestive objects surrounding him. Among these are Shakspeare's gloves, an old pay-roll of David Garrick's, and a skull that for twenty years served as Yorick's at the Walnut Street Theatre, having been there apostrophized in turn by Charles Kean, Macready,

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS'S BUSINESS OFFICE.

Edwin Forrest, Miss Cushman, Booth, and Couldock. The name of Mr. Furness recalls that of The Shakspeare Society of Philadelphia (numbering thirteen, and founded in 1853), which dines on the anniversary of Shakspeare's death, and prints a bill of fare on which every item has an accompanying quotation, chosen from the play studied during the winter.

Philadelphia, indeed, though little credited therewith, has a literary group—which is not grouped. Those who compose it are not closely bound together. It should be borne in mind, however, that the town was once the literary centre of the Union. Joseph Dennie, in the days of his *Portfolio*, formed a coterie which met with the approbation of Tom Moore. It was to them that the poet, in his satirical account of his American wanderings, addressed these saving lines:

"Yet, yet, forgive me, O ye sacred few
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew.
* * * * *
Not with more joy the lonely exile scanned
The writing traced upon the desert's sand
Than did I hail the pure, th' enlightened zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has traversed, O you sacred few,
I found by Delaware's green banks with you."

Then there was *Graham's Magazine*, a power in its time, and the means of bringing Poe to Philadelphia. The city likewise gave us in Brockden Brown the earliest American novelist. Bayard Taylor formed some of his youthful attachments here, and made his home not far away; and James Russell Lowell's name is connected with the place by his brief residence. The suburban home of John Dickinson, who wrote the "Farmer's Letters," is still extant. One of the oddest literary personages of our century, Charles Sealsfield, found Philadelphia the most advantageous ground for him; and Buchanan Read received there more patronage as poet, painter, and sculptor than in Cambridge. Fifty years ago, Joseph Chandler's *United States Gazette* brought literary skill to its aid, and to that period belongs the fame of Rev. William H. Furness, whose religious writings were republished in London, and who, having contributed much to æsthetic growth in Philadelphia, lives to see his son Horace distinguished in critical literature. It seems to have been a happy bit of symbolism that John Nixon should have read the Declaration of Independence in 1776 from a platform that had been used to observe the transit of Venus, since Philadelphia has always held a strong position in sci-

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

ownership of homes, and popular publications like *Peterson's Magazine* and *Godey's Lady's Book* having their station here, and radiating through a vast constituency of average readers, though never heard of in literary circles. Sarah J. Hale and Grace Greenwood ministered to the same audience, and T. S. Arthur's didactic novels, also sustained by it, may trace a kind of lineage back to Franklin's common-sense productions. It is a lasting and much greater credit to Philadelphia that one of her citizens, Henry C. Carey, should have justified the democratic idea in political economy, and headed a new school in that science, which has found disciples everywhere. Henry Carey Lea continues the example set by Carey of combining authorship with the business of publishing; and in Robert Ellis Thompson we have an able

ence. Rittenhouse and Franklin, Dr. Caspar Wistar, John Bartram, Alexander Wilson, and Benjamin Rush attest this; and such men as Sadtler, Genth, Professor Leidy, Weir Mitchell, the Pancoasts, Dr. Agnew, Professor G. F. Barker, and Professor Leslie, with others, continue the succession. Every Sunday evening a few scientific men and other friends meet at Mr. Fairman Rogers's house, forming a little knot recalling the humbler "Junto," or that group which began the Academy of Natural Sciences. Girard College and the University of Pennsylvania have aided in making Philadelphia a medical centre. Sharswood and Bouvier have contributed to its renown in legal authorship and editorship. David Paul Brown has left an echo of his forensic eloquence, in addition to those stage-plays which now hardly remain even as an echo. Of the journalists of Philadelphia it would manifestly be impossible to speak at length in the present article. In the department of compilation, Dr. Allibone's Dictionary and Dr. Thomas's Pronouncing Gazetteer have gained an unusual celebrity. It is not difficult to trace a connection between the average of ordinary intelligence, resulting from a democratic equality in the

sociologist of the Carey school. A rapid glance of this kind, not professing to be complete, serves nevertheless to collect in one view the varied autorial productivity of the city, and to show links between its intellectual past and present. To-day those inhabitants known in belles-lettres are few. But they embrace Hon. George H. Boker, one of the few Americans who have wrought successfully for the stage in verse, and a writer of stirring war lyrics; Charles G. Leland; Rebecca Harding Davis, a novelist among the foremost in America; her husband, L. Clark Davis, known both in fiction and editorship; Simon Sterne, of the *Penn Monthly;* John Foster Kirk, author of *Charles the Bold*, editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* and of Prescott; Mrs. Caspar Wistar, the translator; Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, the critic; and Walt Whitman.

Mr. Leland, journalist, editor, and author, a class-mate and close friend of Boker, produced long since a masterly translation from Heine's "Reisebilder," but became better known by his "Hans Breitmann's Ballads." His long residence abroad, however, has led to a partial dissociation from Philadelphia. Walt Whitman, who lives across the Delaware, in

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

Camden, seems to be more generally appreciated in Philadelphia than by our *littérateurs* elsewhere; but he is hardly a man to be "grouped," though he makes one, I believe, in a club of nine called The Triplets, formed by Horace Furness, Mr. Kirk, and himself. These three chose three others, and the second triad selected a third, thus completing the mystic series. But the divisions and traditions, or prejudices, of Philadelphia life have never been favorable to the growth of an organized literary influence. Mr. Boker, as a man of wealth and position in the old society, has stood almost alone in daring to acquire poetic fame. It is said that when he was about to publish his first volume his friends remonstrated with him, telling him that he was forgetting his position, and doing himself an injury. Their view of imaginative literature has given place to a more liberal one since; but the social forces are only now prepared to approve a literary movement, and hardly yet to propel one. The largest bookselling house in the world is situated here, that of J. B. Lippincott and Co., a very remarkable establishment for the making and distributing of books, which it sends in quantity to at least twenty States and to various foreign countries every day. But the Lippincotts sell more volumes to Boston than to Philadelphia, which is three times as populous.

The process of cohesion and advance, it may be said, is going on, notwithstanding these facts. Men of energy, interested alike in affairs and in mental or æsthetic growth, are doing much to bridge over the gaps that exist. Such a one is George W. Childs, editor of the *Public Ledger*, who, so far as he is concerned, brings together and associates with those who represent many different pursuits. Like a good many men prominent in Philadelphia, Mr. Childs was not born there, but he is none the less a typical person. Active in public enterprises, a practical philanthropist holding his wealth in trust for good ends, yet eminently a man of business, he surrounds himself, even in his counting-room, with the means of æsthetic satisfaction. The walls and ceiling are

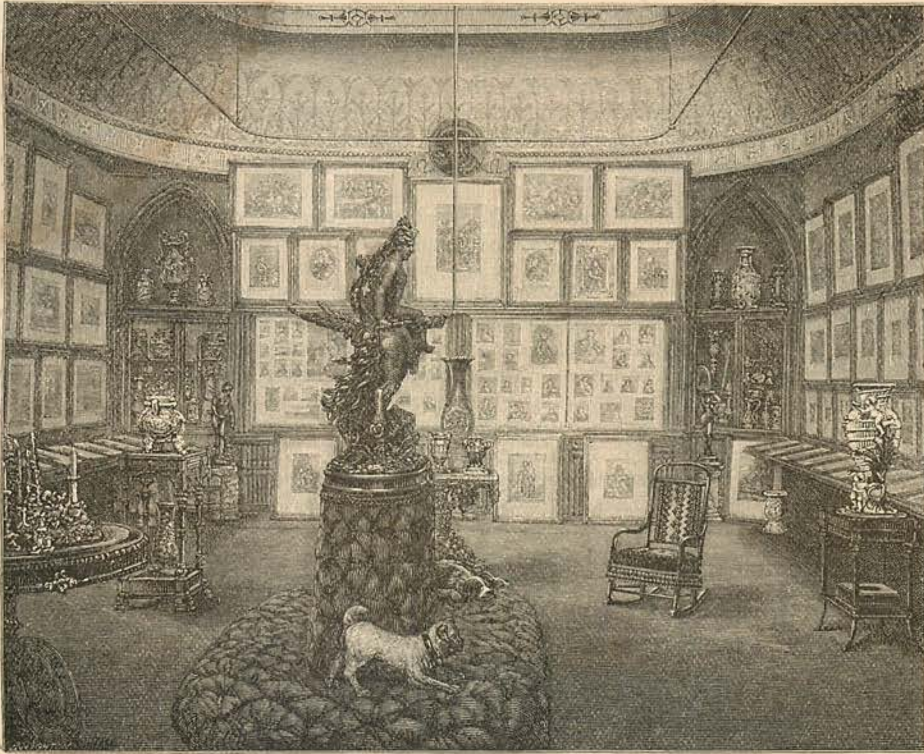
JOHN FOSTER KIRK.

JAMES L. CLAGHORN.
[Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

richly decorated in the best taste; a clock made by David Rittenhouse softly records the time, under the light of stained-glass windows; wood-carving, plaques, and paintings adorn the walls; the room is full of curiosities. Mr. Childs has always been hospitable toward the representatives of literature, and the library at his house is an interesting one, including as it does a rare collection of valuable autographs, many of them from his own private correspondence. Philadelphia, by-the-way, has a number of valuable private libraries; and the chief public one, with its sumptuous Ridgeway Branch, compares well with those of our older cities. I have called Mr. Childs typical, and I think it is true that a tendency to cultivate æsthetic and intellectual refinements is plainly observable in Philadelphia business men, who very successfully combine work and amusement, finance and taste.

The tradition of Benjamin West and Rembrandt Peale, of Sully and Charles Leslie, has not led to any modern school of Philadelphia artists, but there is a flourishing sketch club. Thomas Eakins in painting and Howard Roberts in sculpture are doing admirable work; and collectors, who, by-the-way, are not afraid to patronize American art, are generous in showing their pictures. The private collections are so well known that they need only to be named—that, for instance, of Henry C. Gibson, enshrined in exquisite little cabinets with marble floors; and those of Mr. Fairman Rogers, Mr. A. E. Borie, Mr. Bement, and Mr. George T. Whitney. The president of the Academy of Fine Arts, Mr. James L. Claghorn, to whose enthusiasm for art the city owes much, has in his house forty thousand engravings and etchings, making a complete historic series, with many of the rarest specimens; and the Philips collection at the Academy itself numbers sixty thousand. The art school at the Academy is unsurpassed in this country; and this, with the normal school maintained by Mr. Prang, of Boston, the Women's Indus-

THOMAS EAKINS.



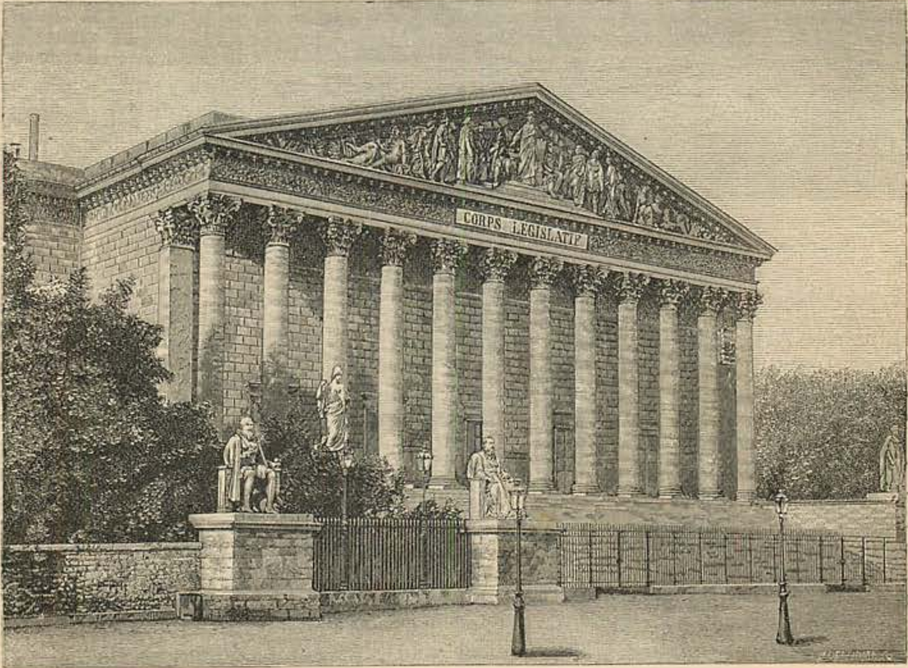
JAMES L. CLAGHORN'S ENGRAVING-ROOM.

trial Art School, the Museum School of Industrial Art, and the Spring Garden Street Institute, covers a body of two thousand persons now studying various branches of art. Mr. Charles G. Leland has lately introduced the teaching of the "minor arts," by which every child in the public schools will be enabled to perform decorative work in wood, leather, brass, papier-maché, and what not. It is further proposed to join all the art schools in one university of fine art—a project full of promise, and quite novel. The arts of design are closely related to mechanical industry, and in Philadelphia the foundry fire and loom will serve as immediate and solid inspiration to them. The Spring Garden Street Institute for literary and artistic culture is chiefly managed by employés of the Locomotive Works, and the artisan class will doubtless aid in giving to artists, patrons, and the public a common aim, with a basis of knowledge and cultivation.

It is worth while here to notice the uncommon appreciation of the drama shown by Philadelphia from an early day. The theatres have always been well supported, and a surprising number of well-known histrionic names are connected with the place. Edwin Forrest, Rose Eytinge, Joseph Jefferson, that comedy-master William Warren, L. R. Shewell, Mr. D. P. Bowers, McKean Buchanan, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, Mrs. John Gilbert, James E. Murdoch, Herman Vezin, and Howard Paul were all born in Philadelphia; E. L. Davenport was closely associated with it; McCullough, Matilda Heron, and Mrs. John Oldmixon made in this capital their first appearance on any stage; and it was the only Eastern city where Edmund Kean was properly received at the time of the disgraceful riots accompanying his tour in 1825–26.

We have seen that Philadelphia touches many points of a full existence, and has made good achievement in all—science, law, medicine, literature, the drama, fine art. Again, in the heart of the municipal demesne lie those immense manufactories to the back doors of which the Reading

Railroad, penetrating far among the crowded squares, brings ready transportation. Everything tends to bulk in this bulky city, and inhabitants reflect with pride that in it or close by are situated concerns the largest of their several kinds in the country. But as these great industries rose from small sources, there is prospect of large intellectual growth after the same manner. "If you could only empty Boston into New York," said a popular Philadelphia writer, "you would have a perfect city. But Philadelphia needs only a few hundred Bostonians to rouse it from the apathy of too much material comfort. It is already waking up wonderfully, and needs but a little more leaven." In one respect it stands quite alone, and seems to possess unique opportunity for a typical American development: it exhibits the most flourishing democratic community we have, and at the same time it contains the most perfectly preserved of our local aristocracies. The present need of the "clever city" is, to unite with a firmer circle the various points touched by its life; to perfect in itself, amid its varied component parts, that spirit of union which it has so tenaciously stood for in relation to the republic. Meanwhile its people are happy, and enjoy life. Among our restless family of proud yet half-discontented cities, Philadelphia more than any meets the day easily, with a quiet smile, suggesting a Quaker calmness in the belief that she has the best of everything. She is satisfied, and will be still more satisfied hereafter.



THE CORPS LÉGISLATIF BUILDING, WHERE THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES HOLDS ITS SESSIONS.

FRENCH POLITICAL LEADERS.

IT was in August, during the summer of 1870, three days before Sedan, as I was walking through the dense crowds of excited Parisians that swarmed on the Boulevards, some one pointed out to me a man who was vigorously pushing his way through the crush. "Look!" a friend said; "there goes Gambetta. If the Prussians ever enter Paris, he will be the first man in France."

He who was to be "the first man in France" was at that time an active, squarely built man, whose appearance announced a certain negligence in the