

THE SHIPPEN HOUSE.

FOREWORD.

On the evening of February 21, 1910, by invitation of the mistress of the Shippen School for Girls, a large company assembled at the home of the School, the famous old Shippen house, at the northwest corner of Lime and Orange streets, in the City of Lancaster, Pa., to commemorate the anniversary of Washington's birth. There was a programme of musical and literary exercises, in the course of which the following paper on "The Day We Celebrate and the Place We Celebrate It" was read by W. U. Hensel.

THE SHIPPEN HOUSE.

I trust the time will never come when any patriotic citizen of these United States, called to make any public utterance, anywhere, suggested by the anniversary, on the eve of which we stand now and here, shall be unmindful of "the day we celebrate," or inconsiderate of the way in which it is observed.

Although more than a hundred and ten years have passed since George Washington died, none has been so bold as to challenge his right to be remembered and recalled as the "Father of his Country." Even in an impatient era of impetuous statesmanship, none has yet arisen so brash as to deny that as a soldier he was "first in war," as a statesman he was "first in peace," and as a citizen he was "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

He stood so high among his contemporaries, and he has lasted so well among his successors, that no occasion should be lost to point any moral and to impress any lesson that may fairly be gleaned from his life and character; and no assemblage of American people, however mingled in years and creed and political belief, should ever fail or falter when called upon to do homage to his blessed memory.

To have been either the successful captain in a great war or master in a great political revolution would merit "fame to fill the earth;" to have been the wisest of constructive statesmen and the most blameless of chief magistrates took nothing from his laurels as a soldier, while it added new claims to his immortality of fame as a leader of men. But to have so survived in the honor and affection of his countrymen that after a century generations tottering to the grave tell the story of his worth, with ever-increasing adoration, to their lisping grandchildren, is to have rounded out the nearly perfect earthly career.

Had he been less human in those "personal characteristics" to whose recital we have just listened with such interest and instruction, perhaps even the loftiest and stateliest sentiments of his "Farewell Address" might have endured less firmly in the minds and memory, in the hopes and hearts of his countrymen. He has been fitly described as "a man with good red blood in his veins; good common sense in his head; good kindly feeling in his heart." It was because he was a man in the stature of his mind and soul, as well as in his body, that youth and age, pupils, teachers and patrons of an institution

of refined learning meet here to-night, alike glad to do him honor; and it is right fit, too, that we should briefly recall the history of a house and home that were founded not long after he was born, have endured through all the intervening years, and around which cluster personal and historic associations of every period of our country's fruitful experience.

Washington in Lancaster.

And, as it has long been the high renown of old Antioch that the disciples of the early church were there first called "Christians" so here, in this good city of Lancaster was originally bestowed upon our chief national hero the title of "Des Landes Vater;" and, of all the chaplets laid upon his tomb to-morrow, none will be more fragrant than that of Lancaster's gifted authoress,* which I am permitted to read for the first time:

"Des Landes Vater!" Little Bailey
thought
He gave eternal glory to this name,
How it would live upon the scroll of
Fame,
Nor dreamed the tribute which his
brain had wrought.
The Father of His Country! Time has
brought
A mighty nation proudly to proclaim
The meed of gratitude which he can
claim
The gift of Liberty, for which he
fought!
In former days we knew his presence
here,
What time he trod our old historic
streets;
To-day we venerate and hold him dear.
As this his birthday our fair city
greet,
In honor of the Nation's noblest son
The Father of our Country! Washing-
ton.

*Mrs. Mary N. Robinson.

William Penn, proprietor and founder of the Commonwealth, was the first person, responsive to organized society, who owned his lot; and the Hamiltons, founders of Lancaster, were acquiring title to it and plotting this section just about the time Washington was born. When James Hamilton made title to Thomas Cookson for the piece of ground now occupied by this home and schoolhouse, in 1750, he conveyed the exact dimensions and area which comprise it to-day, and its integrity has never been disturbed in the one hundred and sixty intervening years—either by enlargement or diminution. That Thomas Cookson, like many of the foremost men of old Lancaster, came from England. He was a justice of the peace, register and surveyor and early member of St. James,' where his memorial tombstone is yet to be read of all men.* His widow's second husband, George Stevenson, laid out York and Carlisle, which, like most good places west of us, are step-children of Lancaster. Cookson's one daughter dying in her minority, two-thirds

*Thomas Cookson's gravestone is in the Robing Room of the Church, and the inscription upon it is as follows:

“Here are interred the Remains of

THOMAS COOKSON

(Late of Richmond, in Yorkshire, Great Britain), Esquire.

He held and discharged with integrity several of the first offices in this County of Lancaster, and thereby,

And by his generous Benefaction to this Church, as well as many good offices to his Neighbours, he deservedly acquired the esteem of Mankind.

He died the 20th day of March, 1753, Aged 43 years.”

The monument to Edward Shippen is in the churchyard, behind the chancel, but the inscription upon it is illegible.

of his estate in this and other extensive properties went to his daughter, Hannah, who had married Joseph Galloway, of Maryland. Partition proceedings vested the title in her and her husband. She died childless, and Galloway got it first for life, as her surviving husband, and then the whole estate by purchase from Cookson's surviving nieces and heirs in England.

The price paid for the fee in 1768 was 2,500 pounds sterling, from which I infer that the terms of Hamilton's grant to Cookson had been complied with, viz., "making, erecting, building and finishing upon the said two lots of ground two substantial dwelling-houses of the dimensions of twenty feet square, each with a good chimney of brick or stone, to be laid in or built with lime and sand."

Two Joseph Galloways.

I should like to be certain this Joseph Galloway was the noted man of that day, born in Maryland, early removed to Philadelphia to practice law, Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and a member of the first Congress. Like Franklin, he advocated a royal Government for the colony, but, unlike him, he abandoned the Whig cause, became a zealous Tory, wore the British uniform, and from 1778 to 1803 dwelt in England, with his motherless daughter. He was a ready writer, a conspicuous pamphleteer, an unsparing critic of Sir William Howe. His writings, and especially his testimony before the House of Commons on the conduct of the war in America, are standard authorities for the historians in both countries of that eventful period in our history. He has been styled "the giant and corypheus of the Loyalist pamphleteers." Lecky quotes him;

Trevelyan praises him highly and relies on his judgment; and in the Bibliography appended to Moses Coit Tyler's "Literary History of the American Revolution" he appears with twenty-two titles. His scheme to avert the war with England was pronounced perfect by Edward Rutledge; it failed by the narrow vote of one colony. Despite his loyalty to the Crown's cause, it would add to Lancaster's many claims to distinction to be certain he lived on this spot for even a brief part of the ten years its title was in his name. The best authority I know on Lancaster's Revolutionary history tells me there were two Joseph Galloways—and that the Marylander and Philadelphian of that name were different persons. I saw two pictures of Joseph Galloway in Philadelphia the other day, as hard to reconcile as Peary and Cook, but they were both of Congressman Galloway; the man who went to Europe was a widower, as was Cookson's son-in-law; this property was deeded away just about the time the Tory Congressman left. The fact, however, that the latter was born in Kent county, Maryland, and lived a lawyer in Philadelphia in 1778, whereas Cookson's son-in-law is described as a "gentleman" and of Anne Arundel county; also that the acknowledgment to the next deed was taken in Lancaster, in December, whereas the Tory Galloway likely had sailed for England in the early fall, make us hesitate to determine that they were the same person.

Very likely neither ever lived here himself. Of one thing I am quite sure—if he did, like most of the other Tories of his time, he was not a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire at night in the church I attend—because

when Joseph Galloway got safely to England he bore cheerful testimony that his dislike of the Revolution was intensified by an aversion to Presbyterians, who in his own mind he "associated with rioters and the baser elements of society."

Sold to the Shippens.

Be this as it may, the next and very distinguished owner of the property was Jasper Yeates, lawyer and Judge, for a long period probably the foremost citizen of the town. His name is linked with all our city's history of the later eighteenth and early nineteenth century, and is now associated with a famous local boys' school. Sarah Burd, wife of Jasper Yeates, was the daughter of James Burd and his wife, Sarah Shippen, who was the daughter of Edward Shippen, "of Lancaster." Hence the Yeates, Conyngham, Burd and kindred families. By the marriage of their daughter, Mary Shippen Burd, with Peter Grubb, "Shippen of Lancaster" became the progenitor of unnumbered Bates and Grubbs and Buckleys and Parkers, even to the third and fourth generation of ironmongers and iron-masters. Both Edward Shippen's and Judge Yeates' lineal descendants still have representation at the Lancaster Bar in the person of Redmond Conyngham, Esq., Counsellor and Referee in Bankruptcy. Judge Yeates owned this corner for less than two months—he never occupied it, and, likely, was only the medium through which it passed in 1779 to his wife's mother's brother, Edward Shippen, Jr., of Philadelphia, for £3,030—thirty more than Yeates paid for it. The new purchaser was the first of the family name this house and school now bear to acquire title to the property. But none associated with it

has left deeper and more enduring impress on the early history of Lancaster and of this house.

We can trace the Edward Shippens back to England, the first born there in 1639; the next of the name, in Boston, in 1674, died in infancy. Another, born 1678, died in Philadelphia in 1714; he was Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania as early as 1699, and the first Mayor of Philadelphia. He was President of the Council that governed the Province in 1703-4; one of Penn's "keepers of the Great Seal," who, with Thomas Story, his son-in-law, and Griffith Owen, signed and sealed the early deeds for Lancaster county lands. One of these I submit to you to-night as a good example for penmanship as it is not taught in our later day schools—for boys.

Driven from Boston by persecution of the Quakers, Edward Shippen's third marriage later separated him from the Society of Friends in Philadelphia. His splendid house and home were celebrated throughout all the Colonies. Though located as far down town as South and Broad streets, his orchard was "great and famous," a "herd of tranquil deer" reposed on his lawn; tulips, carnations and roses grew in wild profusion in his fields; his daughters went to the assemblies in full dress on horseback, and their visiting cards, after the universal fashion of the day, were written on the face of imported playing cards. He had "the biggest person, the biggest house and the biggest coach"—and of such are the Kingdom of Heaven in Philadelphia even to this day.

Joseph Shippen was his brother, and it was his son, Edward IV., born in Boston in 1703, who spent most of his

public life here, and died in Lancaster in 1781; Edward V., or Junior, who owned this property, was born in Philadelphia in 1729, and died there in 1806.

His father, Edward IV., had been a merchant, furrier, Councilman and Mayor of Philadelphia, before he became Prothonotary, Recorder and Register in Lancaster county, which places he held variously from 1745 until after the Declaration of Independence. It was he, I assume—and who knows but, as a tenant of these very premises, sitting out on this fragrant lawn—that balmy Sunday afternoon, July 26, 1778, whom Christopher Marshall greeted on his way home from church! Remembering that Marshall lived only a few doors up East Orange street from here, you will bear with me to hear this brief but delicious extract from his famous diary:

“Sunday, July 26, 1778. Fine sunshine; clear, pleasant morning. I arose past seven; wind eastwardly. I took my walk in (the) orchard and observed the little concerns in our rural plantation. A general stillness now from the noise of drums, fires, &c. The little birds, with their mates, chirping from tree to tree; the fruits and vegetables; plenty and gay; the harvest got in, having been blest with fine crops of grass and grain, and fine weather. Thus has kind Heaven blest and (is) blessing us! Oh! saith my soul, that a universal hymn of praise and thanksgiving may arise and spread in and over our soul to our great and blessed Benefactor! Amen. In (the) afternoon I went to the Dutch Presbyterian Meeting House, where a suitable and good discourse was delivered on this text, Corinthians, II., Chap. 4:17, by one — Fifer, minis-

ter of the Church of England living at Frederickstown or Fredericksburg, I did not learn (which). Returned with Ed. Shippen, who pressed me to stop at his house, and drank (a) glass of beer of his own brewing.....After drinking tea, past seven, took (a) walk to Robert Taggart's, from there to the above mentioned meeting house, where the aforesaid parson preached to (a) large collection of people on this text, Eccles. 12:1, which held till past nine."

A morning walk, a chorus of birds, a song of praise, a little beer, a little tea, two sermons in one afternoon! Those old forbears of ours, after all, were not a half bad lot. Lancaster won't be Lancaster any more when it fails to mingle good cheer with sound religion, and to appreciate that good living is a real part of the better life.

A Pioneer Presbyterian.

It was this same Edward Shippen—the fourth, remember—who, as chief burgess of the town, was called out of church that bloody Sunday of the blessed Christmas-tide, 1763, when the sudden foray of the Paxton boys and their massacre of the Conestoga Indians on the site of our present opera house disturbed the worshipping congregations of Lancaster's church people and stained our soil with a tragedy that has never had a local parallel. Though the victims found sepulture no further from here than just back of where the Baptist Church stands on East Chestnut street, near Lime, it was described as a location "not far from the town."

Be it noted that when John Woodhull came here as the first pastor of the Presbyterian Church—and when it had no mansard-roofed manse in

sight—E. Shippen, Esq., was "one of the leading men among the Presbyterians," and when George Whitfield visited America in 1754 the Shippens were his staunchest friends. When Lancaster—then, as now, generous to every worthy appeal—raised a fund "for the distresses of the poor inhabitants of Boston," Edw. Shippen was in the chair, and was entrusted with the forwarding of the money.

His son, the younger Edward, was a lawyer of mildly Tory proclivities during the Revolution. When he forbade his daughters attending the famous British *meschianza*, it was due to a "feeling of shame at the indelicacy of the costume" expected, rather than to any patriotic sentiment. It was his daughter, Peggy, who became Benedict Arnold's second wife; and, though she no doubt often visited her grandparents in Lancaster, her father bought this house most likely as a home for his father—soon after her betrothal to Arnold, but two months before her marriage. He owned it when her husband's treason shocked and stirred the Revolutionary cause. The one bright spot in that sickening and tragic story is Arnold's perfect loyalty to her even to death; and Lecky in his history says, "There is something inexpressibly touching in the tender affection and undeviating admiration for her husband which she retained through all the vicissitudes of his dark and troubled life."*

*In the huge volumes of delightful gossip which make up "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia," the recollections of Mrs. Ann Willing Morris include this reference to Peggy Shippen Arnold. "Mrs. Morris as a petted child was permitted to be present at the marriage of General Arnold with the daughter of Chief Justice Shippen. Of the character and exploits of the traitor she in after life spoke in detestation; and

Was Peggy Shippen Here?

It requires a vivid imagination to associate Peggy Shippen with the ghostly memories of this house and grounds—and the fact that her father sold it the next year after his father's death confirms the impression that it was bought as a home for him. But is it not pardonable to momentarily indulge the fancy that if Arnold and his bride had come up here to nurse the wound he felt when Congress ordered his courtmartial, the week before his wedding—if they had drunk tea with Christopher Marshall for a week or two of respite from military and political intrigue, and had for a short season looked at and listened

for far more serious cause did she then sympathize with her grandmother, the aunt of 'the beautiful bride,' in her sorrow and surprise that so great a sacrifice was permitted to one so much her senior, a widower with children, and who, by herself at least, was not regarded with the confidence and respect necessary to render the connection desirable or agreeable. Owing to a recent wound, received under circumstances which alone would have established a claim to grateful remembrance had not his subsequent extraordinary defection obliterated his name from the roll of his country's heroes, Arnold during the marriage ceremony was supported by a soldier, and when seated his disabled limb was propped upon a camp-stool. These wounds perhaps may have made him more interesting to the lovely but unfortunate bride. At all events, her 'hero,' except for his character for extravagance, was then regarded with a share of public favor, if not with any feeling of popular affection. He had rendered 'some service to the State,' and was distinguished for gallantry among the bravest of the land. It is as unjust as vain to urge, as some have done, in palliation of his stupendous crime, the fashionable and expensive propensities of his accomplished wife. That she was addicted to displays of wealth inconsistent with the spirit of her time and the condition of public affairs may not with propriety be questioned; but no external influence can move a truly great and honorable mind and heart from a fixed purpose of patriotic or social duty."

to "the little birds with their mates chirping from tree to tree on these grounds," and had watched the magnolias unfold their rich and velvety purple to the balmy air of early spring, and marked "the patient stars" "climb the midnight sky" as they glittered through the dark pines that stood just back of yon rearmost kitchen, and maybe heard a sermon or two at the "Dutch Presbyterian Church," things might have gone differently—poor Andre would have been spared from the gibbet and Arnold from everlasting disgrace.

That the people of the Commonwealth harbored no resentment against Shippen for his son-in-law's crime appears from the fact that he had been Chief Justice of the State for more than six years preceding his death.

He had studied law at the Inns of Court in London, and prepared with his own hand the first "common recovery" ever suffered in Pennsylvania. It was to his pen we owe the first law reports published in this State. He had been an Admiralty and Common Pleas Judge in Philadelphia, and an associate on the High Court of Errors and Appeals. He pacified the tumultuous popular assemblage gathered at Lancaster in April, 1756, to resent and avenge the Indian massacres to the west of us.

After his father died he sold this place to his brother, Joseph, of Kennett Square, who kept it from 1782 until his death, February 11, 1810. His wife, who was one of the Maryland Galloways, died in 1801, and her husband's executors sold it for 1,100 pounds in 1810 to Edward Shippen Burd, a grandson, who at once transferred it to a son, Robert Shippen. He held the place for seventeen

years, when it passed to Hon. Walter Franklin, for the consideration of \$2,500.

Poet and Judge.

Joseph Shippen was a man of no mean distinction. He had served as a trooper in the expedition that captured Fort Duquesne. He cultivated himself by European travel and study. He recruited his health in rural pursuits about Kennett, and was appointed justice of Lancaster county in 1786. He was a scholar and a poet—in a day when Lancaster county poets were even rarer than now. He was a patron of Benjamin West and had I the time to read some of his verses—which I shall ask “leave to print”*

*He is said to have written the following lines, which give us the names of the belles of the day:

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ASSEMBLY ROOM.

“In lovely White’s most pleasing form,
What various graces meet!
How blest with every striking charm!
How languishingly sweet!

“With just such elegance and grace,
Fair, charming Swift appears;
Thus Willing, whilst she awes, can
please;
Thus Polly Franks endears.

“A female softness, manly sense,
And conduct free from art,
With every pleasing excellence,
In Inglis charm the heart.

“But see! another fair advance,
With love commanding all;
See! happy in the sprightly dance,
Sweet, smiling, fair McCall.

“Each blessing which indulgent
Heaven
On mortals can bestow,
To thee, enchanting maid, is given,
Its masterpiece below.

“In Sally Coxe’s form and face,
True index of her mind,
The most exact of human race
Not one defect can find.

—you would believe he was quite a gallant. As his second wife died in 1801, and his gravestone in St. James records that he was not buried until 1810, I cannot understand why he did not wed a third—unless the example of his ancestor deterred him with the fear of being put out of meeting.

An advertisement of the property in the Lancaster "Journal" April 28, 1810, describes it as "that large two-story brick house and lot of ground on the north side of Orange street, in the borough of Lancaster, late the property of Joseph Shippen, Esq., deceased. The lot is 51 feet 7 inches and a half front on Orange street and 245 feet deep, and has the privilege of an 8 feet alley on the west. The house contains four rooms besides a kitchen on the first floor and five on the second story. Also a handsome building lot adjoining the above on the east, measuring 34 feet in front on Orange street, and 245 on Lime street. Also another lot west of said house measuring 39 feet 2 inches front and 245 feet deep. This lot has the privilege of an 8 feet alley which is to be in common between this and the house lot." It was sold as an entirety, and comprised what are now the halls, stairways and east side of the house. The traditional associations of the

"Thy beauty every breast alarms,
And many a swain can prove
That he who views your conquering
charms
Must soon submit to love.

"With either Chew such beauties dwell,
Such charms by each are shared,
No critic's judging eye can tell
Which merits most regard.

"'Tis far beyond the painter's skill,
To set their charms to view;
As far beyond the poet's quill
To give the praise that's due."

house with the legal profession and with owners of high social station were maintained. Judge Franklin had been Attorney General of the Commonwealth, and was then President Judge of the Second Judicial District, including not only Lancaster, but also, for part of his term, York, Dauphin, Cumberland and Lebanon—a district now comprising nine judges. Upon his death the property, still intact, was devised to his widow, Mrs. Anne Franklin, who continued in possession of it until her death, and it was sold by her executors, in 1853, to Emanuel C. Reigart, for \$7,910. The names attached to his deed, of Judge Franklin's two sons, the late Hon. Thomas E. and Col. Emlen Franklin, and his son-in-law, Dr. John L. Atlee, first, will readily suggest to my patient hearers, without extended suggestion, the illustrious company of Lancastrians whose ancestral associations extend over the twenty-six years of Franklin ownership and occupation, and many of whom honor and dignify this occasion by their presence.

The Reigart Regime.

The next change of title made it the property of another leading lawyer and the home of a conspicuous family. Emanuel C. Reigart, of notable local and patriotic lineage, from the time of his admission to the bar, in 1822, to his death, in 1869, after twenty-one years' retirement from professional activity, was a leading citizen of Lancaster and of the Commonwealth, distinguished for his learning, benevolence, civic spirit and social excellences. To his numerous descendants, of whom several representa-

tives are also here to-night, this roof tree is a memorable shrine. Mr. Reigart made very considerable alterations and extensions to the house. There is a current belief—which I have no right and certainly no disposition to disturb—that the east side of the house remains a part of the first pre-Revolutionary structure erected on the grounds. The memory of living man or woman runneth not to the contrary. The west wing and the present back buildings were built by Mr. Reigart. The rear kitchen was originally a separate building connected by a gallery and joined in the Reigart improvements. The front door in the center of the building, and the front to the east of the door, containing two windows, were undoubtedly the old part of the house, and there may have been some small part of a building to the west of this, but this was torn down by Mr. Reigart. He had an office in the front room to the west, and it formerly had a door entering from the front porch into the west room, this door being now replaced by one window. There can be no mistake that the part of the old house now standing is three-fifths of the front building. Since Mr. Reigart's changes there has been no material alteration in the general lines of the building, and it remains only to say it is one of the most attractive and generally admired of Lancaster's many beautiful homes.

During his ownership of the place Mr. Reigart made it the seat of gracious hospitality, and when his daughter, the ever-young Mrs. Brinton—long live her ladyship—was married in these parlors, James Buchanan, her father's steadfast friend, and then just chosen President of the

United States, led her from the altar to the marriage feast. Indeed, three daughters of this household were married here within a year; and Mr. Reigart used to say, three weddings in one year, like Franklin said of three removals, were as bad as a fire. His great grandchildren are now pupils here.

The Shroder Ownership.

Mr. Reigart's executors sold the property in 1870 to the late Francis Shroder, and Mrs. Shroder parted with it for the purpose for which it is now devoted in 1905. Many witnesses here can attest that during the Shroder proprietorship, the longest in its history, it lost nothing of its repute as the home of refined culture and a center of social pre-eminence. One of the pleasantest recollections of the famous Polish actress, Countess Modjeska, whose charming memoirs are now running through the "Century," was of her entertainment here as the guest of the Shroder homestead. It ceased, with the withdrawal from it of Mrs. Shroder, to be the private residence of a single family, after a century and a half of rich historical associations, such as have attached to no other single property in the town. The last child born under its roof is a young woman in this company to-night.

It was the proud boast of an historic house in Virginia that none of our sex "but a gentleman" had ever crossed its threshold; and there is a romantic incident related to prove that this tradition was maintained even when the murderous blows of a bloody civil war were given and parried at its very door, and the battle lines of hostile armies were drawn all about it. So, without odious com-

parisons or invidious distinctions, it may be fairly said those who have wrought the chain of title to this property, running from 1750 down to this day, to our city's lasting credit, have "worn without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

And if I have taxed your patience and mayhap "vexed your ears with a twice-told tale," I can only plead that, as one fond of this good city, and to whom nothing that concerns it is foreign, I rejoice in the illustration of stability afforded by a piece of property so handsome and eligible, preserving its exact outlines free from spoliation for more than a century and a half; as a lawyer, it has been a pleasure to recall the associations of this place with the distinguished Judges and advocates whose names and families are entwined through its history; and as a neighbor, I greet with acclaim the resolute purpose of the men who stand behind this enterprise and the ennobling aspirations of the gifted and gracious women who have pledged their unselfish labors to realize its lofty ideals.

[Since the foregoing went to press I have ascertained that Joseph Galloway, the owner of the Shippen House, was the son-in-law of Chief Justice Benjamin Chew, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, who was commissioned April 9, 1774, whereas Joseph Galloway, the loyalist, was a son of his half-brother, and, therefore, a nephew of Joseph, of Anne Arundel. Edward Shippen was, therefore, a connection by marriage with both of them. The fine old Galloway house, known as "Tulip Hill," at West River, Anne Arundel county, Md., is still standing, and has remained in the hands of the Galloway family for two centuries.—W. U. H.]

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