

# THE PASSING OF AN OLD LANDMARK

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It is only fair to the writer, as well as to his audience, to say a considerable part of the material of this sketch has already been read to and heard by a parlor audience in this city. I should not have had the temerity to submit it to your indulgent consideration, even in this form, but for the persuasive importunity of your president, who seemed to think the subject should have some place in the permanent and published annals of the Society.

Eliminating, therefore, many irrelevant matters that were contained in an address before the Shippen School for Girls, February 22, 1910 (to which reference may be had for them), I avail myself of your invitation to record some facts relative to the old Shippen mansion, just demolished, at the northwest corner of Lime and Orange streets, and to indulge in some reflections on domestic architecture and social life in Lancaster, suggested by the passing of one of the most notable landmarks of household life in our fair town.

Notwithstanding the stability of Lancaster's population and the persistence in its citizenship of many families who have been of it for generations, there is a notable absence of homesteads in the possession of even the third generation since their foundation. Throughout the county there are not a few family

estates which have continued in the ownership of successive generations since the original proprietary grants. Nor are they restricted to any one of the racial elements which make up our composite citizenship. In the Pennsylvania-German settlements, such as the Strasburg-Lampeter-Pequa tract, Landis Valley and Graf-Thal, numerous farms are in the same name and family, as two centuries ago. In the Caernarvon region the footprint of the Welsh iron master has not yet been wholly ploughed down by an alien race. The Colemans and Grubbs retain large ancestral holdings on the Furnace Hills. In the Quaker Chester Valley, until very lately, the Pownall family held title direct from Penn; and among the Scotch-Irish of the Lower End the farm granted in 1745 to James McSparran, First, passed successively to the Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth of the same name and blood; and it never left the family until a later generation, in April, 1908.

But in the city of Lancaster and its immediate suburbs it is exceptional to find any estate a hundred years old in the control of its founder's family; or upon which three full generations of one blood have dwelt continuously. "Abbeville," one of the most attractive of our older houses, refashioned from an old farmhouse by Langdon Cheves, passed through various mutations of ownership before it came into the Hager family in 1855. It has had three generations as occupants and owners, bidding fair to remain a permanent possession. "Wheatland," built nearly a hundred years ago, by William Potter, passed from one stranger to another. The "Hand house," alas! has long been lost to

family and historical sentiment. "Grand View" early passed from the ownership of the third generation. The imposing Grubb house was built by the father of its present owner. Unique in its architecture, "Hardwicke," founded by Judge Charles Smith, had the largest variety of ownership down to the time of its demolition, when it was the estate of Chief Justice Ellis Lewis' daughter, Mrs. James Wiley. Prior to that, associated with it are such names as the Cassatts, Brintons and Thomas McElrath, partner of Horace Greeley in the ownership of the New York Tribune, who gave it its varied arboriculture and decorated its lawn with the marble statuary so familiar to Lancastrians.

The Cope house, at the northeast corner of Lime and Grant, is now replaced by a modern mansion. At the same period of the Revolution it had sheltered Andre, the spy, and Despard, the regicide—both destined to the scaffold. The Copes early relinquished it, and long as it was the property of the late Hon. A. Herr Smith he never manifested the slightest sentiment for its romantic associations.

In the Long home, with its picturesque story-and-half house, where the Hamilton Club stands, abode three, if not more, generations of one family. In various parts of the city, some like old-fashioned and unnoticed humble houses have long remained in one family; and I recall visiting one of these on Howard avenue some years ago, where the granddaughters of the builder (1801), with puffed hair and crinoline, looked as if they had stepped out of a fashion plate of the early Nineteenth century.

One of the most notable of the older edifices still standing is the Light house, now Fisher's grocery, at the northwest corner of Lime and East King, once the center of Light's nursery, operated by the grandfather of the late Dr. John L. Atlee, Sr. On its eastern end is a fine specimen of gable cornice; the date in dark-colored bricks—"1761"—attests its time.

Another fine specimen of the earlier Lancastrian period is the building owned by Alderman Spurrier, at the northwest corner of Mifflin and South Queen streets—once the city home of Judge Charles Smith—across Mifflin street, on the opposite corner, was the home of his father-in-law, Jasper Yeates, now transformed. Behind the Smith home, at the northeast corner of Mifflin and Beaver, was the "Kitty" Yeates garden. In the rear of the Yeates property, long after the installation of a municipal water supply, was a "horse pond;" indeed "the Yeateses always had a horse pond."\*

The Kelly house, with the old-fashioned sun dial, at the northwest corner of Orange and Shippen, is one of the few remaining models of an artistic day. The destruction of the Atlee stone house on the northwest corner of Duke and Orange was the irreparable loss of what would have been an ideal home for this Society.

With the demolition of the old

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\*The records indicate that Jasper Yeates, at the time of his death, owned both the southwest and northwest corners of South Queen and West Mifflin streets. He purchased the southwest corner in 1775 and the northwest corner in 1784. His will refers to his house "wherein I now live" as being "in Queen street." His daughter, Mary, wife of Judge Charles Smith, acquired title to the Spurrier property from the other heirs of Judge Yerkes, in 1817.

Graef Hotel (later Shober's), to make place for the Y. M. C. A. Building, there passed away one of Lancaster's grand, old-time structures. The "Bowsman" house, on East King street, with its fine date plate, has long been out of the Bausman name, but that of the Jefferies family has for many years attached to it.

Most happily, when the great house and law office of George Ross, on the site of the present Court House, were torn down, the window and door frames were taken into the Lightner house, at Lemon and Duke, where Mr. Miller, the present owner, preserves them as fine illustrations of the excellence of old Lancaster domestic architecture.

The old Franklin College buildings, on Lime street, for many years have been transformed architecturally. The truncating of the fine feudal tower of the County Prison was a blunder that even now should be repaired. Restored to the eastern sky-line, it would be admirably balanced by the Gothic towers of Franklin and Marshall, rising above the foliage of College Hill, whose pinnacles catch the shafts of the dying sun as it sets behind the western horizon. The names of Haviland and Patrick Hayden Smith will ever be associated with Lancaster architecture during the fifties of the last century. The obliteration of the Court House of 1784 in Penn Square was vandalism, which we may hope will never be paralleled by the destruction of the present City Hall.

Old Trinity stands conspicuous among all Lancaster edifices as a rare specimen of untouched architectural grace and beauty. May the profane hand of the modern "restorer"

never be allowed to disturb its shapely spire and noble proportions.

One very reasonable cause for this brief tenure of family continuity in possession of ancestral homesteads is to be found in the conditions under which Lancaster was originally settled and built. Its present circumscribed area was not only then deemed ample, but English and German residents alike crowded to the center, built on the street line, almost after the manner of foreign farm villages. The English tendency toward exclusiveness put the lawn in the rear of the house; German thrift induced the use of the back lot as a truck garden. In many cases outlying "acre lands" were owned by the principal citizens for pasture purposes.

With the increase of population and encroachment of business upon the residence section of the city, the grandfathers of the present generation were compelled to establish new homes. Aforetime it was common for people of means, and of business and professional eminence, to have their dwellings and stores or offices under the same roof. It will easily be remembered when lawyers like Col. Reah Frazer and Judge Patterson had their homes and offices together, on West King street; Mr. Stevens and Mr. Dickey, on South Queen; Mr. Franklin and Mr. Champneys, on East King; and of the merchant princes of their day, Steinman, Hager, Russell, Kieffer, Deaner, Bair, Heinitsh, the Wentzes, Demuths, Evans, Long and others lived in the rear and upper floors of their business establishments; while older bank cashiers, like Col. Peiper, of the Lancaster County, and Mr. Brown, of the Farmers, kept close to their ledgers and

vaults. The proprietors of hotels were not only in, but of, their hosteleries—the dining-room and dormitories, stable and bar being “personally conducted” by them and their families. For obvious reasons local physicians have adhered to the old usage.

### **An Early Mansion.**

If I have led you by “a long, long road” to my subject, it is not because the strains of that popular ditty are in the air, but because the Shippen house illustrated, in unusual combination, our local history, its social and professional phases, its architecture, and the frequent changes of property ownership.

When the Hamiltons laid out their lots, the eligible center for residences was about the location of the Shippen house. Down around Hazel Swamp and Hickory Tavern—now the business center—was not considered so favorable. When the family who had control of these lots were spending more money in England than they were making in Lancaster, they reproached Jasper Yeates, their land agent, because their returns were not more frequent and copious. He retorted that so long as they rated their holdings at exorbitant prices they could not expect him to compete with cheaper offers to thrifty and industrious workmen settlers made by Adams, Bethel and others who were laying out villages, before the municipal consolidation, in the southern part of the city, traversed by streets still diagonal with the main avenues of Lancaster borough. This policy led to a somewhat tardy development, so that lots No. 1 and immediately following, on the Hamilton plan, beginning at the southwest

corner of Lime and Orange, were not improved until about 1854, when A. W. Russell engaged in what was then a large building operation. Some of our older folk recall when the ground on which the Kline house stands was used by John Wise, the aeronaut, to exhibit and invite patronage for a captive balloon tied on that lot.

William Penn, proprietor and founder of the Commonwealth, was the first person, responsive to organized society, who owned the Shippen house 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 Thos. Cookson, in 1750, he conveyed the exact dimensions and area which comprised it when sold to the Shippen School and before any grant to the Young Women's Christian Association. Its integrity was never 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 an early member of St. James', where his memorial tombstone is yet to be read of all men in the robing room. The monument to Edward Shippen is in the churchyard, behind the chancel, but the inscription upon it is illegible.

Cookson's 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 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, 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."

Galloway, who owned the property for nearly ten years, probably never resided here. His fine old house, known as "Tulip Hill," at West River, Anne Arundel county, Maryland, is still standing, and has remained in the hands of the Galloway family for two centuries. A son of his half-brother was Joseph Galloway, Jr., therefore a nephew of Joseph, or Anne Arundel. Edward Shippen was a connection by marriage with both of them.

This Tory Joseph Galloway, Jr., was a noted man of that day. Born in Maryland, early removed to Philadelphia to practice law, he became 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 1808 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.

### **Sold to the Shippens.**

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. Saran 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 Conynghom, 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 to acquire title to the property. But none associated with it has left deeper or more enduring impress on the early history of Lancaster and 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. They are good examples of 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, farmer, 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, 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 of our rural plantation. A general stillness now from the noise of drums, fires, etc. 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 crop of grass and grain, and fine weather. Thus has kind heaven blessed 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, minister 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 forebears 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 the Fulton 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 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."

### 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 drank 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 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 the 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 was Chief Justice of the State for more than six years preceding his death.

He 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 ever rarer than now. He was a patron of Benjamin West and 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 Shippen



property in the Lancaster "Journal" of 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 61 feet 7 inches and a half front on Orange street, and 245 deep, and has the privilege of an eight-foot alley on the west. The house contains four rooms besides a kitchen on the first floor and five on the second floor. Also a handsome building lot adjoining the above on the east, measuring 34 feet in front of Orange street, and 245 on Lime street. This lot has the privilege of an eight-foot alley, which is to be in common between this and the house lot." It was sold as an entirety, and comprised what, when torn down, were the halls, stairways and east side of the house. The traditional associations of the 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 sugges-

tion, the illustrious company of Lancastrians whose ancestral associations extend over the twenty-six years of Franklin ownership and occupation.

### **The Reigart Regime.**

The next change in 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 this roof tree was 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 remained 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 back buildings were built by Mr. Reigart. The rear kitchen was originally a separate building connected by a gallery; it was 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 later replaced by one window. After Mr. Reigart's changes there were no material alterations in the general lines of the building, and it remained 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. When his daughter, the ever-young Mrs. Wm. P. Brinton—long live her ladyship—was married in these parlors, James Buchanan, her father's steadfast friend, 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.

### **The Schroder Ownership.**

Mr. Reigart's executors sold the property in 1870 to the late Francis Schroder for \$19,500 and Mrs. Schroder parted with it to the Shippen School in 1905. Many witnesses here can attest that, during the Schroder 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, was of her entertainment here as the guests of the Schroder homestead. It ceased, with the withdrawal from it of Mrs. Schroder, 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 was Dorothy Hooper Schroder, now Mrs. James R. Locher.

For a time after the death of Mr. Schroder the house remained vacant and the property was for sale. A number of prominent citizens have since regretted they did not embrace the opportunity to continue this homestead in private hands. The late Senator Quay, who had already acquired considerable rural real estate between Lancaster and Columbia, was strongly inclined to buy the Shippen homestead.\* Finally, on the first of February, 1905, through the medium of the Peoples Trust Company, acting as trustee, the property was sold to a number of gentlemen representing what was then the Lancaster College, a women's institution, subsequently merged with and enlarged into the Shippen School for Girls. The consideration in this transaction was \$25,000, and, on December 24, 1909, the title lodged in the Shippen School for Girls. On July 2, 1912, that institution, for the consideration of \$30,000, sold the Orange street front and 175 feet in depth on Lime street to the Trustees of the Young Women's Christian Association, reserving for the school itself the rear of the lot, facing on Marion street, on which its own institution is now built. Thus for the first time since the original grant the property was divided. The as-

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\*Senator Quay wrote me from San Lucie, Florida, January 28, 1901, as follows (He subsequently changed his mind about the purchase):

"I want the Schroder property, but I want to know what I am getting, and would like to have a description of the house and grounds. How many rooms has the house? What is the capacity of the grounds? I suspect I would have to spend \$5,000 for a stable for my white elephant—my library—and thirty-five is as much as I would like to put in. So you ought to get it for thirty to help me."

sociation, which has torn down the old house and is about to erect thereon a modern structure, first occupied the Bechtold property, on the northeast corner of West Orange and Charlotte street, in 1893: then moved to temporary rooms in the old Aurora House, and finally bought, and for a period used for its purposes, the Isaac Diller (Muhlenburg) mansion, at No. 19 South Queen street. This latter property it sold for \$18,000 on the first of July, 1912, and, with the purchase money thus acquired and gifts from various friends, the association was enabled to pay in full for its new purchase. On May 19, 1914, under its present energetic, generous and successful management it started a popular campaign to raise \$100,000, for the purposes of a new building, within a week. Begun under most discouraging circumstances and shortly after large demands had been made upon the generosity of the good people of Lancaster, the effort seemed doomed to failure, but it was carried through successfully and subscriptions for the required amount were secured May 26, 1914. The building of which it has begun the erection, to be used exclusively for its own purposes, will be of rough red brick, four stories in height and of Colonial style of architecture. It will have a frontage of Orange street of ninety feet and a depth along Lime street of one hundred and thirty-five feet, standing twenty-eight feet back from the house line on Orange street and twenty feet back from Lime street. Competitive drawings for the building were submitted by a number of architects, and the plans accepted were those of Henry Y. Shaub, whose mother had been for many years an active worker in association work.

The munificent gift from the people of Lancaster of this property was a noble tribute to the sex of the good woman who endowed the Long Asylum, for her indigent sisters, and established Long Park for all the people.

When I contemplate these splendid benefactions, and recall how recently like and even greater was the gift of Lancaster's people; likewise the large sums of money, meantime, with which they have enriched churches, religious schools and other spiritual activities, how promptly and liberally they have responded to every call of charity—and when I hear voices, alien to our soil and strange to our sentiment, decry Lancaster as a community destitute of human sympathy and devoid of Christian grace; I console myself with the sage reflection of Edmund Burke: "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people" But, of course, the "hitter" of "the saw dust trail" rushes in where the philosopher fears to tread.

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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 central, 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 member of this Society I am satisfied if in any way con-

tribution has been made to its acquisition of local history of anything worthy to be permanently preserved.

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It was the proud boast of an historic house in Virginia that none of the male 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 comparisons or invidious distinctions, it may be fairly said that those who wrought the chain of title to this property, running from 1750 down to their last day, to our city's lasting credit, had "worn without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

Nigh fifty years, boy and man, the lights from this hospitable mansion gleamed across my footsteps as they trod the paths of Lancaster, old and new. Every vestige of it will be obliterated and every line erased. In its stead will rise the proud monument of a far-reaching benevolence. But to the vision of mine elder eyes there will always come to this spot the ghostly outlines of Lancaster's pageant. On a rude bench in the shadow of the eastern gable wall the hardy frontiersman and the dusky denizen of the forest will barter beads for pelts. Here shuddering groups will tell, far into the night, the noon-day tragedy from which the reckless rangers of 1763 rode back to the glebe lands of Donegal and Paxtang, wearing at their pommels bloody trophies of their vengeance on the heathen savage. Here weary-eyed women will watch and wait for the clatter

of the courier's hoofs who brings them tidings from the gloom of Valley Forge or gladsome cheer from the glories of Yorktown. Here beneath "the chirp of little birds" may Christopher Marshall drink betimes and gossip with Edward Shippen. Down these broad stairs frolicsome boys and girls madcap will gallop to the sports of the lawn. Here bewigged gallants and powdered dames shall dance the minuet, to the light of waxen tapers reflected in polished mahogany. Hence beaux of old Lancaster will attend their sweethearts to the great ball to Lafayette; here breaking hearts shall sob their grief for those who died in the trenches of the Civil War; here party plot and plan will scheme for political conquest; and from out these portals mourning cavalcades will wind their way to the silent city of the dead! And from these dim, dull echoes of the past a new and stronger generation shall catch inspiration to carry forward all the civic virtues and the social graces of a Lancaster forever old and always young!



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