

Report of the Committee on the W. U. Hensel Tablet Unveiling

The committee which had charge of the exercises attendant upon the unveiling and presentation of a tablet to Hotel Brunswick, the gift of the late Hon. W. U. Hensel, one of the vice presidents of the Society, presents the following report of the exercises held Friday evening, April 9, 1915:

Among the notable events that have been held under the direction of the Lancaster County Historical Society, none was more impressive than the public exercises on Friday evening at Hotel Brunswick, when the society, on behalf of the family of the late W. U. Hensel, formally presented to Mr. Paul Heine, owner of the magnificent hostelry, a marble tablet to commemorate the visit to the old Cadwell House of Abraham Lincoln, James Buchanan, Horace Greeley, General Winfield S. Hancock and Theodore Roosevelt. These distinguished Americans spoke from the balcony which faced the Chestnut street side of the old hotel, where also occurred a number of important political and other gatherings.

Mr. Hensel, during the past few years, was the prime mover in a number of events held by the local historians to mark historic spots in the city and county, and it was with the idea of continuing this excellent work that he planned for the presentation of the tablet just unveiled. Before his departure for the South, where his death occurred, Mr. Hensel had made prac-

tically all arrangements for the unveiling exercises, the original date for which was March 18. He had written a very elaborate paper—a history of the old hotel and the historic personages who visited there—the latter portions of which were completed while he was in Florida, the history being the last work from Mr. Hensel's facile pen. At the request of Mr. Hensel's family the historical society carried out his wishes in the presentation of the marker, although the programme was considerably modified from the one he had planned. Following his death, the society added an inscription to the tablet, giving the donor's name and the name of the society.

Several hundred persons, representative of all walks of life in Lancaster, gathered in the lobby of the hotel on Friday evening to witness the exercises. The tablet occupies a niche on the south wall of the lobby, in a position where it can be readily seen by every one entering the hotel.

F. R. Diffenderffer Presides.

Mr. F. R. Diffenderffer, one of the vice presidents of the society and Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, called the assemblage to order, making a few remarks as follows:

“Fellow members of the Lancaster County Historical Society; Ladies and Gentlemen: We have met here to-night to unveil a memorial tablet, the gift of our late fellow member, the Hon. William Uhler Hensel. This tablet is intended to commemorate the presence in past years upon this spot of three Presidents of the United States, and two other candidates for the same high office, but which they failed to reach.

“The presentation address will be made by H. Frank Eshleman, Esq., and

the response by Mr. Paul Heine, the owner of this historic spot.

"After these ceremonies, the history of this lot, the hotels erected on it, and what was said and done by the eminent men who spoke from its historic balcony, prepared by Mr. Hensel, it being the last production of his eloquent and prolific pen, will be read by Bernard J. Myers, Esq., in the ball room of the hotel, and to which you are invited."

The Tablet Unveiled.

Then he introduced Miss Emily Heine, the dainty and charming little daughter of Mr. Paul Heine, who pulled the ribbon which unloosed the folds of the American flags and revealed the tablet to public gaze. For a few moments silence fell upon the assemblage—a spontaneous tribute to Lancaster's foremost citizen in whose memory they had gathered.

The Presentation.

The audience then repaired to the large ball room of the hotel where the formal exercises were held. After a selection on the victrola, Mr. Diefenderffer introduced H. Frank Eshleman, Esq., who delivered the presentation speech, speaking as follows:

Out of the mystery of the burning bush, there came a sound—a voice—a message—more mysterious than the non-consuming fire itself, 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground.' Holy ground!—this world, enriched by love, labor, genius and devotion of thousands of great souls, in ages past, has many places it calls holy ground.

Wherever a treaty of peace is consummated—that is holy ground. Wherever a great battle for liberty is won, that is holy. Wherever the final act

in putting down slavery or oppression or tyranny, is effected, that is holy ground. Where great leaders were born, where champions have triumphed, where patriots sleep—all these places are holy ground. Runnymede, Yorktown, and Appomattox are holy ground to every patriotic heart of the Anglo-Saxon race. Mt. Vernon, Monticello, Springfield—all are hallowed spots.

America has had men—we have had men, raised up by Jehovah like David—men to whom God said as he did to David, “I took thee from following after sheep to be a ruler over my people.” We have had men whose watchword ever was, “Right makes Might, Right alone is Might.” There was raised up unto us a founder of our nation, and a Saviour of our nation—a great law giver and expounder in our nation; there have been given to us great purifiers of the nation—great awakeners of national conscience, scores of national leaders—thousands of national benefactors. In a proper sense, the paths, on earth, where these men’s feet have trod are sacred ways and avenues upon the face of our land. The places they visited and gave sage counsel or sterling proof of their devotion are spots worthy of marking in chiselled memorial.

We are met on a spot we may call sacred patriotic ground; and out of the past there comes an earnest patriotic voice to each of us, “Son of America, leave your ambitions and pleasures, and the swift moving current of the present age and turn in thought, for a season of the days of your noble forefathers, for the place on which you stand is precious patriotic ground.”

On a balcony, reaching out from the north wall of the predecessor of your splendid Hotel Brunswick, sir,

the first of all Americans and first in all American hearts, the savior and preserver of our nation, determined upon destroying itself—and its deliverer from its national sin of slavery, and the liberator of its people from bondage—Abraham Lincoln—in sorrow, pledged himself to lead our nation out of secession and turmoil and to a happy triumph of righteousness before God and man. Here, too, Lancaster's own, foremost of all her citizens, honored by this great nation as President, James Buchanan, after leading the country through its turbid and turbulent waters, came back to his people, grateful to be allowed to lay down the heavy responsibilities of ruling a people gone mad. Here a giant in journalism, beloved by all people because of his pure heart and facile pen—a great man, in the height of his fame, bid for the suffrages of our people, to be the nation's head and lost—Horace Greeley. Here, too, our alert forefathers quickly took up the news of the selection in national convention of a Presidential nominee, and held a great monster ratification of the nomination, before any other section of the country awoke—the ratification of the Presidential nomination of William S. Hancock. Here, too, the modern personification of American energy and fire and patriotism—the awakener of American conscience, and, at one time, the most popular soul and the most valuable life of our land—seven years President of our Union—Theodore Roosevelt, aspiring for a third term, when his great fame and popularity had turned into its waning—addressed our people on “Government and Human Rights.”

Sir, a great soul, the first citizen of our town and county, and one among the first few of our State and nation, now deceased, Hon. W. U. Hensel,

gathered up into his strenuous, active mind and generous heart the memory of the great events of the past which have illuminated early days at this place, and conceived the propriety of a suitable commemoration of the spot, so famed by the presence of the great souls personifying the great principles which I have mentioned, and devised by the means of this living, speaking, marble tablet, the appropriate monument which is soon to be turned over to your care, and to the care of those who shall follow you.

The generous donor of the stone was called beyond before the day set for the unveiling of his gift. But his wish and will were desired by his daughter to be carried out as he meant it to be done, and now, in the name of our honored deceased donor, at the behest of his daughter and her husband, I present, sir, to you and to your heirs, and assigns, to be forever kept and protected and cared for on these walls, this tablet, recording the notable events thereon inscribed; and I also beg to state that, as it was the further thought of our donor, that the unveiling of the same should be done by our Lancaster County Historical Society, of which he was an honored member, he meant to impress upon us all thereby that the logical and legal visitor of this trust should be that Society. I beg that you and those who follow you will not deem it a presumption in that Society to exercise such visitorial care and concern at all times, as is just and right, to see well to it that the memorial be kept fresh and free from tarnish and decay, and that its messages recorded in ebony shall always be clear in enduring characters of jet, so that its

bold and attractive font may ever draw the stranger's gaze and admiration. In this spirit, and with these injunctions, I now present to you, and to your heirs and assigns, to be maintained forever, at this place, this memorial tablet.

The Acceptance.

Mr. Heine then accepted the memorial entrusted to his care by Mr. Eshleman, speaking as follows:

It is with sincere gratitude and appreciation that I accept this tablet from the Lancaster Historical Society, as the gift of our late townsman, the Honorable W. U. Hensel, commemorating some historical events which took place within the walls and on the balcony of the old Cadwell House, later known at the Imperial Hotel.

Schiller, the great German poet, says:

“Das alte stuerzst und neues leben waechst aus den Ruinen.”

“The old totters and falls and new life sprouts forth from among the ruins.”

Thus that old inadequate building had to make way for this new and modern structure in order to keep pace with the requirements of our progressive age and the advancement of our city.

If there is one regret with mars this function to-day, it is the sorrowful circumstance that the donor is no longer among us. I never will forget when Mr. Hensel, shortly before his last departure from Lancaster in search of health, called me to his bedside so that he might personally arrange in all details the designing of this memorial tablet, the unveiling of which he wished to direct after his return. Weak as he was, scarcely that

he could raise his voice above a whisper, he insisted upon giving full instructions concerning the ceremonies which were to take place. After I left his room I could no longer suppress my feelings—tears entered my eyes; I realized that his life was ebbing fast away ;that there would soon pass beyond this great master mind, this man of men, who sought his only pride in the advocacy of his dearest spot on earth, his native county, whose greatest son he was for a generation and whose place no one is here to fill. Of all his deeds for the benefit and advancement of his beloved county of Lancaster, I may point with special pride to this as one of his last, if not the last; and it gives me supreme delight that the Lancaster Historical Society has added to these inscriptions on the tablet the name of the donor the late Honorable W. U. Hensel, LL. D., Litt. D., who will go into history with the men whom he wished to honor by this memento. I thank you!

Mr. Hensel's Paper.

The paper which had been prepared for the unveiling by Mr. Hensel was then read by Bernard J. Myers, Esq., who added to the value of the compilation by the splendid manner in which he presented it to his auditors. The paper as originally prepared by Mr. Hensel was as follows:

The title to the lot on which this monument of "beauty made the bride of use" has been erected is one of the clearest to be read in Lancaster. It can be traced from the original proprietor to the present owner, without showing change of boundaries for a hundred and fifty years. Until very lately its dimensions on Chestnut street and from North Queen to Christian street followed the first

deed. Its continuity as the site of a licensed hotel was likewise unbroken. When George Hoffnagle sold it, in 1777, he was "an innkeeper," and from that time until it was sold as part of the estate of the famous General David Miller, a two-and-a-half-story stone tavern stood on the North Queen street corner, being the "North American" shown in the illustration of 1843, from Sherman Day's collection. Miller, you will remember, was one of the most brilliant and gallant Lancastrians of his time. Son-in-law of Eichholtz, the famous portrait painter of a century ago, father of W. H. Miller, of Ardmore, the gifted artist of to-day, "Dave" Miller was the only man in transportation who could entertain his patrons at his Lancaster hotel, transport them to Philadelphia cheaper than you could ride there now, and accommodate them at one of the three hotels he successively kept there.

To the east on this lot aforetime was the first office of the Adams Express Company; next Shultz Reese had an oyster house and ten pin alley. He was conspicuous in that long line of "Turtle and Oyster" bonifaces peculiar to Lancaster—John Keller, the elder Frick and his son, John Reese, and Runty Wenditz, Dan Okeson and Bill Lowry, Gabe and "Rack" Kautz, George Spong, V. P. Anderson, Jack Weise and Jack Sides, Amos Lee and John Copeland. We ne'er shall see their like again. Eastward in the block there was a frame warehouse, and on the corner of Christian street a lager beer saloon. This side of that Mrs. Stains had a variety shop. "Mammy" Stains will be remembered by some of my hearers as an eccentric old woman, who later kept a cake

and candy table under an umbrella in front of the postoffice, then in Penn Square. She wore crinoline long after the fashion passed, and quaint bonnets. When this Chestnut street property was sold and she was dispossessed, she fancied some one had robbed her of her inheritance; though she daily passed this way, she refused to walk on the south pavement and always trod the middle of the road.

Jay Cadwell, a conspicuous and busy citizen, bought the property on April 2, 1860, and at once proceeded to build the three-story brick hotel and row of two-story stores. He named the hostelry for himself, and it was considered quite an advance in its day on the public houses of the city. December 31, 1862, he sold it to Hon. Isaac E. Hiester, but the name was not changed until after the new owner's death, in 1871.

In the distribution of the Hiester estate, this property fell to Mrs. Lily Eshleman Bates, and under her devisees there were several formal transfers; but when it was next actually sold it was subdivided for the first time. Paul Heine bought the Chestnut street end, Mrs. Bates having changed the name of the hotel to "The Imperial." In 1912 he began the demolition of the old building, and, on December 1, 1914, completed and opened the present establishment—impressing upon it the name of "The Brunswick." It is to be hoped this is permanent. Lancaster has lost in history and picturesqueness by the too frequent changes in the names of its taverns. A depreciated nomenclature has driven from the streets our Lions, Leopards and Bears; Bulls and Lambs; Turtles and Bucks; the horses, Sorrel and Golden, Black and

White; the Eagle, Swan and Cock; even the "Flying Angel" has been banished from the local sky.

An elder Barnett kept the "Cat," the old stone tavern on the west side of Prince, near James. His son, Henry L. Barnett, a retired railroad engineer, who had kept the "North American," became proprietor of the Cadwell (and Hiester) house, assisted by his brother, Joseph, and his sisters, Ann and Caroline. I spent more than four years as their guest—for their kindness and hospitality were so great, their service so excellent, and their charges so moderate, that none could claim to be their patron. Under them the hotel was largely patronized by tobacco dealers, horsemen and sporting men; with a body of professional and business men as table-boarders, wags and philosophers, here and there a professor, now and then a cleric. Women, especially those of the stronger sex who wear beards and sing bass, were not welcomed; Carrie Nation would have had the edge of her hatchet blunted against her before she got both feet under the lintel. Gentlemen of color met with a frown darker than their own countenance; and many a dexterous dodge was invoked successfully to deny them diet, drink or shelter. The quality and congeniality of their guests was the only consideration of hosts and hostesses. No place of its kind was more unique; no proprietor more independent.

The large corner room, used as a barroom, and also as a lobby, was a free parliament; day and night every subject that could engage popular attention there came under review and discussion, and none was ever settled—for there was always some one

in the opposition, and no statement of fact or opinion passed unchallenged.

The location of the establishment, so near to the railroad station made it very public, and the scene and center of much activity. Its front steps, and especially a second story iron-railed balcony, long and narrow, projecting from the Chestnut street wall, about midway the front of the main building, were natural points of advantage for those who, traveling by rail, stopped briefly and addressed street audiences. Hence the story of some notable appearances which I am about to relate, and which, it seems to me, should be chronicled before it is lost.

Lincoln and His Speech.

When it was decided and announced that President-elect Abraham Lincoln was to pass through Lancaster, on his way to Harrisburg, in February, 1861, there to address the Legislature, a movement was started to secure a brief stop in Lancaster. The outcome was the appointment of a non-partisan citizens' committee to escort him hither. It was headed by the late Col. O. J. Dickey, and included Col. Bartram A. Shaeffer, Robert H. Long, John Huber, Harry W. Hager, Dr. Thos. Ellmaker, Alexander H. Hood, D. Fellenbaum, Edward J. Zahm and Major Charles M. Howell, a conspicuous Democrat. They are all dead. W. S. Wood had charge of the Presidential party, and Mr. Franciscus, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, looked after the transportation, with Mr. Lafferty as trainmaster. They had engine 161 fitted up and decorated for the trip with flags and evergreens. Early in the morning of Friday, February 22, 1861, Mr.

Lincoln raised the flag of the Union—then containing thirty-four stars—over Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, and made a memorable, but quite conciliatory, speech to surging masses of people. He returned to the Continental Hotel, went by carriage to West Philadelphia, where he boarded his car, and proceeded to Lancaster. Mr. J. M. W. Geist, of the then only Lancaster daily, joined the party to report its progress.

At Haverford the train moved slowly through an assemblage of Quakers; at Paoli the passing cortege was cheered; there was a four-minute stop at Downingtown, and a like one at Leaman Place, where the President-elect brought out Mrs. Lincoln and gave the spectators a view of what he called "the long and the short of it"—his wife being undersize by as much as he was unusually tall.

A booming cannon welcomed them to Lancaster and announced his approach. He took a look at the environs from the outside platform as the car crossed the Conestoga.

Though in mid-winter, the day of Mr. Lincoln's arrival was perfect as to weather of winter sunshine; and the people who thronged the station, Chestnut and North Queen streets, suffered no discomfort while they waited for hours. Hundreds of Lancastrians had gone to Harrisburg for the ceremonies there, including, of the local military, the Fencibles and the Jones artillery, of Safe Harbor, the American and Union Fire Companies, "with banners, bands and men."

Every square foot of space surrounding the Cadwell House, which then occupied the site, was taken up with men and women on their feet; the front windows were crowded, rooms having been engaged for days in ad-

vance. The Jackson Rifles, under captain H. A. Hambright, policed the situation, and when Col. Dickey escorted Mr. Lincoln to the balcony, with Big Pete Fordney as body guard, a broad lane was opened to let them pass through the crowd. After a brief introduction Mr. Lincoln spoke substantially as follows: (Daily Evening Express, February 22, 1861.)

“Ladies and Gentlemen of Lancaster County—I am happy to meet the citizens of this great county face to face; but I do not feel prepared to make a speech to you to-day. I have not the time now, nor the strength, and, what is more, have no speech to make. I have come more to see you and let you see me. He then complimented the ladies, and said in this respect he had the advantage of seeing them, and, therefore, best of the bargain. As regards the gentlemen he could not say so much. He might make a long speech, as there is plenty of matter in the present political condition of the country, but time would not allow. He thought the more a man speaks in these days the less he is understood. As Solomon says, there is a time for all things, and he thought the present is a time for silence.”

In a very few days the time would be here for him to speak officially, and he would then endeavor to speak plainly in regard to the Constitution and the liberties of the American people. Until he should so speak, he deemed it unnecessary to say more. He would again greet his friends most heartily, and at the same time bid them farewell.

The remarks of the President elect were exceedingly brief—his time here being limited to a few minutes—but they were greeted with warmest applause. Indeed so punctual was the schedule time observed that the arrival and

departure of Mr. Lincoln seemed like the shifting scenes of a panorama, to be remembered like a dream. When about to retire from the balcony, Mr. Lincoln was presented with a handsome bouquet by one of the ladies present, for which he courteously returned thanks. As the cars moved off Mr. Lincoln bowed adieu from the rear platform, while the assembled crowd sent up the wildest applause.

Pronouncing the Lancaster reception as the best ordered function since they left Springfield—we always did know how to do it—the party left Lancaster about 1 p. m. Mr. Lincoln was desirous to see "Wheatland," and it was pointed out to him, at a distance, this side of Dillerville. In Mount Joy, Brady, the axemaker, got special recognition, because Mr. Lincoln knew his cutlery. In Elizabethtown and Middletown enthusiastic crowds cheered the train.

President Buchanan's Return.

The next event of national significance associated in memory with this spot was the reception given by his neighbors and fellow citizens to Ex-President Buchanan, on his return to his home after four years of arduous, faithful and patriotic service. Although his successor had expressed no dissent from his official conduct after the war's outbreak, and though Mr. Lincoln's utterances were as pacific and conciliatory as Mr. Buchanan's—and often more so—there was not the same magnanimity exhibited here and elsewhere to the outgoing Executive as to him coming into power. Nowhere was Mr. Buchanan more unfairly judged than here in Lancaster; and some leading citizens and local organizations did themselves lasting discredit by an unjustifiably offensive at-

titude. But with that generous hospitality, which, thank God! has always been characteristic of this good town, a vast majority of its people, irrespective of party, did themselves the honor and to him the courtesy of generous welcome.

A large committee, of which Hugh M. North was chairman, met Mr. Buchanan in Washington and escorted him to Baltimore, where they spent the night of Lincoln's inauguration. Thence its Mayor—then as now named Preston—and the City Guards Battalion escorted him, via York and Columbia, to Lancaster. Samuel H. Reynolds was local marshal of the occasion.

There was a stop and collation in York; the gay Maytown Infantry helped to enliven the reception at Columbia. With the party were quite a number of prominent New York and Southern Democrats; and also Harriet Lane, the ex-President's favorite niece, late mistress of the White House; and Hetty Parker, faithful housekeeper there and at Wheatland. A gun announced the departure from Columbia, and another the arrival at Lancaster. Near where the Harrisburg turnpike crosses the Pennsylvania Railroad the train stopped and the procession was formed. The Fencibles and Jackson Rifles, the Maytown, York and Baltimore troops preceded the civil bodies, F. and M. College (of whose Board of Trustees Mr. Buchanan was president) and local fire companies. A barouche, drawn by four gray horses, carried the guest of honor, accompanied by Mayor George Sanderson, Dr. Henry Carpenter and Chairman H. M. North. The parade came in the turnpike to James street, by James to North Queen and down that street to this corner. Mr. Buchanan's age, the excitement of

the past few days and the fatigue of travel, prevented him stopping here and speaking from the historic balcony, where his successor so lately had been seen; but many notable persons viewed the spectacle from that point of vantage and all the front rooms and windows of the Cadwell House were crowded with prominent citizens. Mayor Preston, of Baltimore, handed over the illustrious citizen to Mayor Sanderson, in Centre Square, and both made speeches; and Mr. Buchanan replied. Mr. Geist personally reported his ex-tempore speech, and Mr. Buchanan reviewed it for publication. He spoke as follows (Daily Evening Express, Tuesday March 7, 1861.):

“My Old Neighbors, Friends and Fellow-Citizens—I have not language to express the feelings which swell in my breast on this occasion; but I do most cordially thank you for this demonstration of your personal kindness to an old man, who comes back to you, ere long to lay his bones at rest with your fathers. And here let me say that, having visited many foreign climes, my heart has ever turned to Lancaster as the spot where I would wish to live and to die. When yet a young man, in far remote Russia, my heart was still with my friends and neighbors in good, old Lancaster. (Applause.)

“Although I have always been true to you, I have not been half so true to you as you have been to me. Your fathers took me up when a young man, fostered and cherished me, through many long years. All of them have passed away, and I stand before you to-day in the midst of a new generation. (A voice in the crowd—“I saw you mount your horse when you marched to Baltimore in the war of 1812.)” The friendship of the fathers

for myself has descended on their children. I feel with all my heart that these sons are manifesting the same kindness which their fathers would have done had they lived to this day. Generations of mortal men rise, and sink, and are forgotten; but the kindness of the past generation to me, now so conspicuous in the present, can never be forgotten.

"I have come to lay my bones among you; and during the interval which Heaven may allot me, I shall endeavor to perform the duties of a good citizen and a kind friend and neighbor. My advice shall be cheerfully extended to all who may seek it, and my sympathy and support shall never be withheld from the widow and the orphan. (Loud applause.) All political aspirations have departed. All I have done, during a somewhat protracted public life, has passed into history. If, at any time, I have done aught to offend a single citizen, I now sincerely ask his pardon, while from my heart I declare that I have no feeling but that of kindness to any one in this county.

"I came to this city in 1809, more than half century ago, and am, therefore, I may say, among your oldest citizens. When I parted from President Lincoln, on introducing him to the Executive Mansion according to the custom, I said to him: 'If you are as happy, my dear sir, on entering this house, as I am on leaving it and returning home, you are the happiest man in this country!' I was then thinking of the comforts and tranquility of home, as contrasted with the troubles, perplexities and difficulties inseparable from that office. Since leaving Washington I have briefly addressed my friends on two or three occasions, but have purposely

avoided allusions to party politics. And I shall do so here.

"There is one aspiration, however, which is never absent from my mind for a single moment and which will meet with a unanimous response from every individual here present; and that is, may God preserve the Constitution and the Union, and in His good providence dispel the shadows, clouds and darkness which have now cast a gloom over our land! Under that benign influence we have advanced more rapidly in prosperity, greatness and glory than any other nation in the tide of time. Indeed, we have become either the envy or admiration of the whole world. May all our troubles end in a peaceful solution and may the good, old times return to bless us and our prosperity!"

The procession then reformed and the parade passed out West King street, under a broad arch of evergreens, to Wheatland. The visiting military were entertained at Reese's and Shober's hotels; and at night the Maennerchor serenaded the ex-President at the home, to which he retired until death.

Horace Greeley and the Balcony.

Seldom, if ever, has there been a more fiercely contested campaign in Lancaster county than that of 1872, when Horace Greeley, the famous editor and reformer, was both the Democratic and Liberal Republican candidate for President. Never before, nor since, has this community had the presence and heard the speeches of so many eminent men—up to the time of the October elections, when the disastrous defeat of the allies practically insured Republican success in November and took all the vim out of the campaign.

It was my first extended political experience; being secretary of the Liberal Republican County Committee, and often exercising the functions of chairman, I came into more or less close association with men like Schurz, Sumner, Doolittle, Buckalew, Cowan, McClure, Theo, Tilton, Frederick Hassaurek, Gen. John Farnsworth, Governor Bradford, Leo Miller, Galusha A. Grow, William Dorsheimer, Geo. Alfred Townsend, Murat Halstead, Whitelaw Reid, Lyman D. Trumbull, Gen. Kilpatrick, Forney, Curtin and other national figures. My own feeble pen and faltering tongue were incessantly employed.

While this contest was at white heat, Horace Greeley started on a tour from New York to Indianapolis, on September 18, and his train made a stop in Lancaster. An immense crowd assembled to greet him, and about 4 o'clock p. m. he arrived. Jay Cadwell, who had built the hotel then here, and who was chairman of the Liberal Republican County Committee, escorted him to the balcony and introduced him to the throng. I recall Greeley's imposing presence, and especially my surprise at his stature, being much taller than the caricatures represented him; his complexion was milk white, as a baby's—for he was for a long time a vegetarian. His hair was white, and the fringe of white—not gray—whiskers below his chin, added to his picturesque, highly benevolent and intellectual appearance. He spoke as follows (*Lancaster Intelligencer*, Tuesday, September 17, 1872):

“Fellow Citizens—You see before you one who is just now the object of much vituperative denunciation. It is proclaimed that I have

been a Secessionist, a Know-nothing and even a negro-trader. Whatever seems likely to produce prejudice against me is freely uttered, without any regard to the truth. I have been repeatedly asked to refute these calumnies, but have thought it best not to attempt to do so, inasmuch as any denial I might make would fail to silence the tongue of slander. I am one of those who believe political parties ought not to be permitted to exist too long in a Government such as ours; that they should rise, flourish and pass away when they have subserved the purpose for which they were created. I do not believe that this country would continue to flourish long under the exclusive domination of any political party. Scheming and corrupt politicians are sure to seize upon the organizations of political parties. They soon learn to run the machine, as they say, and they take good care to run it so that all the oil drips into their pockets. I trust that we shall see frequent changes of parties in this country. What we most need just now is that independent spirit which leads men in their love of country to rise superior to all the prejudices of political association and all ties of party. I am free to confess, and in no way ashamed to admit, that my party associations are not the same now that they were some years ago. The dangers which threatened our nation in the past are gone. We struggled and suffered together to preserve the Union of these States, and in the next hundred years will any attempt to divide it be made. What is needed now is such government as will enable all parts of the country to reap the fruits of victory. We want

genuine peace and a complete restoration of fraternal relations. It is time for us to forget the animosities engendered by the war, and to kindle instead of baleful passions a feeling of universal love. It is time for us to invite those who stood opposed to us to a seat around the common table. There is room enough. I am in favor of re-enfranchising all. Having done this, having buried the discords of the past, let us see if we cannot do away with the corruption which prevails so largely in our local, State and National Governments. This is the great work now set before us. It is for you to say through what instrumentalities this can be accomplished."

Thousands rushed to grasp his hand, but few could reach him until his train moved off, while Ermentrout's Band played "Hail Columbia"—but he proceeded to Harrisburg, via Mount Joy.

The Hancock Ratification Meeting.

In 1880 the delegates from this district to the Democratic National Convention, in Cincinnati were W. U. Hensel and the late Bernard J. McGrann. The nomination of General Winfield Scott Hancock for President created great enthusiasm and much popular confidence in his election. Returning to their home, on June 26, the Lancaster delegates were guests on his private car, "Malvern," of Hon. Edward Cooper, Mayor of New York, and brother-in-law of Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, chairman of the National Committee. Besides them in the party were General Thomas Sherman Ewing, a leading Democrat of Ohio, and Gen. Hugh Ewing, a group of illustrious New Yorkers, including An-

drew H. Green, Hubert O. Thompson, John R. Fellows, Col. John Tracey, William Henry Hurlburt, the brilliant editor of the "World;" Gen. Martin T. McMahon, Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, John O'Byrne, Orestes Cleveland and such representative Pennsylvania Democrats as Malcolm Hay, Chauncey F. Black and William S. Stenger.

Discussing the likelihood of Hancock's election, the conversation turned on the fact that Pennsylvania had furnished only one President and no nominee since Buchanan. This led to Wheatland and Lancaster, and some one proposed that a stop-over be made in Lancaster, and the first formal ratification meeting of the Presidential campaign be held there. A telegram, sent from Altoona, inspired a most numerous and enthusiastic assemblage at this spot, and when the train arrived, about 5 p. m., and the Cooper car was detached, a speedy organization was effected in the station and Mayor Cooper made a stirring speech. Answering clamorous demand for "more," the meeting was transferred to this spot, and from the balcony Gen. Thos. Ewing made the principal address of the occasion. (Lancaster Intelligencer, Monday, June 28, 1880.) Besides many other things which caught the crowd he began with a reference to the local associations called up by Lancaster, as he himself came from New Lancaster, Ohio, a section largely settled by people from this county, and among whom such names as Stauffer, Sheaffer and Fenstermacher are as familiar as here. He touchingly referred to the Cincinnati convention of 1856, which gave the nation a Democratic President from Lancaster, and it was a happy coincidence that one of the first messages of congratulation on Hancock's

nomination came from Buchanan's home, from the lady who had presided with such rare grace at the White House during the last Democratic Administration....."Without depreciating the merit of the Republican candidate it must be evident to every intelligent man that General Garfield's military services are not to be compared with those of General Hancock. By his votes and voice for fifteen years after the war ended General Garfield upheld and defended a military despotism that has well-nigh crushed out constitutional liberty and subverted republican institutions. As a soldier General Hancock stands above disparagement. From his early youth his services have been devoted to his country, and there is not another name in modern history more nobly covered with military renown. Conteras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey and other battles in Mexico attest his powers, while on almost every field of battle during the late rebellion his towering form and gleaming sword were prominent. But splendid as have been his military achievements, and worthy as they are of the grateful remembrance of the American people, they are as nothing compared with that grand order issued by him when, possessed of almost absolute military power, he recognized the authority of the civil law and held his forces subject to the civil courts. For this the liberty loving people of America will hold him in remembrance even after the story of his military fame shall fade, if that were possible, from the page of history. (Applause.)

"Twenty-four years ago the news was carried from Cincinnati to Lancaster that one of Pennsylvania's illustrious sons had been nominated for President. Pennsylvania gave him

her support, and he was triumphantly elected. He filled his high office with ability, with honor and with patriotism, and now again, after a lapse of twenty-four years, and the repeated trial of candidates from other States, the representatives of all the States again turn to Pennsylvania for a candidate—(cheers)—and he will be triumphantly elected. The music of success is in the air, the victor's name is borne on lightning wings from ocean to ocean, congratulations and assurances of success are pouring in from every quarter of the country and from the most distinguished sources.".....

As he concluded, the train rolled in, the band struck up a tune and as he left the city rousing cheers for Hancock, English and Ewing followed him. The demonstration so quickly extemporized was a grand success.

Roosevelt on the Balcony.

During April, 1912, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt made a whirlwind campaign through Pennsylvania as a candidate for the Republican nomination of President. On the afternoon of April 12, 1912, about 4:40 o'clock, his special train arrived at Lancaster, where a very large and enthusiastic assemblage had gathered in and around the station to welcome him. Through a line of policemen he was escorted to the balcony by Peter B. Fordney, who had performed the same office for Abraham Lincoln fifty-one years earlier. To revive the spirit of that occasion, the entire front of the hotel and especially the historic balcony, were decorated with pictures of Lincoln and flags, as shown in a photograph of the scene. Col. Roosevelt was most enthusiastically received by a tumultuous crowd, in waiting between the ho-

tel and the station. In a fifteen-minute address (Daily Examiner, April 12, 1912,) he devoted himself mainly to the principles of Abraham Lincoln, for which he claimed that he stood. Continuing, he expounded the doctrines of what was known as the "Progressive Party," and urged the voters of the county and State at the primary election, to be held the coming Saturday, to "repudiate the alliance between crooked politics and crooked business," which he declared "has been the disgrace of American political life."

Returning to his car, he was presented with a bouquet of Killarney roses, after which his train moved off to the cheers of the audience.

Grant Not Here.

There is a popular idea that General Grant, before or during his Presidential terms, appeared upon and spoke from this balcony. But I do not have warrant for this statement. I find no record of it in the contemporary press, nor in the memory of any living witness. When Greeley was here a local newspaper contrasted his appearance with that of Grant at the same place "more than two years before," and in the same journal it had been announced that Grant would be here to attend the races in July, 1870. Certain, it is about that time the President was on a fishing trip in Pennsylvania, on Young-Woman's Creek, with the Camerons, Col. Duffy and the late John A. Hiestand as local hosts; and they may have started to drive from Marietta to Lancaster; but they did not come.

One witness has come forward to say that General Grant was here in 1872. Mr. Charles H. Brown, of No. 15 West James street, authorizes the

statement that he met him in 1872, "when he was sitting on the old railroad platform conversing with the late Samuel L. Hartman." The fact is that Mr. Brown is mistaken, as any one is apt to be who trusts solely to his memory. General Grant was positively not here in 1872, but he was here in 1876, and was on the platform of the station on Sunday, June 25, 1876, conversing with the late Samuel L. Hartman. He came to the county accompanied by his son, Ulysses Grant, Jr., his wife and General William T. Sherman. They spent Saturday, June 24, 1876, at Marietta, as guests of Colonel James Duffy. They breakfasted at the Duffy Park, and were serenaded by the Marietta band. Having heard a great deal about the natural beauties of Lancaster county, especially at that harvest-tide season, Generals Grant and Sherman accepted an invitation to drive to Lancaster. Previously Grant had driven a team of Colonel Duffy, with which he was not familiar, through the streets of Marietta, and collided with Sam Rogers' fish wagon. On their way to Lancaster they stopped at Wheatland to take a look at Ex-President Buchanan's home, and at half past six arrived at the residence of William B. Fordney, then on East Orange street. Secretary of War J. Donald Cameron and President Grant remained over night with Colonel Fordney, and General Sherman was the guest of Samuel H. Reynolds. At 10 o'clock a. m. on Sunday a number of prominent citizens, including Dr. J. L. Atlee, General James L. Reynolds and others, called on the party at Mr. Samuel H. Reynolds' house, whence they walked to the railroad station. Lieutenant Samuel L. Hartman interviewed President Grant and talked to him at length until the train arrived for Harrisburg,

which the Presidential party took and there rejoined the ladies. The party dined with Secretary of War Cameron, and in the evening returned to Washington. At that time Simon Cameron was United States Senator, and his son, J. Donald, was Secretary of War—to which office he was appointed to succeed Ex-President Taft's father, who occupied the place for a brief time after Belknap's resignation and before he, Alphonso Taft, became Attorney General.

Was Washington Here?

I should like to claim with certainty and declare with confidence that the great and good George Washington, himself, visited this corner; and perhaps he stood to be looked at, if not heard, on the old balcony of the old hotel. It would be quite as easy to so affirm as to disprove the statement; but our society warns us that from its workshop must come only flawless product, without regard to what chips may fall or where the filings may fly. Our founder and historian "facile princeps" has established the fact (Transactions of 1906, vol. 10, page 93) that Washington visited Lancaster three times. He came in 1791, returning from his Presidential tour of the Southern States. Leaving York, July 3, in a chariot and four horses, with valet, footman, coachman and postilion, he was met at Columbia, then Wright's Ferry, by General Hand and other leading citizens. He reached here on Monday, July 4, about six o'clock in the evening. The next day he walked about the town—naturally he must have passed this corner—and in the afternoon he answered an address from a corporation, met and received the clergy and drank tea with Mrs. Hand. He was entertained at an elegant banquet in the Court House,

and fifteen toasts were eaten. Where he lodged during the night of his stay, tradition only says: most likely at the "Grape."

His second visit was made in October, 1794. Having set out from Philadelphia to the rendezvous of the militia, gathered to suppress the whiskey insurrection. On his return eastward to Philadelphia, he spent the night of October 26 in this city.

His third visit was made while he was President in 1796. He was on his way from Philadelphia, the capital of the country to his home in Mount Vernon; arriving here Tuesday afternoon, September 20, early next morning, he proceeded on his way to Mount Vernon.

It is, therefore, as I have said, not established that he visited this site, but there is every probability that he did.

Located where it is, this corner of course saw many other scenes of popular and historic interest and minor tragedies of daily life.

Here passed the mob-like procession that bore the bleeding bodies of the Conestoga remnant—butchered to make a holiday for the Paxtang boys and Donegal rough riders—to their common grave, on the rear of the Hensel lot, at Cherry and East Chestnut—where their bones lay quiet until the excavation for the deep cut of the railroad uncovered them, more than a half century later.

Here the old State and early Pennsylvania Railroad line was brought by the apprehensions of the citizens of Lancaster that Dillerville would become, as its founder planned, the "Northern Liberties," and this town would be side-tracked by the main line traversing the Manheim meadows. Here the early engines "Mohawk,"

"Blackhawk," "Pioneer" and others, came puffing down from Columbia and whirled the cars Philadelphia way, at the furious pace of four miles an hour. Here the Slaymakers and Milers and other proprietors of private cars, hitched to the State's motive power, barked and solicited trade and traffic for the "Blue," the "Anchor" and other lines.

Here the politicians, in alternate party control, remorselessly usurped and packed public utilities with gangs of voters, carrying candidates, campaign equipment and election returns at the public expense. Here all the scenes of transporting troops and other warlike operations were transpiring for four years of civil strife; and here the volunteers for Mexico had outfitted in the forties.

Here the life blood of Dan. Logan, who had faced and braved death in a hundred forms, to meet it under the wheels of a backing tank, warned the railroad company of the now inadequate capacity and facilities of a station that when built was the finest monument of beauty set to practical use between the termini of the road.

This corner, in the Presidential campaign of 1868, saw the tail end of a fierce party street fight. The Republicans, following the Whig fashion of hard cider and log cabin days, and the Railsplitters of 1860 and the "Wide Awakers" of 1864, uniformed themselves as "Tanners," in honor of Grant's civil vocation. Manheim township contributed a large company to the great mass convention of '68. As a year or two before the then Democratic stronghold of the Eighth Ward had been offended by some demonstration at the Republican night procession—possibly a brick was thrown through a Jeff Davis banner, or Stone-

wall Jackson's portrait had been marked by a spoiled egg—it was deemed advisable to hold the Republican parade in daylight, so as to guard against some reprisal, ambush and attack. The Manheim township Tanners occupied the rear of the procession. Near Water and West King they lagged behind the main body and were separated from it by quite a gap in the line. When suddenly—like the magical uprising of Roderic Dhu's men to the affrighted Fitz James—the "Nailers" of the Eighth and Fifth Wards pounced savagely upon them. Backward, up West King and North Queen, throwing off their leather capes to escape identification and vengeance, their retreat became a rout, their rout a panic, until, as this corner was reached, their flight dispersed them through three streets, and the last Tanner's cape was found hanging on a fence beyond the city line, where its wearer had hidden in a bake oven.

Another report is that while waiting at the station here, to make connection with a way train on the river branch, General Grant was seized with a sudden illness at Hopple's restaurant. I cannot verify this.

Howbeit this site and this balcony witnessed thousands of scenes, which, though commonplace to the historian, were as important to their participants as Presidential visits or the applause of listening thousands. Across the street in that busy centre of traffic and travel, for well nigh three-quarters of a century, what mute and tearful farewells have surged the hearts and dimmed the eyes of silent griefs? What joyous welcomes have quickened the pulse and brightened the eye of reunited families and lovers? What thousand brides, with fluttering hearts, have started life's honeymoon amid pelting showers of new rice and

old shoes; what thousand corteges of mourners have not transferred with tender hands the bodies of their beloved dead from funeral train to the dark van that led the long way to endless shade. Hence went the brave boys in blue, to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Lancaster's Own," to fight and suffer and to die, that their union and Government might live; and hither came back the survivors, to the music of "Johnny Comes Marching Home," with battle-stained banners and bullet-riddled flags, to attest their bravery, loyalty and fidelity.

In commemoration, then, of these men and events, to perpetuate their story, to contribute a fadeless and imperishable page to our local history, to signalize the enterprise which has built this structure I now formally present to this building, to be kept fastened on its wall and to pass with it to all succeeding owners, a marble tablet, which epitomizes the story I have related.

A Social Hour.

Following the exercises the assemblage was the guest of Mr. Heine in a delightful social function, a luncheon being served. Mr. Heine also acted as a pilot to a large number of his guests in a trip through the magnificent hotel, some time being spent on the roof garden getting a view of Lancaster by night.

(Signed)

A. K. HOSTETTER,
MRS. A. K. HOSTETTER,
MISS MARTHA B. CLARK,
H. FRANK ESHLEMAN, ESQ.,
MRS. CHARLES L. MARSHALL,
F. R. DIFFENDERFFER,

Chairman.

C. B. HOLLINGER,

Secretary.

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Roosevelt, Theodore, 1858-1919.
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