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Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

Bryant, William Cullen

New York, 1874

Philadelphia And Its Suburbs.

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PHILADELPHIA AND ITS SUBURBS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.



Chestnut-Street Bridge, on the Schuylkill.

THE Quaker City! Little did William Penn think, as he stepped out of his boat upon the grassy margin of Dock Creek, that memorable morning of 1682, and walked, with mien sedate and befitting, along the path that led to the pleasant but solitary hostelry of the Blue Anchor, his mind in travail with the scheme of a Philadelphia about to be founded among the "coves and springs and lofty lands" of Coaquanoc—little, beyond peradventure, did he think of the vast possibilities of growth and change that might transform and in one sense alienate, in a future more or less remote, this child of his ambition and his hope! Sagacious and far-seeing as he undoubtedly was, it surely never occurred to him, sitting—as in those days even "friends" did not disdain to sit—in the sanded parlor of the Blue Anchor, and looking, perchance, in a prophetic mood of mind, along the winding shores of the creek, and on what were then the uplands upon the hither bank of the great river in which the creek was lost—surely it could not have happened that his sober fancy pictured so great and



Market Street, looking down from Sixth Street.



Girard College.



Arch Street, looking up.



Philadelphia, from Independence Hall, looking east.



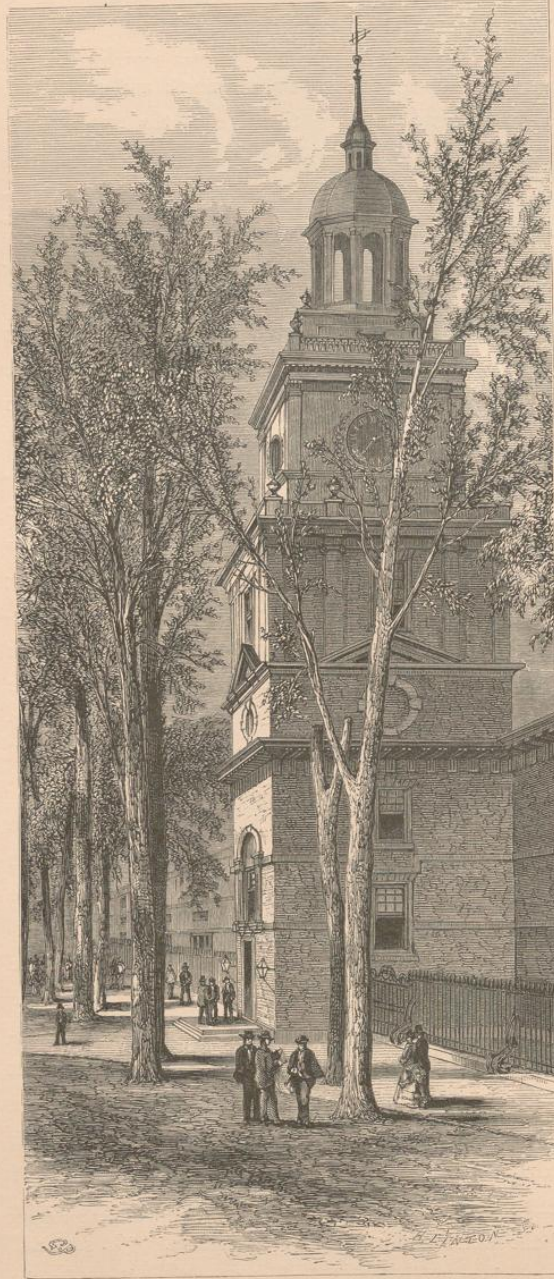
Chestnut Street, looking up from Independence Hall.



Chestnut Street, looking down from Ninth Street.

SCENES IN PHILADELPHIA.

so wonderful a metamorphosis as that which has at this day transfigured the entire landscape into the likeness of the actual Philadelphia! The scope of his forecast may be gauged by the limit of his design. He planned a "town" of thirty streets, crossing each other at right angles, nine east and west, and one-and-twenty north and southward trending—the former serving only as highways from shore to shore of the two streams that held the "lofty lands" in their embrace, with no thought, it would seem, of venturing across these watery barriers, but the latter capable of indefinite extension, subject, of course, to the contingent rights and privileges of neighboring "settlements." Hampered by the memories and traditions of the Old-World towns and cities, he inflicted upon the future metropolis of the Keystone State the same misery that has stayed or stunted the complete and comely development of nearly all the older towns and cities on this continent—the misery of narrow thoroughfares and scanty spaces, blind alleys, dark courts, and a general inadequacy of breathing-room and free circulation, to say nothing—though a great deal should be said—of the lost opportunities for architectural adornment, and the refinement of the popular mind by objects of beauty and grandeur placed constantly before them in their goings up and down the high- and by-ways of daily toil and traffic. Mr. Penn perhaps thought to remedy this to some extent by laying his city out with a fair and, to a mathematical mind, satisfying rectangularity; and, viewed from a thoroughly Gradgrindian stand-point, a city whose streets are intersected by each other at invariable right angles, and consequently traverse the length and breadth of the land in undeviating straight lines, is possibly the most comfortable and convenient of cities. But, looking from a picturesque point of view, such an arrangement is very unfortunate, and a wholesale sacrifice of beauty to utility. Though the sect to which the eminent founder of Philadelphia belonged was not popularly believed to have much sympathy with the allurements of the beautiful, either in Nature or art, yet it will not be denied that there were, and are, many picturesque features in the landscape of the spot chosen by him for the site of his city of fraternal love. Here was a large and pleasantly-undulating plain, rising gently, north and westward, to a country of heavily-timbered hills, and rich uplands pregnant with the promise of future harvests, margined for many a mile by the broad, swift, deep-flowing Delaware, and the shallower, slower, but more beautiful and purer, Schuylkill—twin channels for an apparently illimitable commerce, and an equally exhaustless supply of the vital element that is necessary to the existence of this commerce and of the life that makes it possible—a plain, too, with further accidents of beauty along its borders in the shape of rocky dell and shadowy ravine, hints of mountain and gorge, and all the fascinating marvels of torrent, cascade, and rapid, reproduced in miniature, so to speak, upon the romantic banks and in the sylvan stream of the weird and winding Wissahickon. "It seemed," indeed, as Penn himself said, the very place "appointed for a town;" and surely the phenomena of its growth have gone far to prove the wisdom of his selection.



Tower and Steeple, Independence Hall.

The Philadelphia of William Penn was incorporated in 1701; and for a number of years thereafter the tendency of its growth was in a lateral direction, upon or near the shore of the Delaware, north and southward rather than westward toward the Schuylkill. This disposition to cling to the margin of the waters over which the adventurer has sailed from the Old to the New Land is natural, and noticeable in nearly every instance of the early settlements in this country. It was specially so in Philadelphia, where both the business and social life of the city long clustered in the streets bordering or abutting upon the Delaware, leaving most of the upper or western part of the city-plan either in the condition known to real-estate dealers as "unimproved," or occupied as small farms and suburban villas. Even as late as the first quarter of the present century, many of the finest private residences in the city were on Front Street, which was the first street opened by Penn, and ran nearly due north and south along the course of the river. Some of these remain to this day the habitations of wealthy citizens, though jostled

by the encroachments of toil and traffic, and their river-side pleasures and privileges usurped by unsightly and unsavory wharves, crowded avenues, and lofty warehouses.

There are, of course, but few historical monuments left standing of the earlier days of Philadelphia. The most venerable, perhaps, and one of the most interesting, is Christ Church, in Second Street, above Market, which dates, in its present construction, as far back as 1727, two years before the laying of the corner-stone of the State-House, since memorable as Independence Hall. Hemmed in, as this stately pile now is on all sides, by the obtrusive and inharmonious aggregations of brick and mortar devoted to the prosaic purposes of trade, it may be difficult, if not impossible, for the artist to find a point of view from which its picturesque features can be brought into full relief; but from its belfry the visitor at least beholds a panorama of land and water which will well repay the fatigue of ascent. The broad expanse of the Delaware, with all its varied aspects of commercial highway and grove-fringed, villa-bordered stream, flows between its level banks for many a mile beneath him. Eastward he looks far across the river to the sandy reaches of New Jersey, with Camden and Gloucester in the foreground, and an indefinite vista of sombre pine-groves beyond.

To the south his roving eye will first be caught by the old Navy-Yard, with its ark-like ship-houses, its tiers of masts and docks, and the green oases of its officers' quarters; while still farther away, where the Schuylkill and Delaware meet on their way to the sea, low and dark on the horizon lies League Island—the Navy-Yard of the future.

If, now, he turn his back on the river, the entire city and its far-reaching suburbs are spread as a map before him from the mouth of the Schuylkill, on the south, to the extremest limit of Germantown, on the north, and westward, far beyond the semi-rural avenues of West Philadelphia, Mantua, and Hestonville, all of which are comprised in the city of to-day. A similar panoramic view will open before him who may gaze from the belfry-gallery of Independence Hall; and a third, and even more picturesque overlook, is obtained from the summit of Girard College, which is itself one of the most magnificent monuments of individual benevolence in this country. The buildings devoted to this noble charity stand upon high ground, in the midst of a park-like plot of forty-five acres, stretching along what was once called the Ridge Road, but now elevated to the more sounding title of Ridge Avenue, in the northwestern part of the city. The principal and central structure, containing the college proper (the other buildings being chiefly dormitories and offices), is a massive Corinthian temple, of white marble, and is justly regarded as the best reproduction of pure Greek architecture in this country. The purpose and history of this institution are too well and widely known to need further recapitulation.

Most of the streets of Philadelphia are, unhappily, narrow, and their rectangularity and straightness offend the artistic eye as well as mar the architectural effect of the



FOUNTAINS IN PHILADELPHIA.

more imposing structures erected upon them. There are, however, on almost all her highways noble and graceful edifices constructed by public or private munificence and taste, massive temples of charity, of religion, of industry, and of art, which go far to redeem the stiffness and monotony of the general plan of the city. Something about the more notable buildings, public and private, may not be wholly inappropriate even in a picturesque article, the less so as some of them are intimately connected with the history and traditions (which are always picturesque) of the place. So, having left the "dim, religious light" that marks the sacred precincts of Christ Church, let us go on to Chestnut Street, and pause at the State-House, with a reverent recognition of its claims, to notice above those of more recent and more ornate constructions.

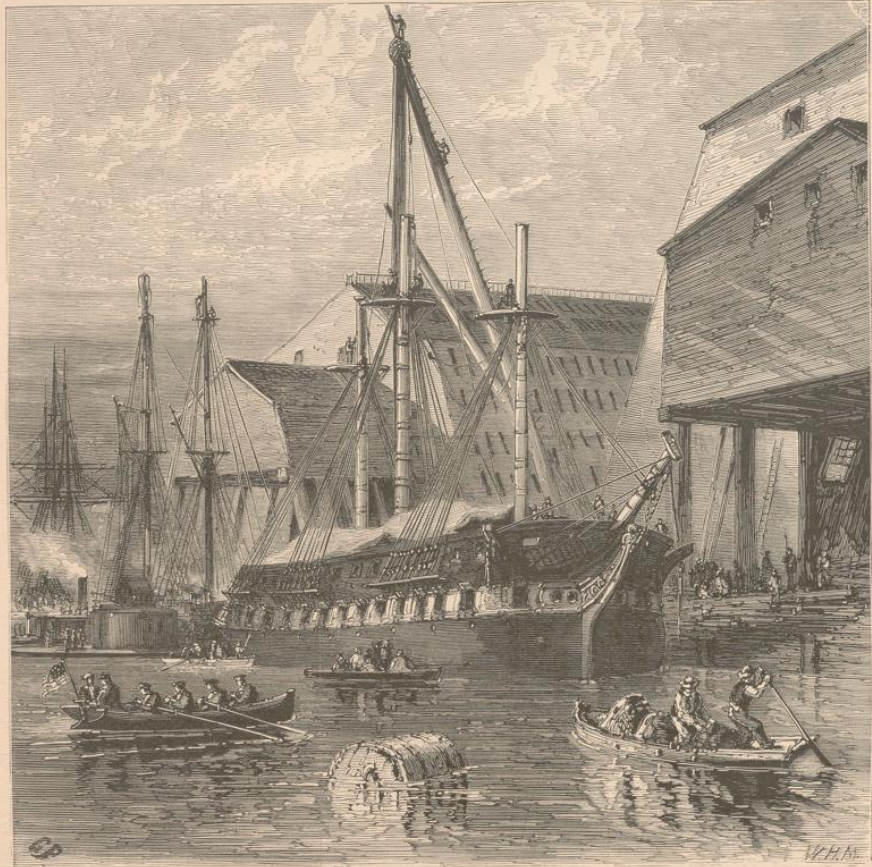
The edifice is but two stories in height, and built of simple brick, but its associations have given it an interest scarcely less world-wide and thrilling than that attaching to any structure, however magnificent in size or symmetry, throughout Christendom. It is surmounted by a steeple, in which was hung the great and glorious bell, with its prophetic inscription, verified little more than a century after its first echoes woke the good burghers of the royal province of Pennsylvania, when the clangorous pæan was proclaimed of—"Liberty throughout the land, unto *all* the inhabitants thereof." Beneath its roof was pronounced the Declaration of Independence, and in the same chamber, a few years afterward, the system of government which culminated in the establishment of the Great Republic was discussed and adopted.

Market Street is the great central highway of traffic, foreign and domestic, and is chiefly remarkable for its handsome warehouses and mercantile depots, its width, and its turmoil. The traveller in search of the picturesque will not care to linger amid its prosaic bustle. Neither will he find much to arrest his eye on Arch Street, save a graceful spire here and there; but he will be struck by the repose of the street as contrasted with the rattle and hurry of adjacent highways, and with the air of placid respectability that distinguishes the staid denizens of that quiet avenue. It was, and to some extent still is, a favorite street for "Friends'" residences, and partakes, both in its architecture and its human circulation, of the peculiar plainness and primness of the primitive Quakers.

The handsomer private residences are chiefly in the western and northwestern parts of the city. West Philadelphia, across the Schuylkill, is full of elegant villas and tasteful cottages. The western part of Walnut, Chestnut, Arch, Spruce, and Pine Streets, is wholly occupied by what we sometimes hear called palatial mansions; and the spacious and noble boulevard of Broad Street runs for miles between the dwellings of the rich, built of every variety of stone and in every conceivable (or inconceivable) style of architecture, and, in many instances, further adorned by lawns and gardens of most elaborate finish and fruitfulness.

The numerous spots of shade and greenery known as "squares" are pleasant and wholesome features of this city. They were part of the original plan of Penn, and hav-

ing had the advantage of time, are full of noble and venerable trees, some of which were denizens of the virgin forest that gloomed the soil on which they still stand. In the centre of Franklin Square—the largest and one of the most beautiful of those within the city—there is a fine fountain, with a number of jets falling into a large basin, upon whose clear surface two or more swans were wont to glide, much to the delight



Navy-Yard.

of the children; but these graceful water-fowl have vanished, having, perhaps, been removed to the broader waters of Fairmount Park. The thirsty wayfarer, by-the-by, whether man or beast, will find no lack of fountains whereat to quench his thirst in Philadelphia. There are scores of these grateful drinking-places on the high- and by-ways of the city and suburbs, some of them, as may be seen by the accompanying illustration, not without a picturesque or artistic beauty and fitness in their design, which does

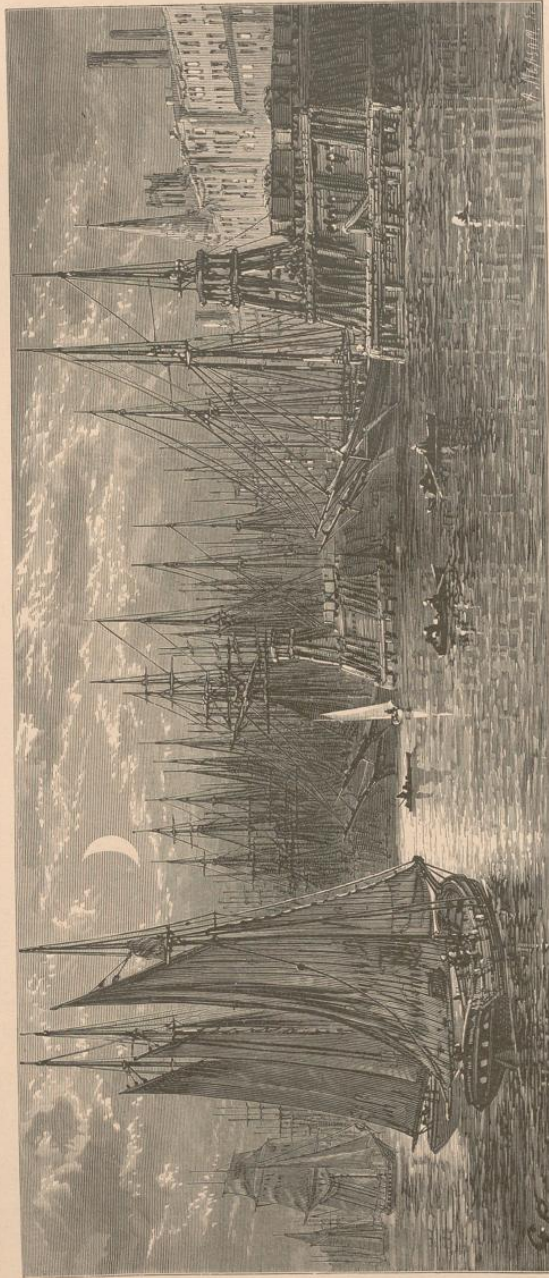
not render the water less refreshing or the pilgrim less appreciative. These street fountains are due to the humane and enlightened labors and taste of a few gentlemen, who, in 1869, formed themselves into a Fountain Society for this beneficent object, and, either through their personal and pecuniary efforts and assistance, or by the influence of their example upon others, these well-springs of wholesome refreshment have been offered to the parched throats of hundreds of thousands of their fellow-creatures.

In several instances an intelligent advantage has been taken—notably in the Park and upon some of the pretty roads about the skirts of the city—of the natural accidents of scenery in the selection of the spot and the character of the fountain, and the result is picturesque, and in harmony with the landscape and associations. It were to be wished that an equally enlightened taste had been displayed in *every* instance; but as some of these—shall we say works of art?—have been the free gift of individual citizens (and, therefore, not to be viewed with the “critic’s eye”), there is here and there an unfortunate specimen of that peculiar taste supposed to belong to the great “Veneering” and “Podsnap” families. Under the circumstances, however, it would be uncharitable to seem severely critical, and these blots upon the artistic perspicacity of the Fountain Society shall not, therefore, be more particularly alluded to herein.

Art and science have received careful attention in Philadelphia. For many years the quiet and modest rooms of the Academy of Fine Arts, in Chestnut Street, were the resort of art-loving citizens and curious strangers. Here several of the huge canvases of Benjamin West and Rembrandt Peale were enshrined in state, and received the homage of those who deemed them superlative works of art, the finest of which the country could boast. Here the annual exhibitions of the works of Philadelphia’s artists are held, and in the basement beneath are casts of the famous statues of antiquity, arranged in sepulchral rows. All of these treasures, it is believed, will in time be transferred to the new Academy of Fine Arts, which will be erected on an appropriate site in another portion of the city.

One of the most remarkable buildings in Philadelphia is the new Masonic Temple, just erected on the corner of Broad and Filbert Streets. It is constructed of granite, dressed at the quarry and brought to the site all ready for immediate use. As a piece of architecture it is a curious imitation of the round and pointed styles of the middle ages—the outlines, the tower, and certain other features, suggesting the Gothic, while the windows, the façade, and the minuter details, are thoroughly Saxon in character. Thus, the deeply-recessed porch, with its dog-tooth ornaments and round arches, might be copied from one of the old Saxon-built abbeys of England; while the tower, adorned in a more elaborate style, only needs a spire to be Gothic in general effect if not in detail. Inside the Temple there are various halls, built in the Corinthian, Doric, and other styles, so as to be in consonance with various phases of masonic practices.

If the Delaware River is the source of commercial prosperity to Philadelphia, the



Coal Depot, Richmond, on the Delaware.

Schuylkill offers to its citizens their most delightful out-of-door pleasures. The Delaware, broad, swift, and majestic, is of utilitarian benefit. The Schuylkill, narrow, winding, and picturesque, gratifies the sense of beauty. It is at Fairmount that the charm of the Schuylkill begins. Below this point there is not much in the stream calculated to interest the visitor, though the graceful iron arches of the Chestnut-Street Bridge will attract attention, as being a work in which engineering skill has effectually availed itself of the curved lines in which it is claimed that beauty dwells. Up to this bridge the largest vessels may approach, their tapering masts and graceful yards presenting a picture which, in a bright, sunny day, might have won the admiration and employed the pencil of Turner. The scene at this point is usually a busy one. Noisy steam-tugs, light sail-boats, scows, canal-boats, and other kinds of craft, crowd the stream, and impart that life and vivacity peculiar to the water-front of a flourishing commercial city. At night, when the bridge is lighted by rows of



PHILADELPHIA, FROM BELOW THE NEW SOUTH-STREET-BRIDGE.



Wire Bridge at Fairmount.

gas-lamps, and the masts and cordage loom up in the dim moonlight, the scene assumes a picturesque element which it does not possess by daylight. Below the bridge, on either shore, may be seen the outlines of huge derricks, used in loading coal-barges. Beyond can be discerned various spires and towers, and the cross-surmounted dome of the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Logan Square. Another bridge—known as the South-Street Bridge—is building in this vicinity, and will afford another much-needed means of communication between these populous and busy shores.

Fairmount Water-Works have been for many years one of the recognized "sights" of Philadelphia; but the great improvements recently made in their vicinity have transformed this resort into one of the most charming pleasure-gardens in the world. Twenty years ago "Fairmount" meant only the buildings in which the machinery used in supplying Philadelphia with pure water was enclosed, and the little pleasure-ground and reservoir lying near it.



FAIRMOUNT WATER-WORKS.

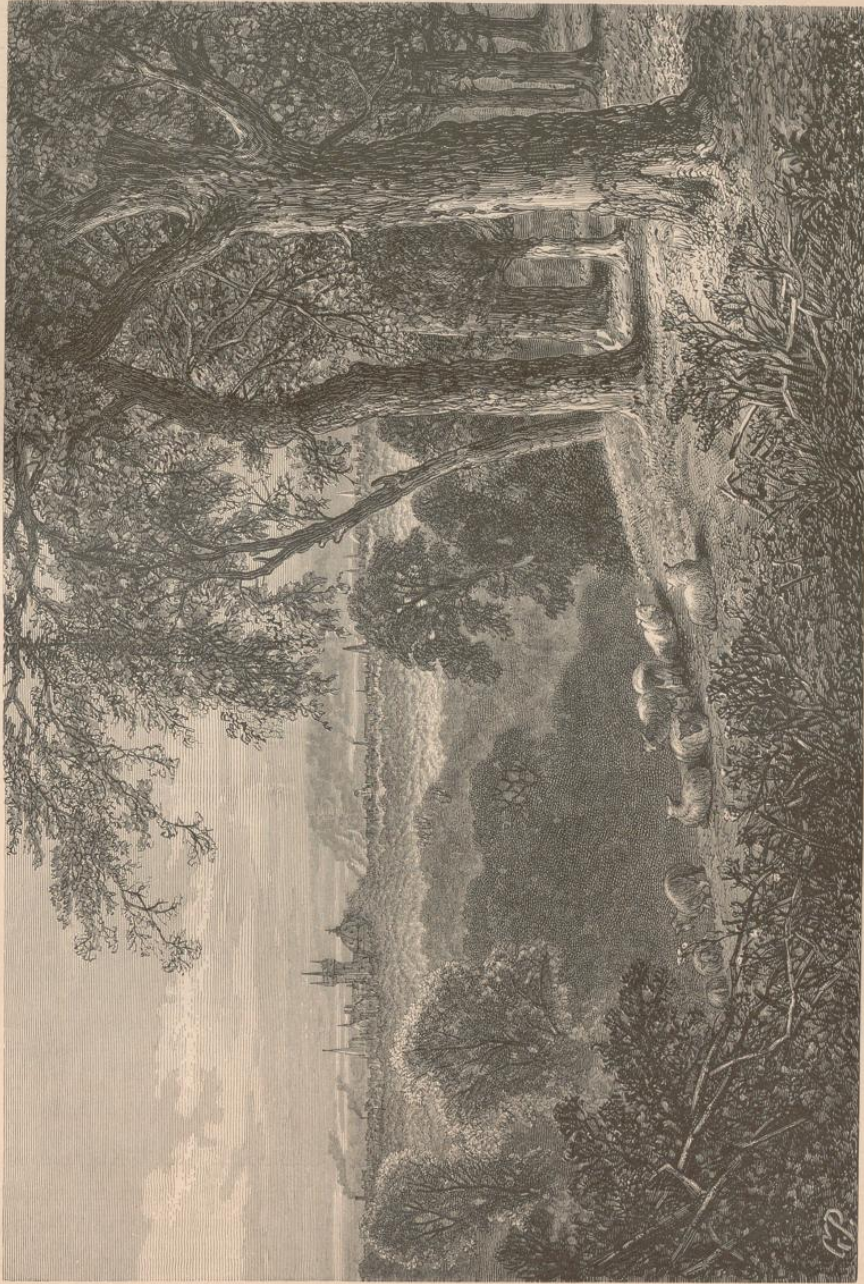
Now, the vast expanse of Fairmount Park is included in the generic term, and days might be pleasantly spent in investigating the attractions of this charming spot.

As early as 1800 the necessity of providing for Philadelphia a supply of water greater than that offered by the wells and cisterns was recognized; but it was not until 1818 that the scheme of elevating and turning into it the river Schuylkill, by means of an immense dam, was determined upon. The principal features of this plan are the construction of a dam, over fourteen hundred feet long, which backs the water up the river about six miles, creating a power sufficient to raise into the reservoir ten million gallons a day; the immense forcing-pumps, placed in a horizontal position, and worked by cranks on the water-wheels; and the vast net-work of mains and pipes which convey the water to all parts of the city. The buildings containing this ponderous machinery are open to the public, and the majestic, regular motion of the massive forcing-wheels offers a constant source of attraction to the curious visitor. The peculiar and by no means disagreeable odor produced by fresh water when in broken motion pervades these buildings, and can be detected at some distance as you approach them.

The grounds in the immediate vicinity of the Water-Works, though limited in size, are pleasantly laid out; and wooded paths wind up the Reservoir hill, summer-houses and rustic seats being placed on the various coignes of 'vantage. Projecting from the Reservoir, there is a massive stone belvedere, from which may be obtained an extensive view of the Schuylkill and its picturesque shores on the one hand, and the roofs and spires of the great city on the other. The view of the Water-Works from the opposite side of the Schuylkill is quite unique, a pleasant architectural effect being produced by two little Grecian temples which overhang the water, and by the symmetrical colonnade of the larger of the half-dozen buildings which appertain to the Water-Works.

Embowered in the trees near these buildings is the monument erected to the memory of Frederick Graeff, the designer and first engineer of the works. It is but a few minutes' walk from this spot to the large bronze statue of Lincoln, erected in 1871—probably the most elaborate monument yet erected to the memory of the martyr President.

Fairmount Park, in its entire extent, comprises some four thousand acres, is three times larger than the famous Central Park of New York, and is by far the most extensive pleasure-ground in this country. It lies on both sides of the Schuylkill, and communication between its different sections is maintained by the bridges at Girard Avenue and Schuylkill Falls. There is also, below Fairmount, a wire bridge, which, when it was new, was thought to be a remarkable triumph of engineering skill, and attracted the attention of all visitors to the Quaker City. It is to-day as useful and as sightly as ever, but its celebrity has been long since eclipsed. Fairmount Park was gradually formed through the purchase by the municipal authorities of several of the elegant, well-cultivated estates which lay on either side of the Schuylkill in the vicinity



VIEW FROM WEST PARK.

of the city. The property includes Belmont, once the country-home of Judge Peters, a noted jurist in the early part of the century, and a personal friend of General Washington; the Landsdowne estate, belonging to a Marquis of Landsdowne, who married Miss Bingham, an American lady; and the Sedgely estate. These lands are all on the west side of the river. On the east side the city has acquired Lemon Hill, Eaglesfield, and



Rockland Landing, on the Schuylkill.

all the estates, on that side of the stream, up to the Wissahickon River. Not only do these acquisitions offer "ample room and verge enough" for one of the most magnificent parks in the world, but the admirable natural advantages—gentle declivities, and a picturesque river among them—were enhanced by the fact that the private country-seats, of which this property is mostly composed, were all richly improved. The ancestral trees were in excellent preservation and in the fullest splendor of their foliage. The roads were all

laid out, and the grounds showed that for years they had received the careful attention of skilled landscape-gardeners. In fact, the Park authorities had only to combine into one a number of pleasure-grounds already constructed, and to invite the citizens of Philadelphia to the immediate enjoyment of one of the loveliest out-door resorts in the country.



The Schuylkill—View from Landsdowne.

Of course, the points of view, the quiet retreats, and the charming nooks in Fairmount Park are almost innumerable. The windings of the river offer a constant variety of sylvan scenery. At Rockland Landing, for instance, there is an extensive view in both directions until the bend of the stream cuts it off, while directly behind the spectator towers a rocky, perpendicular cliff, on the face of which the various strata of rock are exposed to view in a manner which would delight equally a scientific geologist or

the mere casual lover of the picturesque. Above Belmont the stream assumes a wilder character. The shores slope gradually down to the water's edge; and the overhanging trees curve gently forward over the road-way, as if, like the fond Narcissus, they were enamoured of their own reflection in the fair bosom of the limpid stream. From the heights of Landsdowne there is a wider scope of vision. Seated on the rustic benches, overshadowed by stately trees of almost a primeval growth, the lounge may enjoy one of the most delightful bits of river-scenery of the milder order which our country affords. Perhaps among the noblest views which are afforded by the rich variety of the Fairmount country is one to be gained from the West Park. In this view the river is not visible. The eye, wandering over an expanse of billowy foliage, descends in the distance the roofs and spires of the fair city, and the smoke of industry arising from a hundred tall chimneys. Near the centre of this scene arises a graceful and varied architectural grouping, formed by the tower of the Masonic Temple, the sharp spire of the adjacent church, and the swelling dome of the Roman Catholic Cathedral. These buildings are not really near together; but, by the effect of parallax, they seem to form one group, and in their proud majesty dominate the entire city.

The Delaware and the Schuylkill! "The wedded rivers," Whittier calls them in his recent lovely pastoral, "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim." Perhaps the sympathetic visitor,



Schuylkill, above Belmont.

70



Philadelphia from Belmont.

[WEST EARRK.]

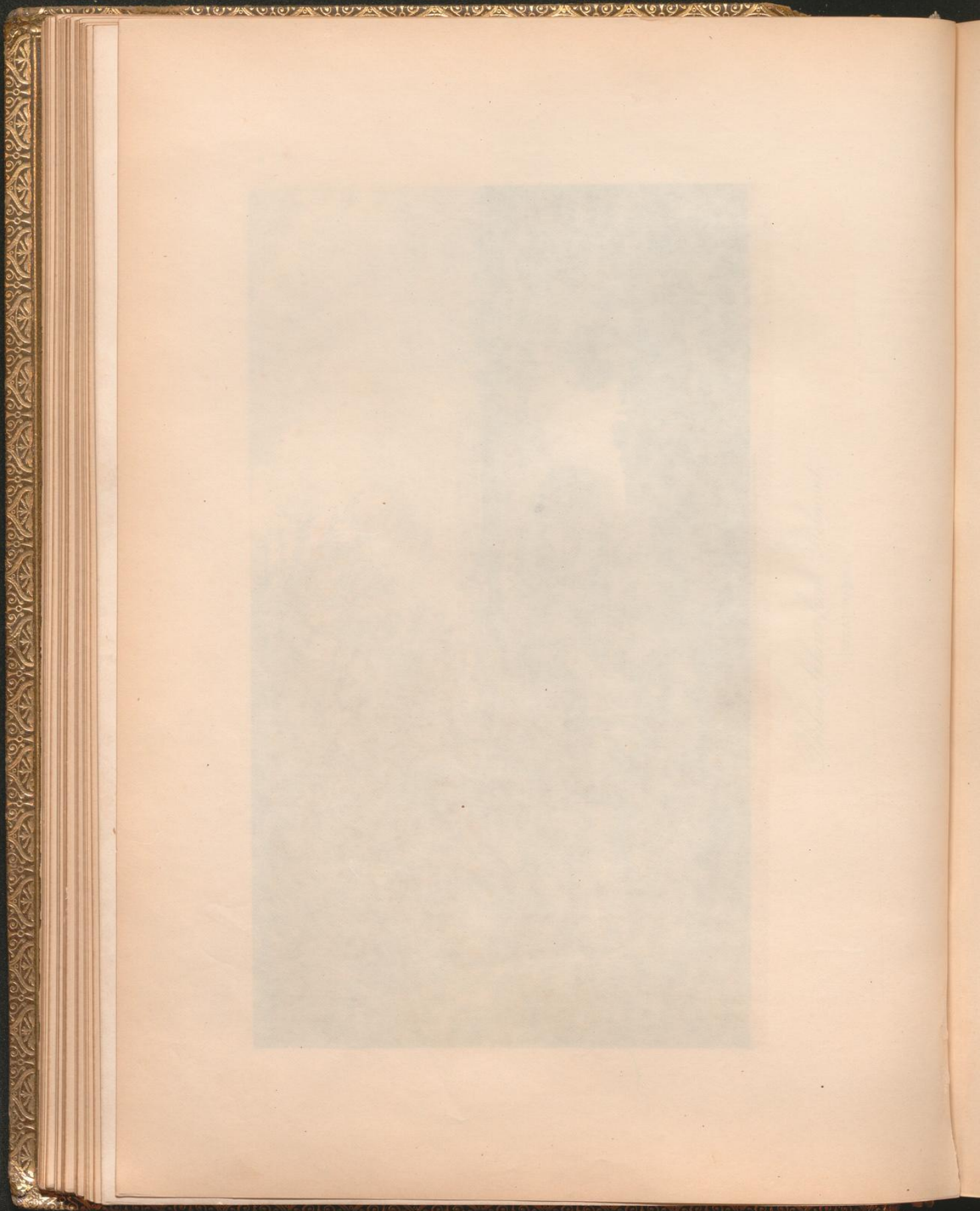
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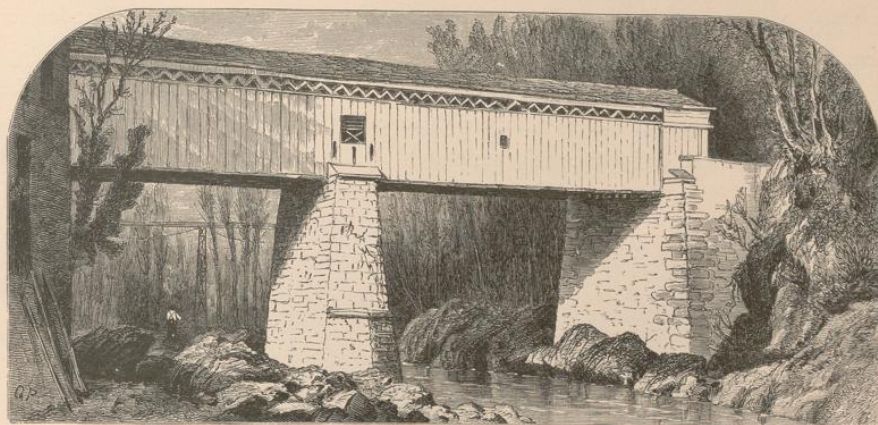


The House of the Representatives

wandering in Fairmount Park at twilight hours when day is melting into night may keenly realize the fitness, both in location of the city and its vicinities in the colonial days, nearly a century before the colonists were troubled with dreams of independence.







Old Bridge on the Wissahickon.

wandering in Fairmount Park at that sweet hour when day is melting into night, may keenly realize the Quaker poet's description of the city and its vicinage in the colonial days, nearly a century before the colonists were troubled with dreams of independence:

“ . . . One long bar
Of purple cloud, on which the evening star
Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,

“ Held the sky's golden gate-way. Through the deep
Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to creep,
The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of sleep.

“ All else was still. The oxen from their ploughs
Rested at last, and from their long day's browse
Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-bound cows.

“ And the young city, round whose virgin zone
The rivers like two mighty arms were thrown,
Marked by the smoke of evening fires alone—

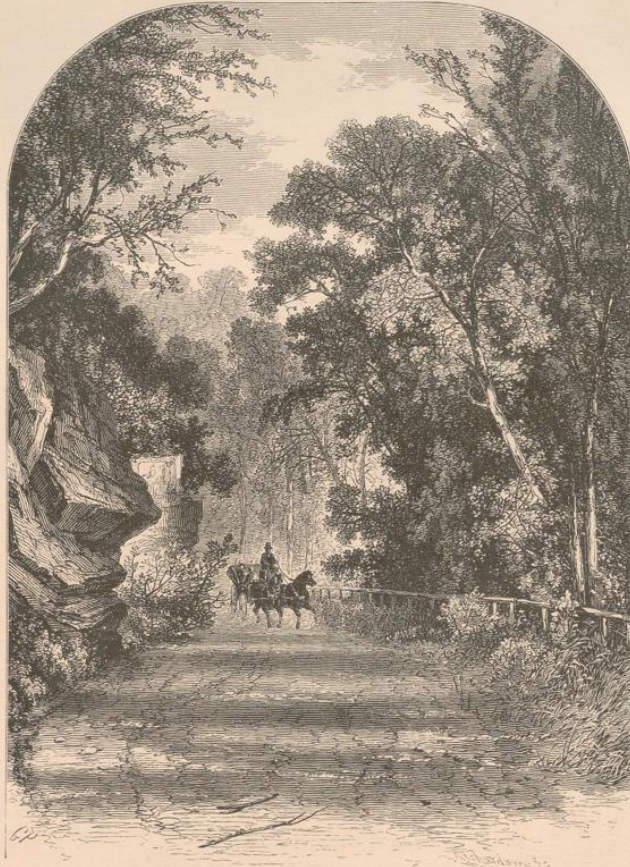
“ Lay in the distance, lovely even then,
With its fair women and its stately men
Gracing the forest-court of William Penn—

“ Urban yet sylvan; in its rough-hewn frames
Of oak and pine the dryads held their claims,
And lent its streets their pleasant woodland names.”

And to this day many of the streets of Philadelphia retain “their pleasant rural names,” as Pine, Chestnut, Vine, and others. The great majority, however, are designated by numerals—a prosaic, mechanical system, which seems to be generally adopted in

our larger American cities, though it was never found necessary for Paris, London, or Vienna.

In the West Park will be erected, in 1876, the superb buildings intended for the International Exhibition connected with the Centennial Celebration. The central structure will be permanent, and will remain most probably, for ages to come, an ornament to

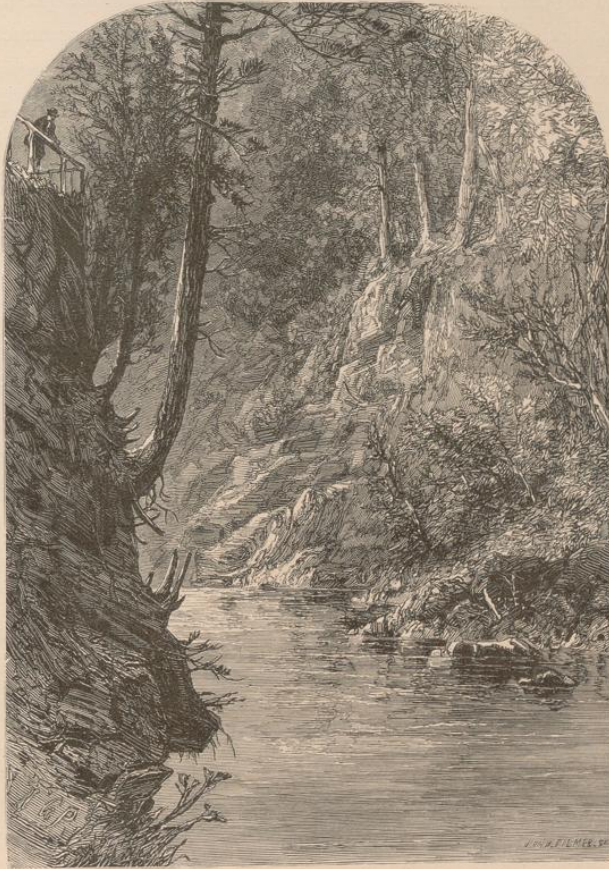


Drive along the Wissahickon.

the Park, a source of attraction to strangers, and an object of pride to citizens. The crowds of visitors from all parts of the world, who will flock to Philadelphia on the occasion of the official celebration of our hundredth national birthday, will ever recall with pleasure the sylvan beauties of Fairmount Park, and will spread far and wide the fame of this most delightful pleasure-resort. In twenty years, Fairmount will be as famous in its way as the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, Hyde Park of London, the Pin-

cian Hill of Rome, the Cascine of Florence, or the Prater of Vienna. It possesses a greater variety of natural beauty than any of them.

No notice of Philadelphia would be complete without some description of the Wissahickon. This very picturesque little river winds through a narrow valley, between steep and richly-wooded banks, and possesses all the wildness of a stream far from the haunts



Wissahickon, near Paper-Mill Bridge.

of men, though it is but a few miles from one of the largest cities on the continent. Its beauties begin from the moment it pours its crystal current into the waters of the Schuylkill. As it approaches the latter river, it is quiet and peaceful; but it soon becomes almost a mountain-torrent, as it is confined between narrow banks and overshadowed by towering hills. Its water-power has been made available for manufacturing pur-

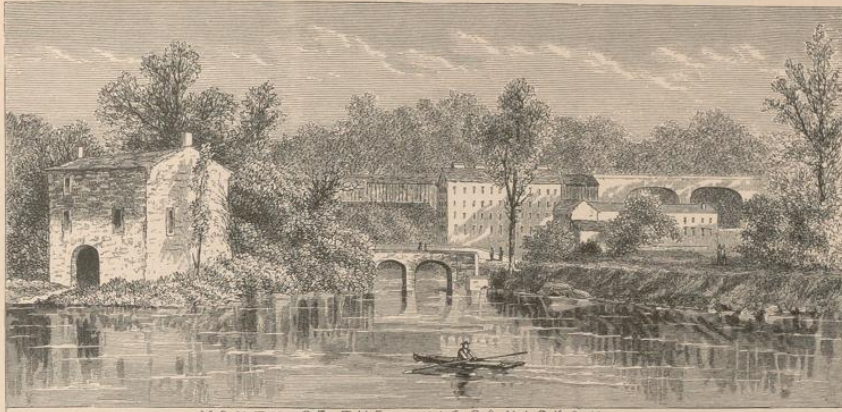
poses; but, as it has lately been included within the limits of Fairmount Park, it is understood that the unromantic mill-buildings will be soon removed, and nothing allowed to remain which can in any way interfere with its wild and picturesque beauty. Even at present, these objectionable structures are not wholly unsightly; and the factories at the mouth of the Wissahickon are so shaded by foliage that, in conjunction with the arches of the bridges near by, they offer tempting bits of form and color for the artist's pencil. The old log-cabin bridge, which crosses the stream at one point, has attracted the attention of both amateur and professional sketchers nearly as much as the falls which give variety to one of its widest stretches.

A wide carriage-road runs along the bank of the Wissahickon, and is a favorite drive of the Philadelphians, the river dancing along on one side, and high, rocky projections, crowned with wild, overhanging trees and shrubbery, bordering the other. Nothing can surpass the variety of this river-scenery. Even the covered bridge, so often an unsightly object in the rural scenery of America, when compared with the open, arched bridges of Europe, seems to be in keeping here. We can hardly say as much for the so-called "Pipe Bridge," which, to the unprofessional eye, looks as if it were thrown upside-down across the valley.

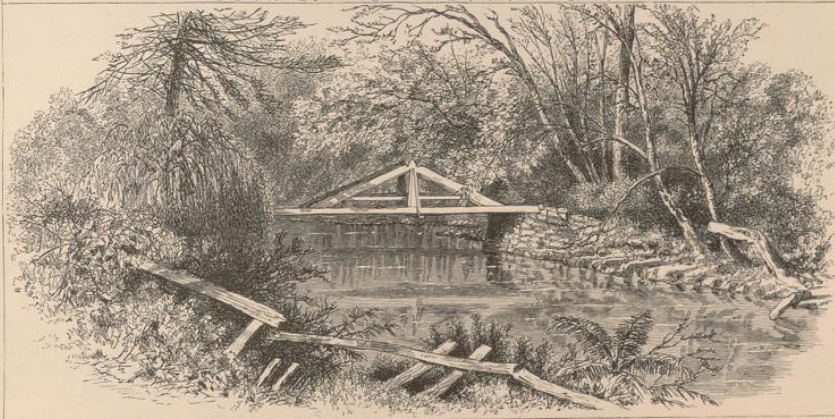
Various restaurants and houses of resort for pleasure-seekers are to be found on the Wissahickon road. Other spots are noted as the localities of various traditions, generally of a rather apocryphal nature. Near the "log-cabin" is a lane which leads to a well, dug, some two centuries ago, by one John Kelpius, who is generally known as "the hermit of the Wissahickon." This man, a graduate of the University of Helmstadt, in Germany, came to Philadelphia in 1694, with a party of two hundred followers, who had adopted his peculiar religious views. Whittier says that the "Magister Johann Kelpius" was a believer in the near approach of the millennium, and was thoroughly imbued with the mystic views of the German philosophers. He called his settlement by the odd name of "The Woman in the Wilderness." He died in 1704, when only thirty-four years of age, while in the act of preaching to his disciples in his garden. He was the possessor of a "stone of wisdom," which he threw into the river shortly before his death, and which has never been found. He seems to have been a believer in the theories of the alchemists of the middle ages, and during his lifetime was viewed with distrust by the Pennsylvania Quakers. Whittier speaks of him as "the painful Kelpius," who—

"in his hermit den
By Wissahickon, maddest of good men,
Dreamed o'er the Chiliast dreams of Petersen."

There, where "the small river slid snake-like in the shade," he is described as crooning wizard-like over forbidden books, and, by the aid of his magical stone, seeing visions as strange and terrible as those beheld by the inspired eye of the Seer of Patmos.



MOUTH OF THE WISSAHICKON.



OLD LOG CABIN-BRIDGE ON THE WISSAHICKON.



SCENES ON THE WISSAHICKON.

Laurel Hill, the famous cemetery of Philadelphia, which for many years has been the subject of artistic illustration, is now, like the Wissahickon, included within the limits of Fairmount Park, though a suitable wall of partition secures to it the privacy becoming a metropolis of the dead. Here rest many of the most noted citizens of Philadelphia, including persons who have won an abiding fame in the worlds of literature and of art. On the opposite side of the Schuylkill is another cemetery, known by the rather cumbrous name of West Laurel Hill. The other cemeteries of the Pennsylvanian metropolis are known as Monument Cemetery (from a monument erected to the joint memories of Washington and Lafayette), Mount Peace, Mount Vernon, Glenwood, Mount Moriah, Woodland, and the Cathedral Cemetery, the latter being the favorite place of interment of the Roman Catholic community. There are, besides these, various smaller cemeteries, belonging to different organized societies.



On the Wissahickon at Sunset.