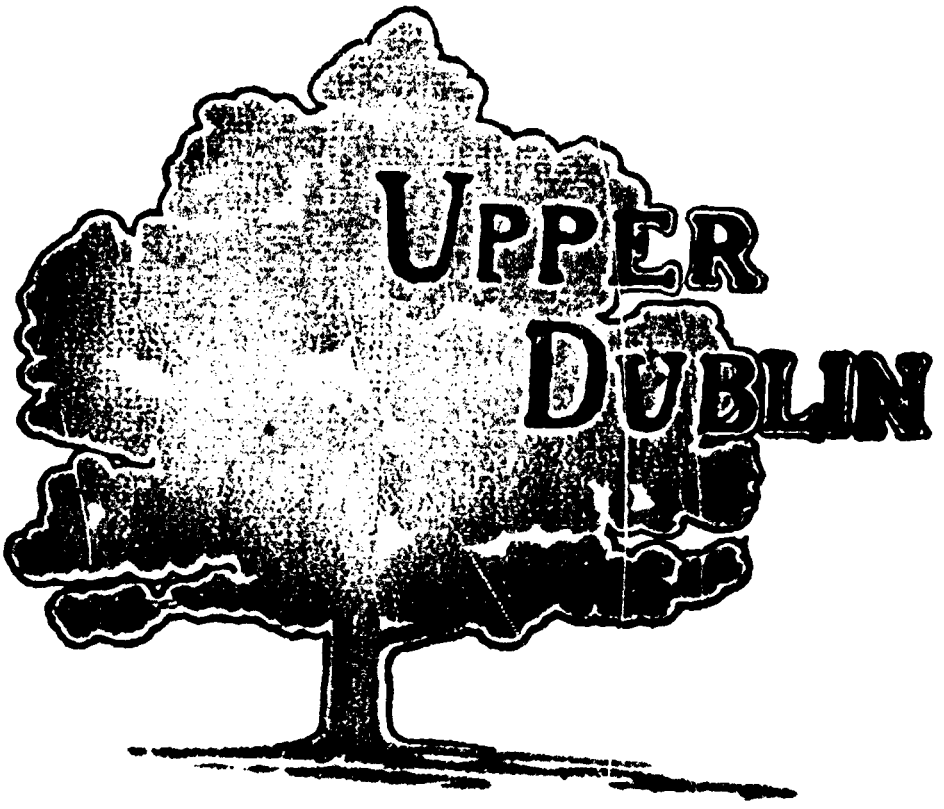


A COUNTRY
BEAUTIFUL

UPPER DUBLIN

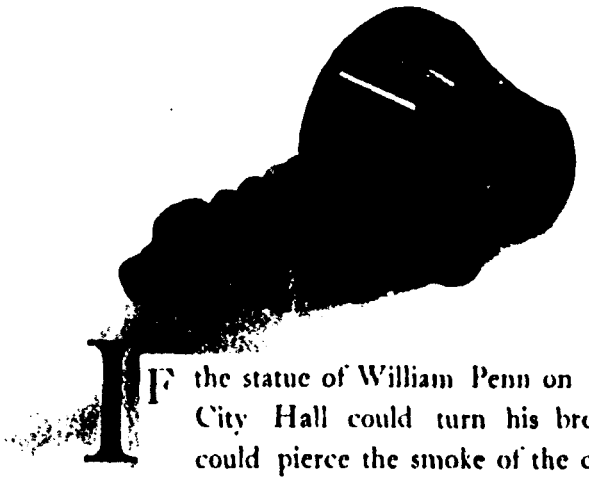
A COUNTRY BEAUTIFUL

Being a brief Account of the Settlement, the History, and the present Aspect of the Township of Upper Dublin, County of Montgomery, State of Pennsylvania

By ARTHUR HUGH JENKINS

PHILADELPHIA, 1905

"North View," one of the township's beautiful homes.



If the statue of William Penn on the Philadelphia City Hall could turn his bronze head, and could pierce the smoke of the city and the long ridge of Chestnut Hill, fifteen miles to the northward he would see the pleasant fields and woodlands of Upper Dublin. Across the southern corner of the township he would see a chain of hills—Camp Hill, the chief of them—its name preserving the memory of stirring days a century and a quarter gone. He would see beyond the hills a rich farming country, its broad meadows and rolling uplands watered by small brooks flowing to join the Wissahickon on the west and the Neshaminy on the east. He would see everywhere over the land peace and plenty, overflowing harvests, comfortable homes, and all the signs of a prosperous people.

No record remains to us of the christening of Upper Dublin, or the reason of its name. As early as the year 1693 it is mentioned as a township, and called "Upper" Dublin to distinguish it from Dublin proper, a township on the Delaware several miles to the southward, and now a part of Philadelphia County. It seems to have been settled very soon after the arrival of the English under Penn, and to have held from the first nearly its present boundaries. At all events, it was an old and settled township long before Montgomery County was carved out of Philadelphia in 1784.

As it lies, Upper Dublin is nearly a perfect rectangle, four and a quarter miles in length, and three and a fraction in width, containing approximately 8840 acres; it lies, like the county, diagonally, with its length to the northwest and southeast. To the northeast are the townships of Horsham and Moreland, to the southeast Abington, southwest Springfield and Whitemarsh, and northwest Whitpain and Gwynedd. The Horsham boundary of the township follows almost exactly the crest of the

Peaches love the sandy Upper Dublin soil.

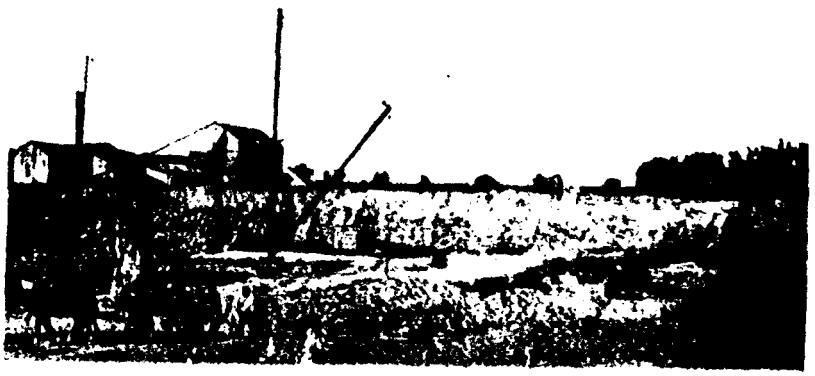
general water-shed between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. Practically the whole township, therefore, slopes westward to the Wissahickon (Indian, "the yellow stream") which flows for a mile across the western corner, and the more important creeks—Sandy Run, Pine Run, and Rose Valley—flow in this direction. The crest of the ridge lies some three hundred feet above the sea level, and the tops of Camp Hill and other elevations are even higher. It is only natural that the township

should have a splendid air, pure and dry, and total freedom from malarial troubles.

The fine rolling character of the country should be emphasized before we go further. Here are no broad rivers or bold mountains, but beautiful swelling hills and ridges, level meadows and breezy uplands. For the needs of agriculture, or the perfect scenic surroundings for a country home, no region within a score of miles of Philadelphia can compare with it.

So far as geological features go, the township lacks any particular point of interest. The greater part of the township is underlaid with New Red Sandstone ("new" because only 20,000,000 years old; the "old" red sandstone claims 50,000,000 years), the southern boundary of which extends from the east corner in an irregular line westward to the township line near Pine Run. The southern end extends into the limestone belt, and much lime was formerly burnt in kilns now abandoned and in ruin. The most noteworthy features, geologically, are a belt of Potsdam sandstone, which forms the bulk of Camp Hill, and a "trap dyke" which crosses the Limekiln turnpike between Jarrettown and Dreshertown, passing thence to the southwest toward Flourtown.

The soil of the township, over these various formations (and some others of interest only to geologists), is deep and



Good building stone is quarried.

rich. Much of it, particularly in the north corner, is a light sandy loam, in which berries revel, and fruit trees thrive enormously. Here and there the red sandstone foundation comes to the surface in a decomposing shale, that gives a distinctive red color to the earth. The southern end of the township, where the limestone abounds, presents a heavier but equally fertile soil. The yellow sand, however, is fairly typical of the township; it is found in pockets widely distributed, and is employed in building, and as an excellent surface material for light road-making. Here and there the sand runs into a good grayish sandstone, which within recent years has been quarried and used for building to a considerable extent. Other mineral resources in Upper Dublin, excepting a few small and valueless beds of hematite iron, there are none. The wealth of the township lies in the first twelve inches of its soil.

If it is true that that land is happy whose annals are brief, no community has ever been more favored than Upper Dublin. Its story has been the serene and uneventful one common to all the colony of Penn. No Indian bands harried the countryside. No witchcraft persecutions or quarrels of tenantry and patroons sowed dissension. Flood and famine passed it lightly by. Once, and once only, the current of war set toward it, and its hills echoed the thunder of guns and the crackle of musketry. For the rest, the bloodless struggles of politics have absorbed the warlike energies of the township, and the lordship of the productive earth has satisfied its thirst for empire.

The "Three Tuns" inn.

On the 4th of March, 1680-81, "after many waitings, watchings, solicitings, and disputes in council," the royal patent for the Province of Pennsylvania was finally granted to William Penn. Prey-

Residence of Mr. Godfrey S. Mahn.

arations for taking up the lands of the province were already well advanced, and before the end of the year 1685 the territory immediately surrounding the future site of Philadelphia had been practically all disposed of.

The land embraced in Upper Dublin was sold by Penn on his usual terms (a nominal quit-rent) to twelve different purchasers. Holme's map of original surveys shows the township divided equally down its length by a road; which became, when actually constructed, the present Susquehanna Street road. On the eastern side, between this and the Horsham line, the southernmost of the purchasers was Samuel Claridg, whose tract extended south into Abington, and north to a line one quarter of a mile south of and parallel to the Horsham road eastward from Dreshertown. The next property to the north was that of Perce and Company, whose northern line is marked by the road which crosses the Limekiln pike at the blacksmith shop above Jarrettown. Next was Richard Hilyard, with a narrow strip of land, the northern line of which must have passed very close to the present residence of James Q. Atkinson and the Friends'

Meeting-house. Between this and the Gwynedd line was the property of Richards and Arbury.

To the west of the Susquehanna Street road the land was divided among eight purchasers. Beginning at the Abington line they were as follows:—Matthew Perrin and William Salaway, whose northern corner was on the road just above Dreshertwon; Henry Patrick; Mathias Souly; John Southworth; Richards Coats, within whose tract is most of the village

Manor House on York Stock Farm, country home of Irving W. McCallum.

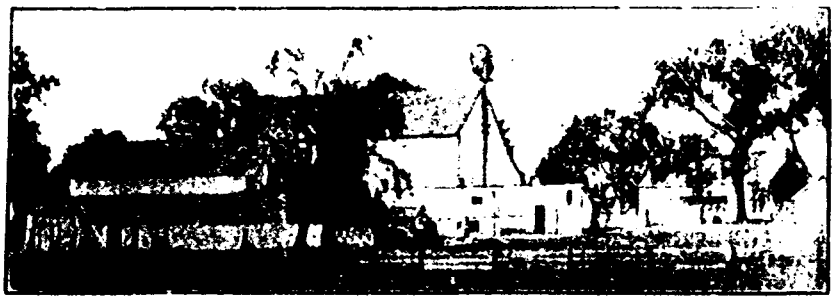
of Fort Washington; Andrew Soule or Souly; Thomas Marle; and in the western corner of the township, including Ambler borough, William and George Harmer.

Of these various purchasers, not more than two or three were actual settlers on their land. William Harmer was a Friend, afterward well known in the neighborhood, and John Southworth and Richard Hilyard appear to have resided here for a time. The rest, however, were merely speculators,

Some Upper Dublin views; smooth, shady roads are the rule.

buying to sell later when immigrants should appear. Some of them, including William Salaway, Matthew Perrin, and Andrew Souly, were never on this side of the Atlantic, while others apparently lived in Philadelphia or in other settlements more or less distant.

At all events, their tenure of the land was brief, and before two decades had passed, the character of the population had altogether changed. The actual settlers, the men who swung the axe and guided the plow, flocked in rapidly as ship after ship from England arrived in the Delaware; enterprising Germans from Germantown and Swedes from Wiccacoe moved



Quinby Farms buildings.

up to the new lands, and there was a sprinkling of other nationalities. The bulk of the newcomers, however, were English and Welsh, most of them members of or closely in sympathy with the Society of Friends or Quakers. Following the purchase of the great Welsh Tract west of Schuylkill in 1683, for fifteen years the Welsh farmers arrived in ever-increasing numbers, and their settlements in Gwynedd, Montgomery, Upper Dublin, and neighboring townships dominated the region for a hundred years.

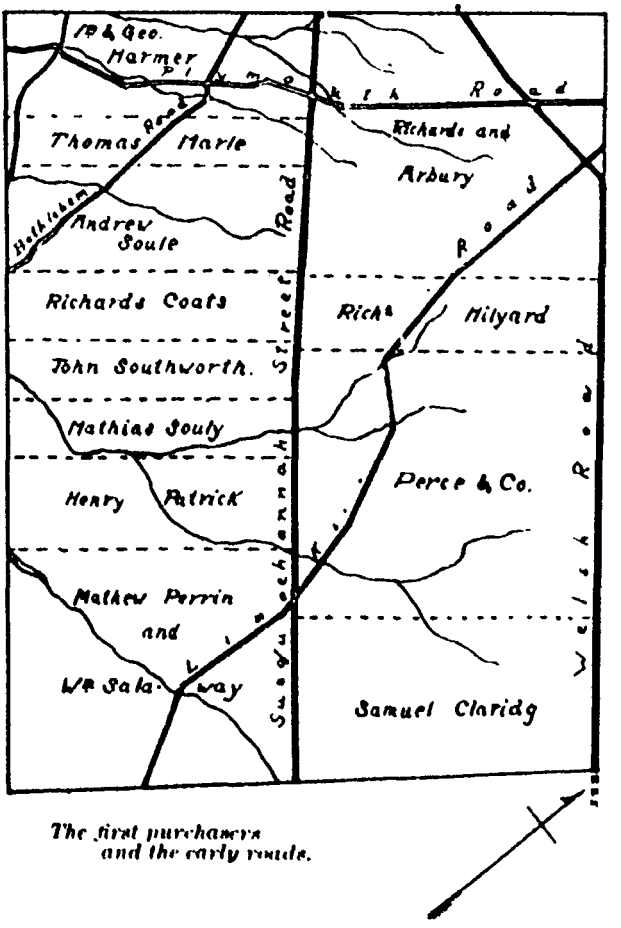
Some of the early Upper Dublin families, as we learn from deeds, wills, and other documents, were those of Jones, Cadwallader, Lewis, Whitton, Charlesworth, Palmer, Fisher, Spencer, and Maddox. The lands of the township at this time were heavily wooded, and a credible tradition represents a party of Welsh settlers as rejecting the lands in the lower end in favor of property in Gwynedd, where the timber was lighter, and the labor of clearing the land less arduous.

The lower section of the township was settled first, as was to be expected. Road building followed promptly. Two of the great highways that radiate from Philadelphia pass northward through the township, and these were among the first of the roads to be laid out. The Limekiln road was opened in 1693, and the great Bethlehem road, which had been built as far as Whitemarsh some years earlier, was completed through Upper Dublin in 1704 and 1705. The "turnpiking" of these high-

ways, as well as of the Plymouth road, now the Butler Turnpike, is, of course, comparatively recent. In early days they were doubtless the merest cart-tracks, cumbered with stumps and rocks, and deep with mud after every rain.

The other principal roads were all opened soon after the first settlements. The Plymouth road, mentioned above, was built before 1700, and the Susquehanna Street road before 1695. The Welsh road, forming the township line on the northeast, was ordered to be built in 1702 ; it followed the township line north as far as what is now Maple Glen, and then, turning sharply to the left, passed through Three Tuns to the Gwynedd line at Five Points, ending at Springhouse, in Gwynedd. The continuation of the road north of Maple Glen, running up into the "Dutch Country," was made some years later.

We have referred to the early laying out of the township on its present lines. The original map of Holme, the first Surveyor-General, shows the township with its northeast, northwest, and southwest boundaries apparently fixed as



The first purchasers and the early roads.

Pure milk—rich milk—lots of it,
from Upper Dublin clover.

they now exist. The southeast line seems to be indicated somewhat lower than it now lies, and east of the Susquehanna Street road it bears irregularly to the north and then east across the land of Samuel Claridg.

What this discrepancy means it is not possible to say definitely, though the probability is that the intention of making Upper Dublin a separate township was not carried out at once, and by the time the division was actually made some reason had developed which led the authorities to straighten the line and move it northward. Just when the separation from Abington occurred is equally conjectural. Some opinions place it about 1719, but legal documents of the year 1705-06 speak of "the township of Upper Dublin, in the county of Philadelphia," so that the division was apparently earlier than this year.

The growth of the township in wealth and numbers was steady, if not rapid. In 1734 there were thirty-five landholders and tenants in the township, and in 1741 this number had more than doubled. Among the names of the earlier list were those of Joseph Charlesworth, Ellis Lewis, Samuel Spencer, David Roberts, Edward Burke, Peter Cleaver, Thomas Fitzwater, Jr., John Harmer, Joseph Tucker, Joseph Nash, William Lucken and Thones Kunders. Of these, Thomas Fitzwater was a well-known minister of Friends and a large landholder;

Valley of Sandy Run. The township is full of such landscapes.

Fitzwatertown was named after him. John Harmer was probably the son of William, the settler. Thones Kunders and Peter Cleaver were original settlers in Germantown, and William Lucken was the eldest son of Jan, another of the German immigrants. From them descended the Upper Dublin families of Conrad, Cleaver, and Lukens.

Some fine home-grown fruit.

By the opening of the war of Independence, Upper Dublin had become one of the old and settled neighborhoods. Good sized and comfortable houses, the solid stone buildings peculiar to southeast Pennsylvania, had risen in place of the first tiny homes, and the latter were in use as "smoke-houses" and granaries, or had been torn down bodily. Forests had been cleared, roads built, and when the storm of war broke at last it was upon the fields and flocks of a peaceful and thriving commonwealth.

In the early part of August, 1777, Washington with his army had crossed the township, passing probably through Dreshertown, and doubtless had scanned closely the hills guarding the township on the south, and noted their strength as a defensive position. On September 11 had occurred the disaster on the Brandywine, on the 26th Howe entered Philadelphia, and on October 4 the Americans made their gallant but fruitless attack

at Germantown. With the withdrawal of the British from the latter position, two weeks later, Washington advanced down the Skippack road, and turning east at Valley Green, occupied the hills of Whitemarsh and Upper Dublin.

For six weeks operations were at a standstill, until Howe, having opened the Delaware, was free to turn his attention to Washington's army. On the 4th of December, loudly boasting that he would "drive the rebels beyond the Blue Ridge," Howe marched his entire army, 15,000 strong, out through Germantown and over Chestnut Hill. A short distance beyond, however, he suddenly halted.

Washington had been warned of the movement in ample time, and the American army, awakened early in the morning, was on the alert. The main body of the troops occupied the ridge of Camp Hill, extending to and across the Limekiln road above Fitzwatertown. The right wing was on Fort Hill beyond the valley of Sandy Run, and the extreme right rested on Militia Hill, separated from the rest of the army by the valley through which passes the Wissahickon and the Bethlehem road. The latter skirts the base of Fort Hill, and was swept and completely commanded by the fire from Fort Washington and the other American redoubts. For the British to push forward up the road between the two hills would have been to invite destruction, and Howe cautiously drew back.

Old Fort Washington, where Washington's right was posted.

As soon as it was light, Washington ordered out a small detachment of

The fine old Emlen mansion, Washington's headquarters.

militia under General Potter, who engaged the British advance, with some loss on both sides, and then retired. For the rest of the day, Howe remained idle, while the Americans, sending their baggage up the Perkiomen road to The Trappe, in Upper Providence township, awaited a general attack. None followed, however, and under cover of night Howe suddenly withdrew to Chestnut Hill, and marching rapidly east along the ridge, appeared early on the morning of the 6th opposite the American left and center.

The two ridges of Edge Hill and Camp Hill are here parallel and about one and a half miles apart. Between is the rolling limestone country, sloping northward to the valley of Sandy Run, which runs along the base of Camp Hill. Here, in a green and pleasant valley, just within the Upper Dublin line, stands the noble stone house which served as Washington's headquarters. It was at that time the property of George Emlen. Near the headquarters, and probably as a guard to the General, a part of the army had its huts of sticks and leaves, but the bulk of the troops were encamped on the crest of the hill, within the breastworks. The weather was bitterly cold, and the American troops, lying constantly under arms in the entrenchments, suffered much. But in spite of the cold, shortage of provisions, and the fact that the British outnumbered his army two to one, Washington was eager for Howe to attack; his confidence in his position, the temper of his men, and his own ability was complete.

For another day, however, Howe hesitated, his men lying in the woods along Edge Hill. On the morning of the 7th, strong bodies of British were thrown out to develop the American position, one of them striking a Connecticut regiment under Colonel Webb, which was advanced on the right, and driving it in with loss. On the American left Colonel Morgan's riflemen were advanced toward the enemy, and skirmished at intervals all day. Toward evening the Virginians were re-inforced by troops under Colonel Gist, and together they made a vigorous attack on a body of troops under the British General Grey. It is impossible to say just where this affair occurred, but it must have been within Upper Dublin, perhaps along the Limekiln road near the Abington line. While it lasted, the fighting was brisk. The British lost eighty or ninety men, and the Americans twenty-seven, including Major Morris of New Jersey. With the failure of light, the contest was mutually suspended.

If Howe had any idea of turning the American left flank by a march up the Limekiln road, the day's fighting effectually dissipated it. The left wing was strongly entrenched behind breastworks and abatis, and Washington was looking for just such an attempt. For another night both armies slept on their arms, the pickets keeping up a desultory firing all night. At 5 A. M. the troops were called to arms, and all expected the long-delayed battle to begin. Once more they were disappointed; Howe had in fact abandoned his attack and was already planning a retirement. As his ardor cooled, Washington

A quiet lane.

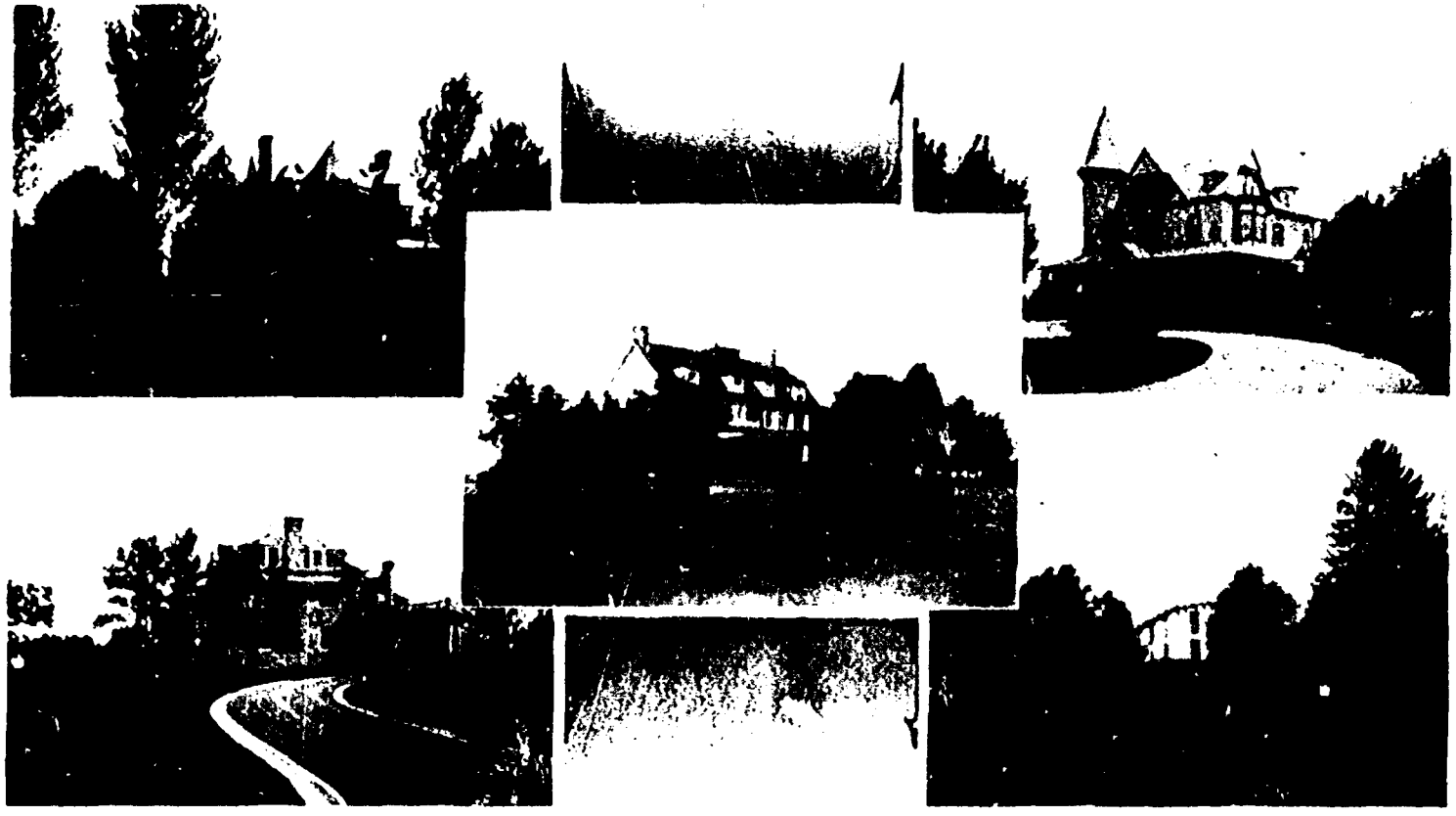
Blossoms in May.

became more eager for a battle, and Morgan's riflemen, strengthened by volunteers from other regiments, were again ordered out to harass the British right. Several regiments were in readiness to support them in case they succeeded in bringing on an engagement, and in the afternoon this movement led to another sharp skirmish near Edge Hill. Howe resolutely declined to be drawn out, however, and Washington now decided to take the offensive. At midnight seventeen regiments were paraded before headquarters and given their orders for an attack in the morning. Almost at the same moment, however, word arrived that the British had retired southward, and the troops were returned to their camp.

Howe had indeed abandoned his enterprise. As soon as darkness fell his troops were put in motion, and moving hastily down the nearest roads, they reached the city late that night, after as futile and inglorious a demonstration as the annals of war present. On the 11th the American army broke camp, and took up their painful march to the even more cheerless hills of Valley Forge. Except for an occasional small detachment, the township was to know them no more.

Such was Upper Dublin's part in the Revolution. It can hardly be called an important one, yet only the merest chance prevented the township from becoming one of the great battlefields of the war. Had Howe risked an attack, it must have been a patriot victory worthy to stand

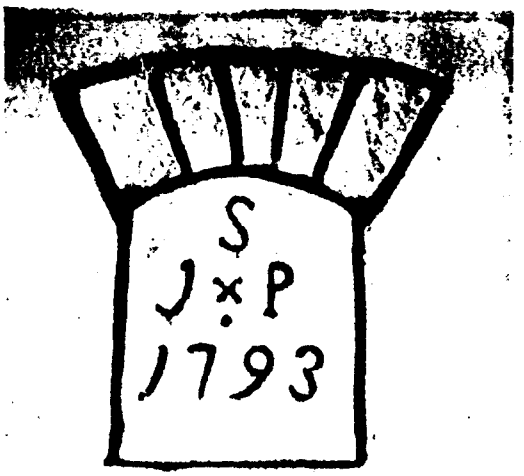
Fruit in September.



"Merrie Nook," near Fort Washington.
Home of George Bodenstein, Fort Washington.

"North View," front.

Residence of Charles P. Ring.
"Norwood," home of James Q. Atkinson.



Date-stone at "Cherry Lane." The initials are for James and Phebe Shoemaker. Part of the house is still older than this.

beside Trenton or Saratoga.

Although the inhabitants of the township, with the Quaker influence strong among them, took little active part in these events, the large majority of them were undoubtedly of Whig sympathies. They had, indeed, little enough cause to love the British. After the departure of Washington's army, the countryside more than once suffered from the raids of British and Hessian foragers. A farmer named Joseph Nash (perhaps the Joseph of the 1734 tax list) was afterward allowed £200 in compensation for damages sustained at the hands of British troops.

On another occasion a party of Howe's foragers came to the house of Amos Lewis, near the Three Tuns, now the tenant house on "Quinby Farms" owned by Wilmer Atkinson. The Lewis family had only recently built their new house, moving to it from the tiny cottage seventy-five yards away (now owned by Mr. Irving W. McCallum) in which they had lived for years. The British demanded oats, and the story goes that Amos, finding protests and arguments vain, took to kicking the British shins, whereupon the soldiers drove the whole family into the little

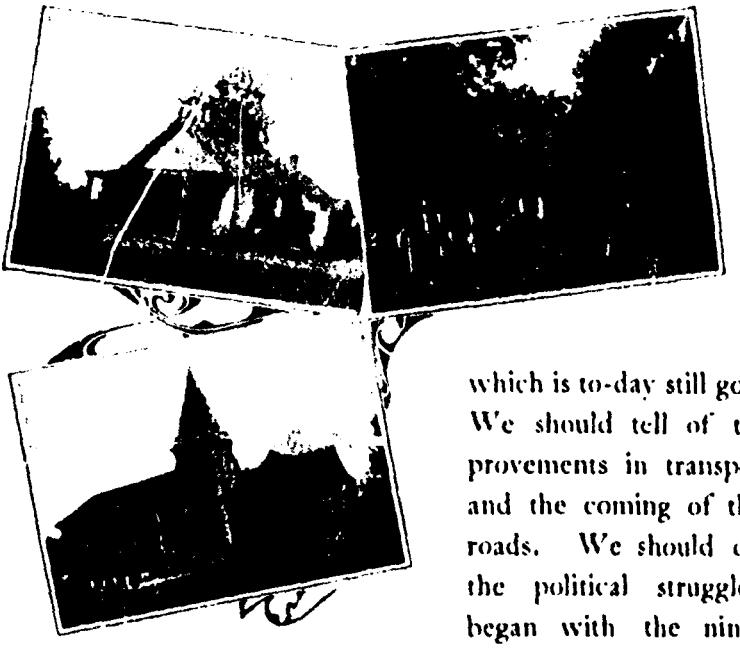
The old Amos Lewis house the tin roof is new.

house and locked them in. There they remained for two days, while the unwelcome guests put their horses in the barn and made merry in the fine new house. When finally released, it is safe to assume that there was no stouter patriot in the country than Amos Lewis.

A comprehensive history of Upper Dublin from this time on would demand many times the space at our disposal. It would tell of the unsettled times following the Revolution, and

Home of Thomas W. Barlow, Esq.

how order was gradually evoked. It would describe the separation of Montgomery County from Philadelphia in 1784, and the formation of the county and township organizations. It would tell of the development of roads, the building of bridges, the new houses, the grist mills, the stores, libraries, churches, and schools. The early home life, the methods of farming, the manners and morals of the people would make a chapter of themselves. As a study in nationalities it would be interesting to trace the gradual displacement of the English and Welsh farmers by the Germans from "up country," a process

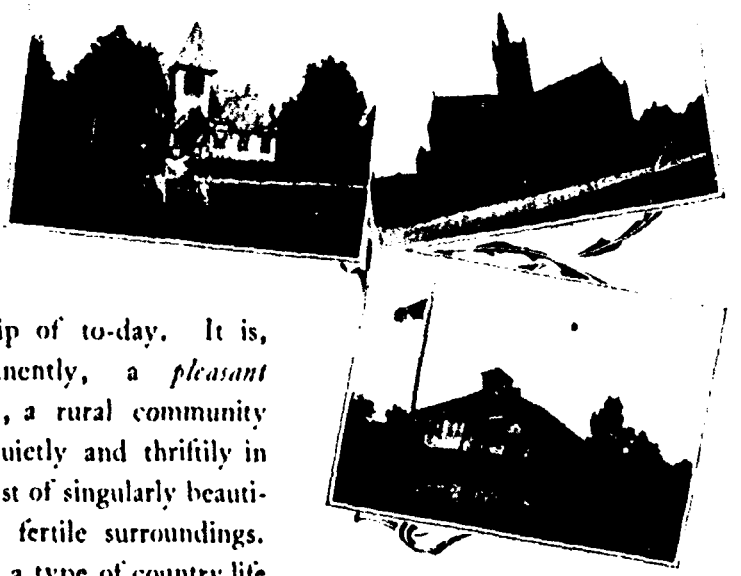


Friends' Meeting-house (on the right).
Three Tuns School.
Lutheran Church ("Puff's").

which is to-day still going on. We should tell of the improvements in transportation and the coming of the railroads. We should describe the political struggles that began with the nineteenth century, the division of the township voters into Federals, Democratic-Republicans, Whigs, and Free Soilers, Democrats, Know-nothings, Stalwarts, and Mugwumps. A most interesting passage would tell of the bitterness of the Ante-bellum years, and the exploits of the local Underground Railway station.

Another chapter would treat of war times, the men furnished to the national armies by the loyal township; the despondency after Bull Run, the anti-slavery Fairs, the anxiety of '63, the triumph and mourning at the end. The last chapters would sketch the wonderful strides of the last four decades, the influx of wealth, the advances in science and education, the introduction of electricity, and all the material marvels that our generation has wrought.

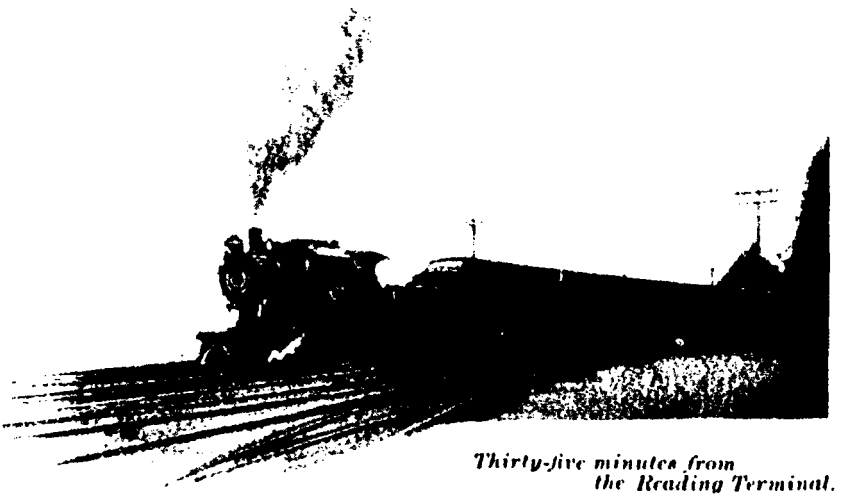
All of this we must pass over with merely a mention, and devote our remaining space to the Upper Dublin of 1905. We have at the very beginning tried to sketch in a dozen words the



Baptist Church, Jarrettown.
"Church of the Beautiful Window," Ambler.
Fort Washington School.

township of to-day. It is, pre-eminently, a *pleasant* country, a rural community living quietly and thriftily in the midst of singularly beautiful and fertile surroundings. Here is a type of country life which may be compared to, and in some ways strikingly resembles, the best of rural England. Like the old country, Upper Dublin is in many ways conservative, especially so if compared with some of its semi-urban neighbors. Yet it has accepted eagerly the best of what modern civilization has to offer. The township is by no means standing still; it progresses, but not too fast.

From Philadelphia the Bethlehem Division of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad passes northward on its way to the Lehigh, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Rochester, and Buffalo. The passenger for Upper Dublin traverses the northern section of the city, and out past a succession of beautiful suburbs, Germantown, Fern Rock, Oak Lane, Elkins Park, Jenkintown, and Glenside. The train has been steadily climbing, until just beyond Glenside it passes through the deep cut of Edge Hill, and then begins to descend into the Whitemarsh Valley. Just beyond Edge Hill station the train passes through the extreme



Thirty-five minutes from the Reading Terminal.

southern corner of Upper Dublin. It hurries past Oreland, crosses Sandy Run on a high bridge, sweeps around the base of Camp Hill, crosses under the "Trenton Cut-off" and twice over Sandy Run again, and pulls up at Fort Washington station, just over the township line in Whitemarsh. Six hundred yards further north the road re-enters Upper Dublin, and in a little over a mile the train stops at Ambler station.

Ambler is comparatively modern, and has therefore had no part in our narrative, hitherto. It owes its birth to the placing of the railroad station at the crossing of the Plymouth road in 1855, and its growth largely to the great chemical works of the Keasbey and Mattison Co., just below the station. The borough was formed in 1888, taking a considerable bite out of the western corner of the township. It is to-day a flourishing town of 2400 inhabitants, with several fine schools, four churches, a National Bank, two good hotels, a newspaper, and in the real estate phrase, "all conveniences." Ambler is the business center for the northern half of the township, and plays a large part in the township life. Strictly speaking, however, it is not a part of Upper Dublin, and we shall have occasion to mention it only in its relation to the township.

The old Plymouth road, now called the Butler Turnpike, stretches northeastward across the township from Ambler, a splendid example of perfect macadam construction. Where it intersects the Bethlehem Turnpike, just outside the borough line, is the hamlet known as Rose Valley, consisting of a few houses, and the old tanyard. Proceeding eastward, the turnpike presently crosses the Susquehanna Street road at Puff's Corners. The Lutheran Evangelical Church which stands here (known as Puff's Church) is a large building, erected in 1858 and renovated a few years ago. It stands on the site of a much earlier building. The records of the congregation here go back more than 150 years, and there are many old graves in the churchyard on the right. Here lies buried the body of John B. Sterigere, one of the township's well-known men, a successful lawyer and member of the 20th and 21st Congresses.

From a point to the east of Puff's, the Butler Drive strikes directly for the township line, crossing it just above Maple Glen. Three Tuns is a half mile within the township limits, where the turnpike crosses the old Welsh road. Here is a store, a hotel (the original "Sign of the Three Tuns"), a school house, built 1860, "Waldheim," the home of J. H. Ringe, Jr., and "North View," the residence of Wilmer Atkinson.

We have described the Butler Drive in such detail chiefly for the reason that this is the principal east and west highway of the township. The other important roads are those running south and southeast. The Bethlehem and Limekiln roads leading to Philadelphia are of course still the great thoroughfares. As for many years, huge loads of hay and wagons laden with fruits and vegetables for the

Ambler Station.

"Lindenwold," residence of Dr. R. V. Mattison.

Philadelphia markets pass down them each day. Both are solidly built of stone, and kept in excellent condition, and the Bethlehem "Pike" is the main thoroughfare for travelers by carriage or automobile northward from Philadelphia. The Allentown trolley road follows the turnpike for most of its length through the township, turning off below Ambler to make a detour through the borough, and returning to it at Rose Valley. On both sides of the road houses old and new line the way. From Chestnut Hill northward to the limits of Upper Dublin is one continuous village, and the turnpike, smooth and maple-shaded, is one long street.

Where the Limekiln Turnpike crosses the Welsh road into the township near the north corner stand the half-dozen houses of Maple Glen. Two miles to the south is Jarrettown, with its fine school, Methodist church, and two stores. Beyond the

road climbs the sharp ridge of Mundock Hill, and then descends into Dreshertown, at the crossing of the Susquehanna Street road. Here is another of the township schools, and a thriving hamlet. A branch of the famous Meehan Nurseries is located in the neighborhood. Beyond the railroad station ("Dreshertown," on the "Cut-off") the road climbs again, this time over Camp Hill, and a mile further on it reaches Fitzwatertown, nestling snugly in the valley of Sandy Run. The township line is a short mile below, and is crossed just before reaching the crest of Edge Hill, and the village of the same name.

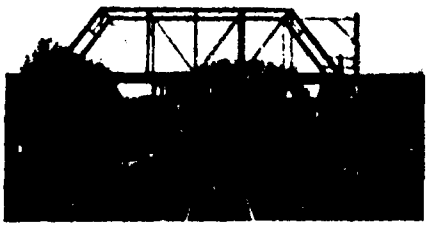
The Susquehanna Street road lies as originally planned, bisecting the township northwest and southeast. Intended to be the main artery of travel from this region to the Delaware and Philadelphia, it has never realized the expectations of those who laid it out. The more direct routes of the Limekiln and Bethlehem roads have drawn away the streams of travel, and the old road remains as for two centuries past, a country by-road. Holme's map shows the Susquehanna Street road running far up country. It was never constructed far above the Upper Dublin line, however, probably because the Bethlehem road answered all purposes. To the southeast it runs in a fairly straight line across Abington, coming to an end near the Philadelphia line.

The Welsh road has fared better. For many years it was an important route from this region to the mills on the Pennypack, and it is yet a well travelled highway. Three miles below the Upper Dublin corner it passes through Willow Grove Park, and the pilgrims to this shrine form no small proportion of the road's patrons.

The rest of the township roads are connecting links between the

The trolley line follows the Bethlehem Pike across the township.

north-and-south highways. Tennis Avenue, forming the northwest boundary of the township, is one of the more important, as is the old "Engardtown Road" northeast from Fort Washington, and the Camp Hill road through Dreshertown. All are good country roads, with stretches of stone construction here and there. A start has been made at macadamizing the whole of the township system.



Crossing of the "Trenton Cut-off."

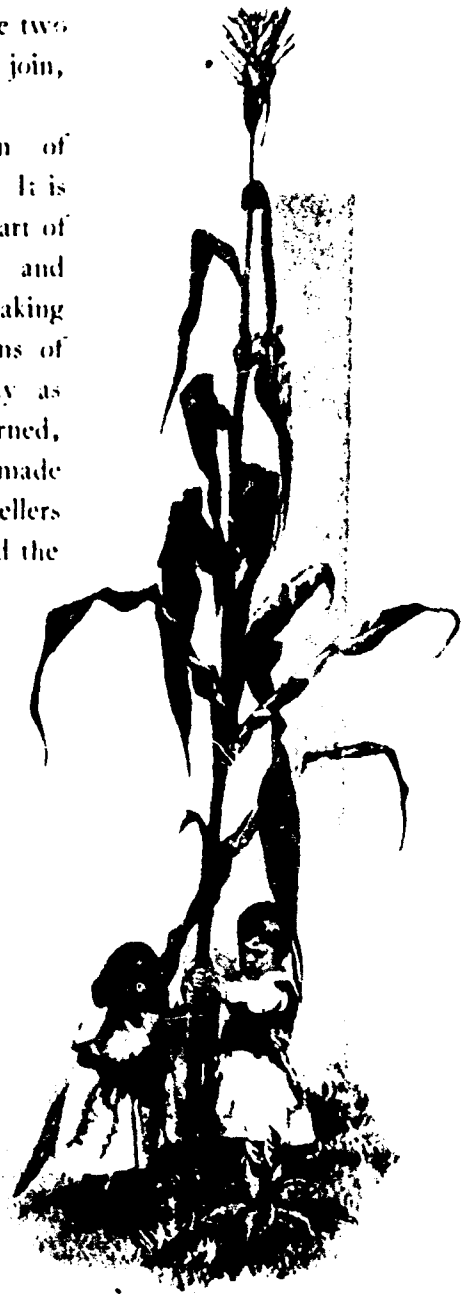
There is thus easy access to all parts of the township. From without, the Reading railroad and the trolley line give ample facilities for passengers, and the two railroads swift and easy transportation of freight north, south, east, and west. We may note here that this favorable position as to freight facilities has gained recognition in the establishment of the large manufacturing plant of Hoopes & Townsend near the crossing of the Reading and Cut-off.

We have purposely made no mention thus far of the largest of the township's centers—Fort Washington—because its importance demands at least a paragraph to itself. The village centers (like Ambler) around the railroad station, which is placed at the crossing of the Bethlehem Pike. Most of the houses are within Upper Dublin, although the stores, church, hotel, pharmacy, and station are over the line in Whitemarsh. The situation is along the crest of a gentle ridge, descending to the west toward the Wissahickon, and to

Above Fort Washington Station.

the southeast to the meadows along Pine Run. There are perhaps seventy-five houses, all told, nearly all of modern construction. At present the tendency seems to be to build further to the west, across the Pike in the direction of Ambler, and undoubtedly the two towns will eventually meet, if not join, at the midway point.

We have repeatedly spoken of Upper Dublin as a rural township. It is strictly that, for by far the largest part of its inhabitants are farmers. More and more, however, the countryside is taking on a new and different aspect. Sons of the old township, who went away as young men into wider fields, have returned, successful, from the city, and have made their homes here. Other city-dwellers have come with them, and have found the Upper Dublin hills to their liking. Stately mansions have risen in the midst of the apple orchards and fields of wheat, and the fine old farmhouses have been enlarged and restored. The township is still agricultural, but it is an agriculture enriched and embellished by a wealth which it could scarcely have attained of itself. Its fields and meadows are fertile and well tilled, its cattle and horses are sleek and well fed, as they have always been, but the cows are registered daughters of famous mothers, and the



Upper Dublin for corn: this stalk measures twelve feet.

horses draw beautiful carriages, as well as heavy wagons, over the smooth roads. There are automobiles, as well as Deering binders, and broad lawns and fair gardens, as well as hayfields and pastures. And together with the wholesome rural spirit, the graceful customs of latter-day social life flourish on the Upper Dublin hills.

Although the rest of the township has been by no means neglected, perhaps the larger part of the new residents have been drawn into reaching distance of Ambler by the conveniences of the borough. On the eastern side of the Bethlehem turnpike, just outside the borough limits, is red-roofed "Lindenwold," the home of Dr. R. V. Mattison, standing high against a background of forest trees, with its smooth lawns, its lakes, and its beautiful sunken gardens. The estate is perhaps the largest in the township, and is cultivated by a small army of men, under energetic Farmer Devine.

Tennis Avenue, along the northwestern border of the township, is one of the newer roads, and the houses from the Bethlehem Pike to the Five Points are of recent date. Just beyond the crossing of the Susquehanna Street road, in a little valley by a brook, is the home of William H. Hart. It is the re-incarnation of an old farmhouse, with all the old trees carefully preserved.

Further up the road is the residence of Charles P. Ring, with its round tower, its porches, and its sunny lawn. Still further is another handsome house at the edge of a wood, and beyond it, at Five Points, "Edgelawn," the property of Mr. Godfrey S. Mahn, with its sweep of well-kept sward.

Three Tuns is a half mile from the Five Points, along the old Welsh road. Among the best known residents in this neighborhood, some forty years ago, were four Jones brothers, of Welsh Quaker descent, sons of Henry Jones, who had married a daughter of Amos Lewis, the patriot. After the death of Henry, his son John occupied the old Lewis house on

Residence of J. H. Ringe, Jr., Three Tuns.

Quinby Farms. Another brother, Lewis, lived just over the township line in Gwynedd, and a third, Clement, kept the store at Three Tuns. The fourth brother, Henry Junior, occupied for some years the house half way between Five Points and Three Tuns, now the property of the Andersons, of Ambler. Later he sold his farm, and built himself a new house, the site of the present residence of J. H. Ringe, Jr. The latter is close to Three Tuns, standing well in from both roads, in the midst of fine old trees. The illustration shows what an architectural success it has been made.

From Three Tuns a private lane leads southward through "Quinby Farms," which we have mentioned before. On the left is "North View," the beautiful home of Wilmer Atkinson, editor of *Farm Journal*. Acres of velvety lawn surround the house, stretching away in front for a quarter mile, and on all sides are flowers, trees, and masses of shrubbery of a hundred varieties. The drive passes between rows of straight young

trees, with a wide border of old-fashioned flowers on the right. On the left is a grove of young chestnut trees, and a splendid old oak, a veteran of a thousand storms.

Below the tenant house (the Amos Lewis house) is the farm itself, carefully and scientifically cultivated, and the pride of its owner. We are here on the very summit of the water-shed, a plateau of light sandy soil, perhaps the most fertile in the township. All kinds of crops are raised, but peaches, berries, grapes, and other fruits are most successful. The feature of the farm is its immense apple orchard, covering fifty of the best acres. The trees are watched and cultivated and pruned and sprayed incessantly, and respond with noble crops of the noblest fruit that grows.

The second daughter of Amos Lewis married one of the Lukens family, who built the house now owned by Irving W. McCallum, not far from the Lewis homestead. This, too, has been altered and enlarged within a few years to make a beautiful

The kind of strawberries Upper Dublin can grow.

The great oak, Quinby Farms.

country home, with its splendid pine trees towering above the roofs. The broad acres of the farm ("York Stock Farm",) support a large and profitable herd of dairy cows.

The lane which divides "Quinby Farms" from "York Farm" opens southward on the Limekiln Turnpike. A few hundred yards below the junction is "Norwood," the home of James Q. Atkinson, standing on the left, with broad lawns sloping down to the road, and rows of tall spruces and firs. The farm is one of the most fertile in the region, and produces almost incredible quantities of fine berries and fruits. A single pear orchard on the farm covers forty acres of ground.

Where the Fort Washington road turns off, nearly opposite "Norwood," is "Cherry Lane," the home of Albert Atkinson. The house is very old, the original section having been built before the Revolution. Immense maple and horse-chestnut trees shade the house, and orchards crowd up to the back and western end.

Further down the Fort Washington road, beyond the Friends' Meeting-house, is the old Potts homestead, now the summer home of Thomas W. Barlow, Esq. The old stone farmhouse has been lengthened and partly remodeled, but its simple and dignified lines have been well preserved. An apple

orchard stands at one end of the house, and southward is a typical Upper Dublin sweep of fields and woodlands. Here also modern scientific farming has replaced the obsolete methods of long-past years.

Of several other houses in the neighborhood, we have not space to speak in detail. Two whose names must not be omitted, however, are the residence of George Bodenstein in Fort Washington, and "Merrie Nook," the home of John M. Kennedy, just outside that village.

Further down the township line, at Camp Hill Station, is another group of summer homes. Camp Hill itself is crowned with the stately mansions of Craig Heberton and Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, the latter of which, however, is just over the township line, in Whitemarsh. "Fairwold Lodge," the Heberton house, stands on the crest of the ridge, where Washington's men were encamped, with beautiful views south to Chestnut Hill, and north over Upper Dublin to the hills of Gwynedd. The house itself is the perfection of a modern American country seat, with its beautiful proportions, and its gray and ivy-covered walls.

A forty-acre pear orchard and its owner.

Below "Fairwold," near the bottom of the southern slope of the hill, is the new house of Mr. Henry, son-in-law of Mrs. Van Rensselaer, now just approaching completion. Only a few hundred feet away is the old Emlen mansion, famous as Washington's headquarters at the time of General Howe's demonstration in December, 1777. The illustration on page 13 gives a good

idea of the beautiful situation of the house, which stands in the middle distance, partly hidden by its surrounding trees. Sandy Run flows through the valley in front, most of its waters confined in a mill-race which passes the very door step, on its way to the mill further down the valley. Immense sycamore trees shade the front of the house, and the old-fashioned door-yard is full of lilacs and other shrubs. The garden lies to the east of the house, and the orchard (a modern product, however) to the west. In the meadow in front is a typical old spring-house. It is only a question of time, let us hope, before the mansion will be taken in charge by some association or individual who will preserve it for future generations, like that other monument to American independence, the Headquarters at Valley Forge.

We have mentioned the more notable homes of the more populous end of the township; there are a number of others (as for example the old Spencer house near the Welsh road, the property of Charles W. Paxson) which for one reason or another are entitled to particular description, but of which the limits of this booklet once more forbid us to speak. The great bulk of the houses of the township are distinguished by none of these things—neither great age, nor curious history, nor splendid architecture. But they are solid and dignified, reflecting faithfully the prosperity and comfort which with Upper Dublin has become a habit. There is nothing mean or poor about these homes—their stone walls are sound, their roofs are tight, their gardens are well kept, their barns are huge and plumply

The Lewis-Jones house, Quinby Farms.

full. They typify excellently the virtues of the whole township —solidity, prosperity, and a certain large and tranquil beauty.

Little more, perhaps, need be said of our township. We have seen something of its origin, its growth, and its present aspect. We have tried to show its material advantages, and the beauties with which nature and art have endowed it. If we have passed lightly over its defects, it is because those defects are few and of slight moment. Of the township's future, the problems it must face, the triumphs it will win, it is idle to make conjectures. Yet by all the signs of history and character, the virtues of its Quaker ancestry, the solidity of its German immigrants, the wealth and culture of its newer citizens, we cannot doubt that the future will be a worthy one.