

*Early
Reminiscences*

By S. L. P.

Helen L. Horsey

April '83

from Charlie Moulton
(He has another copy)

To the Memory of
My Mother



SARAH REDWOOD (LONGSTRETH) PARRISH
(1814-1895)

The above picture of my mother is the same as that in the Fisher book, and, for insertion here, was preferred to her portrait, painted from life, by the late William M. Chase, now in my possession at Southampton, Long Island.

*Early
Reminiscences*

By

Samuel L. Parrish

ILLUSTRATED

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BY SAMUEL L. PARRISH

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Early Reminiscences Associated with the Life
and Family of My Mother

SARAH REDWOOD PARRISH

Born in Philadelphia
December 9, 1814

Died at Southampton, Long Island
September 4, 1895

By Her Son

SAMUEL LONGSTRETH PARRISH

The facts herein contained, not within my own memory, are taken from the memoirs of Hannah Logan Smith, (H. L. S.), a cousin of my mother. She was the great granddaughter of James Logan, the Secretary of William Penn, and later Colonial Governor of Pennsylvania—also from the Longstreth Book, the Rodman Book, the Fisher Book, the Parrish Book, the Dawson Family Records, the "Hallowell, Longstreth and Penrose Families," and also from an account of the Redwood Family in the "Annals of the Redwood Library and Athenaeum of Newport, R. I.," by George Champlin Mason.

All the above books can be found in my library.

EXPLANATORY NOTE

The following "Early Reminiscences" were apparently written by me over thirty years ago, and were discovered while I was looking over some old papers in the second story west room of the Art Museum during the Autumn of 1927. I had almost forgotten their existence, but upon reading them over it occurred to me that they might be of interest to the younger generation of the family, and to those who came after them. I have therefore had them reduced to their present printed form for private circulation among such members of the family as might care to read them.

SAMUEL L. PARRISH.

Southampton, L. I.
October, 1927.

Sarah Redwood Longstreth was born on December 9th, 1814, in the house of her father, Samuel Longstreth, in Philadelphia. The house was on the north side of Arch Street, called Mulberry Street at the time of her birth, a few doors above Fifth. The old number of the house was 183, but subsequently the numbers were changed to correspond with the streets.

Next door to the west lived Joshua Longstreth, the older brother of Samuel. The two houses were of the old Philadelphia pattern, being built of brick, with three stories and an attic. The house of my great uncle, Joshua Longstreth, was the larger of the two, the lot running back to Cherry Street, a distance of between two and three hundred feet. Back of the house was a large garden, with green-houses in the rear, and then came the stable on Cherry Street. The lot on which the two houses were built had a frontage on Arch, and also on Cherry Street, of about fifty feet, the garden being appurtenant to the larger house though open to both.

In this house were born my aunt, Esther Fisher Longstreth, usually called Hetty in the family, in 1812; my mother in 1814; my aunt, Helen Gregoroffsky Longstreth, in 1816; my uncle, Miers Fisher Longstreth, in 1819; my aunt, Anna Hallowell Longstreth, in 1821; my aunt Lydia Warner Longstreth, in 1823, and my aunt, Sidney Elizabeth Longstreth, in 1825. Of these I never knew either my aunt Hetty, who died at the age of seventeen, nor my aunt Anna, who died at the age of twenty-two, having been married about eighteen months previous to her death to Robert K. Wright, but leaving no children. My aunts Helen and Sidney were members of our family after my mother's marriage for many



SAMUEL LONGSTRETH
(1787-1826)

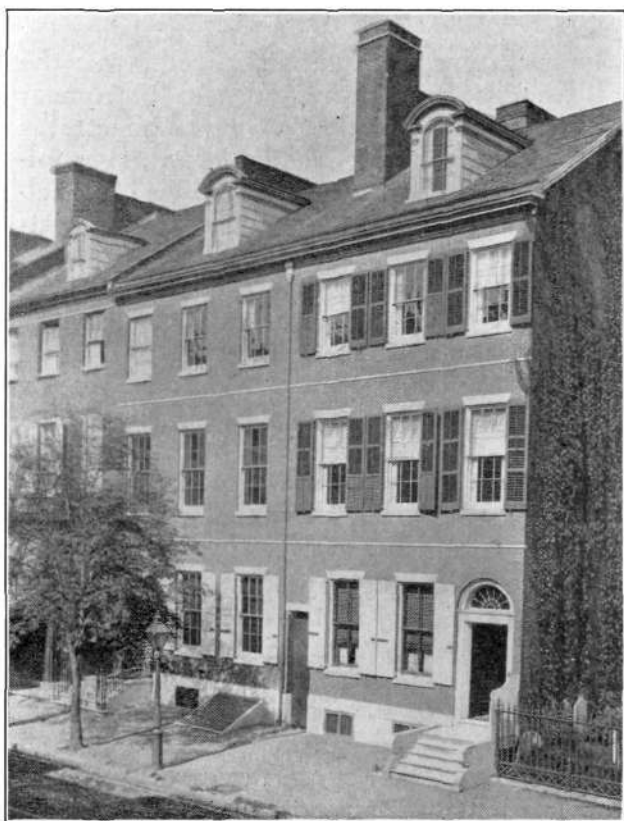
My Grandfather.

From a portrait now in the
possession of his granddaughter
Rebecca C. Longstreth.

years, and Aunt Sidney only ceased to be a member of the family when mother came to New York to live with us in 1882.

My grandfather, Samuel Longstreth, was the son of Joseph Longstreth, and was born near Philadelphia in the year 1787. The Longstreths were a substantial family, the emigrant, Bartholomew, having come from England to Philadelphia in the year 1698. He was my great-great-grandfather, and came from the town of Sibble, Yorkshire, in the Deanery of Craven, which was in the neighborhood of Bolton Abbey. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and upon removing to Philadelphia was furnished by the Monthly Meeting of Sibble, of which he was a member, with the usual certificate of membership. His descendants have continued to be members of the Society up to the time of the present generation when some changes have occurred.

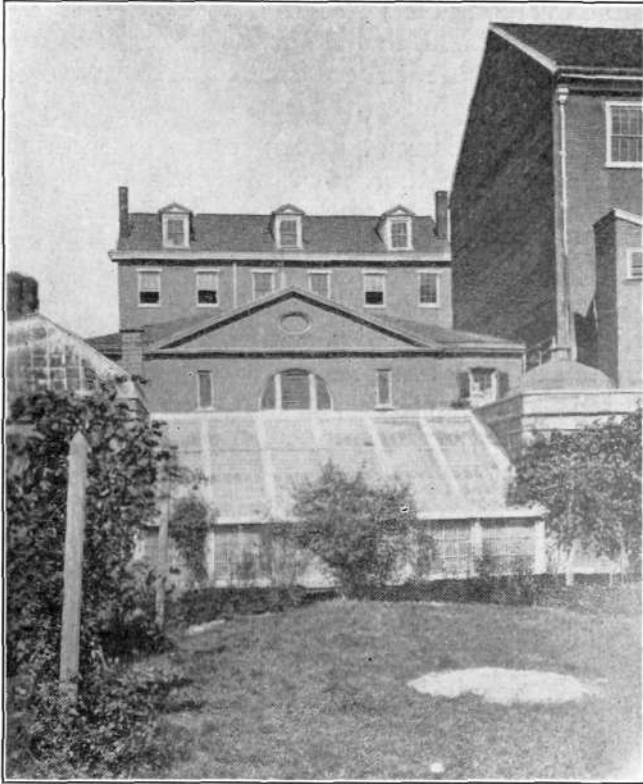
The son of Bartholomew was Joseph Longstreth, who was born in the homestead of his father, who, during his residence in Pennsylvania, had acquired an estate of about a thousand acres in Bucks County. My grandfather, Samuel Longstreth, was a son of Joseph, and was born, as before stated, in the year 1787. It would seem that the two sons of Joseph Longstreth, Joshua, my great-uncle, and his brother Samuel, were the first members of the family who engaged prominently in mercantile pursuits, though their grandfather had undertaken a trading voyage to the West Indies in his early life. My grandfather established himself in Philadelphia and became a wholesale merchant in the dry goods business, his dealings being largely with southern and western merchants. During the early part of his career he was very success-



The above two houses were situated in Philadelphia on the north side of Arch St. above Fifth.

The one on the right belonged originally to my grandfather Samuel Longstreth, and in it were born my mother and the other children of Samuel and Sarah Redwood (Fisher) Longstreth (1792-1827).

The one on the left belonged originally to his brother Joshua Longstreth, and later to the latter's son-in-law, Richard Price.



A partial view of the garden in the rear of
the two houses in Arch St. above Fifth.

ful, but during the latter part of his life his fortune was impaired by business losses. He died in New Orleans in 1826, at the age of thirty-nine, while on a business trip through the West and South. There being no railroads he was obliged to travel long distances on horseback, and the exposure incident to his travels brought on pneumonia which resulted fatally. His grave is in the cemetery in New Orleans.

In 1811 Samuel Longstreth was married at Abington Meeting, near Philadelphia, to Sarah Redwood Fisher. She was the daughter of Miers Fisher, who was a member of the Society of Friends, and also an eminent and respected member of the Philadelphia Bar, a somewhat unusual thing in the early days of Philadelphia, as "plainness in living and speech" were regarded by the Friends as practised only with difficulty if members of the Society mingled with the world to the extent necessarily incident to the practice of the legal profession.

Miers Fisher was the son of Joshua Fisher, who had moved to Philadelphia in 1745 from Lewistown in Delaware. Philadelphia at that time, and all through the Colonial period and for many years after, was the most important of the American cities and the centre of the larger social and business life for Delaware, as well as Pennsylvania. His object in moving, as stated by himself, was to further the education of his children, and upon his departure he was presented with a written address by his fellow-townsmen expressing their great regard for him. He began business in Philadelphia as an importing merchant, and the firm of Joshua Fisher & Sons was one of the well known houses in Philadelphia engaged in foreign trade. The name of the firm,



MIERS FISHER
(1748-1819)

My Great-grandfather.

From a Sharpless portrait now in the
possession of his great-granddaughter
Lydia Fisher Warner.



SARAH REDWOOD FISHER
(1755-1847)

My Great-grandmother.

From a Sharpless portrait now in the
possession of her great-granddaughter
Lydia Fisher Warner

presumably in the handwriting of Joshua Fisher himself, can be seen to this day in the list of the signers of the Non-Importation Agreement (entered into by the merchants of Philadelphia just prior to the American Revolution), which hangs in Independence Hall, on Chestnut above Fifth.

His frequent voyages between Lewistown and Philadelphia had made him very familiar with Delaware Bay, and he constructed a chart of the Bay which is still extant, and a copy of which can be found in the Library of the Town of Newark, Delaware. This very copy of the map was recently (1894) advertised for sale in New York, and it was a great disappointment to my mother, upon sending to the shop indicated in the advertisement, to find that it had just been sold. Fortunately, however, it has gone into safe hands by being deposited in the Newark Library.

Joshua Fisher was evidently at home upon the sea, for it is stated in the Memoirs of H. L. S., his grand-daughter, that it was at the instance of James Logan (secretary of William Penn, Chief Justice and later governor of Pennsylvania) that "Joshua Fisher was the first to take to sea and experiment upon the quadrant, then recently invented by Godfrey, but now (1835) bearing the name of Hadley."

His first residence in Philadelphia was on Walnut, between Front and Second Streets, while his warehouse was on the bank below Walnut Street, overlooking the Delaware River. In 1757 he built a house for himself on Front below Walnut, with his warehouse back of the dwelling. It was in the first mentioned house that my great-grandfather, Miers Fisher, was born in the year 1748.



URY HOUSE

As it appeared in the time of Miers Fisher after the addition, on the right, built by him about the year 1795, and as it appears today. —From a photograph taken in 1927. The original Ury tract of land was about 100 acres in extent. (See letters in the Addenda on pages 56-61).

Joshua Fisher also built for himself a country place called "The Cliffs" on the east bank of the Schuylkill, about a mile from the present dam at Fairmount. The house is still standing and is now within the limits of Fairmount Park. In going from Philadelphia to New York, it can be seen to the left just as one crosses the railroad bridge.

Joshua Fisher's father was Thomas Fisher, born in England in 1669. He lived in Delaware, or the "Lower Counties", as they were originally called before Delaware became separated from Pennsylvania, and was secretary to the Governor of those Counties, and otherwise much employed by William Penn and his sons in the settlement of the province. Thomas Fisher was the son of John Fisher, the emigrant, who came over to Philadelphia with William Penn on his first voyage in October, 1682, in the ship "Welcome". In her Memoir of the Fisher Family, whence I gather these details, H. L. S. states that she copies from a manuscript in the handwriting of her grandfather, Joshua Fisher, the following:

"My grandfather, John Fisher, removed from Clithero, in Lancashire, Old England, in the year 1682, with all his children, to Philadelphia; was in good esteem among Friends, and of competent worldly substance."

Then follows an account of his children and the various family connections.

In the above short account of the ancestry of my mother on both her father's and mother's side, I have included only the direct male line in each case, as I fear otherwise the recital would be too long. I refer any of her descendants who



WILLIAM REDWOOD
(1726-1815)

of Newport, Rhode Island, and of Philadelphia.

The father of Sarah Redwood Fisher, and my Great-great-grandfather.

From a portrait (location and artist to me unknown) given to my brother James Cresson Parrish in 1890 by our cousin Sally Lewis (née Warner) who was a great-granddaughter of William Redwood. This picture was given to me by my brother James.

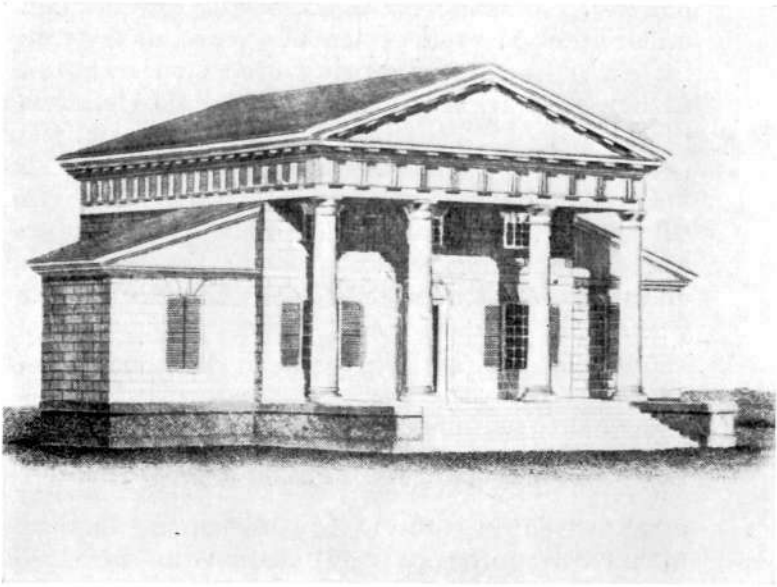


WILLIAM REDWOOD, JR.
(1734-1784)

Son of the Founder of the Redwood Library, and nephew and namesake of William Redwood, my Great-great-grandfather. From a portrait by Gilbert Stuart which now hangs on the walls of the Redwood Library at Newport, Rhode Island.

may wish to make further inquiries, to the Dawson Family Records for an account of the various members of the Longstreth Family and their intermarriages, and to the Rodman Book, Fisher Book and to the Family Memoirs of Hannah Logan Smith, for a more detailed history of the Fisher Family and its numerous connections. The Dawson Family Records, were compiled by Charles C. Dawson and printed in 1874 at Albany, New York, by Joel Munsell. The Genealogy of the Rodman Family was compiled with great care and thoroughness in 1886, by Charles Henry Jones, of the Philadelphia Bar. Some copies of it contain excellent portraits of my mother's grandfather, Miers Fisher, and his wife, Sarah Redwood Fisher. These portraits were inserted at the instance of my cousin, Redwood Fisher Warner, their grandson, in the copies which were distributed among the members of the Fisher Family. Also in the Fisher Book. The Memoirs of H. L. S., written for her children and published in 1839 for circulation among her relatives, are of the greatest interest, reflecting as they do, in the copies of family letters, Minutes of various Monthly Meetings, and other documents, together with the pious sentiments of the author, the serene spirit which has been such a distinguishing feature in the lives of so many members of the Society of Friends from the earliest days of the Society to the present time.

In regard to the earliest childhood of my mother, there is naturally little of interest to record. At the age of seven she, with her older sister, Esther, was sent to a well known French boarding school in Philadelphia, kept by Madame Fretageot. The house is still standing, and is



THE REDWOOD LIBRARY

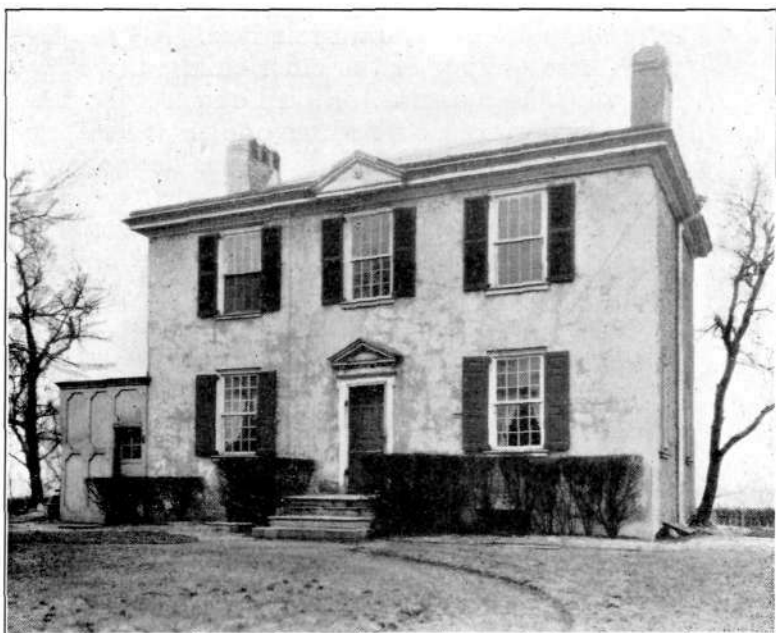
Founded at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1747 by
Abraham Redwood (1709-1788).

The above picture represents the building as it appeared in
1750, and is taken from a sketch in the "Annals of the
Redwood Library and Athenaeum" by George Champlin
Mason.

now 1205 Walnut Street. Here she was taught music and the French language which was the every day language of the pupils. She remained here for nearly four years, and at the end of this time she spoke French fluently and retained a knowledge of the language during the rest of her life. Madame Fretageot seems to have had an original method of teaching, as books were little used, the teaching being almost entirely oral, and mental arithmetic was one of the features of the school. While my mother was here, the Marquis de Lafayette revisited America in 1825 and visited the school of his countrywoman. On this occasion all the pupils were presented to and shook hands with the distinguished visitor, an event well remembered by my mother in after years.

That she should have enjoyed the advantages of such a school proves very clearly that her parents had concluded to give her a more liberal education than the schools of the Society of Friends afforded. In this it would seem that her mother was only following the line of conduct of her own father, Miers Fisher, who, we have seen, must have mingled more freely with the world in the practice of his profession as a lawyer than was usual with the stricter members of the Society. The life of my grandfather, Samuel Longstreth, would presumably have influenced him in the same direction, and though these reflections only occur to me definitely now, I can readily see that the training of her children was influenced by these, my mother's early associations.

In 1826, when my mother was twelve years of age, occurred the death of her father. This was followed, about eighteen months later, by



THE CLIFFS

The country place of my Great-great-grandfather
JOSHUA FISHER
(1707-1783)

The house, of stone construction, was built for him in 1743 and stands on the east bank of the Schuylkill River, about one mile above the Fairmount Dam. Directly opposite, across the river, stands the brick house of William Penn, removed from Letitia Court in Philadelphia. Both houses now belong to the City of Philadelphia, being within the limits of Fairmount Park.

the death of her mother. Thus a family of seven children, the eldest only fifteen years of age, was left without its natural caretakers. Instead of attempting to keep the family together, it was thought wiser that they should be brought up in the families of different relatives. My mother, with three or four of the older children, went to live with their uncle, Joshua Longstreth, whose house was next door to the one in which they were all born, and which has been hereinbefore described. While this house was her home until she was married, she passed a little less than two years, between the death of her mother and her marriage, at the boarding school in Wilmington, Delaware, of "Master" Eli Hilles, as he was always called, and Martha Hilles, his wife. These school days were a happy period, and here in Wilmington was begun a friendship which continued throughout her life with the daughter of Eli Hilles, Miss Elizabeth Hilles, who still lives to mourn her friend. (This account seems to have been written in 1895, or 1896—S. L. P.)

It was on the 24th, of June, 1835, that my mother was married to my father, Dr. Isaac Parrish, the son of Dr. Joseph Parrish. My grandfather and father were living on Arch Street, above Third, both practicing their profession of medicine, my grandfather at that time at the height of his activity and usefulness as one of the best and most favorably known physicians in Philadelphia. A Memoir of his life and services, written just after his death in 1840 by Dr. George B. Wood, and delivered before the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Philadelphia, will prove most interesting to any of his descendants. The Memoir was printed by order of the College, and copies of it are to be found

among the relatives of the family, as well as in the Collegiate records. A portrait of Dr. Joseph Parrish now hangs in the Hall of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 23d Street, Philadelphia, and one of his son, Isaac (my father), at Wills Hospital, Philadelphia.

My mother's marriage took place in Friends' Meeting House on Cherry Street, below Fifth, and the wedding reception was given at the house of her cousin by marriage, Richard Price, who, during the absence in Europe of his father-in-law, Joshua Longstreth, had come into the possession of the latter's house, on Arch, above Fifth, heretofore described. As my great-uncle, Joshua, was the central figure of the Longstreth family for the period of three generations, and as I remember him very well, a few words in regard to him may not be inappropriate.

He was born in 1775 and therefore a British subject, as he was accustomed to state with some pride, and was, therefore, at the time of my mother's marriage, sixty years of age. He had come to Philadelphia as a young man from Bucks County, near Philadelphia, where he was born. His father, Joseph Longstreth, the son of the emigrant Bartholomew, seems to have been content to live on the patrimony inherited from his father. Joshua, however, it would appear, was of a more ambitious nature, and when comparatively a young man had amassed a considerable fortune, and at the time of my mother's marriage had retired from active business. He still continued, however, a man of affairs, and up to the time of his death, and I know not how many years previous thereto, was a director in the Philadelphia Bank. I well remember an engraved vignette of him which was printed on the bank-



JOSHUA LONGSTRETH
(1775-1869)

My Great-uncle.

Enlarged from a vignette engraved on the bank notes
of the Philadelphia Bank, of which, for many years,
he was a Director.



BARCLAY HALL

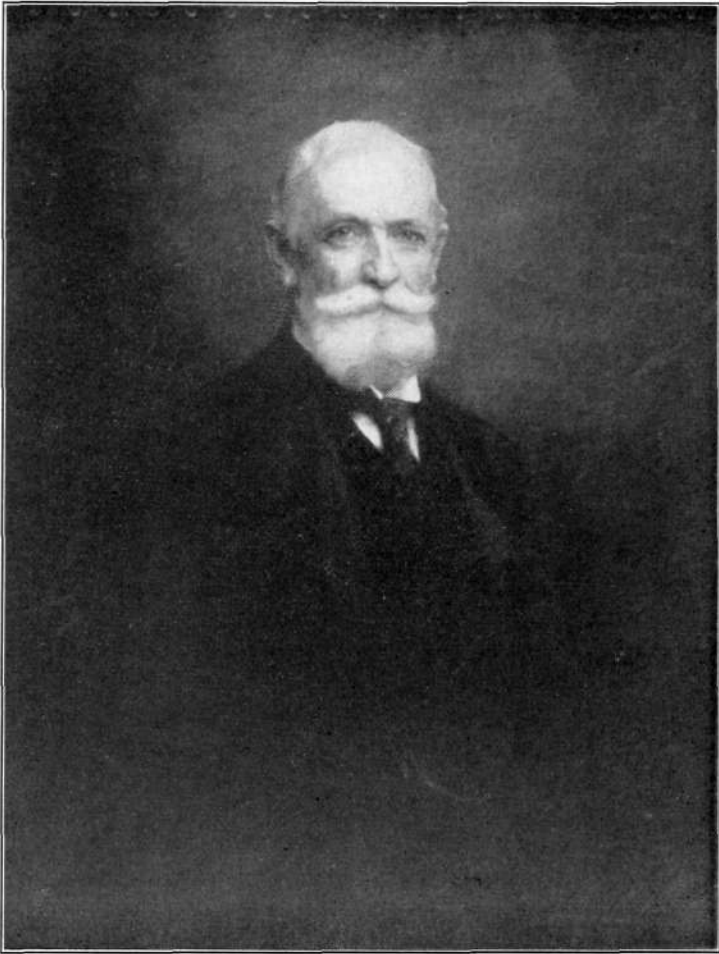
Country place of Joshua Longstreth.

On the piazza are my great-uncle Joshua (seated), my uncle George Dillwyn Parrish, and his daughter Lydia—standing on the steps below are "Dick" and "Aleck", faithful colored coachman and butler, inseparably associated, for many years, with my memories of Barclay Hall.

notes of the Philadelphia Bank. It was from this vignette that was taken the likeness of him which appears in the Dawson Family Records, and I have a copy of this portrait in my Family Room at Southampton.

He lived in the house on Arch, above Fifth, up to the time of his visit abroad in 1835. At that time foreign travel was, of course, much more unusual than at present. He doubtless had many interesting experiences to relate upon his return, but the only one that I remember, as having been told to me by some of his descendants, was an account of an audience with the Pope in Rome, Gregory XVI.

Upon his return from Europe in 1836, after a year spent in travel, he made a permanent home of his country place in the immediate neighborhood of Philadelphia, an estate of about ten acres. This place was purchased by him in 1830 and was called Barclay Hall, being named after Robert Barclay, one of the best known members of the Society of Friends in the earlier days of the Society in Scotland, an episode in whose career has been made the subject of one of John G. Whittier's well known poems. Barclay Hall was situated on what in my early days was known as Turner's Lane, out Broad Street, about three miles to the north of the present Philadelphia City Hall. The old site of Barclay Hall is now (1895) closely built up with two and three story brick houses, and no vestige of the old place remains. In the late Fifties, when I first remember it, and all through the Sixties, it was surrounded by open country. To us of the then younger generation, a visit to Barclay Hall was always looked forward to with the greatest interest. The place, as I remember



My Brother

JAMES CRESSON PARRISH
(1840-1926)

From a portrait painted in Vienna in 1902 by Sir
Philip de Laszlo, M.V.O. The portrait now hangs in
the Parrish Memorial Art Museum, at Southampton,
L. I.



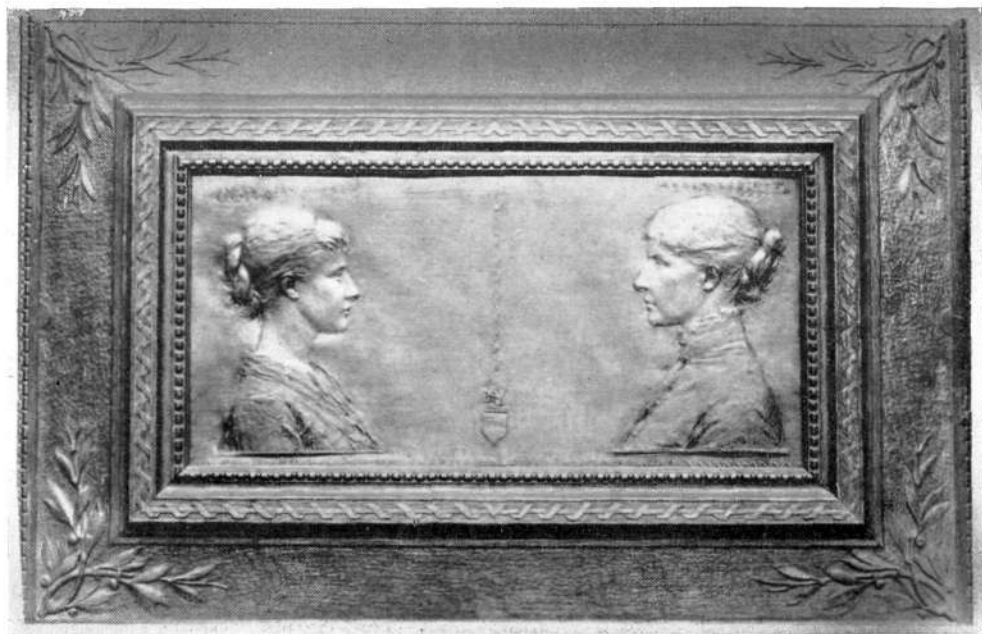
My Sister

HELEN LEE
(1842-1925)

From a photograph in my possession at
Southampton, L. I.

it, had a certain air of old time stateliness, and I apprehend would still retain that air even when brought into comparison with the much finer and grander country places that have sprung up about Philadelphia in the last twenty years. The house was of brick, with a coating of stucco. From recollection I should say that it was about seventy-five feet wide. The enclosure in front of the house was laid out in the old-fashioned style with long box-bordered gravel walks. A brook ran through the property some hundred feet away from the house. At the back of the house was also an enclosure containing, among other things, a dovecote and greenhouses, with a stable on the left beyond. I can still see the ring-doves and hear their cooing in the cote, and I can remember the oranges as they hung from the trees in the greenhouses. The cultivation of flowers was one of the principal sources of interest to my uncle throughout his life, and visitors to Barclay Hall were nearly always presented with a bouquet upon their departure. Nearby, beyond the limits of the Barclay Hall grounds, was a large clump of trees, known as Kohne's Woods. In the centre of the wood was an oldtime mansion.

In this, his country home, my Uncle Joshua dispensed an interesting and various hospitality. When I first remember him he must have been about eighty years of age, but in excellent health, with the promise of many years of life before him, and this promise was fulfilled, for he died in 1869 in his ninety-fourth year. He long outlived his children, but there was a large circle of grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, together with a number of nieces and nephews, with their children. The great day at Barclay



My Niece
SARAH REDWOOD LEE

My Sister
HELEN LEE

From a bas relief of mother and daughter in bronze, modeled by Augustus St. Gaudens, N.A., in 1882. The original is in the possession of my nephew Dr. Thomas Sim Lee.

In the Family Room of the Art Museum at Southampton is a replica, given to me by my late brother-in-law, Dr. Charles Carroll Lee.

Hall was Sunday when the family, direct and collateral, often with other guests, would gather around the dinner table to the number, at times, of perhaps twenty. The dinner hour was two-o'clock in the afternoon.

Uncle Joshua was not a great reader of books, but always kept up with the times. He retained the full possession of his faculties up to the time of his death. His wife had died in the year 1848, but there was generally some collateral member of the family who lived with him, and looked after the house. Nearly every day, after walking about the place, he would be driven in the old Dearborn wagon at about ten o'clock in the morning to his counting-house in Philadelphia, which was situated in what was then called Church Alley, which ran by the side of old Christ Church, from Second to Third, above Market Street. It was in this Church that Washington and many other dignitaries of Philadelphia in the old times had their pews. After some time spent in the City, Uncle Joshua would return to Barclay Hall, and then in the evening, as he sat in the parlor, some member of the family would read to him the news of the day, generally from the Public Ledger. This became one of the recognized duties of whatever member of the family might be living in the house or making a visit as the case might be.

After his death in 1869, the Barclay Hall estate was sold and cut up into building lots. Its present site is in the neighborhood of Nineteenth and Norris Streets. Uncle Joshua used to say that the contemplated continuation of Nineteenth Street would cut off the corner of his library, and for the last three or four years of his life this threatened extension of the street was to him a



My Sister

SARAH REDWOOD SETON
(1844-1895)

From a photograph in my possession at
Southampton.

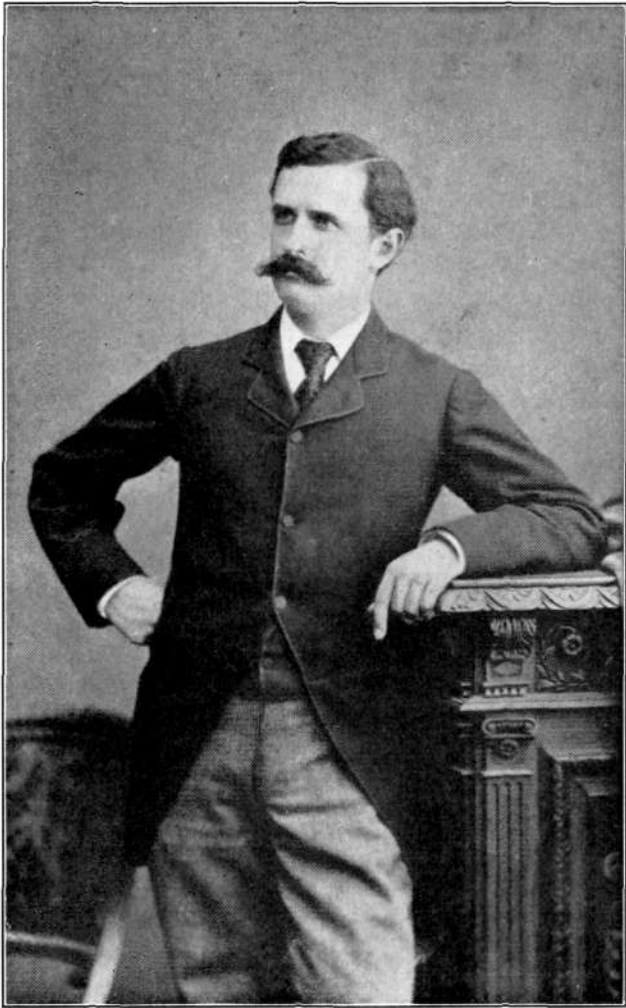
source of anxiety, but fortunately for the peace of his declining years no actual invasion of the estate took place until after his death.

After my mother's marriage in 1835, my father and she lived in a house on Arch, above Fifth, just opposite to the house in which she was born. There were born Hetty Longstreth Parrish in 1836; Joshua Longstreth Parrish in 1838; James Cresson Parrish in 1840; Helen Parrish in 1842; Sarah Redwood Parrish in 1844; and Isaac Parrish, Jr. in 1846.

A year or two after my mother's marriage, her grandmother, Sarah Redwood Fisher, became a member of the family and continued so for several years. Sarah Redwood was born in 1755 in Newport, Rhode Island. Her father was William Redwood, who was the half brother of Abraham Redwood, the founder of the Redwood Library at Newport. This library, one of the oldest in the United States, founded in 1747, still remains to attest the public spirit of its founder, and on the library walls can still be seen the old-time portraits of the founder and that of my mother's great-grandfather, William Redwood.

For an account of the Redwood Library of Newport, R. I., see "Annals of the Redwood Library and Athenaeum," by George Champlin Mason, in which volume can be found an account of the Redwood family.

William Redwood removed to Philadelphia from Newport in 1772, bringing with him his two daughters, Sarah and Hannah. I have heard my mother say that it was a tradition in the family that they were known in Philadelphia as the "Rhode Island beauties," and the Sharpless portrait of my great-grandmother, taken in the maturity of her life at the same time as that of



My Brother
MIERS FISHER PARRISH
(1852-1882)

From a photograph taken in Venice, two or
three years before his death, in my possession
at Southampton.

her husband, Miers Fisher, would certainly indicate the truth of the tradition. The originals of these portraits belong to my cousin, Sally Lewis, their granddaughter, but photographs are to be found among the other descendants. The combined strength, sweetness and beauty of the face of Sarah Redwood Fisher have been with me a very continuous source of admiration from my earliest days. She came to live in Philadelphia at the age of seventeen. Her future husband was at that time twenty-four years of age, and they were married two years later, in the year 1774. It would seem that they took a more active part in the social life of the City than was usual among Friends, for a few months after their marriage we hear of them through the diary of John Adams, of Massachusetts, as having entertained him at a dinner in a manner that evidently gave him great satisfaction. In his diary, an extract from which can be found in the Rodman Book, page 56, he writes:

"We dined with Mr. Miers Fisher, a young Quaker and a lawyer. We saw his library which is clever, but this plain Friend, with his plain, though pretty, wife, with her Thees and Thous, had provided us the most costly entertainment," etc. (Here follows a detailed list of the wines and dishes served). (The table on which this elaborate repast was served is now in my possession in the Family Room of the Museum at Southampton, L. I., having been bequeathed to me by my cousin, Sally Lewis (née Warner), who was a granddaughter of Miers Fisher, and therefore a first cousin of my mother. At this table during the Colonial period and later, after the war of the Revolution was over, my great grandfather enter-



MIERS FISHER PARRISH

From a portrait bust in bronze modeled
from a death mask by Louis St. Gau-
dens in 1882. The original is in my
possession and is in the Family
Room of the Museum at
Southampton.

tained various dignitaries who were either residents of or visitors to Philadelphia, among others General George Washington and Benjamin Franklin. Now in the possession of my cousin, Lydia Warner, is a Sharpless portrait of George Washington, given by him to Miers Fisher).

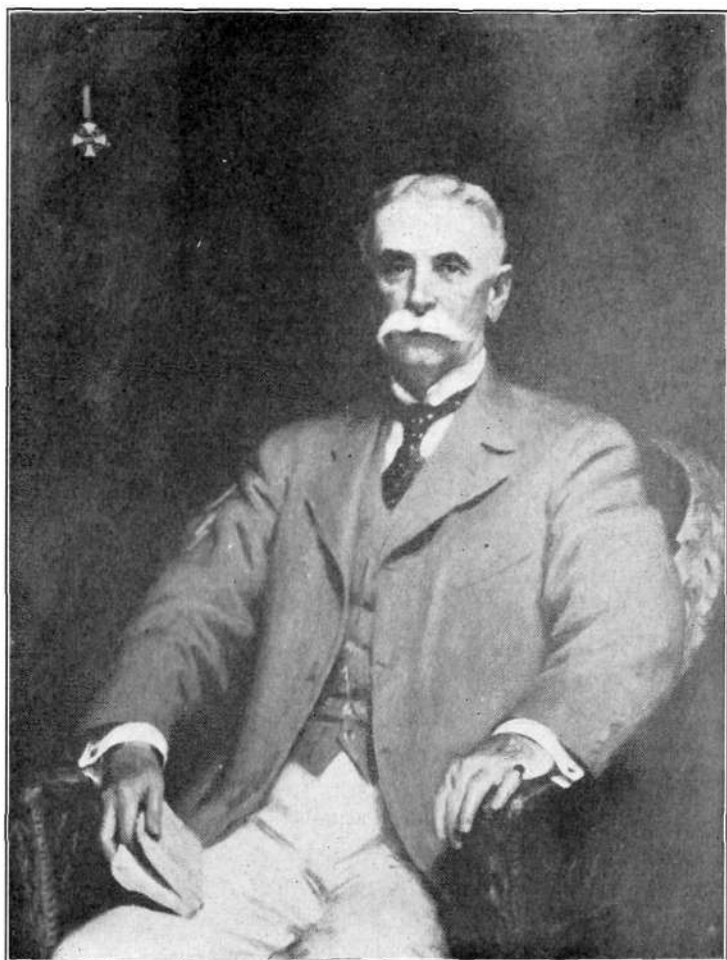
This was a stirring period in our Colonial life, and John Adams must have been in Philadelphia as a member of the First Continental Congress, which took place in 1774, in Carpenter's Hall, just off of Chestnut Street, between Third and Fourth.

That the young Quaker lawyer of twenty-six should be taking an active part in the larger social life of his time would indicate that he had already made himself felt during the five years that he had been admitted to the Philadelphia bar. He had studied law in the office of Chief Justice Chew, and was admitted to practice in the year 1769.

Hannah Redwood, the younger sister of Sarah, married Charles Wharton, and from them are descended numerous members of the Wharton family of Philadelphia who are our cousins in various degrees.

Of the sixteen children of Miers and Sarah Redwood Fisher nearly all died young, descendants surviving only to Redwood Fisher: Lydia Fisher (who married Benjamin Warner); my grandmother, Sarah Redwood Fisher (who married Samuel Longstreth); Hannah Fisher, who married William Price, and the youngest son, Jabez Maud Fisher, who was born in 1801 and died in 1876.

The only one I ever knew was Uncle Jabez. Him I knew well, and he was often at our house



SAMUEL LONGSTRETH PARRISH

From a portrait painted in 1913 by
William T. Smedley, N.A. The portrait now hangs in
the Parrish Art Museum at Southampton.

throughout my boyhood and early manhood. Uncle Jabez was eighteen years of age at the time of his father's death, and being fond of anecdote and having a retentive memory, had much information which came directly from his father. The relations between my mother and her uncle were those of affectionate interest. His wife had died in 1866, and his children, with whom from time to time we were much thrown, had become scattered, so that with the exception of a year or two spent by him in Europe with his son, Morton C. Fisher, in the early Seventies, he was a constant visitor at our house both in South 17th Street and South 22nd Street during the last years of his life.

His early youth had been spent at Ury, his father's country home. Ury was and is situated on the Pine Road near the village of Foxchase, some miles outside of Philadelphia. An account of it will be found in Townsend Ward's "Second Street and the Second Street Road, and their Associations." It was bought and improved by Miers Fisher in 1795, and it was he who gave it the name of Ury, after the well-known seat of Robert Barclay in Scotland, to whom I have before referred in writing of Barclay Hall.

Of Ury my Uncle Jabez has related to me with zest certain anecdotes with reference to a visit of the two grandsons (or great grandsons) of William Penn, who passed some time in this country at the end of the last century (the 18th century). Evidently the Quaker spirit had not descended into the third generation, for the young men seem to have been possessed of ardent temperments and to have made things very lively in the Ury household. From the account of Uncle Jabez, they were evidently not teetotallers.



SAMUEL LONGSTRETH PARRISH

From a portrait bust in bronze, modeled from life in 1922 by his friend Hermon A. MacNeil, N.A. The original is in the Art Museum at Southampton.

Grandma Fisher lived to an advanced age and died in 1847. From all I can learn her character and disposition endeared her throughout her life to all those who were in any way associated with her. I have always understood that my father, though her junior by fifty-six years, was particularly devoted to her.

It was about 1848 that my mother and father removed to the house on Arch Street below Fifth on the north side of the way. In this house I was born in 1849 (February 28.) Just opposite to our house was, and still remains, the Christ Church burying ground. In this cemetery, very near the sidewalk, are buried Benjamin Franklin and his wife. So many people were interested in seeing the grave of this great philosopher, that some time in the Sixties, my cousin by marriage, Richard Price, with the consent of course of the cemetery authorities, had the high brick wall torn down for a distance of ten or twelve feet along the sidewalk, and replaced by an iron grating, so that the passer-by could view Franklin's grave without the annoyance of obtaining the keys of the cemetery.

My father was actively engaged in the practice of his profession, and though at the time of my birth under forty years of age, had already made for himself an enviable name, and seemed to have before him every prospect of a long and useful life.

But this was not to be. In July, 1852, occurred the illness of my father, and also of my brother Joshua.

Joshua was in the country passing his vacation on the farm of a friend in Lancaster County, near a little town called Christiana. My mother was summoned to his bedside when it became



OXMEAD

The home of my Great-grandfather John Cox
(1754-1847)

The house, constructed with red, picturesquely interspersed with black, bricks, was built for him in 1792, and was continuously occupied by him and his wife, Ann (Dillwyn) Cox, until his death in 1847. In 1852 the place was bought by his grandson George Dillwyn Parrish. From a water color sketch now in the possession of Morris Longstreth Parrish.

evident that his illness must prove fatal. She could not, however, be with him at the time of his death, for the illness of my father called her to our home in Philadelphia, where she arrived in season to be with her husband only a short time before his death. Father and son, thus separated, died on the same day, July 31st, 1852, my father in his forty-second year, and my brother Joshua in his fourteenth year. They lie buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. A memoir of the life and services of my father was written by Dr. Samuel Jackson and read before the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Printed copies are to be found among members of the family and in the Collegiate records. Four months after my father's death, was born my brother, Miers Fisher Parrish.

Here then was a situation which recalled the circumstances attending the death of my grandfather, Samuel Longstreth, in 1826. Again were seven children left without the care of a father, of ages almost identical with the preceding generation. Fortunately, however, for us her children, the similarity of circumstance was carried no further, for to us was given the inestimable blessing of our mother's long life and example and loving care which surrounded each one of us for the forty-three years that she was spared to us after our father's death.

It was in the summer of 1853 that we occupied for the first time a cottage on the Oxmead roadside, about three miles from Burlington, New Jersey. This cottage was built for mother by my uncle, George Dillwyn Parrish, my father's younger brother. Uncle George had then recently come into the possession of Oxmead itself, a family place, the house having been built by my



OXMEAD

In 1859 the house was much enlarged by my uncle George
(1820-1871)

In the years 1880 and 1881, shortly before the purchase of the place by my brother James from his uncle's estate, the unoccupied house was leased by me, and our family passed two socially active summers there. The above photograph, showing the 1859 addition in the rear of the house, was taken during the Xmas holidays of 1880-81, the family group being composed of my mother, brother Miers, and myself.

great-grandfather, John Cox, in 1792. Upon his death in 1847 it descended to his daughter Susanna, who had married my grandfather, Dr. Joseph Parrish, in 1808. For two or three summers it was occupied by different members of the family until my Uncle George bought it from his mother's estate and became the sole owner in the year 1852.

Around Oxmead cling all the memories of our childhood connected with life in the country. When we first went to live in the cottage, Miers was about six months old and I was a little over four years of age. I remember distinctly the pleasure of being in the country, and sitting in the middle of the sandy and almost untravelled road, and allowing the sand almost by the hour to run through my fingers. We lived in this cottage for seven summers, and as children enjoyed the pleasures of the country and had the benefits of that kind of education that can be obtained only by living in the country in a simple and natural way.

The original Oxmead as purchased by my great grandfather from Governor Jennings of New Jersey was a farm of one hundred and sixty, later two hundred and twelve acres. On this he had built a substantial brick house in which he lived the year 'round. A certain dignity of character seems to have been, from what I have heard of him, one of his distinguishing features, and he was greatly respected in the neighborhood. He was one of the "pillars" of the old Friends' Meeting House in Burlington. The first wife of my great grandfather, John Cox, was Hannah Logan Smith, a granddaughter of James Logan, Secretary of William Penn, and later Colonial Governor of Pennsylvania. Grandfather Cox's second

wife, my great grandmother, was Ann Dillwyn, sister of George and William Dillwyn. The Dillwyn family is Welsh and well known in that country. During my early life Lewis Llewelyn Dillwyn, a relative, was the "Father" of the British House of Commons.

When Uncle George came into possession of the property, all the farming features were still actively continued and even much extended. Uncle George was carrying on in Philadelphia, at 312 Chestnut Street, an extensive wholesale business as an importer of dry goods from England and France. Interest in the farm became his great relaxation from the many cares of business. So far as his other responsibilities would permit, he assumed a general supervision of the farming operations, but always with some practical farmer in his employ who could look after the details. There were two other adjoining farms of about the same size and in very much the same condition, called respectively "Okanikon" and "Green Hill." The latter had for a time belonged to my grandfather, Dr. Joseph Parrish, who bought it for one of his sons. Both these farms were purchased by Uncle George some time in the Sixties. At the time we were living in the cottage they were in the hands of other owners.

The result of Uncle George's interest in farming was that we as children had an opportunity during the summer of being in the midst of a certain activity which was somewhat different from the usual stagnation of the ordinary farm life. As I look back at it, there was a life and spirit in the whole scene, and I can appreciate now what I was too young to take in then, namely, that it was really the spirit of my Uncle George

making itself felt on the farm just as he had made it felt in his regular business in Philadelphia, where, by his unaided efforts, he had established himself, while still a young man, as the head of a successful importing house.

As a result of his interest in the development of the place, many additions were made to the house itself, as well as to the other buildings, and the farm also was much improved. When we first lived in the cottage on the road, Oxmead was pretty much as it had been in my grandfather's time. It was in 1859 that a winding entrance was made to the place with a substantial brick lodge at the gateway, instead of the old-fashioned straight lane, which was, however, retained as another entrance to the place, and became the shortest and oft-travelled road between the cottage occupied by us and Oxmead itself, for between the two families there always existed the closest tie. My aunt, Sarah Longstreth Parrish, Uncle George's wife, was my mother's cousin as well as her sister-in-law. Her father was Richard Price, who married a daughter of Joshua Longstreth. (Some time after the death of my uncle George, Oxmead was purchased from his estate by my brother James, who owned it up to the time of his death in 1926. His children then sold it to Morris L. Parrish, the only surviving son of my uncle George.—S. L. P.)

Oxmead stood back from the road about one thousand feet, the house itself but partly seen, though on a hill, on account of the trees. The reminiscences of childhood crowd upon the memory in looking back upon these early years when the mind is so receptive of impressions. Our relations with the country boys in the locality, the

farmers' sons, were simple and natural. We played hunk-a-dee together in the barn, went with them to the country blacksmith's shop to get the horses shod, and were taught how to plant corn and beans, being brought into close contact with the everyday life of a farm.

It was in the autumn of 1856 that we moved from the house by the roadside to Oxmead itself, and there passed the winter, and it was at this time that I have the first distinct recollection of my brother Miers, a handsome, rosy cheeked boy, with black hair and eyes, then a little over four years of age. I can see him now, all muffled up, pulling away at his sled in the snow.

In the autumn of 1858 we took a house on Sixteenth Street above Chestnut. It was from one of the windows in this house that I remember very well, at the age of eleven, watching the grand procession given in honor of Abraham Lincoln, just after his first election to the presidency in the autumn of 1860, but before he had assumed the duties of his office. He was, so to speak, making a progress through the Eastern States to make the acquaintance of the people but few of whom had ever seen him before. His homely face and spare figure are before me now as he drove by the house in an open landau, bowing somewhat awkwardly to the multitude who lined and filled the streets, and who received him with great enthusiasm.

My narrative breaks off somewhat abruptly at the above point, but may be continued later.

S. L. P.

Southampton, Long Island
November 1, 1927



The house in Southampton, Long Island (built in 1889) in which my mother died on September 4th, 1895. The house, through me, is still (1928) in the possession of the family.

ADDENDA

REMINISCENCE OF OXMEAD

In relating various personal associations with Oxmead one of the grandchildren of John Cox, many years ago, wrote as follows:

"Our grandfather's anniversary dinner, occurring on the 23rd of Second Month (February), was a memorable occasion. A famous plum pudding, served on the old dish which had descended from Admiral Sir William Penn, formed the chief of the desert—(Admiral Penn's dish came into grandfather's possession through his first wife, who was a granddaughter of James Logan, the private Secretary of William Penn.)"

James Logan (1674-1751) represented the Proprietary interests of the Penn Family and later became Colonial Governor and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

[The following letters explain themselves]

THE REDWOOD FAMILY

Redwood Library and Athenaeum,
Newport, Rhode Island.

November 8, 1927.

Mr. S. L. Parrish,

Dear Sir:—

Your letter received this A. M., and I think the following will answer it:

"William Redwood, son of Abraham and Patience (Howland) Redwood, was born at Salem, Mass., Dec. 21, 1726, died January 16, 1815. He married first, Hannah Holmes of Newport, R. I., Nov. 7, 1754, and had children, 1—Sarah, born Dec. 18, 1755, died August 14, 1847. She married Miers Fisher of Philadelphia, Feb. 17, 1774."

The above information is found in the "Newport Historical Magazine", volume I (Redwood Genealogy).

We have in the library a portrait of William Redwood, but it is the son of Abraham and not his half brother. The portrait is the work of Gilbert Stuart.

Trusting that this information will help you, I am

Very respectfully yours,

Ada E. Gosling,
Assistant Librarian.

Redwood Library,
Newport, R. I.

Nov. 12, 1927.

Mr. S. L. Parrish,

Dear Sir:—

The genealogy of the Redwoods contained no statement as to the place where William Redwood died. Since writing you I came across a paragraph that will no doubt interest you. I am copying it for you:

“William Redwood, son of Abraham, and brother of Abraham who founded the Redwood Library, lived on Bridge Street, in what is now known as the Boss house. It was built by Samuel Holmes in 1745. Holmes was a wealthy merchant, with large commercial relations, chiefly in Africa. William Redwood married his daughter Hannah. At the death of Holmes the property came into the possession of the Redwoods, who resided there till after the Revolution, when they removed to Philadelphia, where their descendants still reside.”

From

“Reminiscences of Newport”

by

George Champlin Mason.

By the above paragraph I should think that Philadelphia would in all probability be the city where William Redwood died.

Very respectfully yours,

Ada E. Gosling, Assistant Librarian.

[William Redwood and his family came to Philadelphia **before** and not **after** the Revolution.
S. L. P.]

Redwood Library,
Newport, R. I.

Nov. 17, 1927.

Mr. S. L. Parrish,

Dear Sir:—

Your letter of November fifteenth, with picture received. I have searched the library and have inquired at the Newport Historical Society without finding anything to give the slightest clue about it.

I am returning your picture and with it I am sending a copy of the portrait of William Redwood, son of the Founder.

About the old house, I will write later.

Very respectfully yours,

Ada E. Gosling,
Assistant Librarian.

[The above letter refers to the portrait of William Redwood, Jr. which appears in the foregoing pages.]

S. L. P.

Redwood Library,
Newport, R. I.

Nov. 28, 1927.

Mr. S. L. Parrish,

Dear Sir:—

Your letter of November twenty-fifth received. In answer to it I find that there is a difference in the dates given by different authorities.

The genealogy of the Redwood Family gives neither the date of his birth nor death.

"The Annals of the Redwood Library" gives his birth as 1709 and death March 13, 1788.

"Biographical Cyclopedia of Representative Men of Rhode Island" gives the birth as 1710 and death 1788.

"Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography": birth, 1709; death, March 6, 1788.

Catalogue of pictures in the Redwood Library gives the date of birth 1709, death 1788.

Very respectfully yours,

Ada E. Gosling,
Assistant Librarian.

[The above letter refers to Abraham Redwood the Founder of the Library.]

S. L. P.

MIERS FISHER AND "URY"

Office of the Librarian
The Historical Society of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

November 5, 1927.

Mr. Samuel Longstreth Parrish,
Hotel New Weston,
34 East 50th Street,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the third addressed to the Secretary of this Society was handed to me. Miers Fisher was a very well known character in Philadelphia. He occupied a country residence on the Pine Road to the eastward of Fox Chase, which was called "Ury". The former name of the place was "Scotland". He read law in the office of Chief Justice Chew, my great-great-grandfather. He was one of the exiles sent to Virginia with the great-grandfather of my former wife, who was a Miss Gilpin. The old house may have been changed somewhat by him, but it dates back to the time of the Swedes * * *. It is mentioned in Townsend Ward's article in the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, Volume 4, page 410.

I have never known which house in Fairmount is called "The Cliffs". It is mentioned several times in the recollections of Joshua Gilpin and also in his trip to Bethlehem. * * * The William

Penn house, which you speak of, was removed in its entirety from Letitia Court. It was built for William Penn's daughter. Letitia Court ran from Chestnut Street to Market, and was between Front Street and Second.

Very truly yours,

Thos. L. Montgomery,
Librarian.

[The Crawford family of Philadelphia have been for many years, and are now, the owners of "Ury". The following extracts from letters from Miss Crawford to me explain themselves.]

H. J. C.
Sergeant Hall
34th and Chestnut Streets
Philadelphia, Pa.

Nov. 24, 1927.

My Dear Mr. Parrish:

* * * I am sending to you under separate cover several additional views of "Ury" which, though crude, might be softened by reproduction into something possible for your book. * * * Apropos of Washington having supper in the reception hall at Ury House. My grandmother many times told me of the time during her first year at "Ury", when a wonderful little gig drew up under the porte-cochere and out stepped a dear old lady, who asked to see the spot where Washington had dined. She remembered the occasion perfectly. It was in June and the strawberries from the garden were unusually fine, but in the excitement of serving General Washington, salt instead of sugar had been handed, to the great embarrassment of the hostess! So undoubtedly Washington did dine from your table when at "Ury". * * *

Yours Sincerely,

H. Joan Crawford.



URY HOUSE

The country place of my Great-grandfather

MIERS FISHER
(1748-1819)

The house, of stone construction covered with stucco, is situated some miles outside of the City of Philadelphia, beyond the Village of Foxchase. In this house Miers Fisher entertained General George Washington.

[Under the date of December 4th, 1927, Miss Crawford writes me the following most interesting account of "Ury" which seems to have come into the possession of the Crawford family about the year 1840, through the purchase of the place by her grandfather, Stephen Rowan Crawford.]

"My dear Mr. Parrish:

My grandmother always described Ury as having been built by the Swedes in 1640. Swedes, who had come out from Sweden to join the Swedish Colony in Delaware, having lost their way coming up the Delaware River in their boat, came up the Pennypack Creek, and built a fort on the first high ground, i. e., Ury—We had support for this theory in the iron fire brick which stood by the front door for many years, and bore the Coat of Arms of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

As a child I remember the "Old Swedes Hall" with an oven built into the wall, and the old forge in the cellar—This was torn out later, unfortunately, to provide the family with a more adequate dining room, and a more up to date kitchen—We regret the change now, in the interior, though the ceiling of the old Swedes Hall was so low that my uncle, 6 feet 4 inches tall, could scratch his nose on the ceiling, and the room was, except for quaintness, more or less lost space—This was probably used as a kitchen in the Miers Fisher days, and our front hall, which bears over the mantel the old iron fire brick with the date 1728 (a replica of the one in the old Governor Logan house at Stanton, now owned by the Colonial Dames) was undoubtedly the dining room where General Washington was

served the famous strawberries—The parlors were built by Miers Fisher, at the right as you look at the house, and they, I think are untouched.
* * *

Yours sincerely,

H. Joan Crawford"

Dec. 4-1927.

[I have been unable as yet to fix the date of the purchase of "Ury" by Miers Fisher, but the year 1795, mentioned in my "Early Reminiscences", would seem to have been the date of the **addition** to the house referred to by Miss Crawford in her letter, while the purchase would have been made earlier.]

S. L. P.

THE ART MUSEUM

[As the Art Museum at Southampton has been referred to in the preceding "Early Reminiscences" it would seem appropriate to insert the following short account of it's inception and development.]

The museum building, situated in a garden two or three acres in extent, is in the form of a Greek cross. The long arm, including the forecourt, is about three hundred feet in length, and the cross arm a little over one hundred feet in length.

Southampton, November 12, 1924.

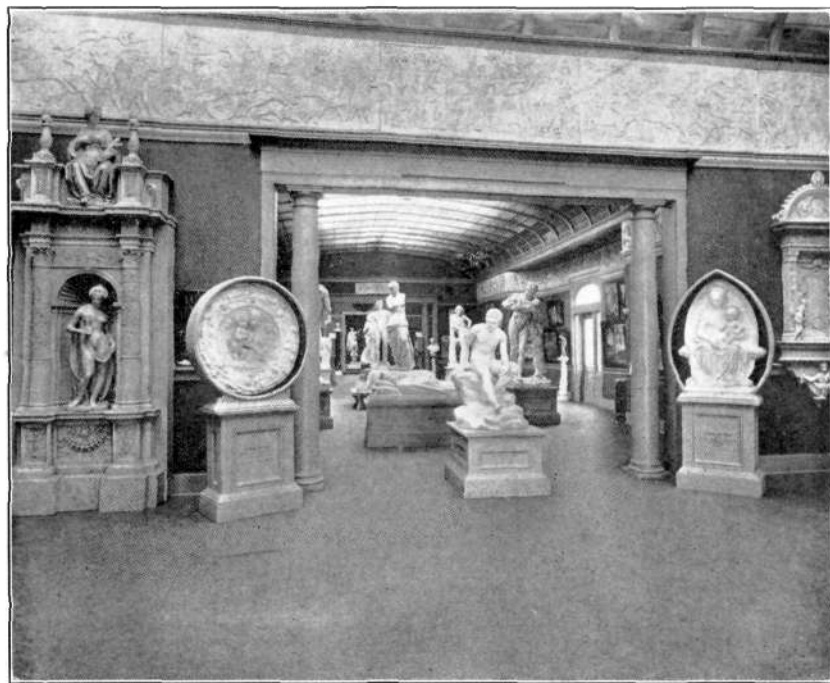
To the Trustees of the Parrish Memorial Art Museum, Inc.:

I have selected you, should you be willing to act, as a Board of Trustees to administer, after my death, the affairs of what is known as "The Parrish Memorial Art Museum, Inc." In view of this my intention, it has occurred to me that some account of the foundation of this institution would be appropriate.

It was while traveling in Italy during the summer and autumn of 1896 that the thought of establishing this small museum here in the Village of Southampton, where I have made my Summer home, first occurred to me. For many years previous to the year above mentioned, I had been much interested in studying the development of that wonderful period of intellectual and artistic activity known as the Italian Renaissance. As far back as the year 1881 I had purchased in London a few pictures of the early Italian school,



Museum. Main Entrance. Addition of 1913.



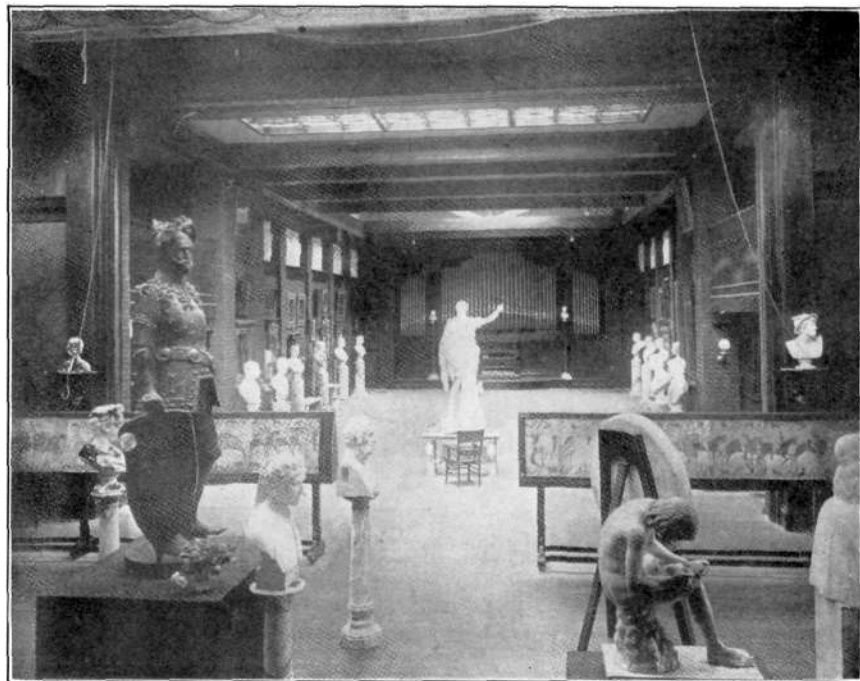
Looking North. Addition of 1913.

but it was not until the year 1896 that I had added any considerable number of pictures to my earlier small collection; these later acquisitions have been obtained mostly in Venice and Florence and their respective neighborhoods—for the most part directly from the owners of the pictures. Recognizing the great uncertainty of life and at best its ephemeral nature and actuated by a not unnatural desire to leave some permanent memorial, the thought came to me suddenly while traveling from Ravenna to Florence in the month of October, 1896, that upon my return to America I would, if possible, become the owner of such land as I could acquire in Southampton Village in the neighborhood of the Rogers Memorial Library, and erect thereon a building in which could be placed the objects of artistic value that I had already or might later acquire, the collection to be accessible to the public for such instruction and entertainment and appreciation as surrounding circumstances and conditions might permit. Further consideration of the subject convinced me, however, that the pictures alone, whatever their interest to the student, would be inadequate to arouse any general interest, and that a collection of marble and plaster reproductions of some of the best examples of Greek, Roman and Renaissance plastic art would at once appeal to the eye of the unlearned as well as the learned, and at the same time, in some measure, fulfil my attempt to transplant to a small, once Puritan village on the eastern end of Long Island a delicate exotic in the form of an artistic collection that would express at least something of the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. Upon my return to this country in the month of January, 1897, I im-

mediately set to work to acquire such land as I could obtain in the vicinity of the Library, and engaged Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury as the architect of the proposed building, which, in its original form, built of wood, was completed in the late summer of 1897. It was at this time also that the garden as originally planned was laid out and various shrubs, plants and trees were distributed throughout the grounds under the general supervision of Mr. Warren E. Manning of Boston.

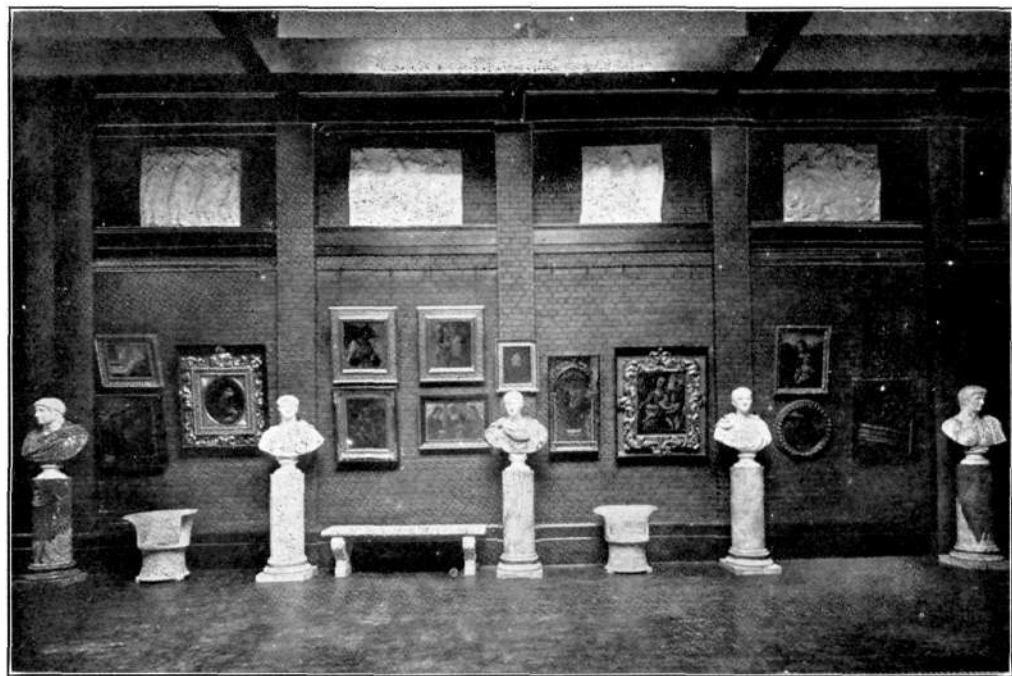
Inquiry into our Federal Laws governing the importation of objects of art intended for public education disclosed the fact that the formation of a corporation with that object in view would considerably reduce the expense of bringing into this country the various purchases I had made abroad, and for this purpose there was created a corporation known as the Southampton Art Museum, the trustees and directors thereof having originally been Mr. James P. Lee, Mr. Frank P. Hoffman, and myself. Upon the completion of the building the pictures and many of the plaster and marble reproductions of statuary were placed therein, but it was not until the summer of 1898 that everything had been finally arranged.

About the year 1900, my brother, James C. Parrish, became greatly interested in the Museum, and by means of his generosity, the grounds were much enlarged, and the brick wing extending to the north of the old building was projected and completed in the summer of 1902, also under the architectural supervision of Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury. Most of the pictures which had previously hung on the walls of the old building were then transferred to the new hall, and the



Looking North Toward the Organ, with the Roman Imperial Busts
on Each Side of the Hall.

following year I set up, also in the new hall, the marble busts of the first eighteen of the Roman Caesars (including the full length life size reproduction of Caesar Augustus) which I had had reproduced in Florence from the originals. The selection of the original busts from which the copies were made had been a matter requiring a good deal of thought and care inasmuch as the authenticity and genuineness of the busts of the emperors were often in doubt. To solve the question of selection I had proceeded in the following manner: In the first place I inspected all the originals in the museums of the Vatican and The Capitol at Rome and in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and then selected about forty different photographs of the various busts of the first eighteen of the Caesars as exhibited in the above and other European galleries, and then took these photographs with me to Paris in the year 1900. Here I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, whose reputation as a sculptor stands first among the Americans of his time. I explained to him the object I had in view and he very kindly offered to assist me in any way in his power, and availing myself of this invaluable opportunity, I met Mr. St. Gaudens by appointment in the so-called Hall of Augustus in the Museum of the Louvre in the month of June, 1900. Any one familiar with the objects exhibited in this hall will remember that it contains a wonderful collection of original statues and busts of the Caesars, beginning with Julius and extending far into the later period of the Empire. Having in hand the photographs of the original busts preserved in the Italian museums, we compared each photograph with its Louvre prototype, and finally concluded to



Claudius.

Nero.

Tiberius.

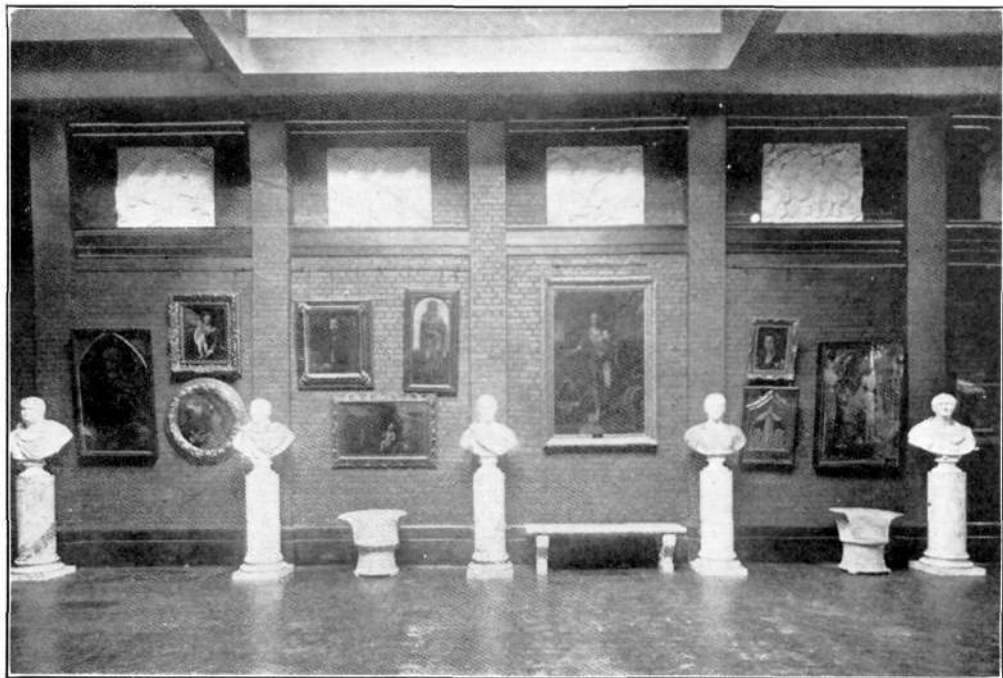
Galba.

Otho.

have all the Italian originals reproduced with the exception of the Tiberius and Marcus Aurelius of the Louvre, which, for certain reasons, were preferred. Inasmuch as in some cases there was in existence no plaster cast of the selected busts, permission to have such a cast made was obtained, when necessary, from the authorities of the different museums, and thus finally a full set of plaster reproductions of the selected Caesars was forwarded to the Pugi Brothers of Florence, with which firm of sculptors I had arranged to reproduce in marble the busts now on exhibition at Southampton. As becomes evident by inspection the entire collection has been drawn to a scale a little larger than life, and shoulders have been added where this feature was lacking in the original busts. And in this connection, it might be incidentally mentioned that the shoulders for the emperors lacking them were selected by me, and I then requested the sculptors to reproduce, from the photographs of such originals as had them, similar shoulders for those lacking them, so that the whole collection is now fitted with at least classic shoulders, whatever may have been the original appearance of the bust when perfect.

In relating the above story I have gone into such minuteness of detail, because the interest of the subject seems to make it worth while, and I am the only one familiar with all the facts.

Continuing further the history of the development of the contents of the building, I may add that after the completion of the new wing it seemed to me that the one thing most needed to add interest and distinction to the hall would be an organ, and this I added in the summer of 1903.



Vitellius.

Vespasian.

Titus.

Domitian.

Nerva.

In the year 1913, still under the supervision of Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury as architect, I added the three rooms entered directly from Job's Lane, which enlargement about doubled the size of the museum. This addition, with its forecourt and facade, has been generally admired as one of Mr. Atterbury's most successful architectural creations.

In regard to the future management of the affairs of the Museum by you as a Board of Trustees, will you allow me to say that I think the spirit of the place can be best maintained by continuing it on practically the same lines upon which it is now conducted. My own sentiment is that the less the place is exploited, so to speak, the greater will be its influence. This suggestion is not intended to limit any educational activities. I request therefore that the hall be not used for social entertainments unless in connection with the cultivation of music or the Fine Arts or other educational influences, nor for the exploitation of charities, nor for the sale of anything.

Inasmuch also as the building is now filled to the extent of its reasonable capacity and moreover inasmuch as the collection has been made with a certain definite object in view, I request that insofar as the present building is concerned, nothing so far as practicable be either added to or taken away from the collection as it may stand at the time of my death, and that no gifts be accepted except possibly anything coming through the American Academy in Rome. This limitation is not meant to apply, however, to the paintings in my house, some or all of which could become the property of the Museum and hung



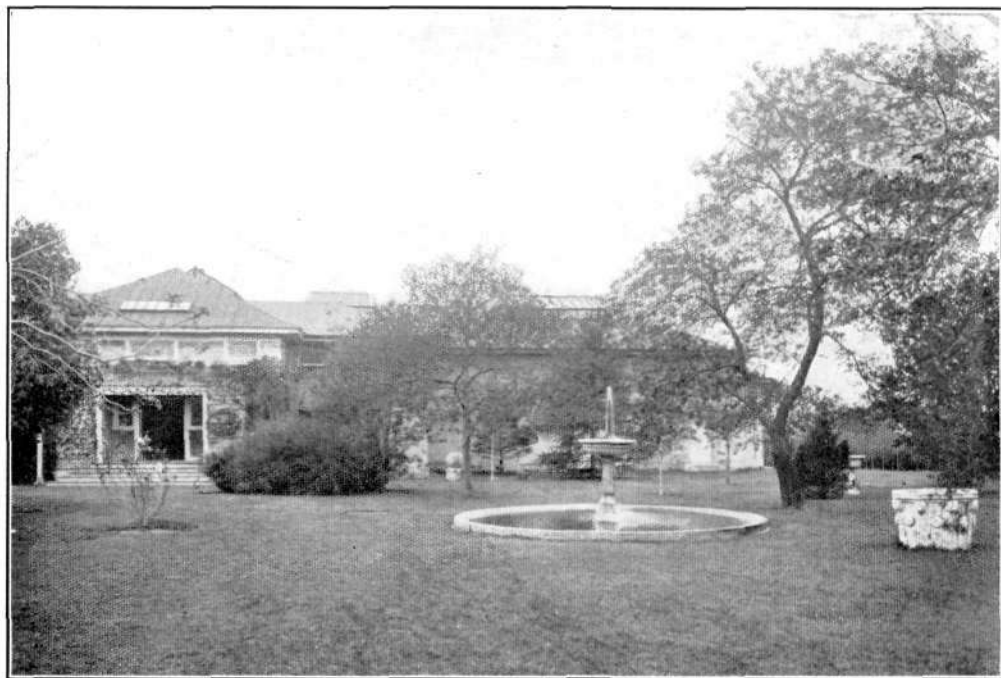
The Lily Pond and Arboretum.

there in the place of some of the photographs or plaques now there.

Should the condition of the treasury at any time permit, with due regard to the actual and prospective expenses incident to keeping up the grounds, repairing the building, and properly caring for its contents, I suggest that such surplus money be used, incidentally for the cultivation of local educational influences but more especially for the purpose of creating scholarships, preferably in connection with the American Academy in Rome. I further request that the second story south east room of the north addition, now containing certain personal and family memorials, be left practically as it is, except insofar as family mementos may be added. Without going into further particulars I feel confident that the future members of the Board of Trustees will be able to understand the objects I have in view, and will carry them out as above outlined.

The above limitations for the use of the museum are not meant to apply to the use of the Memorial Hall on Herrick Road, which can be used for both educational purposes and the exploitation of charities, exhibitions and other entertainments. If for the former purpose then I suggest that no rent be required, but if for the latter, where an admission fee is charged or money is involved then I suggest that rent, within the discretion of the Museum trustees, be charged, the proceeds to go to the Rogers Memorial Library as at present, or other institutions of an eleemosynary character.

SAMUEL L. PARRISH.



East Side of the Museum.

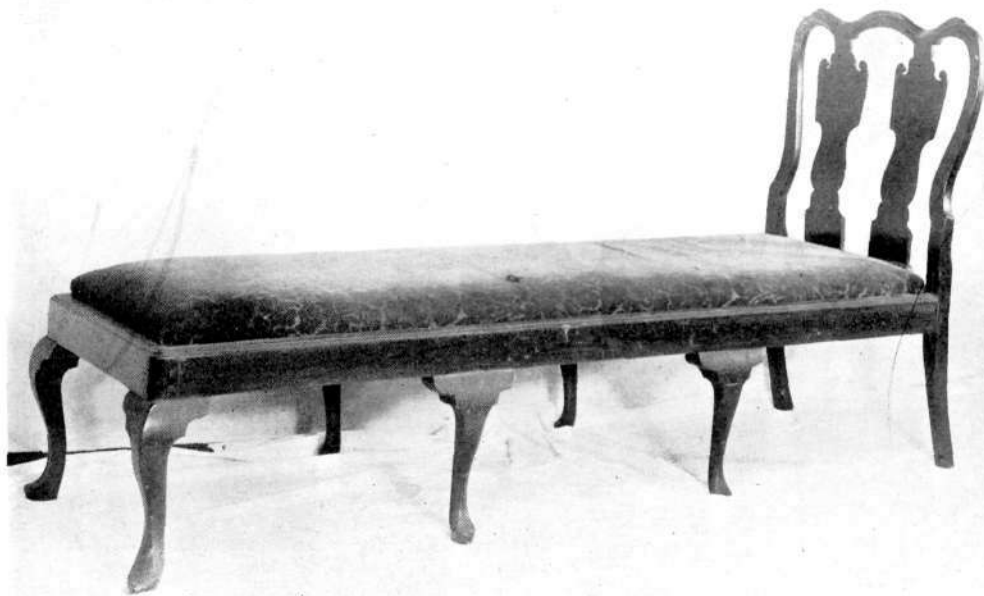


The above family group around the Lily Pool in the garden of the Art Museum at Southampton was taken about the year 1905.

From left to right:—Clara Lothrop Lee, Charles Carroll Lee, Helen Lee, Jr., Archibald M. Brown, baby Helen Manning Brown, C. Helen Parrish Brown, Samuel Longstreth Parrish, Helen Lee, Clara Lincoln Lee, James Parrish Lee.
 Helen Lee, Jr. is now (1928) Mrs. John T. Lawrence—baby Helen Brown is now Mrs. Herbert D. Hale—Helen Lee is now Mrs. Robert S. Peabody—Clara Lee Jr. is now Mrs. Oliver Rodgers.

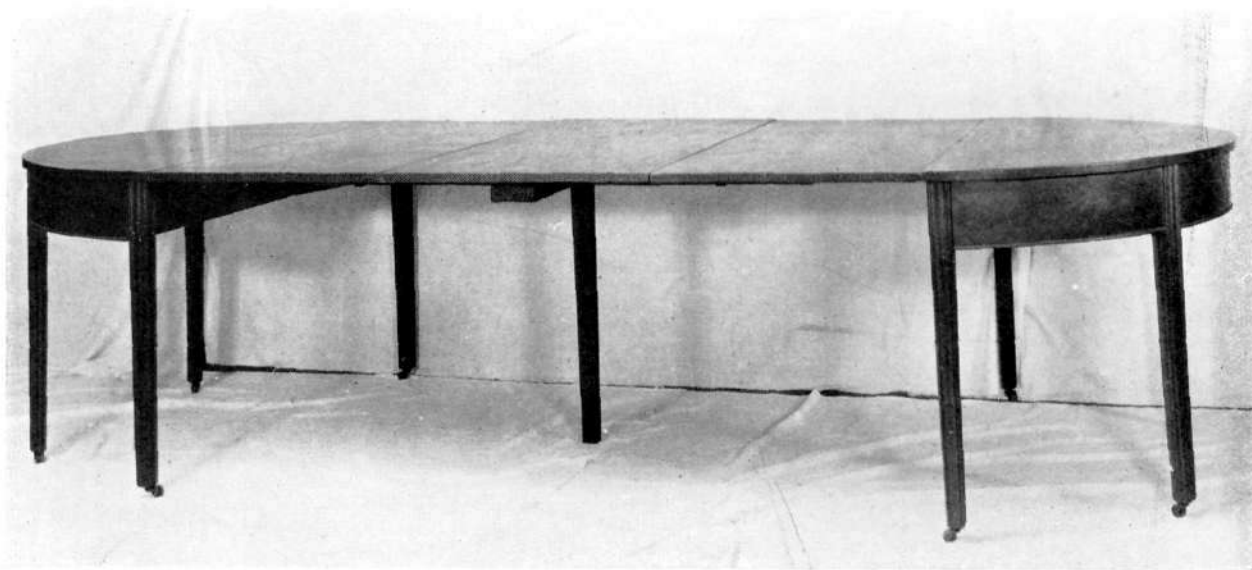
THE FAMILY ROOM OF THE ART MUSEUM

As references have been made from time to time in the preceding pages to the Family Room of the Art Museum, it has been thought not inappropriate to mention some few of the things therein contained in addition to those already referred to in the "Early Reminiscences," and to insert also the following pictures by way of illustration —



The above Settee originally belonged to
WILLIAM PENN,
and came from his house in Philadelphia.

In some way unknown to me it came into the possession of the late Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, a widely known physician of New York, and a noted collector of Americana, who gave it to his friend, my late brother-in-law Dr. Charles Carroll Lee, who gave it to my mother, who gave it to me many years ago.



The above table belonged to my great grandfather, Miers Fisher (1748-1819), a lawyer of distinction of Philadelphia in the Colonial and Post Revolutionary periods.

It was bequeathed to me by his granddaughter my cousin Sally Lewis (nee Warner) as an heirloom, in as much as her grandfather had entertained at the table at his house in Philadelphia, General George Washington, and other Colonial and Revolutionary dignitaries, including Benjamin Franklin and John Adams.



The above engraving of
JOSEPH BONAPARTE,

representing him in his royal robes as King of Spain, was presented to my grandfather, Dr. Joseph Parrish of Philadelphia, by Bonaparte during the latter's residence in this country after the fall of his brother Napoleon. Joseph Bonaparte lived both in Philadelphia, and at his country place at Bordentown, New Jersey.



The above glass case contains various certificates, medals, and other objects of family and personal interest.

The room contains also a cane surmounted by an ivory head of William Penn (1644-1718). This cane was carried by my great Uncle Joshua Longstreth (1775-1869) on his way to the polls in Philadelphia in every Presidential Election from

John Adams
to
Ulysses S. Grant

inclusive—It was given by his granddaughter, my cousin Rebecca Hunt, to my brother, James, who gave it to me.

Among numerous other things of general or family interest are a dozen or more diplomas and certificates of membership in various learned and philanthropic societies to which my father and grandfather belonged, with the autograph signatures of Philadelphians eminent in their day and generation, among others those of Caspar Wistar, Benjamin Rush, and William Shippen signed to a diploma in the Latin tongue with their first names in Latin form (Casparus, etc.) granted by the University of Pennsylvania in 1805 to my grandfather Dr. Joseph Parrish.

HARVARD COLLEGE

Class of 1870

Secretary's Report

Number VII

1905

SAMUEL L. PARRISH studied law for two years in Philadelphia, and was admitted to the bar on July 1, 1872; immediately thereafter sailed for Europe, passing somewhat over a year in study and travel in Europe; returned in October, 1873, and practised in Philadelphia; removed to New York in 1877, continuing practice; was for many years associated with Pendleton ('70) under the firm name of Parrish & Pendleton, 44 and 46 Broadway. retired from active practice in 1897, continuing his offices with Pendleton at 25 Broad Street, New York City.

Parrish writes as follows:

Southampton, N. Y., July 7, 1905.

Thomas B. Ticknor, Esq.,

Class Secretary—

My Dear Tom,—At the dinner in commemoration of the thirty-fifth year of our graduation I took the liberty of suggesting, as you will doubtless remember, to the members of our class there present that we could make our class book much more instructive and entertaining if we would to some extent cast aside our

natural reserve when speaking of ourselves, and be a little more frank in allowing our classmates to really know at least something of those things in which we have been interested. In pursuance of this proposed reform in autobiographical method, I therefore submit as an addendum to the above somewhat "bald and unconvincing narrative" (which, with the addition of the last two lines, has now done duty for the past thirty-five years as the only account in our class book of my objectively uneventful life) the following epitomized statement:—

First. As a chance occurrence in nature's garden seems to have led Walter Deane, as disclosed in his most interesting account of himself, into a new and delightful realm of thought and study and pursuit, so do I date my present keen interest in our national development and international relations from a comparatively recent dramatic event in the history of our country. As we all so well remember, it was in the latter part of the month of December, 1895, that the world was startled by the message of President Cleveland upon the attitude of Great Britain toward Venezuela. Within three days of its publication, and in the midst of a financial panic (to the effects of which I must confess I was not indifferent), I became convinced that, contrary to general expectation, the ultimate effect of the message, however intended, would be to reveal to both Great Britain and the United States the essential solidarity of their political interests, and thus bring the two countries together into more intimate and friendly relations than ever before in their history. Profoundly convinced that this would be the result, I at once wrote in this spirit to two of my English friends, who happened

at that time to be, and still are, members of the British Parliament. Their replies were conceived in the same friendly vein in which I had written, and a portion of the correspondence was shortly thereafter published in this country. From that time on, now nearly ten years ago, I have been in one sense a constant, though at the same time somewhat intermittent, contributor to the current literature of our time on the lines above suggested, finding an intense and continuous interest in noting the development of our country as the evolution of political and economic forces has compelled us, even perhaps at times against our will, to assume a role of ever increasing importance in the affairs of the world.

The following appearing in the form of signed contributions to the daily press, or as addresses before associations, historical societies, and political clubs, have been among the subjects treated:—

1. "The Venezuela Crisis." (Magazine article published in March, 1896.)

2. "The Righteousness and Necessity of our Approaching War with Spain." (Public address, and open letter to the New York Tribune in April, 1898. Visits to Cuba preceding the war had convinced me that Spanish colonial methods were intolerable, and that the reforms necessary for our own welfare could come only through the expulsion of the Spaniards by the United States.)

3. "Political Necessity of the Annexation of the Philippine Islands." (Public address delivered in August, 1898, and open letter to the New York Tribune.)

4. "American Expansion as an Historical Evolution." (Paper read before the American Social Science Association at Saratoga in September, 1899.)

5. "The British Empire and the Boer War." (Open letter to the New York Tribune in favor of the attitude of Great Britain.)

6. "The Menace to the Monroe Doctrine contained in the First Draught of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty." (Open letter to the New York Tribune in February, 1900, while the original treaty (subsequently amended) was under discussion.)

7. "Colonization and Civil Government in the Tropics." (Address delivered before the Suffolk County (N. Y.) Historical Society in February, 1903, and before the Oneida Historical Society at Utica, N. Y. treating of political conditions in the Philippine Islands.)

8. "The Conflict between Russia and Japan as affecting the United States." (Address delivered in April, 1904, before the Lincoln Republican Club of Patchogue, Long Island, and later published.)

9. "Campaign Expenses." (A circular letter published in February, 1905, in the N. Y. Evening "Post," and then sent to about two hundred of the most prominent "practical politicians" of the State of New York advocating in detail a reform in our present often disgraceful primary and campaign methods.)

10. "The Conflict between the President and the Senate as to their Respective Rights and Duties as a Part of the Treaty-Making Power."

11. "The Santo Domingo Treaty."

These last two letters were published in the New York "Sun" and the New York "Tribune" respectively, and other papers, in February and March, 1905, and then sent in the form of a circular letter to the members of the United States Senate, and to others in authority. In these letters I upheld the position assumed by the Senate, and advocated the necessity of an increased and more responsible supervision by us of Tropical America.

12. "The Impending Revolution in Russia."
(Published in January, 1905.)

13. Various published communications, through various channels, on various subjects, including campaign literature.

Second. In the summer and autumn of 1896, while travelling in Italy, it occurred to me that the establishment of a small public museum in the village of Southampton, N. Y., where I have made my home, would be of interest. A sudden realization of the very ephemeral nature of life, was, I think, the impelling cause which led to this determination. Following the bent of my own inclination rather, I fear, than from any set purpose to improve, through painful and self-denying endeavor, my local surroundings, an attempt was made to plant and nurture a somewhat delicate exotic in the form of a collection of early Italian paintings, and copies in marble and plaster of some of the best examples of Greek, Roman, and Italian plastic art, which, in combination, would express at least something of the spirit of the Italian Renaissance, a period in which I have become greatly interested as the result of my travels and studies in Italy during the past fifteen years.

This collection, now housed in a permanent building, was obtained for the most part in Italy. The realization of this attempt, and its apparent appreciation within such limits as could have been reasonably anticipated, have been a source of much personal pleasure and satisfaction. The cordial cooperation of my brother, James C. Parrish (whose son of the same name is now entering upon his Junior year at Harvard) in this artistic enterprise has been a very delightful feature of the work.

The preparation in book form of an "Historical, Biographical, and Descriptive Catalogue of the Objects exhibited at the Southampton Art Museum" occupied very agreeably the leisure moments of the year 1897-98.

During the months of August and September, 1898, I passed three interesting, though naturally very distressing, weeks at Montauk Point, as a volunteer agent of the Red Cross Society, in an attempt to assist in relieving the terrible sufferings of our troops upon their return to this country from Cuba after the Spanish war. The fact that my tent was in close proximity to a pretty active graveyard was not calculated to induce hilarity, especially when alone at night.

Third. In line with what Nelt Willis said at our recent dinner, I have become of late even more firmly convinced than ever that for the perpetuation and reasonable and necessary improvement of our institutions we must in the future, even more than in the past, greatly rely upon the active participation of men of education in the every-day work of so-called "practical politics," without alloy of, restless desire for, or even any expectation of, political preferment, and thus I have become actively interested in local

county politics, and am now engaged in fulfilling to the best of my ability, the interesting and politically instructive duties incident to the somewhat precarious position of chairman and treasurer of the Suffolk County (N. Y.) Republican Committee. I have also from time to time been elected a delegate to some three or four of our New York State Republican conventions.

Thus interested, as above outlined, in the theory of large and the practice of small politics, in art, in the elusive pursuit of miscellaneous information, in the active cultivation of the heretofore unappreciated interests and pleasures incident to life in the country, in good roads, and in schools, and with agreeable social and family relations (in so far as such a thing is possible for men of our age who have never had the good fortune to occupy the position of father of a family), I find myself, at the age of fifty-six (any attempt at concealment is useless with fellow veterans), engaged in cultivating a certain philosophic serenity toward my environment, without being compelled to fortify my philosophy by laboriously reading through, from time to time, even though of necessity in translation, Cicero's treatise "De Senectute." I can therefore, while a somewhat uncertain health remains, cordially indorse the sentiments expressed at our recent class dinner by Brooks Adams and Charley McMichael to the effect that each succeeding decade has its own increasing interest, and even charm. And in this connection I may add, as a source of great satisfaction, that, faintly rivaling Waldo Lincoln, I have at least collaterally and vicariously, contributed to Harvard three very good friends in the persons of my nephews, Tom and Jim Lee of '91 and Jim Parrish, Jr., of '07.

In concluding this altogether too lengthy sketch of my more recent activities, permit me also to add, in lighter vein, that following the illustrious examples of Diocletian and Voltaire, and doubtless many other eminent citizens (including the late justly lamented Joseph Jefferson) in their later but by no means therefore declining years, I have recently entered with ardor into the pursuit of aggressive gardening, and hereby recommend it not only to Taft, but also to those of my other classmates who have not yet tried it, as an excellent physical and mental tonic. Especially should it be taken up by those who, like myself, have finally allowed experience to triumph over hope in the attempt to master the intricacies of the elusive game of golf. After fourteen years of faithful but discouraging effort in this to me formerly fascinating form of sport (I was president of a golf club for seven years), I must now rather reluctantly admit that I have with much comfort and contentment exchanged the driver, the brassie and the **cleek** for the spade, the rake, and the hoe. The latter instruments are less spectacular and require a longer time to produce results, but (speaking exclusively for myself) I find them much more certain and satisfactory in the end.

S. L. P.

At the present time (1928) the Officers and Trustees of the Museum are as follows:

SAMUEL L. PARRISH—President and Treasurer

MRS. THOMAS H. BARBER—Vice President

FRANK P. HOFFMAN—Secretary

ROYAL CORTISSOZ

HERMON A. MACNEIL

JAMES PARRISH LEE

L. EMORY TERRY



House of Samuel L. Parrish at Southampton, L. I., built in 1840, as it appeared before it was moved, in the Spring of 1927, about 100 feet further back from the Main Street.