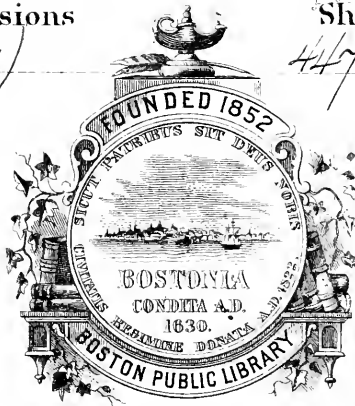


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ADDRESSES AND REMARKS

ON THE

PRESENTATION

OF

Copy of Picture

OF

William Penn's Treaty with the Indians

AT SHACKAMAXON, PHILADELPHIA,

TO

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE,

Fourth month 1st, 1871.

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*Original Picture by Benjamin West, painted at London in 1771, now in possession of Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia.*

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PHILADELPHIA :

PRINTED AT THE BOND OF PEACE OFFICE,

403 NORTH SIXTH STREET.

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

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B. H.

(1081)

Aug. 15, 1889



# ADDRESS AND REMARKS

BY

## GEORGE TRUMAN

ON PRESENTING THE PICTURE OF

William Penn's Treaty with the Indians

TO

### SWARTHMORE COLLEGE,

*Fourth month 1st, 1871.*

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It has been gratifying to me and, I doubt not, to all present, to have the company of so many of our friends and the friends of SWARTHMORE COLLEGE on this occasion, and especially at the present time, as they have had to encounter the severe storm, now prevailing, to reach this place.

We have met for the purpose of having presented to us, from our valued friend JONATHAN THORNE, of New-York city, a copy of the picture representing the remarkable Treaty entered into by WILLIAM PENN with the INDIANS under the great Elm-Tree at Shackamaxon in 1682,—the original of which, painted by BENJAMIN WEST, is now in the possession of JOSEPH HARRISON of our city, who has kindly permitted it to be copied. I will now read a letter

from JONATHAN THORNE, which will place his views before you and his wishes in regard to the presentation:—

NEW YORK, *Third month 6th, 1871.*

GEORGE TRUMAN:—

*Dear Friend:*—I am pleased to hear the picture for SAMUEL M. JANNEY'S Agency has gone forward; also, that the friends who examined the one for SWARTHMORE, now at thy house, said it met their approval. The picture is a small copy of WEST'S painting in 1771.

If these paintings shall, in any degree, benefit the Indian cause in which the President of the United States has called upon our Society to aid him, or, if the young student at SWARTHMORE can become early impressed with the fact, that the spirit of mutual kindness and justice are pre-requisites in the basis of a contract to be kept in perpetuity, the pictures will have answered all I hoped for.

Since writing the foregoing, I am in receipt of thine of 8th instant, and notice copy of the minute made by the Faculty of SWARTHMORE COLLEGE relative to a formal presentation to that Institution of the picture, and that it will be presented by J. T. in person, or by GEORGE TRUMAN as his representative. In reply will say for myself, I had supposed the picture would have quietly found its way to SWARTHMORE, and that the Faculty, if willing to receive it, would through their President or Secretary acknowledge its arrival and acceptance; but, as I see other arrangements have been made, with the hope that the object and effect of the picture may thereby be better carried out, I cheerfully acquiesce in what thee has felt it best to do, as I will also in what thee may deem best to have done, always remembering I rely upon *thee* to carry it out; and, in doing so, I trust thee will do the memory of WILLIAM PENN ample justice.

They speak of the picture as having been "purchased,"—I would prefer to say *procured* through the kindness of JOSEPH HARRISON of your city, who has the original in his possession,—it was not exactly a purchase.

Truly thy friend,

JONATHAN THORNE.

This picture represents a scene in American history which stands pre-eminent. WILLIAM PENN, in company with a number of his friends, is seen offering on the basis of love, of justice, and of equal rights to the INDIAN representatives present, the evidence of his regard and his desire to maintain with them, their nations and their posterity, amity and concord, and a just appreciation of the relations which

ever should exist between all men as brethren, so long as the "sun and the moon may endure."

SAMUEL M. JANNEY, the eminent historian of WILLIAM PENN, in a recent letter, informs of the receipt of a similar copy, the gift of our friend JONATHAN THORNE, to be placed in his office at Omaha. He speaks of the picture as depicting one of the most interesting scenes in American history, as follows:—

OMAHA, NEB., *Third month 8th, 1871.*

GEORGE TRUMAN:—

*Dear Friend:*—The picture sent by JONATHAN THORNE came to hand to-day, and is in good condition. It will be hung up in this office, to be seen by the INDIANS when they call, and by many others who have business with me. The scene it depicts is one of the most celebrated and, in my view, the most instructive in the whole range of American history.

The Treaty of PENN with the INDIANS under the Elm-Tree at Shackamaxon was the initial step in that friendly intercourse between FRIENDS and the INDIANS which has continued to this day uninterrupted through a period of nearly two hundred years.

I have looked upon it as remarkable that we now should be called upon by the Government to promote the work of Indian civilization, and am thankful that I have been thus engaged.

Thy cordial friend,

SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

In the forwarding of the picture to him, I feel it right to say, I have been much indebted to my kind friend ENOCH LEWIS of our city, who took upon himself all the needful care when my health unfitted me for attending to it.

The remarkable man who painted this scene, BENJAMIN WEST, was born in 1738, (his parents being members of the Society of Friends,) and was reared on this farm in the stone house to the left, at the base of this hill on which our college buildings are located, and doubtless, in his boyhood, might have often been found on this very spot where you, the stu-

dents before me, are now endeavoring, by your application, to secure to yourselves a broad and liberal education; and wandering on the crest of this very hill, drinking in the inspirations from the many beautiful landscapes that loom up so richly upon every side. The inspirations of those early days were not lost upon him. We find him growing in his wonderful talent, and in the year 1771,—just one hundred years ago,—he presented this picture to the British public in commemoration of the grand scene it represents, as having taken place in the first settlement of Pennsylvania, and which, until then, had been mainly stored up as a traditional fact.

We have here only a copy of the original, taken and prepared by a skillful photographic artist, which has also been colored by equal skill in entire correspondence with the one from which it was taken. One hundred years have passed, and what wonderful progress has been witnessed in art and science. Little did BENJAMIN WEST think that the great picture on which he had bestowed months of labor could, in that lapse of time, be reproduced by human ingenuity in so perfect a manner. For a few moments the sun was made to look upon it in his brightness, when a child was born from the contact that, you will presently see, has a most marvelous resemblance to the father-picture.

It will now be proper for me to say something in regard to the parties who are here represented in the making of this Treaty. The FRIENDS, companions of WILLIAM PENN, are not so certainly known as could be desired. One aged face is represented in the group, which is now known to be that of the father of BENJAMIN WEST, and which fact may go far to establish the certainty of the Treaty with some, as

BENJAMIN WEST'S father was doubtless living at the same time, and would be likely to know of that which was of common report.\*

The INDIANS, with whom the Treaty is being made, are the representatives of the Iroquois Confederation, generally called the Six Nations, of which some remain to this day on the lands which they then occupied. The *Lenni-Lenapés* (meaning the original people) were doubtless the base of this great Confederation,—their principal chief TAMANEND is seen standing by the side of WILLIAM PENN. These people were located on the borders of the *Maris-kit-ton*, now called Delaware, on the Schuylkill, then *Manyunk*, and on the far distant Susquehanna and its tributaries. The *Mohawks* resided on a river in New York, which bears their name,—they were the fiercer and more warlike members of the Confederation. The *Oneidas* dwelt on the beautiful Oneida Lake, in north-western New York, which takes its name from their nation; the *Onandagas* on Onandaga Lake, in western New York, the Genessee River and its tributaries; while the *Tuscaroras* approached Lake Erie and on Salmon River, emptying into Lake Ontario. The *Senecas*, the largest member of the Confederation, inhabited north-western Pennsylvania, upon the Alleghany River, Oil Creek, and on to Buffalo, at the lower end of Lake Erie, and westward as far as Cataraugus, on the Lake. They were the first discoverers of the Oil-Creek *Petroleum*, and in consequence of their gathering it for the traders it obtained the name of Seneca Oil, and was sold by

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\* BENJAMIN WEST'S letter to a brother, WILLIAM WEST of Upper Darby, of the date of Seventh month 12th, 1775, states the fact of the portrait being that of *their father*, and the one behind WILLIAM PENN as that of another brother of theirs.

most eastern druggists for many years, being considerably used as a medicament. They threw out their blankets upon the surface of Oil-Creek, on which the oil was floating, and thus readily collected it. This was the little door which was first opened by our Indian friends, whose countenances are here delineated, that has spread so widely into the immense production of petroleum and its resultant finer oils, the trade in which is now measured by millions of barrels, producing abundant wealth to the State, and has become world-wide in its usefulness.

A shrewd man residing near Oil-Creek, observing the floating oil, concluded to seek for its fountain. He sunk a well similar to the usual salt-water wells common in western Pennsylvania, when, at the depth of two or three hundred feet, the basin was touched and the oil gushed forth from the mouth of the well to the astonishment of all. The beautiful light, young people, by which those halls and your dormitories are illuminated, promoting your comfort and enabling you to prosecute your evening studies with satisfaction, has been produced from one of the constituents of this very Seneca oil through chemical agencies not needful here to mention.

The *Lenni-Lenapés* have departed forever, as also the *Mohawks*: of the *Oneidas*, but few remain. The *Onandagas* and *Tuscaroras* still remain in small communities upon their reservations, while the *Senecas* are yet in considerable numbers, and are now known as *Alleghanies* and *Cataraugas Indians*. These two families have been especially cared for by FRIENDS for many years: the *Cataraugas Indians* having become so far civilized as to be able to hold with credit agricultural fairs, which have been reported by one of the

Governors of the State of New York as comparing favorably with most of the county exhibitions of that state.

The Ogden Land Company of New York claimed a preemptive right to purchase Indian lands in that state from this cause, that portion of the Seneca reservation near Buffalo, and on which part of it is seated, was wrested from them, but, by the persevering aid of FRIENDS, their present locations have been preserved. RED JACKET, one of their famed orators and chieftains, lived and died on the Buffalo reservation, within five miles of the city. He would not leave his little home, but proudly and honestly maintained his rights against fraud and violence, and when, too, it might have been declared by him, as was uttered by the great chief LOGAN, who preceded him many years:—

Who cares for Red Jacket? Not one!

He lived and died alone. He was well known to many *Friends*: I well remember seeing him and shaking his hand at one of our Cherry-street meetings on a First-day morning. He was then clad mainly in our citizen's dress; his form was athletic and firm, although then advanced in age. His full-length portrait may be seen in Independence Hall, over that of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in complete Indian costume.

And now the time has come in which it will be proper for me to make the presentation suggested:—I do therefore present this copy of the picture of WILLIAM PENN'S Treaty with the INDIANS under the great Elm-Tree at Shackamaxon, by BENJAMIN WEST, in the name and on the behalf of JONATHAN THORNE, of New York city, to the Stockholders, Managers, and Faculty of SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, to be held by them in perpetuity, as an evidence of his regard and

as a means to interest and incite the young student, and all who may look upon it, to the highest aims of Truth, of Justice, and of Right.

*Acceptance by Edward Magill.*

ON behalf of the Corporation and Board of Managers of SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, it falls to my lot to receive this beautiful and appropriate gift of our friend JONATHAN THORNE, who, although necessarily absent in person on this interesting occasion, has been so well represented by our esteemed friend GEORGE TRUMAN.

In accepting this beautiful token of remembrance of, and kind regard for, our beloved Institution, you will permit me to dwell upon some points which render the gift selected especially appropriate to the place and to the occasion. For what does it represent? *A Treaty with the Indians*. But have there not been many other important treaties with savage tribes? Why then should this one be selected as especially worthy of our attention and regard? The reason, my young friends, is not far to seek. This is the *first* treaty made by the founder of Pennsylvania, the great and good WILLIAM PENN, with the INDIAN tribes; and, in the concise and expressive language of VOLTAIRE in his *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, under the word *Quaker*: "It is the only treaty ever made between savage and Christian nations, which was not ratified by an oath, and which was never broken." Considering the important and far-reaching results which flowed from it, I hazard nothing in asserting that this peaceful treaty, in its historical significance, ranks second to no treaty ever made between man and man. It has been compared,



not inaptly, to laying the corner-stone of a great edifice consecrated to the noblest purposes, and which is to endure for many generations.

It is especially fitting that we, the members of the Religious Society of Friends, the consistent advocates of the great principles of peace and non-resistance, upon which this colony was first established by its illustrious founder, should ever cherish in memory the impressive scene represented by the picture before us: for here we see the wild and savage nature of barbarous tribes softened and subdued by words and deeds of love. It is for us all a lesson full of significance for the conduct of our daily life. May those who are entrusted with the management of this Institution, now and hereafter, see to it that its noble lesson is duly taught and forcibly impressed by seasonable words, and the more significant language of example.

The peculiar appropriateness of this gift is seen in many ways. Not only is the scene which it represents a scene of surpassing interest, in a historical point of view, to every Pennsylvanian, and to every member of our Society, but the very spot where, on the last day of the Autumn of 1682, the FRIENDS and INDIANS gathered around the council-fire, beneath the broad spread branches of the ancient elm, on the beautiful banks of the Delaware, is but a few miles distant; indeed, almost within sight, upon a clear day, from the College roof. You, too, who are here assembled, are, many of you, remotely or even quite directly, descended from those who were present on the occasion of this famous treaty, and whose lineaments are faithfully represented by the artist in the picture before you: indeed, one of these portraits, that of the FRIEND standing a little back, leaning upon his cane, (a

cane still carefully preserved in the family,) is the great-great-grandfather of one of your own number; and the great man to whom we are indebted for transmitting to us by the power of his pencil this ever-memorable scene, first drew the breath of life within a few hundred yards of where we sit to-day,—for, in the little south-west chamber, on the first floor, in the house just across the way, as you all know, the great painter, BENJAMIN WEST, was born. The accounts of his marvelous productions in early childhood are familiar to you all,—the rude likeness of his little sister SALLY, drawn with red and black ink, as she lay sleeping in her cradle, when he was but seven years old; and his sketches of fruits and flowers, so wonderfully true to nature, produced before he was *ten*.

As you wander through our beautiful woods on Fourth and Seventh day afternoons, remember that a little more than a century and a quarter ago, the painter of the great picture now in the possession of our friend JOSEPH HARRISON, of Philadelphia, through whose kindness this excellent copy has been obtained, now the world-renowned BENJAMIN WEST, then a mere child, was taught in these same woods, by wandering Indian tribes, who then visited these their ancient hunting-grounds every summer, how to obtain from the leaves and berries the various colors with which they stained their armor and their skins, and which *he* used in painting his earlier pictures; and those of you in the classes in mechanical drawing, who have been waiting patiently for some time for brushes of *red sable*, because the ordinary camel's hair brush is not sufficient for your purposes,—remember that, within sight of where you are at work, the youthful painter, who has since filled the world with his fame, for want of better material, painted industriously in the garret of the old

house across the way, with his extemporized paints from leaves and berries and his mother's indigo bag, and a brush made of hair surreptitiously obtained from the back and tail of a favorite cat.

When you feel, at times, disposed to repine at your lot, and think how much more you might accomplish if circumstances were more favorable, let the example of young WEST, struggling under great opposition and pecuniary difficulties, inspire you to renewed effort, and may it enable you to realize the inestimable value of the privileges which you enjoy.

The appropriateness of this gift, and its interest and value to us at SWARTHMORE, are enhanced by yet another circumstance. The great painter was himself a member of our Religious Society, and it was, at first, a source of great anxiety and uneasiness to his parents and friends, that he seemed inclined to devote himself to an art regarded by many among us at that time as immoral in its tendencies, and leading to extravagance and vain display. But the leadings of a higher than a mere human will were too plainly manifest in this wonderful child of genius,—and parents and friends alike yielded at last; allowing and even encouraging him to devote himself to art. It must have been a deeply affecting sight, when, at a Meeting of FRIENDS to consider this subject, after it was clearly shown that the boy had a mission to perform in the world, which could not be lightly set aside, the women present all came up and kissed him, and the men laid their hands in blessing on his head. Well might the young devotee of art feel as he did, on returning to his home from that solemn assembly, *that*, from that hour he was consecrated to the great life-work before him. The influence of what was then said by the FRIENDS in

council as to the value of art, when not desecrated, but made to subserve the noblest purposes, was never effaced from his mind; and among the hundreds of pictures of this, our first great American artist, which now adorn public and private collections in this country and abroad, including the great WEST Gallery at Hampton Court, where a large number of his finest works are preserved, there may always be traced the refining and chastening influence of his early youth. At twenty-two he went to Italy and studied art, being the first American to do what has since become so common; and he afterward took up his residence in England, where for forty years he painted under the patronage of GEORGE III.

Let us all, as *Americans*, for it is the country of his birth; as *Friends*, for it is the sect to which he belonged, and which gave him a life-long impress for good, which all the corruptions of foreign courts could not efface; as *Swarthmoriens*, for this is the Institution which is to promote the highest culture (a culture like his, consecrated to good) in the Society from which he sprung, and which has arisen within a few yards of the spot where he was born:—as *Americans*, as *Friends*, as *Swarthmoriens*. I repeat, let us all be proud and emulous and jealous of the fame of our great painter, BENJAMIN WEST.

*Address by Clarkson Taylor.*

It is wise to catch the inspiration of the passing hour. The revelations and openings of the past are valuable and should be held dear and sacred by every lover of Truth; but the fresher openings of the present time feed the advancing spirit of the age, and give livelier impetus to onward and modern civilization. It is well, therefore, on the present occasion to open our minds to the suggestive influences of this occasion, and these are many.

Standing to-day, as it were, within stone-throw of the spot where, in 1738, BENJAMIN WEST was born, we have met in a FRIENDS' College to hand over from JONATHAN THORNE, of New York city, to SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, a copy of WEST'S great painting of WILLIAM PENN'S celebrated Treaty with the INDIANS, made at Shaackamaxon, on the last of Eleventh month, 1682. This spot is on the banks of the Delaware, at what is now known as Kensington, within the limits of the present city of Philadelphia. The artist, a descendant of Friends; the subject, one of the greatest acts of Christian statesmanship on record in the annals of history; and that done by a FRIEND, the donor a FRIEND, the recipient a FRIENDS' COLLEGE, and we, as FRIENDS, have met here to commemorate this combination of *friendly* circumstances.

BENJAMIN WEST, the artist, was born at Springfield, Pa., in 1738. A portion of his father's farm we now occupy. In his seventh year he surprised his parents by painting a picture of his little sister asleep in her cradle, using for colors red

and black ink. It is said to have given evidence of remarkable talent. His pencils were made of hair pulled from a cat's back,—camel's hair brushes not being at his command. After this he learned to prepare red and yellow paints from the INDIANS. His mother supplied him with indigo. A relative from Philadelphia, seeing his early manifestations of talent, sent him a box of paints and some brushes. Soon after receiving these, in his ninth year he painted a picture, that sixty-seven years after and in the plenitude of his fame, he asserted, contained touches which he never subsequently surpassed. Soon after this he determined to make painting his profession, and went to Philadelphia, and took a few lessons in elementary instructions, and commenced his business as a portrait painter. After pursuing this for a time, he went to Italy to study under the masters, and the fact that a youth from the wilds of America had come to study and practice this noble art, attracted much attention. Whilst there he finished some works that at once took their place among the finest works of art, ancient or modern. On his return to this country he stopped in England, where he was employed by GEORGE III., who was the firm friend of America's gifted son for more than forty years.

WEST'S character and success has been portrayed. Suffice it to say, from this very spot went forth an humble lad that, by diligent and faithful culture of the talents given him by his Maker, was able to stand among princes; whose works at this day receive the admiration of thousands of his countrymen, and tens of thousands of the lovers of the good, the true, and the beautiful, wherever civilization and culture fits the mind to appreciate this higher form of art. I would, however, be derelict to my trust, did I pass from this part of my

subject without some comment, at least, on one other circumstance in his career. After returning to this place from Philadelphia, having proposed to make painting his profession, his friends seriously and earnestly discussed the propriety of a member of the Society of Friends following such a profession, but after much deliberation it was concluded to allow him to cultivate the talent committed to his care. I apprehend that the spirit that would have checked him in his career as an artist still lives, and not unfrequently manifests itself in opposition to the arts and sciences.

If it is right for me in vocal language to endeavor to portray to you the impressions of my mind, it certainly cannot be wrong to do it in the best language that I can command. If, in the silence of my home, thoughts of value should open upon my mind, it certainly cannot be wrong that I should cultivate the art of preserving these upon paper, either in prose or poetry, as I may have the power to do. The expression of our thoughts in vocal language is word-painting; the expression of them on paper, either in prose or poetry, is pen-painting; and both are invaluable elements of power in influencing men's minds for good. If, then, another has the power to delineate by brush and pencil on canvas the sublime conceptions of his soul, so that coming generations may look thereon and grow wiser and better, so that the love of the true, the good, and the beautiful may be made to grow and spread among men, shall he not do it? Let Truth be spread, whether it be by the stirring words of the orator, the beautiful lines of the poet, or yet by the sublime touches of the artist's brush and pencil, or the sculptor's chisel. By each and all these methods the conceptions of the advanced mind may be caught, fastened, and handed from generation to generation,

to the remotest posterity. Science and art have no enemies but among those that are ignorant. The world needs the full and complete development of all the powers of the human mind, that any truths committed to us may be presented to the world with more power and, consequently, with more success.

There should be no antagonism between religion and culture. The fuller culture glorifies God the more: it glorifies the Giver to develop and appreciate His gifts. The right culture of the imagination has a peculiar claim upon the Christian mind,—as it is only under the transmuting power of Christian truth that it can attain its noblest ends in the love of the beautiful, or the charms of philosophy.

“Philosophy, baptized  
In the pure fountain of Eternal Love,  
Hath eyes indeed.”

But to the Treaty, thus beautifully illustrated in our picture.

When WILLIAM PENN conceived the idea of opening a settlement in America, he applied to GEORGE III. king of England, and obtained from him the grant of land included in the State of Pennsylvania; and although the charter obtained from the king was considered all that was necessary to protect him in the occupancy of the territory, still when he had obtained it he frankly told the king that he had only asked it for the sake of the king's good will, not that he had any just right to the land, and that he should proceed to purchase it from its rightful owners, the INDIANS.

His mind was so imbued with the eternal principles of justice that he scorned the very semblance of injustice. Be-



fore he came to this country, he sent deputies, members of the Society of Friends, to purchase the land from the INDIANS for a compensation that would be satisfactory to them, and these agents made large contracts before WILLIAM PENN'S arrival.

The settlers of this Commonwealth of Pennsylvania left their homes in the mother country, and came to settle amongst what was generally considered a savage, inhuman, barbarous race of people. Yet such was their confidence in the efficacy of the law of kindness and strict justice, that they came unarmed with any weapons of ordinary warfare, relying entirely on the protecting power of the Divine Power and Christian kindness; believing that these would win the North American Indian to their friendship, and that neither the sword nor the soldier would be required in the colony of the friends of peace, and the sequel shows that they were not mistaken. When the Deputy-Governor and his friends had explained the benevolent intentions of those coming to reside with them, and had laid before them the presents which they had brought as a token of friendship and good-will, they were touched with a sense of such Christian conduct, and declared that they would live in peace with ONAS, as they called WILLIAM PENN, and his children, as long as the sun and moon shall endure. Thus these goodly men prepared the way for the noble work of the illustrious Governor.

In the summer of 1682, WILLIAM PENN first beheld the native forests of his new domain, and after attending to some preliminaries, he met the INDIANS at Shackamaxon, now Kensington, on the 14th of the Tenth month, 1682. Here under the wide spread branches of a great elm tree a century and a half old, WILLIAM PENN met the assembled tribes, with

their chiefs and warriors, and proclaimed to them those sublime sentiments of peace and love which he sought to promote amongst mankind, ratifying at the same time a deed of concord and amity with the aborigines that has won the admiration and praise of the world.

The treaty was not made, as often supposed, to ratify the purchase of the land, but, to enter into mutual obligations to live in harmony and peace. Let us endeavor to imagine the scene.

It was autumn. The forests were but little more than broken; the native trees, vines loaded with rich clusters of native grapes, the tinted leaves of the grandest season of the year, beautified the scene. At least three tribes are represented, the *Lenni Lenapé*, the *Mingoes*, and the *Shawnees*. Under the Great Elm the Indian tribes are assembled, but all unarmed, for no warlike weapon is allowed to disturb the scene. In front are the chiefs and some of the aged men; behind them in the form of a half-moon sit the young men and some of the aged women; still farther back, in widening circles, are seen the youth of both sexes. Among the assembled chiefs there is one who holds a conspicuous rank, the great sachem TAMANEND, one of nature's noblemen; revered for his wisdom and beloved for his goodness. The council-fire burns brightly. WILLIAM PENN and his friends approach: TAMANEND puts on his chaplet, surmounted by a small horn, the emblem of knightly peace, and announces to WILLIAM PENN that the Nations are ready to hear him.

Being thus called upon, he begins his speech:—

“The Great Spirit who made me and you, who rules the heavens and the earth, and who knows the innocent thoughts of men, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you,

and to serve you to the utmost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which reason we came unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. We are met on the broad pathway of good faith and good-will, so that no advantage is to be taken on either side, but all to be openness, brotherhood, and love.'

Here he unrolls a parchment which contains stipulations for trade and promises of friendship, which, by means of an interpreter, he explains article by article, and placing it on the ground, he observes, that the ground shall be common to all. He then proceeds:—

"I will not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call you children or brothers only; for parents are apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes will differ; neither will I compare the friendship between us to a chain, for the rain may rust it, or a tree may fall and break it; but I will consider you as the same flesh and blood as the CHRISTIANS, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts."

After listening to this speech in perfect silence and much gravity, they take some time to deliberate, and then the king orders one of his chiefs to speak to WILLIAM PENN. He advances, takes WILLIAM PENN by the hand, and in a speech pledges kindness and good-will, and that the INDIANS and ENGLISH will live in peace and love as long as the sun and moon shall endure. And thus was this Treaty of good-will entered into without an oath, and as long as these people existed together it was kept without the sword. The chief heads of this Treaty were nine, viz:—

"1.—That all WILLIAM PENN's people, or CHRISTIANS, and all the INDIANS should be brethren; as the children of one FATHER, joined together as with one heart, one head, and one body.

"2.—That all paths should be open and free to both CHRISTIANS and INDIANS.

"3.—That the doors of the CHRISTIANS' houses should be open to the INDIANS, and that the houses of the INDIANS should be open to the CHRISTIANS, and that they should make each other welcome as their friends.

"4.—That the CHRISTIANS should not believe any false rumors or re-

ports of the INDIANS, nor the INDIANS believe any such rumors or reports of the CHRISTIANS; but should first come as brethren to inquire of each other; and that both CHRISTIANS and INDIANS, when they have any such false rumors of their brethren, they shall bury them as in a bottomless pit.

"5.—That if the CHRISTIANS heard any ill news that may be to the hurt of the INDIANS, or the INDIANS heard any such ill news that may be to the injury of the CHRISTIANS, they should acquaint each other with it speedily, as true friends and brethren.

"6.—That the INDIANS should do no manner of harm to the CHRISTIANS, nor the CHRISTIANS do any hurt to the INDIANS, but each treat the other as brethren.

"7.—But as there are wicked people in all nations, if either INDIANS or CHRISTIANS should do any harm to each other, complaint should be made of it by the person suffering, that right may be done; and when satisfaction is made, the injury or wrong should be forgot, and be buried as in a bottomless pit.

"8.—That the INDIANS should in all things assist the CHRISTIANS, and the CHRISTIANS assist the INDIANS, against all wicked people that would disturb them.

"9.—And lastly, that both CHRISTIANS and INDIANS should acquaint their children with this league and firm chain of friendship made between them, and that it should always be made stronger and stronger, and kept bright and clean without rust or spot, between our children and children's children, while the creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon, and stars endure."

PENN's treatment of the INDIANS shows broad statesmanship.

He was a Christian statesman.

He forsook the cloister and mingled in the busy haunts of men, but carried his religion into all the affairs of life.

Every Friend refers to the record he has left, with pride.

PENN was not only a Friend, but a scholar.

He was a gentleman: a rare combination of the gentlemanly scholar and the Christian statesman.

Let us, then, gather the lessons taught by this beautiful picture, and as it graces these noble walls may its inspiration touch the hearts of hundreds of young men and young women, and teach them to emulate, in their lives and conduct, both

the artist that assisted to perpetuate the memory of the scene, and the illustrious actor on that memorable occasion. Let us learn from BENJAMIN WEST to develop all the powers that exist in us, that by their fuller culture, that by this higher life, we may bless ourselves as well as others, and glorify the Divine Father who committed these talents to our keeping.

Let us learn from WILLIAM PENN that the noblest life comes from a combination,—a cultivated intellect with the strictest integrity of purpose, and these again to be carried with us in all the affairs of life.

### *Lucretia Mott*

now spake in her usual interesting manner, taking ground somewhat different from that which had been trodden. She had noticed the speakers claimed largely for Friends, in their efforts to advance Indian civilization, but she felt there were others, not of our fold, who also have labored faithfully, and whose exertions had been blessed.

She referred to HECKEWELDER of the Moravians, who had been earnest in his work, and, she thought, had accomplished much good. She only desired that we might, while giving full credit to the Friends who had preceded us in this interesting labor, not forget the coadjutors in one sense from other sects, whose earnest interest in the same cause had not been ineffectual.

*Helen Magill*

now recited "*The Quaker of the Olden Time*," by JOHN G. WHITTIER, as follows:—

The QUAKER of the olden time!—  
 How calm and firm and true;  
 Unspotted by its wrong and crime,  
 He walked the dark earth through.  
 The LUST of power, the LOVE of gain,  
 The thousand lures of sin  
 Around him, had no power to stain  
 The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects  
 All great things in the small,  
 And knows how each man's life affects  
 The spiritual life of all;  
 He walked by FAITH, and not by sight:  
 By LOVE, and not by law;  
 The presence of the wrong or right,  
 He rather FELT than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,  
 That nothing stands alone,—  
 That whoso gives the motive, makes  
 His brother's sin his own.  
 And, pausing not for doubtful choice  
 Of evils great or small,  
 He listened to that INWARD voice  
 Which called away from all.

O SPIRIT of that early day,  
 So pure and strong and true.  
 Be with us in the narrow way  
 Our FAITHFUL fathers knew.  
 Give strength the evil to forsake,  
 The CROSS of TRUTH to bear,  
 And love and reverent fear to make  
 Our daily lives a prayer.

After the recitation of WHITTIER'S impressive stanzas,

*George Truman*

presented a portrait with the following remarks:—I now present to the College a small portrait of a great man; handsomely framed as you see. It is a photograph taken from an engraving of 1796,—being that of DAVID RITTENHOUSE, the first astronomer of note of our nation. It is the gift of our valued friends CHARLES and MARY M. EVANS, of Philadelphia.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE lived and died at the northwest corner of Seventh and Arch streets, where his old residence still remains about as when he left it, except the beautiful garden with its shrubbery, whose flowers often in the early summer hung over the wall, and which we children did not hesitate to pluck. His observatory stood in the midst of the garden, whence, from the aperture in its dome-roof, he went forth frequently to visit the far distant stars. He was beloved by his neighbors and friends, and although he died nearly two years before my birth, yet I ever thought I knew him. His light seemed to linger around his dwelling and spread to and fro upon our street, and around the corner. This portrait indicates a fine nervous temperament, if not a high spirituality,—it seems to beam out from the pictured countenance.

He was born of the stock of Friends in Germantown, "April 8th, 1732," and died, "June 26th, 1796," in the 64th year of his age. His grandfather was the first paper-maker in America; his mill being established in 1690. His mind was mechanical and mathematical, and when at twelve years of

age, obtaining NEWTON'S *Principia*, he mastered it without an instructor. At seventeen, also without an instructor, he constructed a wooden clock, and soon after a metal one. Before he was nineteen, he discovered the method of fluxions, of which you know more than I: he regarded this discovery as original with himself. In 1751, then nineteen, his father furnished him with the tools of a clock-maker, and for several years he made clocks, which he rated by careful astronomical observations. His clocks are still in use, and are accounted by their possessors as superior time-keepers. In 1763, his abilities having been noticed, he was commissioned to determine the initial line, a difficult boundary-line known as MASON and DIXON'S. Subsequent observations by other surveyors from England, who were officially commissioned, found no reason to change his decisions. These observations were made by instruments of his own construction. Not being connected with the report of these surveyors, he obtained no official credit for his correct observations and the settlement of the line.

In 1767, he projected and constructed a large orrery, on a new and more perfect plan,—this was purchased by the Princeton College, where, it is said, it still remains. He made a second for the University of Pennsylvania. He also calculated the Transit of Venus, which he stated would occur “June 3d, 1769\*.” This constituted his first communication to the American Philosophical Society, and he was appointed with two others to observe it. His observations were completely successful, although at the moment of apparent contact his emotions became so great as to cause him to *faint*.

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\* Will again occur in 1874.



These observations were made at Norri<sup>s</sup>ton, in Montgomery county.

In 1791, he was chosen to succeed BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, as President of the American Philosophical Society, and in 1792 he was made Director of the United States Mint then near his dwelling, on Seventh street, between Market and Arch streets, at that time called High and Mulberry streets. He resigned from this position in 1795. That year he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

His memoirs have been written by WILLIAM BATTON, Philadelphia, 1813, and by Professor JAMES RENWYCK, in SPARKS' *American Biography*. The south-western public square was named in his honor and memory, RITTENHOUSE SQUARE.

We have thus presented to you, at this time, for your thoughtful consideration, these thoughtful minds, who, by the early culture of their talents, rose to important positions and influence. DAVID RITTENHOUSE was contemporary with BENJAMIN WEST, and also with Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. They all began their work in early life, and labored earnestly to realize and develop thoughts which burned within them: their perseverance secured a triumph,—making themselves felt by their truthfulness, their exactness in science, and their ability to give what they possessed. I desire this portrait may be placed in the Boys' parlor, that they may have this face before them, illuminated, as it seems to be, by a superior intelligence, in order to stimulate them to press onward and upward to the highest and purest aims.

*Edward Magill*

on behalf of the Faculty and the Board, said:—I accept this gift, and it shall be hung in our Reading-room, where the noble example of this self-taught mathematician, who has been styled the NEWTON of America, may inspire our boys with renewed zeal in their mathematical studies. But it must be remembered that the mathematicians of SWARTHMORE are not all confined to one sex, and if it were not receiving a gift rather ungraciously to propose another, while accepting one already bestowed I would like to suggest to the Friends of the College, who are never weary of giving in so good a cause, that an appropriate mate to the portrait just presented would be one of our distinguished fellow country-woman, Professor MARIA MITCHELL,\* of VASSAR COLLEGE; and if any Friend present feels that the boys are likely to be encouraged in their studies, while the girls are neglected, let him make good the deficiency at once, by presenting to the College the portrait of MARIA MITCHELL.

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\* At the close of the exercises, this suggestion met with a cordial and prompt response from BENJAMIN J. LEEDOM, a warm friend of the Institution, to whom it has become already indebted for many similar favors.

As an appropriate close to the foregoing Addresses and Remarks,

*George E. Conrow*

now read the following selected stanzas from "*The Last of the Lenapé*," by SAMUEL M. JANNEY:—

On Delaware's majestic stream  
A stately ship appears,  
Around her bows the foaming spray  
Is dashing, as upon her way  
With upward course she steers.

Upon her decks may you behold  
A group of Pilgrims stand;  
The old and young are gathered there,  
The matron and the maiden fair,—  
A meek, devoted band.

With eager eyes they gaze around,  
This promised land to see,—  
To these lone solitudes they come  
To seek a peaceful, quiet home,  
From persecution free.

Full well they know the INDIAN dwells  
In native wildness here;  
But, safe in God's protecting hand,  
Who called them from their native land,  
Their hearts are void of fear.

But now the ship that spot hath gained,  
Beneath the pine-tree's shade,  
Where, on the noble river's strand,  
PENN'S virgin city soon shall stand,  
In modest garb arrayed.

"Oh, mother! see,—a warrior comes!"  
The wondering children cry.  
With a proud step he seems to tread,—  
Erect his form, and o'er his head  
Are feathers, waving high.

A hatchet in his belt he wears,  
 Which has with blood been stained :  
 And now he launches on the tide,  
 And soon the gallant vessel's side  
 His swift canoe has gained.

And, on the lofty vessel's deck,  
*Lenape's* chieftain springs ;  
 He comes to welcome them ashore,  
 And venison,—a plenteous store,—  
 In his canoe he brings.

He looks around, and soon espies  
 A widowed mother there ;  
 And, with a nice discernment blest,  
 He singles *her* from all the rest  
 For *his* protecting care.

“ Daughter of *ONAS*,” said the chief,  
 “ Shed not a mournful tear ;  
 By the GOOD SPIRIT I am sent,  
 And His the blessings I present  
 Thy lonely heart to cheer.

“ What, though no house nor wigwam yet  
 Hath been prepared for thee ?  
 Where yon high bank o'erlooks the wave,  
 There is a safe, secluded cave  
 Where thou mayest sheltered be.”

Conducted by their warrior guide,  
 Within the cave they come ;  
 And now, from long confinement free,  
 The joyous children shout for glee,  
 Delighted with their home.

The Indian summer now is past,  
 The forest-leaves are sere,  
 The fruits of Autumn strew the ground,  
 And hollow winds, with dreary sound,  
 Proclaim the Winter near.

Within the cave the matron dwelt,  
 Summer and Autumn through ;  
 Though oft her faith was sorely tried,  
 Yet still by Providence supplied  
 With food, in season due.

Let not your hearts in grief despond,  
    A guardian power is nigh ;  
For He, who gives the sparrows food,  
And watches o'er the raven's brood,  
    Will hear the orphan's cry.

Hark, now ! *that tramping* through the snow,  
    Your INDIAN friend has come ;  
Laden with venison and corn,  
And berries from the forest borne,  
    He seeks the widow's home.

"Daughter of ONAS," said the chief,  
    "God has been good to me ;  
He blest me while I sought for game,  
And this, which from *His* bounty came,  
    *He* bade me bring to thee."

With gratitude they welcome in  
    The generous-hearted chief ;  
But, most of all, they bless that Power,  
Who sent them in the needful hour,  
    Such opportune relief.

Thus did the heavenly FATHER's care  
    Their fainting hearts sustain,  
And shield them from the wintry blast,  
Until the gladsome Spring, at last,  
    Came smiling o'er the plain.

Oh, heavenly love ! while in our hearts  
    Thy righteous sceptre sways,  
In desert plains will fountains spring,  
And cause the lonely heart to sing  
    With gratitude and praise.

"Beauty for ashes," dost Thou give ;  
    "The oil of joy for woe ;"  
The darkest hours Thou canst illumine,  
And cause the wilderness to bloom  
    A Paradise below.

Their race a noble tree became,  
    Enriched with golden fruit ;  
Its branches were extended wide,  
For filial piety supplied  
    The nurture of its root.

But where is *he*, who that *fair* tree  
 Protected while it rose?  
 Does *he* partake its fruits mature?  
 Or, in declining life, secure,  
 Beneath its shade repose?

Yes, still within their grateful hearts  
 The INDIAN'S name was dear;  
 They sought *his* wigwam, distant far,  
 And friendship's bright, benignant star  
 His evening hours did cheer.

But one,—sad relic of a tribe  
 Now passed from earth away,—  
 They brought to their *own* home, and there  
 They cherished her with pious care,  
 'Till life's last closing day.

Where Brandywine rolls sweetly by,  
 Is *her* last resting-place;  
 And wild flowers now are blooming round,  
 To mark the *sole* memorial found  
 Of that departed race.

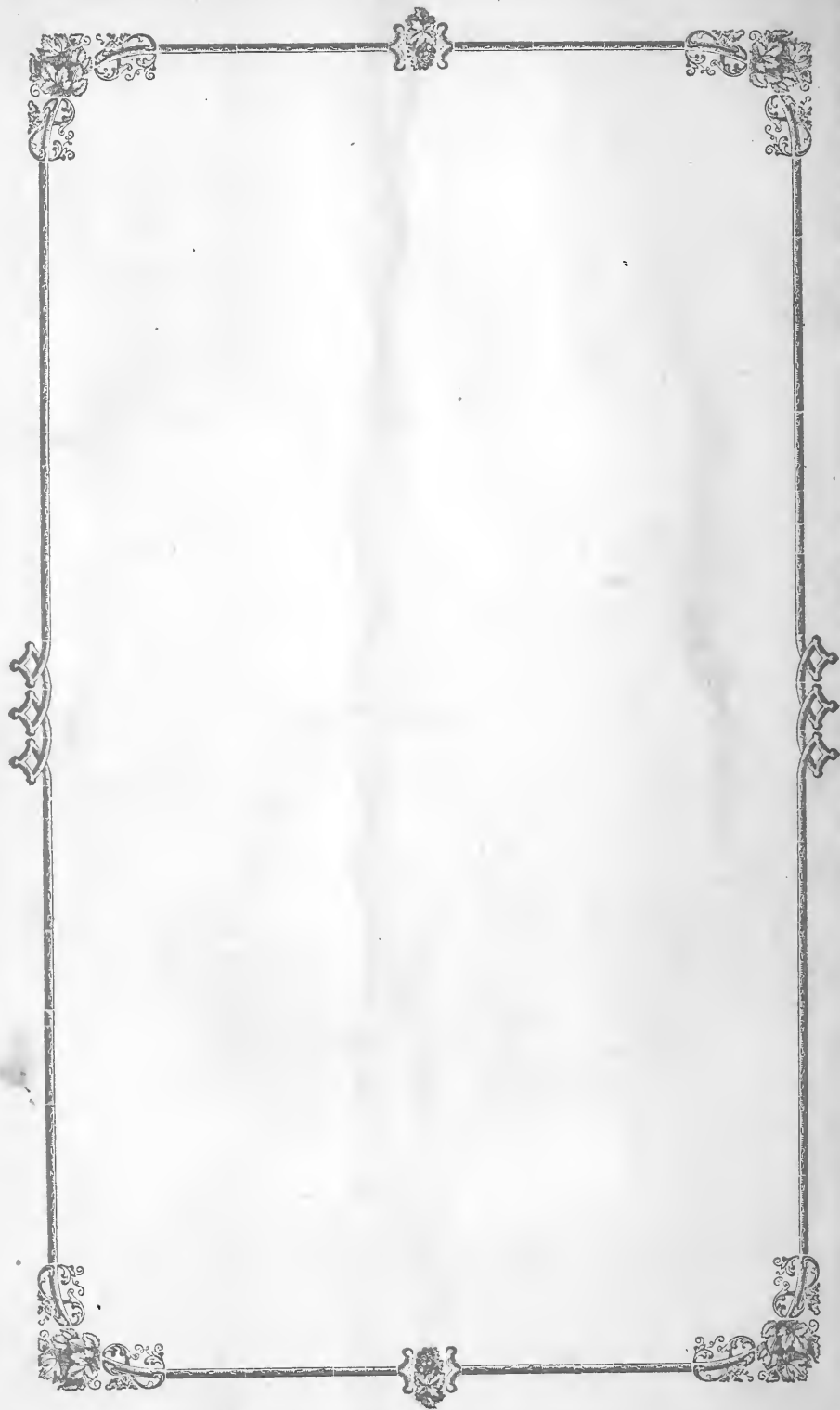
And oft at evening's pensive hours,  
 In thoughtful mood reclined,  
 While musing on those scenes long past,  
 We feel their deep'ning shadows cast  
 A sadness o'er the mind.

The lofty forest trees are gone  
 From Schuylkill's rocky shore;  
 But, ah! a nobler race than they  
 From PENN'S fair land has passed away,  
 And shall return no more.

Some rooted up,—and some by force  
 Transplanted far away:  
 Like oaks, whose blasted tops are dead,  
 And all their leafy honors shed  
 In premature decay.

Children of ONAS! do they not  
 Deserve *our* fostering *aid*?  
 Our fathers, once a feeble band,  
 While strangers in a foreign land,  
 Reposed beneath *their* shade.









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