

IN OLD
PENNSYLVANIA
TOWNS

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH
WHARTON



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IN OLD
PENNSYLVANIA
TOWNS

By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton

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HOMEWOOD, NEAR PITTSBURGH, ONCE THE HOME OF JUDGE WILLIAM WILKINS

See Page 107

IN OLD
PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

BY
ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

WITH 39 ILLUSTRATIONS



PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

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TO THE MEMORY OF
KATHARINE AUSTIN DERBYSHIRE
IN WHOSE GOOD COMPANY I TOURED TO
SOME OF THESE OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

M697321

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

So many citizens of old Pennsylvania towns have aided the writer in her researches that their names would fill many pages; she wishes, however, to make particular mention of the aid given her by such historians of Lancaster as Miss Martha Bladen Clark and the Honorable C. I. Landis; by Mr. Henry W. Shoemaker, that indefatigable Pennsylvania chronicler; by Dr. Thomas Lynch Montgomery, State Librarian at Harrisburg; by Judge and Mrs. Edward W. Biddle and Miss Emmeline K. Parker, of Carlisle; by the Honorable John Stewart, of Chambersburg, and Mr. George H. Stewart, of Shippenburg; by Miss Anna Valentine and Mrs. Harry Valentine, of Bellefonte; by George R. Bedford, Esq., and Mr. Christopher Wren, of Wilkes-Barré; by Baird Halberstadt, Esq., of Pottsville; by Mr. Oliver Ormsby Page and Mr. Sumner B. Ely, of Pittsburgh; by Miss Louise de Schweinitz, of Bethlehem; by General H. C. Trexler and Mr. Charles R. Roberts, of Allentown; by Mr. John P. Lyons, of Montrose, and last, but by no means least, by Governor William C. Sproul, of Lapidea, near Chester.

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For the use of photographs of some beautiful old homes in Carlisle, the author extends her thanks to the editors of "Carlisle Old and New."

A. H. W.

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IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

I INTRODUCTION

FROM the days of Oliver Goldsmith and Mary Russell Mitford to our own time, the village and small town have held a lure for poet, romance writer and chronicler.

“There is,” says Miss Julia Patton, who writes with enthusiasm of the English village, “something close, intimate and endearing in the village idea”; and Mrs. Edward C. Clarke gives a charming picture of village life in America in the chronicles of her girlhood’s home in Canandaigua, New York.

Few among us, even the most inveterate Cockney, can remain long insensible to the charm of an English village, to which the passing centuries have added a grace that only time can bestow, and some of our old American villages and towns, especially those which have been remote from the broad highways of travel, still possess much of the fascination of the English village. On this side of the water, however, vil-

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lages and small towns have a fashion of growing into large towns and great cities; yet, in many of them, when we get away from main thoroughfares and central squares, with their trolleys, noisy activities and bustle, we still find quiet streets, "soft embowered in trees," and old houses with the lovely porticoes and doorways that belonged to the village of the past.

Many of the old Pennsylvania towns treated of in this book may no longer be spoken of as towns, as they have outgrown such limits and become large and prosperous cities, as Chester, Lancaster, Reading, Harrisburg and Wilkes-Barré. But most of these, despite their size and importance, retain something of their village charm. In Bethlehem, with all its business activity and prosperity, the old Moravian settlement still holds the stage, its picturesque buildings being in the center of the town, and when there is a Bach festival it is to this older section that the visitor turns his footsteps. In Bellefonte, we leave a wide street, full of handsome, modern residences, climb a steep hillside, and are in the old town, where an early Valentine settler built a Friends' Meeting House, which with its moss-grown roof, its stones tinted by the fingers of time into indescribably lovely shades, is as picturesque on its hilltop as is Jordan's Meeting in its fair English valley.

Now that good roads in many parts of Penn-

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sylvania and broad highways, the William Penn, the Lincoln and the National Highway, offer facilities for reaching our old towns, some interesting associations belonging to their history, early and late, may be of interest to the tourist. To gather together some record of these associations, while those still living are able to recall stories, handed down from father to son, of the days when many of these towns were frontier forts, has been the object of the writer, as well as to record the recollections of later and eventful days just before and soon after the Civil War, while older citizens recall President Buchanan when he was living at Wheatland, near Lancaster; or tell you of President Lincoln's visits to Lancaster and Harrisburg in February, 1861; or describe the handsome face and figure of Andrew G. Curtin, as he walked through the streets of Bellefonte, before he became the noted War Governor of Pennsylvania. Such recollections as these, from eye witnesses, bridge over the years and bring back to us the events of the past with a fresh and vivid interest.

In presenting to her readers the stories of some old Pennsylvania towns, the writer wishes it to be understood that many, both old and interesting, have not been given a place in this book simply on account of the limitations of time and space. A comprehensive review of the historic towns of a state in which so much history

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has been made would fill many volumes and would require the research of a lifetime. Only those known to the writer, which have left their impress upon her mind, have been included in these pages.

Philadelphia and Germantown have been treated of by so many able writers that they have been purposely omitted in the preparation of this book.

We know our Southern and New England towns and the charm of them; we love them as a valued share in the life of a great nation; it has been the good fortune of many of these to be,

Sung in song, rehearsed in story.

For some reason the history and romances of our old Pennsylvania towns have not, to any considerable extent, occupied a place in general literature, with the exception, of course, of Philadelphia, and yet no state is richer in historic associations than the old Keystone.

The ignorance of otherwise intelligent persons with regard to the past events and present attainments of Pennsylvania has of late years been impressed upon the writer. As, for instance, in talking to an ordinarily intelligent and traveled young person from Boston, when some pictures were shown her of Colonial houses still standing in some of the southern Pennsylvania towns, she said, "Dutch Colonial, I suppose."

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“No, English Colonial,” was the answer.

“Oh! I supposed Pennsylvania was settled entirely by Dutch.”

“Where do you think all of our English, Scotch and French names came from?” was the rejoinder. “In point of fact, Pennsylvania had a greater diversity of nationality in her early settlement than any other state in the Union.”

Even more surprising are some remarks recorded in a rather recent publication called “A Hoosier Holiday,” in which two persons touring through Pennsylvania remark upon the smallness and insignificance of the population.

The census reports, of course, give the most convincing facts with regard to population, so there is no need to answer this criticism. The author, Mr. Theodore Dreisler, continues in somewhat the same vein: “But what about Pennsylvania anyhow? Why hasn’t it produced anything in particular? . . . For now that we had come to think of it we could not recall anyone in American political history or art or science who had come from Pennsylvania. William Penn (a foreigner) occurred to me, Benjamin Franklin and a certain Civil War governor of the name of Cameron, and there I stuck.”

Mr. Dreisler remembers Benjamin Franklin, to be sure; but of “the Civil War governor by the name of Cameron” we must confess ignorance. He certainly could not confuse any

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other name with that of Governor Curtin; or, with that of Cameron, represented by the two Senators, father and son, which is equally well known.

It seems strange that Mr. Dreisler did not happen to remember Robert Morris, who financed the Revolution; or Stephen Girard, who did more than any one man to finance the War of 1812.

“But where are the poets, writers, painters?” asked Mr. Dreisler’s traveling companion.

“I paused. Not a name occurred to me.”

Had he never heard of a certain Pennsylvania Quaker painter, Benjamin West, who was president of the Royal Academy in London for many years, whose paintings were so highly valued that the King of England refused to have them leave the country unless replicas were furnished by the artist? Jacob Eicholtz, of Lancaster, was an artist of considerable note, as were William T. Richards and a host of others, including John W. Alexander, of Pittsburgh; and as to science, the Hoosier tourists must, at the time, have been passing quite near the birthplace of one of the greatest scientists and inventors that America has produced. A few miles south of Lancaster Robert Fulton was born, who invented the first working submarine and the first steamboat that made a successful trip. Indeed, William Henry, of Lancaster, and John Fitch

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both worked on the steamboat with considerable success about the same time; and another scientist, too important to be overlooked, was America's greatest astronomer, David Rittenhouse, a Pennsylvanian; and by far its most celebrated early botanist was John Bartram, another Pennsylvanian.

As to Pennsylvania writers, they rise up like a cloud of witnesses, early and late, too many to speak of; but we cannot refrain from mentioning such well-known authors as Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose works have been so widely read, the two distinguished Shakespearean scholars, Dr. Horace Howard Furness and his son, and to go further back in the years, this State may claim the honor of being the home of the first American playwright, Thomas Godfrey, and the first American novelist, Charles Brockden Brown. Then Bayard Taylor has done much and well in poetry and fiction and George H. Boker's poems and plays are receiving more and fuller recognition as the years go on; while Margaret Deland, one of our leading novelists, it should not be forgotten, was born and spent her early years in Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Dreisler may well ask "What about Pennsylvania anyhow?" The trouble seems to be that this state does not sufficiently appreciate and make much of the work being done

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within her own borders, and for that reason it is not recognized by those outside of it. This is the more remarkable because no state has been endowed with more painstaking and efficient chroniclers. To such local historians of the past as the late John Blair Linn, Esq., of Bellefonte; James Pyle Wickersham, LL.D., and the Honorable W. U. Hensel, of Lancaster; Dr. Charles H. Himes, of Carlisle; Dr. Alfred Nevin, the Reverend Horace E. Hayden, of Wilkes-Barré; Dr. W. H. Egle, of Harrisburg; Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker, and Dr. F. D. Stone, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Samuel Evans, of Columbia, the Pennsylvania historian of the future will owe a lasting debt of gratitude.

II EN ROUTE TO LANCASTER

To visit some of the old historic towns of Pennsylvania had been a cherished plan of mine for several years, and this year of grace 1917, and of war also, alas!—fortune seemed to favor my desires. Kathleen Davis, who is a young widow and consequently quite free to follow her own sweet will, came to me one morning to discuss her summer plans. July and August, she said, were filled with engagements in various directions, but a part of June was not provided for. Here was my opportunity, Kathleen being the fortunate possessor of a Rolls-Royce and of an exceptionally good chauffeur, so I modestly suggested a tour to some old Pennsylvania towns.

“That sounds attractive,” said Kathleen. “I know ever so many New England towns, of course, and love them, and some of the Southern towns, like beautiful old Williamsburg and Charleston and Savannah; but I must confess that I don’t know any of the towns in my own state. I fancy they are all very much alike.”

“That is just where you are mistaken,” said I in as severe a tone as it was possible to use in speaking to any one as charming as Kathleen. “On the contrary, they are quite indi-

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vidual in their characteristics; Lancaster and Bellefonte differ as widely as Salem and Stockbridge, and then Washington, Bethlehem and Wilkes-Barré are again quite different types."

"That sounds still more attractive. Let me go with you, Serena, and try to complete my imperfect education; and let us ask your friend, Sarah Bruce, to bear us company, and give us the history of every town as we pass through it. I am sure that Wright will enjoy this tour also, as he came from one of the old Pennsylvania towns, Chambersburg; or perhaps it is Carlisle. I do hope that he may not be called to the colors before we finish our tour."

Kathleen is a very patriotic woman and had accomplished an almost incredible amount of war work during the spring; but when the question of relinquishing her invaluable chauffeur to the Government was mooted, her spirit of self-sacrifice failed to rise to the occasion.

A few days before starting on our tour of discovery I became the happy possessor of a little book with the alliterative title of "A Pleasant Peregrination Through the Prettiest Parts of Pennsylvania," in which the writer, one Peregrine Prolix, described a journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in 1836, the first lap of the trip being over the recently-constructed Columbia Railroad. We were much interested in contrasting the journey of Mr. Prolix with our own projected trip.

EN ROUTE TO LANCASTER

After a tour through Philadelphia in an accommodating omnibus which picked up men, women and children at Eleventh and George Streets, Arch and Ninth Streets and at other places, all were transferred to a railroad car, that started from the depot on Broad Street, which was drawn by four fine horses. This car conveyed the passengers to the inclined plane on the western bank of the Schuylkill which was approached by a spacious viaduct. "At the foot of the inclined plane the horses were loosed from the cars, several of which were tied to an endless rope, moved by a steam engine placed on top of the plane, and finally began to mount the acclivity with the speed of five miles an hour. . . . when the cars had all arrived at the top of the plane, some twelve or fourteen were strung together like beads, and fastened to the latter end of a steam tug. . . . The inclined plane is more than nine hundred yards in length and has a perpendicular rise of about one hundred and seventy feet."¹

"We left the inclined plane at ten o'clock," said Mr. Prolix, "and were scheduled to reach Lancaster the same afternoon." This novel conveyance appears to have made good speed, as Mr. Prolix recorded that they reached Lancaster at three o'clock in the afternoon, a great improvement upon the journey described by an-

¹ Prolix's Pleasant Peregrinations.

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other annalist, which involved a stop overnight at an inn, far from luxurious, where bed linen being scarce, a table-cloth was given one of the party in lieu of a sheet.

We set forth upon our tour of discovery in Pennsylvania in the sort of car that was only dreamed of in the days of Mr. Prolix, by Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia, and a few others of his ilk, who projected their minds into the future and had visions of journeys in what were spoken of as horseless carriages. Our point of departure was from a portion of Philadelphia given over, in 1836, to Schuylkill Rangers, goats and stray cows. From this now closely-built-up part of the city we made our way by Twenty-first Street to the Parkway, still incomplete but promising great beauty and utility, and on through the Green Street entrance to the most extensive and beautiful park in the world. By the boathouses on the banks of the Schuylkill and by the winding ways of the East Park we sped along, having on our left the old Mt. Pleasant Mansion, spoken of usually as the Benedict Arnold house, but known further back in history by the more popular name of the McPherson mansion, having been built by one John McPherson, a Scotchman of the clan of the McPhersons of Clunie. This house, somewhat modernized, is now used by an automobile club. We passed by many interesting old man-

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sions—Solitude, the home of John Penn and the last bit of property owned by the Penn family in the state of Pennsylvania, where they had held such vast estates. Our way led us by Belmont, the hospitable home of the witty Judge Peters, where General Washington was so often a guest, and by Sweetbriar, once the home of the delightful annalist, Mr. Samuel Breck. Motoring by these old houses, that are now the property of the city of Philadelphia, we rejoiced in the thought that they will ever stand as historic landmarks linking the coming generations with the storied past, with the days when Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Lafayette drove out here, by practically the same roads that are used today, to dine and sup in these old mansions.

We crossed the Schuylkill at the Falls bridge, and by devious ways reached the Montgomery Pike and the General Wayne Inn, a famous hostelry in stage-coaching days, offering, as it did, refreshment for man and beast, in the first stage of the journey from Philadelphia to Lancaster.

As late as the last quarter of the nineteenth century the General Wayne was a favorite summer resort for Philadelphians, the days of its greatest glory being those when Miss Emily Schomberg and her mother spent some weeks of the summer at the hotel. The celebrated Philadelphia beauty brought

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to this old inn certain foreign fashions, as she always had her breakfast in her rooms and never appeared in the drawing-room until later in the day, beautifully gowned and wearing an extremely becoming hat which crowned rather than concealed her luxuriant dark hair. Here Miss Schomberg held something of a court, as many persons in the neighborhood came to call upon her, all of whom she received with a certain charm and graciousness for which she was noted as much as for her great beauty. In the evening she would often give the guests of the old inn the pleasure of hearing her fine, well-trained voice, while a Count d'E——, who came from Philadelphia every afternoon to call upon Miss Schomberg, would turn the sheets of her music. The picture of the Philadelphia beauty at the piano, charming the guests of the General Wayne, while waiting maids and stable boys stood outside by the open windows listening to songs from Italy, England, Germany and France, seems to belong to another world than ours, in view of the popularity of the pianola, the victrola and all of the other devices that have been introduced to take the place of the human voice since those good old days in the seventies when Miss Schomberg sang her songs to a most appreciative audience at the old hostelry.

Within a short distance of the General

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Wayne Inn is the Merion Meeting House, and a few miles farther on our way we came upon another historic landmark, known as the Owen Jones house, although built by Robert Owen, of Merionethshire, Wales, in 1695, as appears from the date carved on the cornerstone. This house, once surrounded by over four hundred acres, is still in good preservation and has become an attractive roadside tea-house.

Between Haverford and Bryn Mawr we passed the Buck Tavern, built in 1730. This old hostelry was particularly interesting to Kathleen, as she remembered that her grandfather had told her that he and his family, when journeying to Bedford Springs in their coach, always stopped at the Buck Tavern for breakfast, with appetites sharpened by a nine-mile drive. And then, to go still further back in history, the main body of Washington's army was encamped near here. In a letter to Congress, under date of September 15, 1777, the General wrote:

At the Buck Tavern,
Three o'clock, P.M.

We are moving up this road [the old Lancaster Road] to get between the enemy and Swede's Ford, and to prevent them from turning our right flank."

All the country through which we were passing is filled with associations of Revolutionary days, especially of those weeks in the autumn of 1777, when the two generals, Washing-

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ton and Howe, were playing their spirited game of hide-and-seek north and west of Philadelphia, within an area of twenty-five or thirty miles.

After leaving the Buck Tavern we passed by the lovely grounds and fine buildings of Haverford College; by White Hall, once famous for its summer gayeties, its dances and amateur theatricals, as Mr. John W. Townsend has recalled to us so vividly in his interesting story of the "Main Line"; by Bryn Mawr College, with its wonderful gates and its beautiful campus, and so on to St. Davids, through a fine stretch of rolling, intensively-cultivated country.

Every road in this region passes over historic ground; every path has its legend; nearly every house its own traditions. We should need weeks instead of hours in which to enjoy it all, as Sarah reminded us; but we could not pass this way without stopping at the beautiful old church of St. Davids, often as we had seen it. This is the most perfect example of a Colonial country church, dignified and yet simple in its lines, as every rural church should be. It is not strange that this ancient sanctuary, with its stone walls draped with ivy and its beautiful church yard, shaded by great trees, should have impressed one of our distinguished American poets. Simplicity and dignity are harmoniously united in this historic building dedicated to the patron saint of Wales, settlers from which

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country built the church here in 1715, the curious outside stairway having been added much later.

North of Stratford Station we found the quaint little Eagle School House, which, through the interest and public spirit of some citizens of Radnor Township, notably Mr. Henry Pleasant, Jr., has been restored and opened for a public library and reading-room. In the grounds a number of Revolutionary soldiers were buried, and after sleeping for over a hundred years in an unmarked grave, a tablet with a beautiful and appropriate inscription has been placed over their last resting-place.

Near Devon, where the Sugartown road intersects the old Church road, we noticed a handsome house with a beautiful lawn sloping gently down to a pond. The beauty of the place and Tarleton, the name on the gate-post, interested us, and we turned to our ever-helpful Antiquary, who, as usual, was able to meet our demand.

“This house,” she said, “was a farm house in Colonial days, the hill on which it stands being an important outpost of the patriot army during the winter of 1778, when the main body of Washington’s army was at Valley Forge. Young Harry Lee was posted at the farm house, which then stood here, for the purpose of deflecting supplies intended for the British army in Philadelphia. Lee’s command consisted of fourteen men detailed from Colonel Theodorick

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Bland's Virginia regiment. General Howe, having learned from Tory spies in the neighborhood of the isolated position of this farm house, and being in need of supplies from the rich country surrounding it, detached two hundred troopers under Tarleton to make a detour of Philadelphia and surprise Lee. The young officer and the men under him made so gallant a resistance against overwhelming numbers, that they finally succeeded in holding the fort. After this engagement the Commander-in-Chief wrote Lee a personal letter commending him and his command for their 'gallant behaviour,' and with the approval of Congress advanced him to the rank of major with a command of two troops of horse, in addition to which he recommended the men under him for promotion. This was one of the many engagements in which Lee, afterwards known as 'Lighthorse Harry,' distinguished himself and won the commendation of General Washington, with whom he was a great favorite."

The present owners of the property, Dr. and Mrs. George C. Stout, although they have greatly enlarged the house and beautified the grounds, have retained the old name, Tarleton. Lee would be more appropriate, as it was Lighthorse Harry who conferred distinction upon the place; but old names cling to certain localities, and it is usually a mistake to change them.

EN ROUTE TO LANCASTER

Near Paoli we turned from the pike to have a look at Waynesborough, the birthplace of General Anthony Wayne, a fine stone house in good preservation, where we had often been received by the late General and Mrs. William Wayne, and sat upon the self-same, high-backed horsehair sofa upon which General Anthony Wayne, Lafayette and many Revolutionary heroes had sat. The old house is kept much as it was in the days of General Wayne, and as it stands to-day with its substantial walls, shaded by great trees, it is a picturesque landmark of historic value that should be preserved for all time. General Anthony Wayne is buried in the beautiful grounds of St. David's Church. He died at Erie, Pennsylvania, whither he had gone to take possession of certain posts for the United States at Majora, Oswego, Miami and Delevit, which were surrendered by the English. While at Erie the General became seriously ill, died December, 1796, and was buried, according to his wish, on Garrison Hill, north of the present Soldiers' Home. In 1809 Colonel Isaac Wayne had his father's remains removed and placed in the family burial ground at St. David's Church, Radnor. This region is filled with associations of General Wayne, but we were glad to have the discrepancy between the date of his death and that of his burial at St. David's Church explained by Sarah, who well deserves

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the title of Antiquary which we have bestowed upon her.

On the right-hand side of the pike, near Paoli, a tavern stands, once the General Jackson, now the Franklin. The old Paoli Inn was long since destroyed by fire, and no new building has taken its place. The name Paoli has often puzzled us; but here again our Antiquary was able to answer our question. The Paoli, she said, was named after Pachal Paoli, a Corsican patriot, who at the time of the opening of the inn was living in exile in England and, although unsuccessful, was looked upon as the ideal patriot and champion of liberty. Paoli's efforts for the freedom of Corsica were frustrated by the purchase of the island from the Genoese by France, and General Paoli, after an heroic struggle, became an exile.

"That is all very interesting," I said, "but why was the inn named after General Paoli?"

"No one knows exactly why," said the Antiquary, who usually had a reason for everything, "except that liberty was in the air just then, and some enthusiast had been reading about General Paoli."

After passing Paoli and climbing the steep hills between that station and Green Tree, a fine view of the beautiful Chester Valley, with the hills near Valley Forge in the distance, opened before us. Old Green Tree Inn, a familiar

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landmark for many years, was destroyed when the Pennsylvania Railroad straightened its roadbed in 1877, the new line running directly through the inn. At Malvern we were reminded that the first railroad car on the new road to the West Chester Intersection had arrived here in October, 1832. This car, which took the place of the Lancaster mail coach, was drawn by two horses and accommodated thirty passengers. The old-time route was given "from the ancient Court House, Second and Market Streets, to the Lancaster Court House."

A short distance south and west of the little town of Malvern, on Monument Avenue, is a tall monument which marks the site of what has been known for many years as the Paoli Massacre. This, according to Dr. Charles J. Stillé, and other able historians, is a misnomer, as the so-called massacre was nothing more or less than a night attack, not as much of a surprise as Washington gave the Hessians at Trenton in December, 1776. The difference between the two affairs seems to have been that Wayne's men resisted, fought like free Americans, as he said, and sixty-one of the command of twelve hundred were killed and a number wounded, while at Trenton the Hessian mercenaries were captured to the number of nearly² one thousand.

A local tradition, still believed by some per-

² General Washington's report to Congress, Headquarters, Newtown, 27 December, 1776.

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sons in the neighborhood, was related to us by a friendly guide to the effect that, at the time of General Grey's attack, General Wayne was asleep in a little house still standing near the monument. He is said to have escaped, half-clad, to Waynesborough, his home, several miles distant. There is no foundation whatever for this story; indeed, the official report of the affair entirely contradicts it. General Wayne was in command of his troops and seems to have done all that was possible to prepare them to resist the enemy, in the very short notice given him by a resident of Chester County, whom he spoke of as "a Mr. Jones, an old Gent'n who lives nearby where we were encamped."

After leaving Malvern we passed under the railroad bridge and reached The Warren, as it is called to-day, a famous hostelry in its time, whose swinging sign once bore the name and picture of Admiral Vernon, and after the Revolution that of the patriot general, Joseph Warren, who died for his country at Bunker Hill.

These old roadside taverns, with their picturesque names, The Horse and Groom, The Old White Horse, the Rising Sun, The Hat, and The Ship, tempt one to linger over their history and associations; but our Antiquary reminded us that this work had been admirably and exhaustively done by Mr. Julius F. Sachse, Dr. John T. Faris and other Pennsylvania chroniclers,

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and that our object was to see some of the old Pennsylvania towns.

Downingtown, our next objective point, was, she said, sufficiently ancient to please us, having been surveyed as early as 1702 for Joseph Cloud, Jeremiah Collett, Robert Vernon and Daniel Smith, all of whom took up land here.

A short distance from The Warren we were attracted by a signboard, To Swedesford Manor, and being out for pleasure and not scheduled to reach Lancaster at any particular time, we concluded, with the approval of the Antiquary, to make a short detour in order to see the old Coxe and Emlen country seat, once known as Solitude, now Swedesford Manor. As we approached the grounds, nothing looked familiar to us, except the water tower, a fine new barn and outbuildings having taken the place of the old farm buildings and the site of the original house being now occupied by a handsome Elizabethan structure, built by the present owner of the property, Mr. Clarence S. Kates. He happened to be in the courtyard when we motored up to the house, and, recognizing Sarah as an old acquaintance, he courteously showed us his beautiful library, hall and dining-room, in all of which the wood-carving is very fine. Indeed, the house, inside and out, reminded us strongly of Haddon Hall in England.

Returning to the pike, we passed a number

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of attractive country places with lawns shaded by fine old trees, among these the home of the Reverend William Bull, the date, 1799, in the front of the house, attesting to its antiquity.

Near Downingtown is the Caln meeting-house, one of the most picturesque of the old meetings, set aloof as it is, shaded by great forest trees and surrounded by a rich farming country. Of it John Russel Hayes, the bard of many Friends Meetings, might well say, as he said of another old sanctuary:

The best of old and new are truly blent
In this old house among the ancient trees,
Set round with slopes of wheat and fragrant corn
That sway and waver in the summer breeze.

Although East and West Downingtown now form a busy, prosperous center, the older town still holds much of the village charm of what was once "Downing's Town," as Robert Brooke called it in his survey of 1806, and here are many picturesque old houses. One that particularly interested us with its beautiful Colonial door was formerly the home of one of the Edge family, a great-uncle of Walter E. Edge, recently Governor of New Jersey, and now United States Senator. The tea-house, where we stopped for some light refreshment, was the residence of one of the early Downings. Thomas Downing bought nearly six hundred acres of land here as early as 1739. Phineas Eachus was another



Photograph by George W. Jacobs, Jr.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN DOWNINGTOWN

EN ROUTE TO LANCASTER

early settler; his field, according to an old survey, separating the Great Valley Road from the Philadelphia Road, the latter the highway upon which we were so joyously traveling. From East Downingtown we crossed the Brandywine to West Downingtown, and, turning to the right at the Baptist Church, according to the directions given us by one of the townspeople, we gained the Harrisburg Turnpike, crossed Beaver Creek and by a country road reached the charming old Valentine house, of which we were in search, now the home of Miss Edge. Beaver Creek, which later joins the Brandywine, flows by the lawn on one side; on the other side and across the road is an old mill in which flour was ground for the Revolutionary Army. The house, to which a modern gable end has been added, was built by Robert Valentine in 1768. After his death his widow left the homestead and removed to Bellefonte with her five sons and a pack of hounds. Other possessions Mrs. Robert Valentine may have carried with her to her new home, but the five sons and the pack of hounds seem to have been the only belongings considered worthy of mention.

Soon after our return to the highway we passed the site of the old Ship Tavern, now a private residence. A local chronicler says that the Ship was generally known as "The Widow Evans'," as it was kept for over forty years by

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Mistress Susie Evans, of whom he tells the following story:

“Along about sixty-five years ago Mr. Chambers, the celebrated divine and temperance lecturer, came up from Philadelphia to deliver a lecture on temperance at Grove, in Chester County. He left the train at Oakland Station, now Whitford, and before going across he entered the hotel at that place and requested Mr. Boyer to give him ‘a strong cup of coffee.’ A Mrs. Evans, who kept the Ship Tavern, in the same township, heard of the incident, and in the presence of some parties she made use of the expression that she wished he had come to her with that request, adding, ‘I would have made it strong enough for him.’” From which expression, it appeared very evident that Mistress Susie Evans would not have voted for prohibition, if the question had been put to the vote in her time.

Again we crossed the very winding Brandywine, this time the west branch, which rises somewhere in the Welsh Mountains, and were speeding through Coatesville. This town, beautifully situated as it is, is so beclouded by the smoke of its many steel and iron furnaces that we are wont to forget its beauty and think of it only as a busy manufacturing town, one of the great centers of production that has done much to make Pennsylvania “The Industrial Titan of America,” as John Oliver La Gorce has been

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pleased to name it. There are, however, old streets in Coatesville and fine, old homes, as it was settled in early times, and named after Moses Coates, who came to Pennsylvania with his wife, about 1717, bringing a certificate from Carow, Ireland, to the Haverford Monthly Meeting. He afterwards owned a large part of the land in and around what is now Coatesville and lived in a house still standing on First Avenue which was later the home of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Lukens. Mrs. Lukens was a daughter of Isaac Pennock, who purchased from the Coates family the saw mill and water-power mill in 1810, which he then proceeded to change into an iron mill. Dr. Charles Lukens, Mr. Pennock's son-in-law, came into the business in 1813, being the first person in America to make iron plate for the construction of boilers. On the death of her husband, Mrs. Lukens carried on the business successfully for many years. As a tribute to the memory of this able woman, the name of the works was changed to Lukens Rolling Mills, the name before that time having been the Brandywine Mills. Later, through the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. Lukens' daughter Isabella to Dr. Charles Huston, the mills came into the possession of the Huston family, who still own them and have the distinction of making in them the largest steel plates ever produced, large enough to form the crown and sides of a locomotive in one piece.

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The house to which Dr. and Mrs. Lukens came soon after their marriage was considered old, even in 1816, as a part of it was built over a hundred years before, and the portion added by Moses Coates dated back to days before the Revolution. Mrs. Charles Huston, in writing her recollections of this, her early home, spoke of the fine trees and beautiful garden surrounding it, and of its remoteness from the busy world. In 1873 life in Coatesville had changed:

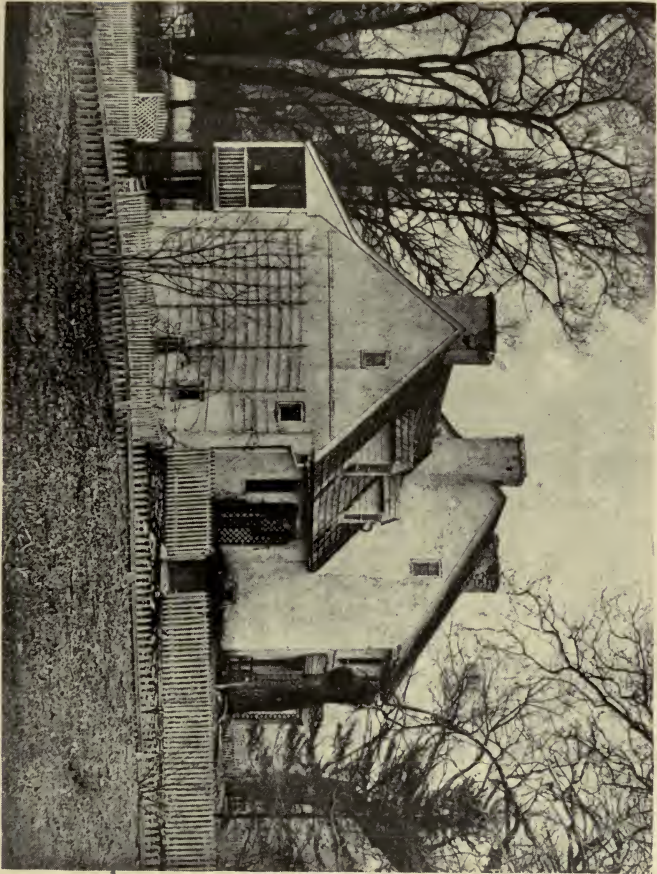
“The advent of the Pennsylvania Railroad into our midst was a most exciting event. Fifty year ago, probably, my mother, standing in her own doorway, and looking northward, said to her uncle, Joseph Webb:

“‘I shall not be surprised one day to see a railroad upon the side of yonder hills.’

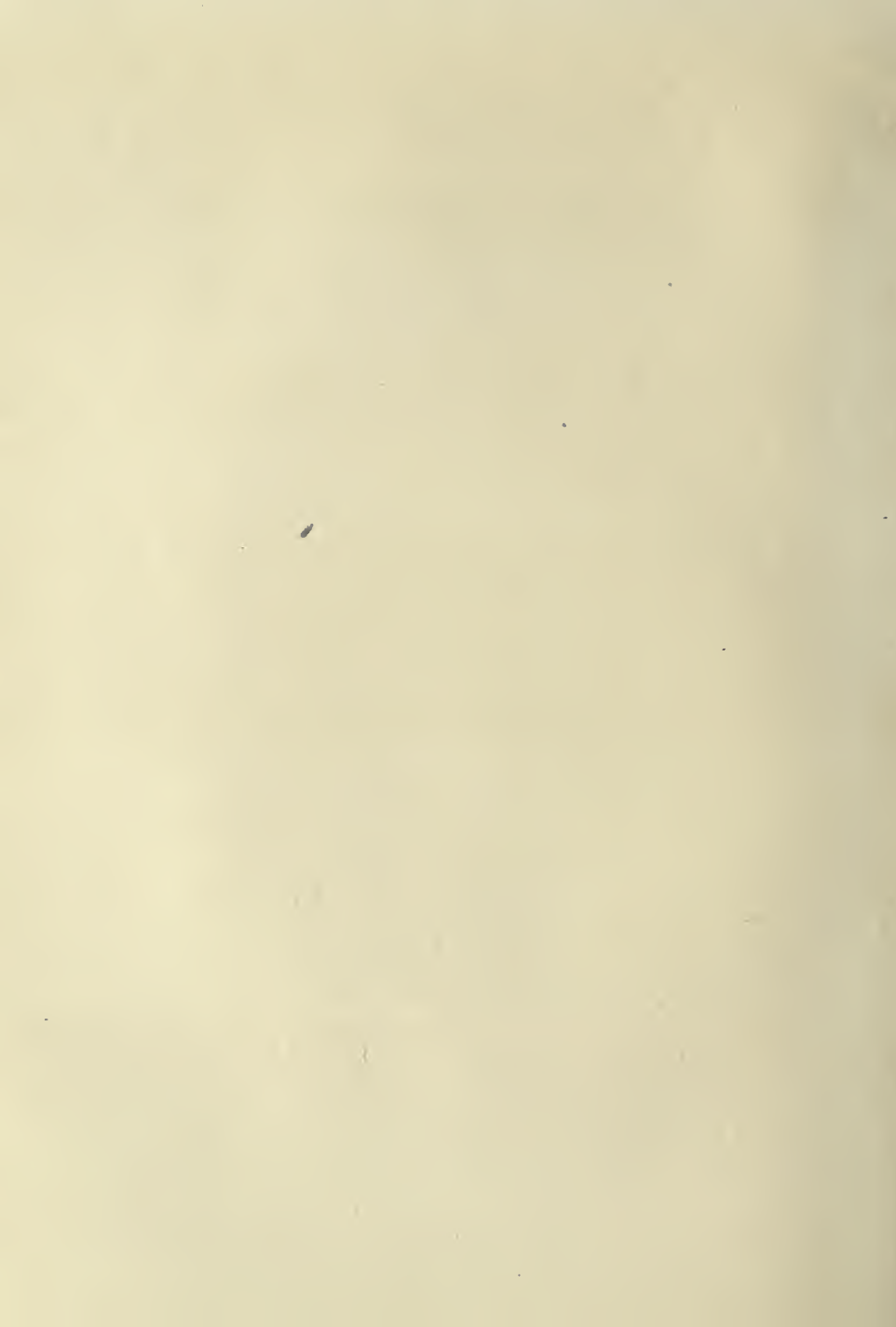
“‘That,’ he replied, ‘would be a miracle which could never happen in my time. They could not cross that gorge through which the Brandywine flows.’

“‘Yes,’ said my mother, ‘they could easily span it with a bridge’; and so they did, but it did not happen until after my uncle’s death.

“I remember, when a child, waiting for hours on the hill to see the first engine upon the road. In fact, the whole community turned out in great excitement to gaze at the novelty and to hear the first echoes reverberating among the hills. Now, the Wilmington and Reading Railroad traverses the valley of the Brandywine,



THE COATES-LUKENS-HUSTON HOUSE, COATESVILLE



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intersecting the Pennsylvania Railroad at Coatesville, and the old mansion is near the noisy angle formed by both."

On the left-hand side of the Lincoln Highway, which runs directly through the town, we were attracted by a fine old house with balconies in front, now the Washington House.

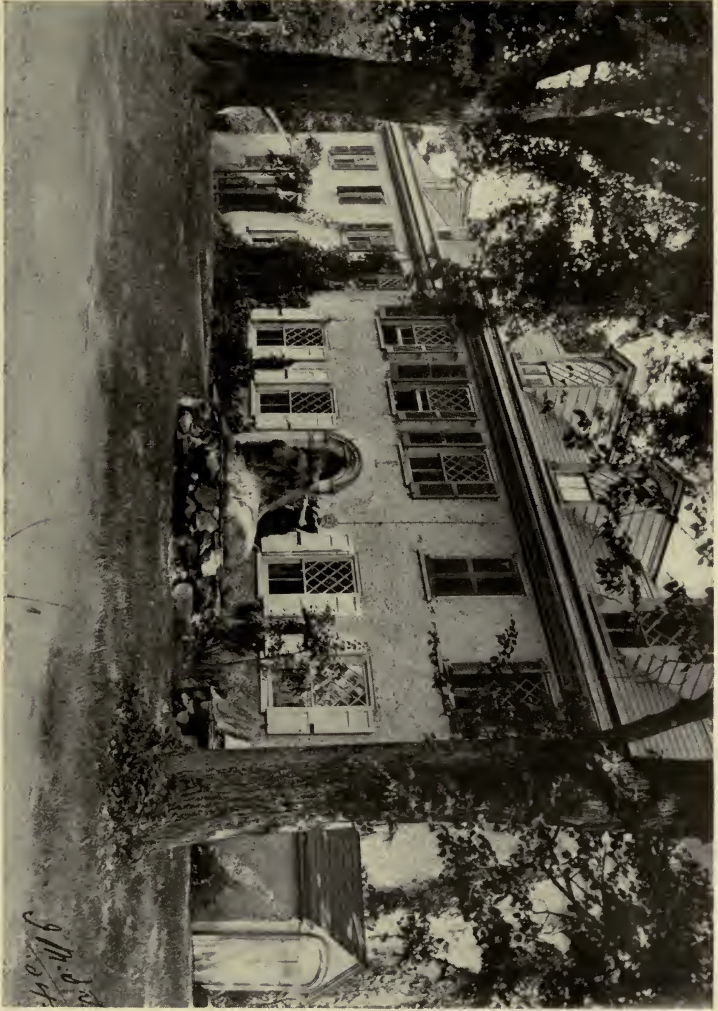
After leaving Coatesville we passed through the Gap, a natural passageway between the hills, and were in Lancaster County. Here again a signboard, this one marked "To Honey Brook," beguiled us from the straight road of travel, and we were soon speeding along the Honey Brook road toward Windsor Forges and Churchtown, both in Caernarvon Township.

Honey Brook is a typical old Pennsylvania town, with its houses, post-office and country store all being set near the sidewalk. Why the houses are thus placed in so many Pennsylvania towns, the garden and everything in the way of beauty at the rear of the house, is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered, although various reasons have been given, more or less plausible.

After a bit of poor road and after crossing a bridge, we suddenly came upon the beautiful old mansion of Windsor Forges, whose extended façade, with latticed windows and wide inviting doorway, is separated from the road by a lawn and some fine trees. The hospitable châtelaine, who had always welcomed us to her

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home, was away, so the caretaker informed us; but learning that we were friends of Miss Nevin, we were allowed to enter the grounds, and from an octagonal porch at the back of the house to enjoy the lawn, terraced down to the Conestoga, making, with the shrubbery, shade trees and parterres of old-fashioned flowers, a charming setting for the long, low mansion, which holds many memories of the past. Nothing is left of the old forge, or of the workmen's houses, which were situated on the winding Conestoga, the Crooked Creek of the Indians of this region; but some remains are still to be seen of the cave or dugout in which the first settler, John Jenkins, is said to have lived until he was able to build a house for the shelter of himself and his family. Mr. Jenkins, with other pioneers from Wales, first settled in Chester County and later, tempted by a desire to further explore this beautiful and fertile region, they pushed on westward and established themselves in what is now Caernarvon Township, to which they gave its Welsh name. This was in the early years of the nineteenth century, the mansion house and the forges were built later, some time in the forties, by William Branson, of Philadelphia, who owned the property for some years, and not being disposed to belittle the importance of his possession, named his residence after the palace of the King of England. David Jenkins, a son of the original owner, bought back Wind-



WINDSOR FORGES, CERRARAYON TOWNSHIP

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sor Forges, with the mansion house, which has been in possession of the family ever since. Miss Blanche Nevin, the well-known sculptor, a great-granddaughter of the original settler, still makes her home during a portion of the year in the beautiful old mansion.

On the lawn is a substantial little stone house, which was built for the storing of food and ammunition in the event of an attack by the Indians. This house may not have been used for the purpose for which it was designed, as the Indians in this neighborhood seem to have been friendly. Mrs. John W. Nevin, a direct descendant of the first John Jenkins of Windsor Forges, in her recollections, spoke of an Indian settlement near Churchtown, and she said that her father, the Hon. Robert Jenkins, told her of hunting and fishing, in his boyhood, with these friendly neighboring Indians.

We passed through the pretty little village of Churchtown, so named after the church built there about 1730 by Welsh settlers, a charter insuring them the privilege of "the free exercise" of their religion having been given them by William Penn some years earlier.

An interesting social life existed in this part of Pennsylvania not unlike the plantation life of Virginia. We find associated with Mr. William Branson at Windsor Forges, Samuel Flower, Richard Hockley and Lynford Lardner, of Philadelphia, and in the building up of the

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

town and the church many persons were interested whose names belong to the social life of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and other cities, among these were the large and influential Jenkins, Nevin, Old, Jacobs and Coleman families. Mr. Robert Coleman, of Elizabeth Furnace, one of the noted iron masters of Pennsylvania, was a generous contributor to the little church, to which the town owes its name, as was Mr. Cyrus Jacobs, who built a fine old mansion, White Hall, near Churchtown.

By devious ways, and some roads not to be recommended to the automobilist, we returned to our good friend, the Lincoln Highway.

As we motored through Lancaster County, we did not wonder that some of the early settlers of Chester County, beautiful as it is, had pushed on to the west into what was later to be known as Lancaster County, a veritable garden region. The fact that the settlers here had named their townships Eden and Paradise shows how truly they appreciated their richly productive lands.

The Lincoln Highway runs through Paradise, a pretty little country town twelve miles south and east of Lancaster; the most noted dwelling here to-day is the beautiful country seat of Justice I. Hay Brown, whose well-wooded lawn slopes down to the road. A little farther west on the Highway was David Witmer's brick tavern, "The Sign of the Stage"; another house owned by David Witmer is now the residence

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of Judge C. I. Landis, who has written an interesting story of the first long turnpike in the United States. This house, once a wayside inn, bears a tablet which records the fact that it was built in 1781 by David and Esther Witmer. One of the interesting traditions of the house is that General Washington stopped here when returning from one of his expeditions to the western part of the state. Opposite the house a "hemp mill" stood, and, as the story runs, General Washington wished to see a "hemp mill" with a view to putting one up at Mount Vernon. "Unfortunately, the person who operated the mill for his benefit removed some of the bracing, and a plank, coming in contact with the rapidly-moving machinery, injured the operator and startled the guest. Because of this unfortunate accident, the General concluded that he had no use for the machine."

Another interesting association with this historic town is the Marquis de Lafayette's visit in 1825. Before the hostelry was a marble "upping block" upon which the French visitor alighted and upon which he stood to receive a number of persons who were eagerly awaiting his arrival. The old "upping block" still stands before the home of Judge Landis.

Through an exquisitely beautiful country, filled with interesting associations, we sped on toward Lancaster, crossed the Conestoga and were in the old city.

III

THE STORY OF AN OLD TOWN

AT a first glance, Lancaster appears to the tourist as a busy, modern city, with its factories and many lines of trolleys running in as many directions, but after crossing the Square and walking along Lime Street we found in shaded streets and quiet corners many associations with the old life of a town which, after Philadelphia, was for years the most important political and social center in Pennsylvania. The town of Lancaster is fairly old, having been laid out between 1729 and 1732, the two Hamiltons, Andrew Hamilton, Esq., and his son James, both having a hand in its planning. Here we find the Centre Square, dear to the early settler of Pennsylvania, reminiscent, as it was, of the old English town which he had left for the New World. Such a Centre Square as William Penn planned for Philadelphia, Lancaster has to-day, except that the good Founder's Centre Square was to be kept "fair and green," and that of Lancaster is far too busy and bustling to admit of grass growing upon it. Everything in Lancaster comes to and goes from the Square, and there is no trace of the older town here, although the

THE STORY OF AN OLD TOWN

old Court House once stood in Centre, or Penn Square, as it was then called. A still older building, the log court-house, or Postlethwait's Tavern, accommodated the early justices of Lancaster. It was in an early and primitive court-house that the governors of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and Virginia met the Indian chiefs of the Six Nations in 1744 and listened to their complaints against the white settlers. Of this conference Miss Martha Bladen Clark gives an interesting description gleaned from old records and diaries.¹ After the formal meetings of the conference were over, a dance was given near the home of Mr. Thomas Cookson, where Governor Thomas was stopping. This Indian dance seems to have been of a war-like nature, as it represented the Indians in the act of besieging a fort of their enemies, and in view of tragic Indian massacres in several of the Colonies about this time, the dance, given in honor of the Commissioners, could not have been looked upon by the inhabitants of Lancaster as an unalloyed pleasure. The savages, however, seem to have retired peacefully to their wigwams at the conclusion of the dance, after being treated to light refreshment in the form of sangaree. Of a dinner given to the twenty-four chiefs of the Six Nations, Mr. Wil-

¹ "The Hamilton Grant" by Martha Bladen Clark, Secretary of the Lancaster Historical Society.

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liam Marshe, Secretary to the Maryland Commissioners, recorded in his diary that the dinner, which seems to have been given by the Commissioners from Maryland, was in the Court House, and was attended by the Governor of Pennsylvania (George Thomas) and a great many gentlemen from other Colonies. "There was," said Mr. Marshe, "a large number of inhabitants of Lancaster present to see the Indians dine. We had five tables, great variety of dishes and served up in very good order. The Sachems sat at two separate tables, at the head of one the famous Cannasateego sat, and the others were placed according to their rank. As the Indians are not accustomed to eat in the same manner as the English or other polite nations do, we who were secretaries on this affair, with Mr. Thomas Cookson, Prothonotary of Lancaster County; William Logan, Esq., son of Mr. President Logan, and Mr. Nathaniel Rigbie, of Baltimore County, in Maryland, carved the meat for them, served them with cider and wine mixed with water and regulated the ceremony of the two tables. The chiefs drank heartily and were very greasy before they finished their dinner, for by the bye they make no use of forks. Conrad Weiser, the interpreter, was a guest at the dinner. He was highly respected by the Indians. Many other prominent men were at the dinner, I presume, as they were members of the

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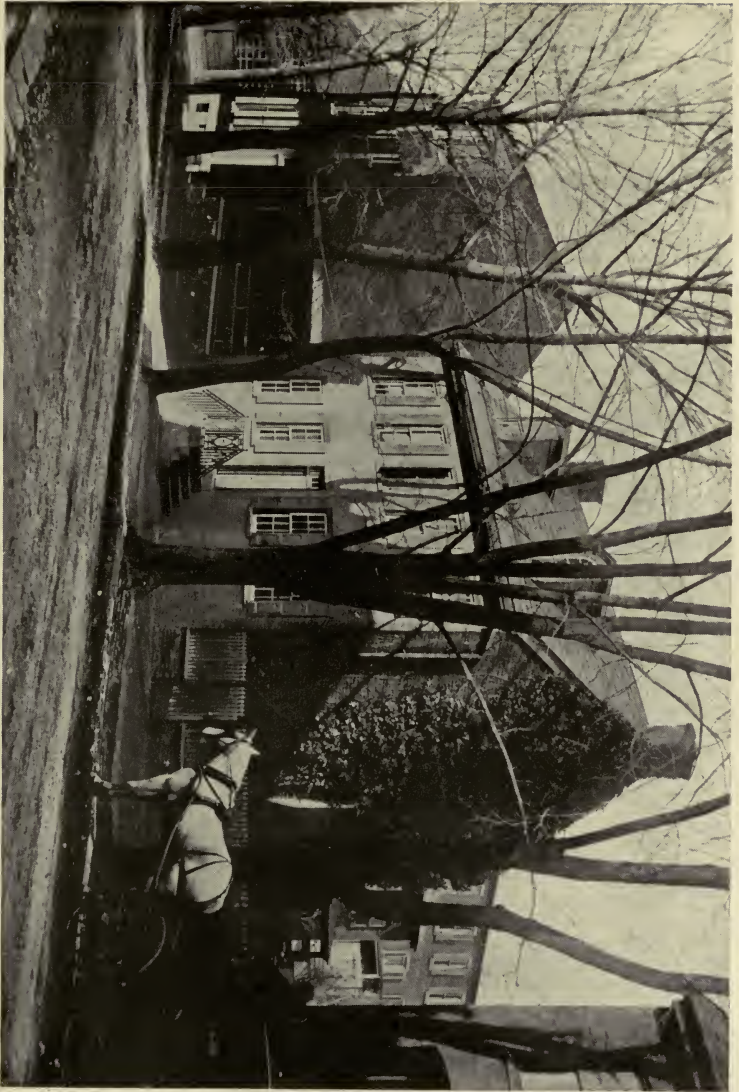
Indian Treaty, viz.: Rev. Thomas Craddock, rector of St. Thomas Parish, Baltimore; Edmund Jennings, at one time secretary of the Honorable Commissioners of Maryland; Peter Worrall, who keeps an inn in Lancaster, and where we procured a room and a dinner; Andrew Hamilton, son of the distinguished lawyer of that name; James Hamilton, the proprietor of Lancaster, who also made the ball and opened it by dancing two minutes with two of the ladies here, which last danced wilder time than any Indians; George Sanderson, who kept an inn, and the first town clerk of the borough of Lancaster; Honorable Colonel Thomas Lee and Colonel William Beverly, both Virginia Commissioners, both worthy descended, with His Excellency Thomas Bladen, Esq., Governor of the Province of Maryland.”

Our Antiquary left us in Lancaster, as she was bent upon some explorations farther north, in Bradford County, where she had heard interesting tales of an early French colony. Before leaving us she bespoke the good will of a local historian, who loves his Lancaster and is doing his best to make us love it. While walking along Orange Street, he reminded us that we were near the scene of the Indian dance of 1744, as Mr. Thomas Cookson's house, where he entertained Governor Thomas, was on this street. On Orange Street, also, is the house, still in good

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

condition, in which Christopher Marshall lived and wrote his valuable and gossiping and sometimes acrimonious diary. Passing events during the War of the Revolution furnished an interesting background for a chronicler, and at Marshall's hands no dramatic possibility was lost. Reports of the advance of the British were daily received; one day the enemy was said to be near Downingtown and pushing on towards Swedes Ford, another day troops were within eighteen miles of Lancaster, upon which Marshall reflects "the progress and fertility of the lying spirit, that moves about in and through the different classes of men in this place, attended with twistings, windings and turnings that it seems impossible to fix any truth upon them."

Back of the lying spirit and the twistings and turnings, there was a background of stern reality, as the British entered Philadelphia September 26th. Many of the inhabitants had already left, some of them, like Jacob Hiltzheimer and his family, going north to Trenton and afterwards to Reading and Bethlehem, as he recorded in his diary under date of October 8, 1777: "Dined at Bethlehem and then proceeded to Squire Peter Trexler's, who received us with great good will." This Peter Trexler, Justice of the Peace in Colonial days and under the Constitution, lived near Breinigsville, a village eight miles west of Allentown.



HOUSE OF CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL, LANCASTER

THE STORY OF AN OLD TOWN

The Supreme Executive Council must have reached Lancaster by a roundabout way, and, according to a story preserved in the Baker family, then living at Point-no Point on the Delaware, Governor Wharton was rowed across the river by Mr. Conrad Baker.

This was evidently just before the British entered Philadelphia, and as the Governor and Council did not reach Lancaster until the 29th of September, several days must have been spent on the journey. Mr. Conrad Baker's account of the departure of the Governor and Council is interesting as from a person living on the Delaware at that time. Mr. Baker said the Governor rode directly to his house and hastily asked of Mr. Baker some means of transportation across the Delaware. Mr. Baker replied that he would first have to hobble the horses in the field to delay or to prevent the British from using them in place of their own jaded steeds. This he hastily did, and then conducted the Governor to the river bank, but before they could start to cross they heard the report of the British firearms from the house. "There," said Mr. Baker, "they have shot the dogs," which ultimately proved to be true. He assured the Governor that he had no fear for his family, as the soldiers would not kill women and children, so they both concealed themselves in the bushes until a favorable opportunity for

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

escape presented itself, when they at once took to the boat and rowed across to Jersey, as is supposed, to the residence of Mr. Browning, who lived on the opposite shore. Another version of the story, and a less probable one, is that Mrs. Baker rowed the Governor across the river. However this may be, the Bakers seem to have had a hand in getting him across.

For one day, Lancaster had the distinction of being the seat of the Continental Congress. Marshall recorded in his diary September 29th: "Many of the inhabitants of Philadelphia came to-day, as did our President or Governor, the Executive Council and the members of the Assembly who met here this day in the Court House." The same day Congress set off for Yorktown. The reason for the removal of the Congress is obvious, Lancaster is only sixty-eight miles from Philadelphia, the goal of the British army, and directly on the route to that city, while York, some miles south and west, looked like a safer place of meeting. As it happened, the British did not stop in Lancaster en route to the capital city, and the government of Pennsylvania was carried on in this town during the War of the Revolution and for some time after.

Timothy Matlack, Secretary of the Supreme Executive Council, also lived on Orange Street, nearly opposite Marshall's old residence. An-

THE STORY OF AN OLD TOWN

other interesting house is that of Caleb Cope. In this house, on the north side of Grant Street, near Lime Street, was lodged Major John André. The young British officer had been made a prisoner of war by General Richard Montgomery when St. Johns was captured by him in November, 1775. Writing to a friend at this time, André said, "I have been taken prisoner by the Americans and stripped of everything except the picture of Honora,² which I concealed in my mouth." A number of other prisoners were taken at this time, some of whom were brought to Lancaster, which, like Reading and York, was considered a safe place for the lodging of prisoners, being convenient to both capitals and yet not so close to the scene of military operations as to be unsafe for prisoners of war. Many of these prisoners reached Lancaster in a destitute condition, and when the Government was unable to supply them with food and clothing, they were given the comforts of life by Matthias Slough. "The men," says the late Mr. W. U. Hensel, one of Lancaster's valued historians, "were kept at the barracks, surrounded by a stockade; and the British officers lodged at public or private houses. André not only found shelter under the roof of Cope, but had congenial associations with his family. That it was

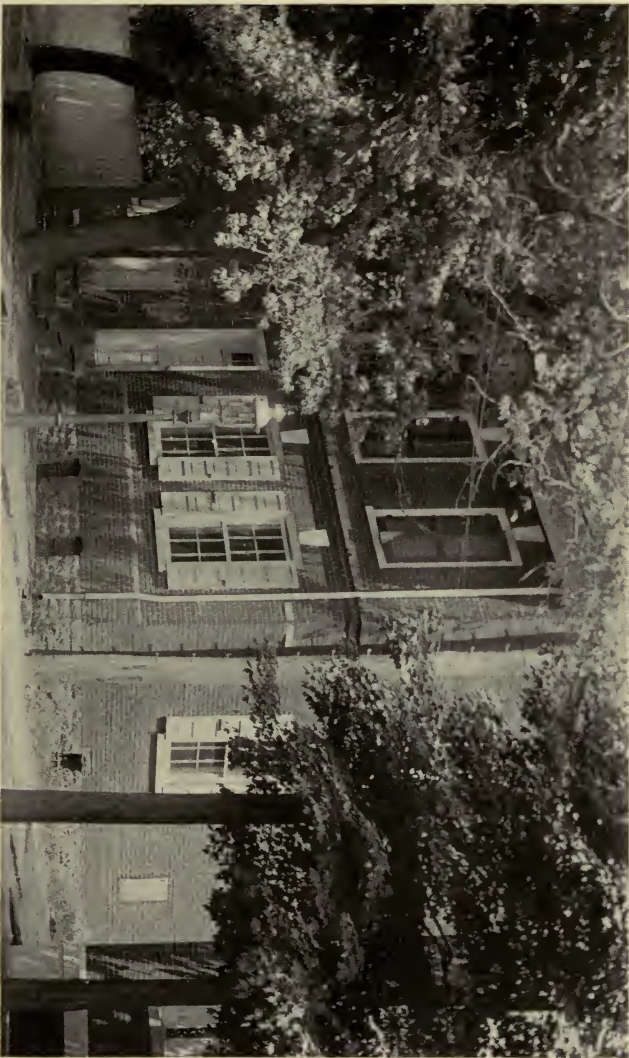
² Honora Sneyd, to whom André was devotedly attached. She afterwards became the wife of Richard Edgeworth, and the step-mother of Maria Edgeworth.

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

not a popular thing for a Quaker to give even this semblance of aid and comfort to the enemy may be judged from the fact that the mob smashed all of the windows of the Cope mansion. The citizens who had tolerated, if not encouraged, such demonstrations, redeemed themselves somewhat, however, by afterwards liberally assisting Cope to reconstruct his house when it had been accidentally damaged by fire."

Besides Major André, there was lodged with Cope another prisoner, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Marcus Despard, an Irish soldier of fortune. Mr. Thomas C. Cope, in writing his recollections of Major André, said: "I was, at that time, a small boy, but well remember André's bland manners, sporting with us children as one of us, more particularly attached to John. We often played marbles and other boyish games with him."

To John Cope the young officer gave some lessons in drawing and painting and to William Barton also. Barton became an excellent draughtsman, and afterwards drew the design for the seal of the United States. An odd coincidence, it seems, that he should have received instruction from this British prisoner of war in Lancaster. That André received many kind attentions and made a number of friends in this town appears from a letter written from Carlisle, to which town he and Colonel Despard



HOUSE OF CALER COPE, LANCASTER, WHERE ANDRE' LODGED

THE STORY OF AN OLD TOWN

were removed later. In this letter, addressed to Mr. Eberhardt Michael, of Lancaster, André sent messages to his friends. "If you see Mr. Wirtz and Rev. Mr. Hellemuth and H. Graff, please give my respects to them—from the last-mentioned I have received the maps, and thank him." In a postscript he added, "If you should see Mr. Slough, have the kindness to request him to write to me. His silence makes me at a loss about him." The Mr. Slough alluded to was Colonel Mathias Slough, who did so much to make the British prisoners of war comfortable while in Lancaster.

This letter, of which Judge Landis, of Lancaster, has furnished a translation, is written in German, and is of especial interest as the only letter in that language written by André known to exist. It proves this versatile and charming young officer to have possessed one more among the many accomplishments that delighted his friends and served to relieve the monotony of his imprisonment. "We pass our time," he says, "in making music, reading books, and await humbly our liberation, and upon more peaceable times."

Reading such letters as this, one does not wonder that the Cope boys, and all with whom he was associated, loved this ill-fated young officer.

From the Cope house and its interesting

associations, we come back to Orange Street. At the corner of East Lime Street is the charming home of the Misses Kline, daughters of Mr. George Kline, with its garden on Orange Street, and directly opposite is the handsome building of the Young Women's Christian Association. While rejoicing that any city should own so well equipped and comfortable a home for working women as this, of which Lancaster may well be proud, we cannot help regretting the fine old Shippen house, whose site it occupies. This house, which has met the fate of so many old residences, was, in 1752, the home of Edward Shippen, a grandson of Edward Shippen, of Cheshire, England, who was persecuted in Boston for the sin of being a Quaker, and removed to Philadelphia to become its honored Mayor. It being a habit in the Shippen family to be Mayors of Philadelphia, this Edward Shippen, son of Joseph, held that and other important positions in Philadelphia before he removed to Lancaster. Here Mr. Shippen became Recorder and Register for the County and acted as paymaster for supplies for the troops under Generals Forbes, Stanwix and Bouquet. Living near Mr. Shippen's fine old mansion on Orange Street, Christopher Marshall, who was often severe in his strictures upon the joys of life, recorded in his diary, of Sunday, July 26, 1778, a bit of pleasant sociability with



THE BRETHREN'S CHURCH AND PARSONAGE, LANCASTER



HOUSE OF EDWARD SHIPPIN OF LANCASTER

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Mr. Shippen, with whom he walked home from the "Dutch Presbyterian Meeting House," where they had listened to a discourse from "one Fifer, minister of the Church of England." "Returned with Shippen," he wrote, "who pressed me to stop at his house, and drink a glass of beer of his own brewing."

A less peaceful Sunday than this of July 26th, when Mr. Marshall and Mr. Shippen drank beer of the latter's own brewing, was that Sunday in December, 1763, when Mr. Shippen, as chief burgess of Lancaster, was called out of church in consequence of a sudden foray of the Paxton boys, who suddenly appeared in the yard of the Swan Inn, as Mr. Shippen said in his report to the Governor, "upwards of a hundred armed men from the post road rode very fast into town, turned their horses into Mr. Slough's and proceeded with the greatest precipitation to the workhouse, where they stove in the door and killed all the Indians."

The premeditated murder, in cold blood, of these captive Conestogas by men who belonged to a civilized nation is one of the blackest pages in the history of Pennsylvania.

After the death of Edward Shippen, the fine old mansion on Orange Street passed into the hands of his son Edward, the Chief Justice, whose daughter Peggy was the wife of Benedict Arnold. The house was afterwards bought

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by Joseph Shippen, another son of Edward of Lancaster. This Joseph Shippen, who lived for a time in the old Lancaster home, was an able man, a public-spirited citizen, a soldier and, withal, something of a gallant, as is proved by his "Lines Written in an Assembly Room," celebrating the charms of such Philadelphia belles of his time as Sally Cox, Polly Franks, Katherine Inglis and the Chew sisters, both so fair that the poet was at a loss to decide which was the fairer:

With either Chew such beauties dwell,
Such charms of each are shared,
No critic's judging eye can tell
Which merits most regard.

That Mr. Shippen did not descant upon the charms of Lancaster belles was probably due to the fact that he came to live in this town late in life, when his dancing and ball-going days were over. After his death in 1810 the old home passed into the hands of Edward Shippen Burd and was later bought by the Honorable Walter Franklin, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth and an honored citizen of Lancaster. Judge Franklin was a nephew of Mr. Walter Franklin, of New York, whose home at the corner of Pearl and Cherry Streets was chosen, in 1789, as the most suitable in the city for the residence of President Washington, and is spoken of in letters of the period as

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“the Palace,” being looked upon as a very elegant mansion.

After being in the Franklin family for twenty-six years, the Shippen House became the property of Mr. Emanuel C. Reigart, and was the scene of much charming hospitality. If those who have lived in and have been entertained in this house could come back to their old-time haunts, what surprises would be theirs, and what would they think of this beautifully-equipped home for working girls that occupies the site of the old house, with its library, gymnasium and swimming pool?

“And what,” said Kathleen, “would the pretty little Mennonite waitresses think of them? How scared they would be to see old-fashioned spirits stalking through this modern dining-room!”

“Do spirits never change their fashions?” asked the Antiquary, laughing at Kathleen’s fancy.

“Never, and neither do the Mennonites and Amish, as far as I can see. I asked one of the pretty waitresses if she wore her coquettish little cap because it was becoming. She seemed quite shocked at my levity, and said that she had to wear it.”

“Yes, they have to have the head covered, and no one could object to the little cap which sets off a pretty face; but the bonnets are not

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so becoming, and I even knew of an engagement being broken off on account of the bonnet. It appears that the suitor had never seen the girl in her black bonnet, and when he found that there was no way of getting out of wearing it he simply backed out."

"Very ungallant," said Kathleen, "but the bonnets are a mortification to the flesh."

This being a market day, we had seen many of the country people in the streets, in their distinctive costume, and when we stopped at the Christian Association for a cafeteria luncheon we found a number of the Mennonite women seated at table. Seeing them there enjoying a good luncheon we felt very much as John Adams felt about the Quakers in Philadelphia: glad that there was one carnal vanity in which they could indulge, that of good living.

On our way back to the Stevens House, which, although it bears the name of Thaddeus Stevens, is built upon the site of the old Krugh house, we passed by the Lutheran Church, where we stopped to read some tablets on the wall, in honor of General Mifflin and President Wharton. The latter died in May, 1778, while Governor of Pennsylvania, and was buried inside of the church in front of the pulpit and altar.

Although the death of the President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania was a serious loss at this time and was deeply

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regretted, the funeral seems to have been a rather convivial affair, as appears from a bill of expenses recently found among some old papers, in which the sums spent for fiddles used at the funeral of President Wharton and for many gallons of punch consumed at the same are set forth at length.

The Episcopal Church, Saint James, was closed in 1776, in consequence of the resignation of the rector, Mr. Thomas Barton, which probably accounts for the fact that President Wharton was not buried in its beautiful church yard.

Born in Ireland and educated in Dublin, Mr. Barton was not in sympathy with Revolutionary methods. He was an able and scholarly man, and was greatly respected for his missionary labors among the Indians. One of the diarists of the time recorded: "Mr. Barton, the English parson, sold his house to his son-in-law, Zant-zinger, and left with his wife for Boston, and from thence to England. He refused to take the oath." Mr. Barton, however, did not reach England, as he was taken ill in New York, died there and was buried in the grounds of Saint George's Chapel.

Mr. Barton's first wife was a sister of the celebrated astronomer and mathematician, David Rittenhouse; their son, Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, became a distinguished physician

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and botanist; another son, William, it was who designed the seal of the United States.

Before going back to our hotel, our cicerone insisted that we should visit the tomb of Thaddeus Stevens in Schreiner's Cemetery. Despite his Vermont birth, Lancaster claims Thaddeus Stevens as her own, and with all his varied achievements perhaps Pennsylvania's heaviest debt of gratitude to Thaddeus Stevens is the work accomplished by him for the public schools of this state. Some of Mr. Stevens' eloquent and impassioned pleas for the free school system, delivered in the House at a critical period in the history of education, have been preserved and prove how highly this Vermont farmer's son valued the educational advantages that had come to him through the care and self-sacrifice of a wise and devoted mother. In recognition of Mr. Stevens' valuable service to the cause of education, one of the finest buildings of the Girls' High School is named Stevens Hall. Other citizens of Lancaster who did much for the cause of the public school and the high school were Thomas H. Burrowes and James P. Wickersham. Both of these men were indefatigable in their labor for the cause of free education. The Wickersham School in Pittsburgh was so named in Mr. Wickersham's honor, and another enduring monument is his exhaustive and interesting work upon education in Penn-

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sylvania from the settlements of the Swedes and Dutch on the Delaware to our own time.

We often passed by the beautiful grounds and fine buildings of Franklin and Marshall College; and we could not think of leaving Lancaster without stopping at the Juliana Library, whose name had always interested me, and then it was one of the earliest libraries in Pennsylvania, which was the leader in all the Colonies in establishing circulating libraries. Doctor Franklin's came first, then the little library at Hatboro, started in 1755, and the Juliana was the third library.

Mr. Henderson says that the first name was the Lancaster Library Company, but later, when a charter was granted by Governor James Hamilton, in 1763, the name given was the Juliana Library. No reason for this change of title has been given, and no record of a considerable donation in money or in books by the lady after whom the library was named has been found, Lady Juliana Penn, wife of Thomas Penn, one of the Proprietaries of Pennsylvania.

"Perhaps," said Kathleen, "the name Juliana was given in the hope of eliciting substantial aid from the noble godmother."

"Probably, but we found no mention of any considerable donation from the high-born lady," said Mr. Henderson. "The earliest subscribers, whose names were appended to the

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constitution and by-laws, are those of Thomas Barton, rector of St. John's Church; Samuel and Joseph Boude, William Atlee, Robert Fulton, father of the inventor; Adam Kuhn, Jr., Edward Shippen, William Bauseman and George Ross, the signer, whose house was on King Street."

Another morning we made our way to Saint James Church, which stands on a shaded corner of Orange Street. This interesting old building dates back to days long before the Revolution. James Hamilton, who owned a large tract of land in Lancaster, gave three town lots to this parish in 1744, and the stone church was completed in 1753. Thomas Cookson and John Postlethwaite, who kept his famous tavern on the great Conestoga road, were wardens of St. James some years before the building was finished. In 1753 it still lacked a steeple, and we find, as in the case of the parishioners of Christ Church, Philadelphia, that there seem to have existed no conscientious scruples against a lottery for the benefit of the church, and in 1761 it was recorded that the drawings of the lottery were reported finished, and a little later that the graveyard was "enclosed with a stone wall covered with cedar shingles." This was while the Rev. Thomas Barton was rector of the church.

Interesting as the building is, with its tablets

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and handsome memorial windows, we were more inclined to wander through the old graveyard under the elms and blooming catalpas on this June day. Here sleep many of the sons and daughters of old Lancaster. Franklins, Colemans, Atlees, Grubbs, Sloughs, Slaymakers, Hands and Clarksons, and one of the oldest tombstones in the churchyard is that of Thomas Cookson, who seems to have been fervent in spirit as well as diligent in business, as he was one of the chief supporters of the old church. Here also is the grave of William Augustus Atlee, who held many important positions in Lancaster and in 1791 was appointed Judge of the Court of Pennsylvania, which seems to have been composed of the counties of Chester, Lancaster, York and Dauphin. A grandson of Judge Atlee, Dr. John Light Atlee, widely known in his day as one of the great physicians and surgeons of Pennsylvania, is buried here, and here under pyramidal monuments rest the Honorable Jasper Yeates and his wife, Sarah Burd Yeates. Of this learned jurist, Mr. William F. Woerner, the chronicler of the history and associations of this old churchyard says: "As a judge, he commanded the highest respect and deference; his decisions from the Bench were clear and decisive, and indicated a profound knowledge of the Constitution and laws of the country. In his social relations he was most kind, cheerful

and of a very affectionate disposition. But, better than all, he was a thorough Christian gentleman." Here also near the church that they served as rectors rest the mortal remains of the Rev. Joseph Clarkson and Bishop Samuel Bowman, whose wife was the daughter of Doctor Clarkson. Under the shadow of the church are the tombs of the Hon. Robert Coleman and his wife, and near by those of his two daughters, Anne and Sarah.

The unhappy love affairs of these two fair girls are still discussed with interest by old Lancastrians, as the world loves a mystery and a mystery has always surrounded these romances. The interest in the breaking of the engagement between Anne Coleman and James Buchanan was enhanced by subsequent events in his career. The story has often been told, and with many variations, but the simple and unadorned tale is that when a young man Mr. Buchanan became engaged to Anne C. Coleman, a daughter of the Hon. Robert Coleman. Miss Coleman is described by those who knew her as beautiful and singularly attractive, and the course of true love seemed to be running smoothly, as Mr. Coleman had given his consent to the marriage, when the young lady suddenly broke her engagement, for what reason the world has never known. All that the little world of Lancaster knew was that Mr. Buchanan

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received a note while in court, which he read, looked very much troubled and left the courtroom soon after. A few days later Miss Coleman died while visiting a friend in Philadelphia. Mr. Buchanan, in writing to Mr. Coleman, said, "You have lost a dear, dear daughter. I have lost the only earthly object of my affections, without whom life now presents to me a dreary blank." Mr. Buchanan was faithful to the memory of his early love as he never married, and at Wheatland, and in Washington, his house was presided over by his beautiful and accomplished niece, Miss Harriet Lane, who is still remembered in Lancaster. After a varied and interesting experience, at home and abroad, Miss Lane married Henry E. Johnston, of Baltimore. Mr. Buchanan entirely approved of his niece's choice, and in writing to her gave her a warning that shows how deeply his own unhappy experience had impressed itself upon his mind: "Beware of unreasonable delays in the performance of the ceremony, lest they may be attributed to an improper motive."

Sarah Coleman's experience was equally unhappy, but less mysterious than that of her sister. She was engaged to the Reverend William Augustus Muhlenberg who was co-rector of St. James Parish for some years. "During his residence here," says Mr. William F. Woerner, "he did much to further the cause of edu-

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cation. He also instituted an evening service in the church, which so angered the father of his beloved Sarah that it 'prevented him from attaining the dearest object of his heart.' Shortly after the episode that was so painful to him, he tendered his resignation. He was prevailed upon to reconsider it, but this he refused. It is said that when Muhlenberg departed from Lancaster he left behind him the grave of all his earthly hopes, and that when he did return to visit the first and last place to which he turned his steps was to the grave in Saint James churchyard. He never visited it without taking with him a spray of the sweetbrier which grew there. He, like James Buchanan, never married."

This is one story; another and even more romantic tale is that Mr. Muhlenberg threw into the grave of the beloved Sarah Coleman the engagement ring and a copy of his famous hymn, "I Would Not Live Alway," the pathetic lines of which were the outcome of his sorrow. As we left the shaded churchyard, with its beautiful trees and its many associations, we realized that much romance as well as history was buried here—romances of real life more thrilling and pathetic than those to be found between the covers of novels.

Strolling about the old parts of the town, we remarked upon the good taste of the Lan-

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castrians in retaining such interesting names for the streets as King and Queen, Orange, Duke and Prince, to which our Antiquary, who had kindly offered to guide us to some of the old houses, said: "Yes, that was wise; but with the abolishing of the old inns of which there were at one time as many as fifty-three, we have lost such picturesque names as 'The Indian Queen,' 'Grape,' 'Conestoga Waggon,' 'Doctor Franklin,' 'Golden Fleece,' and 'Earl of Chatham.' By the way, this latter well-painted sign still preserved, is a good example of the early work of Jacob Eichholtz, one of our best Lancaster artists. The Bull's Head, which once stood at the corner of East King and Christian Streets, was kept by the artist's mother, Catharine Eichholtz, whose license gave her permission 'to sell rum by the small.' So, quite naturally, Jacob Eichholtz began by painting tavern signs, although he afterwards painted portraits of many of the most distinguished men of his time."

"Where did he learn his art?" I asked.

"When Sully was in Lancaster, in 1808, painting Governor Snyder, he gave Eichholtz some instruction in painting. In view of the celebrity gained by Eichholtz later, Sully's criticisms seem ungenerous. He said, 'Eichholtz was then employing all his leisure hours, stolen from the manufacture of tea-kettles and coffee

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pans, in painting. His attempts were hideous. He kindly offered me the use of his painting room, which I gladly accepted, and gave him during my stay in Lancaster all the information I could impart. When I saw his portraits a few years afterwards (in the interim he had visited and copied Stuart), I was much surprised and gratified. I have no doubt that Eichholtz would have made a first-rate painter had he begun early in life, with the usual advantages.' ”

The influence of Gilbert Stuart upon the style of Eichholtz is much more marked than that of Sully, and those who had an opportunity of seeing a collection of paintings by Lancaster artists, held in 1912, were impressed by the excellence of the work of Eichholtz as well as by his great industry. Here were portraits of General John Steele, James Buchanan, William Jenkins, of Thaddeus Stevens, and of such other noted citizens as the Franklins, Yeates, Steinmans, Frazers, Reigarts, Mayers, and Jacobs.

Mr. Hensel says that it was only when his fellow-townsmen, “the late Hon. Thomas H. Burrowes, became conspicuous in state politics and the Secretary of the Commonwealth under Governor Ritner, that Eichholtz got his right place as painter at ‘the Republican Court’ in Harrisburg.” Portraits by Eichholtz are in many galleries and museums to-day, and are much prized heirlooms in numerous private

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families. In view of his limited opportunities, the success of this Lancaster boy, who began life as a coppersmith, seems very remarkable.

This old town was the home of other artists, among them of Robert Fulton, whose fame as an inventor quite eclipsed his work as an artist. Some afternoon we shall motor down to his birthplace near Quarryville.

At the corner of Prince Street, our Antiquary pointed out to us the Moravian graveyard, telling us that many Moravians settled here and in Lititz in the eighteenth century, among them such leading families as the Steinmans.

“In this cemetery,” he said, “are buried Colonel William Henry and his wife. You may remember that he is one of several claimants to the honor of having made the first practical steamboat. However that may be, two other Pennsylvanians worked upon this invention, and William Henry seems to have received his first idea of the propelling of boats by steam from the inventions of Watt when in England in 1760. John Fitch, who made his experiments on the Neshaminy over in Bucks County, and Robert Fulton, when a lad, visited William Henry’s home and both doubtless owes something of value to his experiments.” It is interesting, however, to realize that the first workable steamboat came from Pennsylvania, even if

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the brains of three of her sons were engaged in its evolution.

Colonel Henry was a distinguished man and a useful citizen, quite aside from his work on the steamboat, as he held many important positions, was Armorer for the Braddock and Forbes expeditions, member of Assembly and Treasurer of Lancaster County from 1777 until his death in 1786, when his wife succeeded him in this responsible office. David Rittenhouse was Treasurer of Pennsylvania at this time, and many letters, still preserved, prove the confidence reposed by him in this able woman treasurer. Indeed, all who knew her spoke of Mrs. William Henry as a woman of great ability.

An amusing little story is told of her first meeting with her future husband, when she was Miss Ann Wood, at a tea-party given at his house by his sister, Mrs. Mary Bickman, to which Ann and two other girls were invited. Mrs. Bickman, who evidently had in mind her brother's settling for life, had a broom placed across the hall through which the three girls would pass on their way from the garden to the tea-table. When summoned to tea, the first damsel, when she reached the broom, pushed it aside; the second stepped over it; but the third, wise and orderly Ann Wood, picked it up and set it in its place.

Young Henry, believing that order was

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earth's as well as heaven's first law, made up his mind, then and there, to marry Ann Wood, which he did soon after. We may well believe that the mothers of old Lancaster pointed many a moral with the story of Ann Wood and the fateful broom.

From Prince Street we made our way to Chestnut Street and to the site of the old hostelry long known as the Cadwell House, now the Brunswick, from whose balcony three Presidents of the United States have spoken, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt.

To Mr. J. M. W. Geist, of the *Daily Evening Express*, we are indebted for an account of Mr. Lincoln's visit to Lancaster, on the 22nd of February, 1861.

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

"Though in mid-winter, the day of Mr. Lincoln's arrival was perfect as to weather of winter sunshine; and the people who thronged the station, Chestnut and North Queen Streets, suffered no discomfort while they waited for hours. Hundreds of Lancastrians had gone to Harrisburg for the ceremonies there, including the local military, the Fencibles and the Jones ar-

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tillery of Safe Harbor, the American and Union Fire Companies, 'with banners, bands and men.' Every square foot of space surrounding the Cadwell House was taken up with men and women on their feet. The front windows were crowded, rooms having been engaged for days in advance. The Jackson Rifles, under Captain H. A. Hambright, policed the situation, and when Colonel Dickey escorted Mr. Lincoln to the balcony, with Big Pete Fordney as bodyguard, a broad lane was opened to let them pass through the crowd to the Cadwell House. Here from the balcony Mr. Lincoln spoke briefly, as was his wont; indeed, his time was limited to a few minutes, and he added with his usual wisdom, 'The more a man speaks in these days, the less he is understood. As Solomon says, there is a time for all things, and the present is a time for silence.' In a few days, he said, the time would be here for him to speak officially, and he would then endeavor to speak plainly in regard to the Constitution and the liberties of the American people. Until he should so speak, he deemed it unnecessary to say more. He would again greet his friends most heartily, and at the same time bid them farewell.

“So carefully was the schedule time observed that the arrival and departure of Mr. Lincoln seemed to those present like the shifting scenes of a panorama to be remembered like a dream.

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Before leaving this region, Mr. Lincoln expressed a desire to see the home of his predecessor in office, and Wheatland, the home of Mr. Buchanan, was pointed out to him, this side of Dillersville. At Mount Joy, Brady, the axemaker, got special recognition, because Mr. Lincoln knew his cutlery." In Elizabethtown and Middletown enthusiastic crowds cheered the train, and so his party sped on to Harrisburg, where another warm welcome awaited them. Those who are able to recall incidents of these visits of the President-elect to Philadelphia, Lancaster, Harrisburg and other towns on the route must regard them in the retrospect as the opening scenes of a great drama, which was later enacted before them, a drama destined to end in that woeful tragedy at Ford's Theatre in Washington on the evening of April 14, 1865.

IV
LANCASTER AND LEBANON TOWNS

LANCASTER is a good place to go from as well as to come to, as there are so many points of interest within a radius of thirty miles which beckon to us across good roads and by several trolley lines.

One afternoon we devoted to a trip to Quarryville and the Fulton House, in Fulton Township. We had seen the house of the elder Robert Fulton, on Centre Square, and were now in quest of the house in which Robert, the inventor, was born. Our way was by the old Baltimore road, through a rich corn- and tobacco-growing country. Our Antiquary, Mr. Henderson, was with us and gave us interesting details of the reunion at the Fulton House in August, 1907, to celebrate the successful trip of Robert Fulton's *Clermont* on the Hudson River a hundred years earlier. Although he had accompanied the delegation from the Historical Society of Lancaster that had planned this centennial celebration, Mr. Henderson was not quite sure as to the best road to take from Quarryville, so we stopped at this little town to make inquiries, and in the hope of securing a photograph of the Fulton House. We were

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directed to the barber of the town, who was said to have taken a photograph of the home on the day of the celebration. The barber, smiling and rosy-cheeked, left his client unshaven and unshorn, while he explained that he could not lay his hands on his photograph, but that we might find one at the newspaper office. We then motored to the office of the *Sun*, but not meeting with success there we were obliged to depend upon Kathleen's kodak, a slim dependence, she said, as the sky was overcast and she was not an expert in time exposures.

We reached the goal of our quest soon after, as the Fulton House is only seven miles from Quarryville and about twenty miles south of Lancaster. The house stands on the right-hand side of the road; we knew it by the bronze tablet on the front and by the huge buttonwood tree that overshadows it on one side. The original stone building has been added to, but the tablet on which are recorded Robert Fulton's services to his country and to the world distinguishes the old building from later additions.

We were cordially received by Mr. Joseph Swift and his family, the owners of the house, who showed us some of the rooms. In the second-floor room over the parlor Robert was born in November, 1765. A year after his birth his father sold the house and surrounding land to Joseph Swift, of Philadelphia, and removed with his family to Lancaster.

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We were interested to hear that the descendants of the Joseph Swift who bought this old house from the elder Fulton are still living here. The present owner, another Joseph Swift, introduced us to several members of his family, among them a young girl, the fifth in descent from the Joseph Swift who first came to the Fulton House.

As we crossed the Conowingo and motored homeward, after securing as good a photograph as could be had between showers, we had a curious sensation of having taken a trip into the eighteenth century, so unchanged is this tiny village, with its post-office, its country store and the old stone house, which gives to it its sole claim to distinction. August, 1907, must have been a gala day in Little Britain Township, when a large company from the surrounding country, from Lancaster and nearby towns, and from New York and other cities equally remote, came here to honor the memory of the great genius who was born in this little stone house.

We next hear of Fulton, at the age of eight, as a pupil at the school of Caleb Johnson, a Quaker pedagogue, his widowed mother previously having taught him to read. The guidance of this bright boy up the steep path of learning could not have been an unalloyed pleasure, as he sometimes came to his classes with poorly prepared lessons, for which he excused



Mr. JOHN WILKES KITTERA



Mrs. JOHN WILKES KITTERA

From Miniatures by Robert Fulton
Owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania

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himself by saying that his head "was so full of original ideas that there was no vacant chamber in it for the storing away of the contents of dusty books." One may well imagine the effect of this speech upon the teacher; but some measure of egotism may be pardoned on the part of a boy who at nine made himself an excellent pencil out of a bit of lead, who at thirteen invented a skyrocket for the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1778, and a year later operated a fishing boat, with paddle wheels, on the Conowingo, near his birthplace, whither he seems to have returned, from time to time, to visit the Swift family. At seventeen Fulton was painting portraits and miniatures in his own town and in Philadelphia, and quite successfully, as appears from some charming miniatures now in art galleries and in private hands. Among Fulton's miniatures are those of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkes Kittera, Margaret and Clementina Ross, Samuel Beach, Mrs. David Hayfield Conyng-ham, and of his lifelong friend, the Honorable Joel Barlow, author of "The Columbiad."

Fulton's story reads like a romance, and yet, as Mr. Henderson reminds us, it is a story of hard work and great perseverance, as well as of the triumphs of genius. At twenty-one Fulton had accumulated enough money from his painting to buy a house and farm in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in which he established

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his mother and sisters before sailing for England to study under Benjamin West.

Although quite successful as an artist, Robert Fulton was first, last and always an inventor, and while in England he spent more than a year in Birmingham, where he improved his knowledge of mechanics in the great workshops of that city. Mr. Henderson says that although Fulton's work on the steamboat has been given full recognition, perhaps even more than his share of credit in this line having been accorded him, as his success was the result of a practical application of principles discovered by such predecessors as Newcomen, Watts, Jouffroy and Symington abroad, and William Henry and John Fitch in Pennsylvania, for some reason full recognition has not been given him for his work on the submarine, or plunger, as he called it. In this plunger he sank vessels on the coast of France and on the Thames; it was, in fact, the submarine of to-day, less many improvements made by Mr. Simon Lake and others. It should, however, be said to Robert Fulton's credit that his vision for the submarine, like that of Mr. Lake, was for the protection of our coast.

In common with many inventors, Fulton possessed a statesman-like grasp of public affairs, and his most important inventions were planned to meet an increasing need among the nations of the earth. With prophetic vision, he fore-

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saw what steam navigation would mean to the world, and looking still further into the future, he realized that with the increase of commercial exchange between the nations there would arise sharp competition, rivalries and jealousies, which would end in war sooner or later, and that with its extended seaboard the United States would be greatly in need of some adequate coast protection, hence his hopes for his submarine, which was designed, as he said, "to place our harbours and coast beyond the power of foreign insults." Such insults and some casualties having come to our shores in the last years, we realize the wisdom and foresight of this Pennsylvania inventor.

"Rather odd," said Mr. Henderson, after speaking of Fulton's dream of his submarine, "that someone motoring through Pennsylvania, a few years since, should have remarked that 'nothing had ever been invented in this state.' he evidently left Franklin out of the count and Godfrey and Hopkinson, to say nothing of Evans, Fitch, Henry and many more."

"If that remark had been made in Connecticut or Massachusetts about either of those states, the man who made it would have been tarred and feathered!" said Kathleen, rousing up from a brown study.

"We are more peaceful in our methods here in Pennsylvania, Mrs. Davis, having come of

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Quakers, Mennonites, Amish, Dunkers and other non-resisting peoples, and the fact that some man made this incorrect statement does not take away from the credit of Pennsylvania.”

“That is a very philosophical way of looking at it,” said Kathleen; “but I like people to have credit for what they do, and your story, Mr. Henderson, has given me another reason for spreading abroad every good thing that I hear about Pennsylvania.”

By this time we had reached Lancaster and were motoring around the Square to have another look at the house where the elder Fulton had his tailor shop and where our Pennsylvania inventor spent his early years.

Our next jaunt was to Ephrata and Lititz, and as we hoped to include a visit to the mines at Cornwall and to some old towns in Lebanon County, we set forth in the morning.

Although the town of Ephrata is sufficiently ancient to be interesting, and can still boast some of the houses of the original German and Swiss settlers, the object of our pilgrimage was not the prosperous modern town, with its large shops and hotels, but the little old village once known as “Kloster” or Dunkerstown. This community of Seventh-Day Baptists, on the south bank of the Cocalico Creek, the Serpents Den of the Delawares, was established about 1732 by John Conrad Beissel, a baker from

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Eberbach, Germany. Beissel had embraced the doctrines of Alexander Mack, who advocated celibacy and the observance of the seventh day of the week instead of the first, which latter was the distinguishing feature of the settlement. The village is quaint and interesting, with its small frame houses. The Saal and Sisters' House are picturesque and individual, and with their high-pitched red roofs and small windows, made us think of old buildings in Nuremburg and other ancient Bavarian towns. Bethania, the Brothers' House, has been removed; but we were taken through Saron, the Sisters' House, and, as it chanced, by a young girl, a fine husky specimen.

"Fasting has evidently not been her portion here below," whispered Kathleen, as our cicerone with difficulty passed sidewise through the straight and narrow doorway, only sixteen and a half inches wide, the widest being only eighteen inches wide. Mr. Henderson was so much amused over this performance, and by the contrast between Kathleen's dainty slenderness and the young girl's generous proportions that he was obliged to beat a hasty retreat to the window, where he stood with his back to us gazing out upon the landscape. He is really a very human sort of Antiquarian, and we shall miss him when our journeys take us farther afield; at least, I shall miss him; Kathleen is very non-

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committal on the subject of Mr. Henderson. One day she is very gracious to him, and again quite the reverse; but, as our old coachman used to say, "Widders is unsartin' like and hard to please." Through the little narrow doorway we passed into one of the rooms of the sisters; each one had a tiny room, with a narrow wooden bench for a bed and a block of wood for a pillow. We all exclaimed over the discomfort of such a bed, and asked why the sisters were treated so badly. "So they wouldn't be borne to heaven on flowery beds of ease," replied our conductress, as if repeating a lesson learned by heart.

There was no furniture in this small room, only a few hooks for clothes and a little wall cabinet for a Bible, hymn-book and other personal possessions.

"No flowery beds of ease here," exclaimed Kathleen. "It must have been a living death; a convent seems luxurious in comparison with this, and then there is some romance and beauty about the Catholic religion and the life of a nun. Were these sisters allowed to marry?"

Our conductress did not know, and Mr. Henderson said that the Society did not encourage matrimony in early times; but if any of the members wished to marry, the newly married couple was allowed to occupy a cottage for two years, no longer, and on leaving the settlement the husband and wife were compelled to sign a re-

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lease of all their interests in the estate, receiving for themselves five pounds each.

Not an encouragement to either matrimony or riotous living; but those were days of great simplicity, and this was an order in which simple living was considered a religious duty. Our conductress told us that the brothers and sisters went without shoes, except in extremely cold weather, ate no meat, and had no fire except in the assembly rooms. One of these rooms was called the writing room, and was set apart for the execution of ornamental pen work, of which examples are still to be found on the walls of some of the sisters' rooms. The sisters Anastasia, Iphigenia and Zenobia excelled in this ornamental writing. We were glad to think that these poor "shut-ins" had even this mild amusement to vary the monotony of their cheerless lives. Mr. Henderson reminded us that music was assiduously cultivated, and the singing under Beissel, whose monastic name was Father Freidsam, drew many visitors to Ephrata at one time.

"I have no doubt that it was very mournful music," said Kathleen.

"Yes, a tourist, in describing it in a letter to Governor John Penn, spoke of the small, sweet, shrill voices of the women which thrilled him to the very soul. This, with their pale faces and picturesque white clothing, made these

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singers appear like ghosts, and he himself felt as if he were in the world of spirits, and the objects before him ethereal.”

The members of the community had other outlets for their energies, for in addition to their agricultural pursuits, excellent paper was made at Ephrata, and a printing press was early established here. Many of their books, Mr. Henderson told us, had been lost; but some fine examples are to be found in Philadelphia among the treasures of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and in Allentown, where there is a Martyr Book, a beautiful example of Ephrata printing, dated 1748, the largest book printed in Pennsylvania up to that time. So much paper-making and printing were done here that, before the battle of Germantown, three wagon-loads of books, in sheets, were pressed and taken away for cartridges. In addition to this involuntary service, the peace-loving community at Ephrata rendered active service to the country during the Revolution, as one of their buildings was turned into a hospital, and here, after the battle of Brandywine, over four hundred soldiers were cared for by the good sisters. Mr. Rupp says that these wounded soldiers were attended by Doctors Yerkel, Scott and Harrison,¹ and we may be sure that they were cared for with great tenderness by the good sisters. The arrival of

¹“History of Lancaster and York Counties,” by I. Daniel Rupp.

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these young soldiers, sad as was the case of many of them, must have proved a godsend to the sisters, as it brought a new interest into their lives and supplied an outlet for the motherly instinct that is to be found in the heart of every good woman.

We were not tempted to linger long in the Sisters' House, for even on this June day there was a chill dampness in the rooms, and we were glad to leave them and go out into the sunshine of the little old graveyard, which, Kathleen said, seemed cheerful by comparison, for here, at least, the troubles of the good sisters ended. Upon the tombstones we found a number of old Lancaster County names, and one lot which interested us was marked "For Fahnestock Tribe," the Fahnestocks being, like Beissel, the Eckerlins, Ludwig Hacker and Peter Miller, influential and honored members of the community. Peter Miller was a cultivated man and so good a linguist that he translated the Declaration of Independence into seven languages. He was well known outside of the community, and was visited by David Rittenhouse, Count Zinzendorf and other distinguished men, native and foreign. This same Peter Miller even had a poem dedicated to him by a young Philadelphia poet, which Mr. Henderson read to us as we sped away from Ephrata toward Lititz. One verse of the rather lengthy effusion

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appealed to us strongly in which the nameless writer exclaimed:

In Ephrata's deep gloom you fix your seat,
And seek Religion in the dark retreat;
In sable weeds you dress the heav'n-born maid,
And place her pensive in the lonely shade;
Recluse, unsocial, you, your hours employ,
And fearful, banish every harmless joy.

A somber picture was this of life at Ephrata, but at the best it could not have been very cheerful, and we were glad to speed away to the pleasant little town of Lititz, where a warm welcome awaited us from our friends. After a delightful luncheon in the dining-room of Linden Hall, which is still called by older residents the Young Ladies' Seminary, we set forth, with our hosts, to see the town and learn from them something of its history. Our first visit was, of course, to the large square on which are the Brethren's and Sisters' Houses, separated by the width of the square, with the ancient church between them. The Sisters' House is now a part of the Linden Hall Seminary. These fine buildings were put up by Claus Coeller, a master-carpenter, who lived to an advanced age and always contemplated his work with pride. The parsonage, once the *Gemeinhaus*, is also on this central square, which with its green grass and flowers adds so much to the beauty of this old-time village, whose founding, we were told, was the result of a visit here of Count Nicholas Zinzen-

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dorf in 1742. The missionary tour in Pennsylvania of this Saxon nobleman, the patron of the renewed church of the United Brethren, or Moravians, is thus spoken of by a local historian: "Count Zinzendorf, being persecuted in Saxony by such as disliked his attempts to form Christian communities which were not to be governed by the established church government of that kingdom, directed his attention and Christian eye to Pennsylvania, where at a previous period a great number of German Separatists had emigrated."

Count Zinzendorf, after visiting Bethlehem, made a tour through Berks and Lancaster Counties, preaching in many places. It is said that the object of this journey, which was no light undertaking in days when stage-coaches and saddle-horses were the only means of transportation, was for the purpose of drawing together under beliefs that he considered vital the various religious sects scattered all over this part of Pennsylvania. That Count Zinzendorf did not meet with signal success in this laudable undertaking may be inferred from the number of religious sects still to be found in Lancaster and the adjoining counties. He did, however, establish churches in Lancaster and Lititz, and around the latter soon grew up Moravian schools for girls and boys. That for boys, now discontinued, was for many years conducted

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under the able principalship of John Beck, father of the distinguished James M. Beck, sometime Assistant Attorney-General of the United States.

Early members of the Moravian community at Lititz were Christian Alexander Steinman and his wife, who emigrated from Dresden, Saxony, to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and afterwards removed to Lititz. Mr. Steinman, who was appointed to oversee workmen who were to build the saw and grist mill near the town in the stream issuing from the great Lititz Spring, is the ancestor of the influential Steinman family of Lancaster. The late Mr. Andrew J. Steinman, a well-known lawyer and for years editor of the *Intelligencer*, and Mr. George M. Steinman, president of the Lancaster County Historical Society, were distinguished members of this family and honored citizens of Lancaster.

This community at Lititz, like that at Ephrata, turned one of its houses, that of the Single Brethren, into a hospital for the reception of wounded and ill soldiers during the Revolution. Letters are still preserved among the archives which one of the physicians in attendance wrote to the good sisters after the hospital had removed from Lititz.

Doctor Brown, writing from the Yellow Springs, Pennsylvania, to Sister Betty Langly, who had journeyed all the way from Bethlehem

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to help in the work of nursing the soldiers, said:

“I congratulate you and all the members of your peaceful society on the prospect we now have of the termination of war and bloodshed in this country, and that we shall soon be restored again to that tranquillity and domestic paradise which were enjoyed in this country in its infancy before it had become considerable and wealthy enough to attract the attention or excite the avarice or ambition of tyrannical princes and oppressive luxurious and corrupted ministers of state.”

To Sister Polly Penry, Doctor Brown wrote: “I give you joy of having your place restored again to its primitive quietness by the removal of so heterogeneous and disorderly set of guests as our soldiery are to the people of your Society, and I hope you will never be disturbed in like manner again.”² Very courteous letters are these and doubtless sincere; but I dare say the sisters missed these boys upon whom they lavished their kindness, when the hospital was removed from Lititz.

On our way toward Lebanon and the Cornwall mines, we passed through the ancient borough of Manheim laid out by Henry William Stiegel in 1762. Manheim seemed to us rich in churches of various denominations, and we were not surprised at this when we learned

²“A Century of Moravian Sisters,” by Elizabeth Lehman Myers.

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how generous its proprietor was in giving land for religious and philanthropic uses. It is said that he gave the lot upon which the Evangelical Lutheran Church was built, only exacting the picturesque rental of a red rose to be paid yearly on demand. This custom and also the name of the town was brought from older lands. In speaking of this foreign custom of the giving of a red rose, in lieu of rent, Mrs. M. W. Robinson says that a certain John Page, gentleman of Austin Pryors, London, having been granted a tract of land in the Conestoga by Thomas and Richard Penn, empowered his attorneys to sell portions of the said tract to several persons for the rental of "one red rose to be paid on the 23rd of each June, every year and forever." This was in 1739, forty years before the granting of the same privileges by Baron Stiegel.

Whatever may have been the faults and failings of this man in practical affairs, his generosity was unbounded. In speaking of his brief, brilliant career as an ironmaster, Mrs. James M. Longacre says: "He for years supplied his simple country neighbors with dazzling glimpses of the pride of life; and it is small wonder that they should consider him an amazing and marvelous creature, of a kind not usually abounding among Pennsylvania Germans. . . . Extravagant, kindly and sanguine, Stiegel's life

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for some years now was outwardly prosperous, and his period of ostentatious living came to its height. He provided his German workmen with musical instruments, which, with the inborn musical talent of the race, they used with skill and pleasure.”³

Mr. Henderson related to us one of the many stories told about Stiegel, which explains the use to which the musical instruments were put by the music-loving ironmaster. It is said that a watchman was stationed in the cupola on the top of his house at the corner of High and Prussian Streets, whose business it was to watch for the Baron's return from Elizabeth Furnace, and when he was seen approaching the town in his coach and four to fire a salute. Immediately, upon hearing the sound of the cannon, the people flocked to the house, and a band of music, made up from the employes of the factory, proceeded to the house-top, and the Baron made his entrance into the town amidst the firing of cannon, the sound of music and the cheers of the inhabitants.⁴

Being a conscientious historian, Mr. Henderson does not vouch for the truth of this story in all of its picturesque details; but we hope it is true, as it is pleasant to think of this generous and kindly man entering the town which he had founded in the style and state that he

³ “Forges and Furnaces in the Province of Pennsylvania.”

⁴ Ellis and Evans, “History of Lancaster County,” p. 607.

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enjoyed and to the sound of the music that he loved, as misfortunes overtook him early and the years of happiness and prosperity were brief as they were brilliant. In consequence of Stiegel's financial difficulties, he was obliged to part with his share of Elizabeth Furnace and other properties, the former to Daniel Benezet, who afterwards sold it to Robert Coleman.

Stiegel's Manheim residence passed through various hands, having been bought first by Michael Diffenderfer and afterwards by William Bauseman, James Jenkins and Henry Arndt. Baron Stiegel also owned a country home at Elizabeth Furnace, which afterwards became the residence of Robert Coleman, and it was in this house at Elizabeth Furnace that he entertained General Washington.

Soon after leaving Manheim, a beautiful gateway leading into spacious and well-wooded grounds attracted us, and suddenly realizing that we were at the entrance to Mount Hope, we turned into the drive and motored up to the house under the overarching trees. It was a great pleasure to see the old mansion again and to be welcomed by its hospitable *châtelaine*. The house was built by Henry Bates Grubb, a direct descendant of John Grubb, who came to Grubb's Landing in 1669, and a great-grandson of Peter Grubb, who discovered the great iron mines at Cornwall. This house, surrounded by



ENTRANCE TO MOUNT HOPE MANSION, COUNTRY HOME OF THE GRUBB FAMILY FOR OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS

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many acres, is the country home of the great-great-granddaughter of the first Peter Grubb, Miss Daisy E. B. Grubb, who loves every stone in the old mansion and exercises here its traditional hospitality. After a stroll through the garden with its famous high boxwood borders, and a cheering cup of tea on the porch, we set forth again for Lebanon, once called Steitztown, after its founder. Some settlements were made here as early as 1723; but the town was not regularly laid out until 1759.

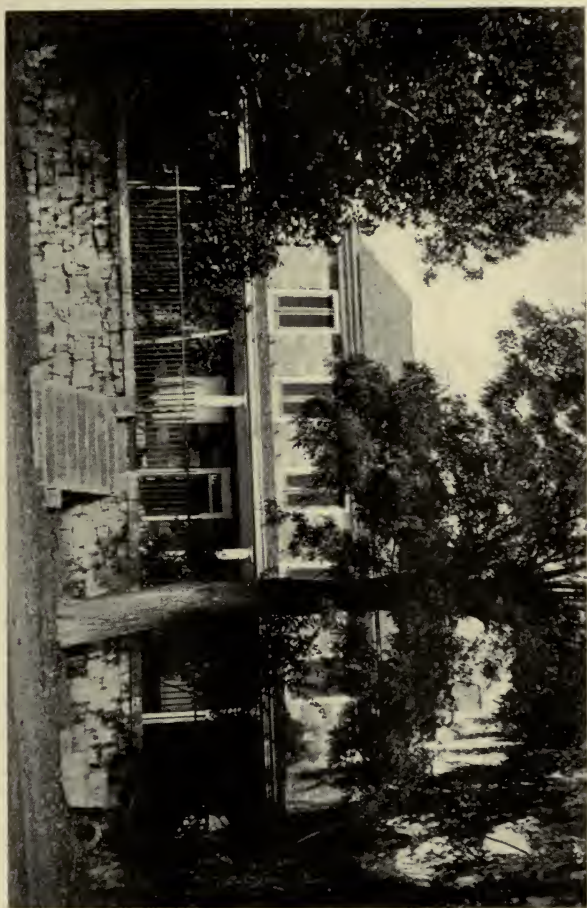
Of the place itself, with its interesting churches and other buildings, we had time to see little; or of the country surrounding it, in which members of the Coleman family have their beautiful homes, and after motoring through its principal street we sped away to the "ore hills," as they are called by many writers of the time, a few miles south of Lebanon. Mr. Henderson told us that many Hessian prisoners were quartered in the churches of Lebanon, and those lodged in the Moravian church found themselves particularly well placed, as they took possession of the violins belonging to the church and alleviated the tedium of their captivity with music and dancing.

On our way to the ore banks we passed by the furnaces. The first furnace here was built by Peter Grubb, who at the time of his death owned over nine thousand acres of land, which he left to his sons, Curtis and Peter. On this

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land are the Cornwall and Hopewell forges and the Cornwall ore mines which we saw to-day. Huge seams and gashes in the hills revealed the places from which the precious ore had been taken, and, standing above the "Robesonian Cut and Hoist," we could see the great depth from which the ore had been dug. It was interesting to have even this rapid survey of these great mines that have added so much to the wealth and importance of Pennsylvania. Peter Grubb was sole owner of the Cornwall banks until his death in 1754, when it became the property of his sons Curtis and Peter, and finally the greater part passed into the hands of Robert Coleman, as did everything in the way of ore and iron in this part of the world. In 1798 Mr. Coleman owned all of the Cornwall bank, except one-sixth part, which Mr. Henry Bates Grubb, a grandson of the first Peter Grubb, still held. Shot, shells, cannon and stoves for the Continental army were cast at Cornwall furnace by the Grubb brothers, who were not only great iron masters, but devoted patriots as well. Curtis and Peter Grubb were both colonels of militia in the Continental army. Robert Coleman served in one of the militia battalions, besides being a member of the General Assembly of 1783 and of the convention that framed the State Constitution.

Even this long June day was too short for all that we wished to see in this interesting



HOME OF ROBERT COLEMAN AT ELIZABETH FURNACE

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region; but we allowed ourselves a half hour for old Donegal, an early Scotch-Irish settlement and stronghold of Presbyterianism in Pennsylvania. I had attended the yearly reunions of the Donegal Society more than once and been entertained at Senator Donald Cameron's country place nearby during his lifetime; but Kathleen, who had never been here, expressed a laudable desire to visit the church and the tombs of her ancestors in the old churchyard.

Fortunately, there had been an afternoon meeting, and we were able to enter the old sanctuary. Severely plain as it is, inside and out, it is in excellent taste, and the proportions are good, as is the case in many old churches. The simple dignity of these old buildings is restful and would be quite destroyed by elaborate ornamentation. We found all the graves in the old churchyard well cared for, this being one of the good works of the Donegal Society. Kathleen shed no tears over the graves of her great-great-grands.

“Why should I weep over them?” she asked. “If the old dears were as good as everyone tells us they were, they have been happy all these years, while their descendants have been toiling and moiling in this weary world and having all the misery of four or five great wars!”

“Mrs. Davis is a philosopher!” exclaimed Mr. Henderson. “But she does not look as if she found this a very weary world. Come and see

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the Witness Tree, the wonderful old oak under whose spreading branches the sons of Donegal dedicated their lives to the service of their country, early in the war of the Revolution. It is said that nearly every able-bodied man in the Donegal church was a soldier in the French and Indian wars or in the Revolutionary War. Here is the tablet on which their names are recorded.”

Standing before the bronze tablet we read the name of Kathleen’s ancestor.

“Here are the names of forbears of many men and women whom we know or know of,” said Mr. Henderson, running rapidly over the names inscribed upon the tablet. “Here is James Stephenson, who lived here in 1770; his granddaughter, Sarah, married David McKinley, and their grandson, William McKinley, married Nancy Allison, and it is their son, William, who was President of the United States. From this same James Stephenson and from the Watson line a number of noted people have come, among them the Hon. Henry P. Fletcher. General John Pershing, a soldier of whom we are all proud, is descended from Captain Andrew Boggs, one of the early settlers of Donegal, who served in the French and Indian War; and from Hayes ancestry the distinguished Philadelphia surgeon, Dr. D. Hayes Agew, is descended. The Cameron family also came from Donegal pioneers, and Senator Cameron revealed his

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pride in them by calling his country home Donegal. This property belonged to the Stephensons, but Senator Donald Cameron added many acres to the estate and made it the beautiful place that it now is. Good stock were these Scotch-Irish settlers to come from, God-fearing, law-abiding, patriotic men and women! These Scotch-Irish ancestors of yours are people to be proud of, Mrs. Davis."

"I dare say; but for some reason I have always taken more interest in my English Quaker ancestry. Of course, I knew of this Scotch-Irish settlement, because my mother often spoke of it; but most people talk about the Pennsylvania Dutch as if they occupied the land to the exclusion of everybody else. Since I have been in Lancaster County I have heard of enough different nationalities and religious denominations to make my head spin."

"Yes, an English visitor to Lancaster in early times said, 'The religions that prevail here are hardly to be numbered,' and this is quite true, but to call people Pennsylvania Dutch is a misnomer, Mrs. Davis. There are very few Dutch here, but no end of Pennsylvania Germans; and, after all, the population of Lancaster and the adjoining counties is made up of mixed races, like most places in America. To the northeast corner of the county a number of Welsh settlers came; in the town of Lancaster there were a number of English who established

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their church there, and the Mennonites who abound all through this region are many of them of Swiss descent, chiefly from Zurich and Berne; they, like the Puritans, Quakers and many others, left their homes in the old world and crossed the ocean for freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. These Swiss Mennonites are said to be the first white settlers in Lancaster County, and in 1910 a very interesting commemoration was held to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of their settlement. A nine-ton boulder was placed in front of the old Mennonite churchyard near Willow Street, Lancaster, and services were held there. At the ceremony of the unveiling of the boulder and tablet, addresses were made by Hon. John H. Landis, Professor Oscar Kuhns, Hon. Amos H. Mylin, Mr. John A. Coyle and other descendants of the Mennonite settlers. Mr. H. Frank Eshleman and Mr. Diefenderffer, the chairman, and some of the other speakers emphasized the fact that these early settlers were tolerant and wished all other religious people to enjoy the liberty in worship that they had found in the new world."

Being mounted on his hobby, our Antiquary cantered along gaily until we had passed through Landisville, and the twinkling lights before us showed us that we were near Lancaster and the end of our interesting day among antiquities.

V

TO GETTYSBURG BY WAY OF COLUMBIA
AND YORK

ON our way to Columbia we stopped at Wheatland, the old home of President Buchanan, a comfortable, spacious house, surrounded by a lawn filled with fine trees. This house, with its wide, hospitable doorway and long, low façade equipped with many windows, was once owned by Mr. Potter and afterwards was the summer home of the Hon. William M. Meredith, of Philadelphia, who sold it to Mr. Buchanan in 1848. As we stood on the portico at the entrance and looked out on the lawn, with its many oaks, larches and evergreens, or at the end of the broad hall enjoyed the charming view of woodlands and a fertile valley beyond, we realized what an ideal home this was for a statesman to retire to when the cares of office were over. At the end of Mr. Buchanan's term of office as President of the United States he came back to this delightful home, escorted by some of his friends, prominent citizens of Lancaster, among them the Hon. Hugh M. North and W. U. Hensel, Esq. To these gentlemen Mr. Buchanan expressed his gratification over this evidence of their regard and at the same time

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spoke of his great pleasure at returning to his home near Lancaster.

From Wheatland, a few years later, Mr. Buchanan's niece, Miss Harriet Lane, went forth as the bride of Mr. Henry E. Johnston, of Baltimore. The devoted uncle's expressions to his niece on the subject of her approaching marriage are so affectionate and yet so formal and old-fashioned that we were glad to be reminded of them by our Antiquary, who always has some interesting sidelight to throw upon whatever subject may interest us. In writing to Miss Lane a short time before her marriage, Mr. Buchanan said: "You have now made your unbiased choice, and from the character of Mr. Johnston I anticipate for you a happy marriage, because I believe, from your own good sense, you will conform to your conductor and make him a good and loving wife." Mrs. Johnston never came back to Wheatland, except for a visit. She spent the last years of her life in Washington, where she gathered about her many friends, old and new. Those who met Mrs. Johnston in Washington in those years recall her great charm of manner and her distinguished beauty, and this after she had passed the fateful milestone of three score and ten.

One thing that impressed us especially at Wheatland was the care the present owner, Mr. George Wilson, has taken to keep the house much as it was during the residence there of the

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ex-President. Many pieces of furniture which belonged to him are still in the rooms and naturally add much to the interest of a visit to this old house.

Quite near Wheatland is Abbeyville, once the summer home of the Hon. Langdon Cheves, of South Carolina, who was a member of Congress for years and sometime Speaker of the House of Representatives. A charming house, this seemed to us, as we saw it on a summer day, the doors and windows open and the perfume of the shrubbery in lawn and garden filling the air with fragrance. We were warmly welcomed by the daughter of Mr. John W. Apple, the present owner of the house, who told us that the wings had been added by Judge Cheves and also the fine arches and beautiful carved woodwork.

Mr. Buchanan was not only an associate of Judge Cheves in political life, but also a friendly neighbor and frequent visitor at Abbeyville. For lovely Mrs. Cheves, Mr. Buchanan entertained a warm admiration and was fond of relating a pleasant story of her as she appeared at her own dinner-table. Mrs. Cheves, charmingly attired, was one day entertaining some distinguished guests when the waiter, in passing around the soup-tureen after the good old style before dinners *à la Russe* were in vogue, awkwardly overturned the contents upon the delicate brocade gown of the hostess. Mr. Buchanan

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said that not only did Mrs. Cheves utter no expression of surprise or anger, but without a word upon the subject she continued the conversation in which she was engaged.

The Lincoln Highway from Lancaster follows the route of the old road to Columbia, and one charming feature of this highway is that the trolleys take the same route, which makes this picturesque tour free to those who have no motorcars and are destitute of intimate friends who own them, which is really the most convenient method of seeing the country. On this June day the road was bounded on both sides by great fields of clover, fragrant with their pink blossoms, and shaded by locust trees shedding their white flowers, which still gave out a sweet perfume, and beyond the clover we could see vast fields of wheat yellowing in the warm sunshine; we did not wonder that Lancaster County was called a garden spot and that two of its townships were named Paradise and Eden. It must have been on such a day as this that Lloyd Mifflin, one of the sweetest poets of Pennsylvania, wrote his "In the Fields":

When daily greener grows the oats;
When near his nest the red-wing floats,
And sweetbrier blossoms in the lane;
When freshening wind the wheat-field shakes,
And in its billowy rolling makes
An ocean of the grain:

* * * * *



ABBEVILLE, OLD HOME OF HONORABLE LANGDON CHEVES, LANCASTER

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When wading cows in cool mid-stream,
Stand by the hour in some dull dream
Of meadows deep with clover-blooms;
When all the knolls are gold of hue,
When all the silences of blue
Are heavy with perfumes:

“You know, of course, that Mr. Mifflin’s home, Norwood, is quite near Columbia,” said Mr. Henderson, “on the Chestnut Hill road—a fine old place. I wish we had time to stop; but if we are to reach Gettysburg before night we shall have to pass by many interesting places.”

Instead of the proverbial red barns, out of all proportion to the tiny houses to which they belong, we noticed a yellow barn now and again and occasionally one painted in gray or lavender, which proves that these thrifty farming people have an eye for beauty and harmonious coloring.

“Yes, they may occasionally indulge themselves in some fancy in the way of color,” said Mr. Henderson, “like the blue gate that the Mennonites delight in; but these people are thrifty, first, last and always, and the best farmers in the world; they have made whatever place they have settled in blossom like the rose of the Scriptures. I was talking to a Mennonite from Russia the other day. He told me that at one time a number of his people were encouraged to trek from Switzerland to Russia, be-

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cause of their great ability as farmers; the yield of wheat to the acre under their management is almost incredible. In proof of their value as agriculturists they were never required to serve in the Russian army, which suited them very well, as the Mennonites are as much opposed to war as your Quaker ancestors, Mrs. Davis, and far less reasonable."

"I am glad that you give my Quaker people the credit of reasonableness. They have little patience shown them in war times, and yet the Friends are doing great work in France in running ambulances and in helping to restore the devastated farms and villages."

"Yes, I know, but warlike measures overshadow everything else; the Friends will do even greater work when we get the Huns out of all the French and Belgian towns."

"What does Mr. Henderson mean by that we?" I asked myself, but as we were just then entering Columbia nothing more was said.

Columbia, once "Shawanah, Indian Town," and later Wright's Ferry, is beautifully situated on the Susquehanna, and although now a flourishing borough with fine houses and several important industries, it still retains some of its quaint village characteristics. The Wrights, Barbers, Scarletts and Blunstons were among the original land owners and settlers. Upon John Wright's arrival here he found a Shaw-

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nese village near the stream of the same name. This John Wright, the settler, was for years a member of the Assembly of Chester County, which then included Lancaster County. He was, however, so strong a Quaker that he refused to take the oath of office and simply affirmed. Many stories are told of this clever and somewhat eccentric character, but for several reasons we were more interested in his daughter Susannah, whose letters to James Logan and other leading men of the day we had seen, and had rejoiced in the fact that even in that early time, when women were expected to take their opinions ready-made from the other sex, this little Quaker lady was able to hold her own with the best of them. Living on this river bank, remote from the larger centers of interest, this animated correspondence must have been a great pleasure to an intelligent woman like Miss Wright, who was also cultured above most women of her day. Mrs. Deborah Logan, in her brief biography of Susannah Wright, speaks of her as a French scholar and having some knowledge of Latin and Italian. That she borrowed French books from the Stenton library is evident, as James Logan takes her to task quite sharply in one of his letters for her delay in returning some of these volumes:

My daughter is hard at her french under a Master & has occasion for fontanelle & fenelon or Arb'p Cambray. Pray let others learn also. Where is Vaugelas?

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

That the writer entertained no serious grudge against his young friend for this neglect appears from another paragraph in the same letter, in which he chides her for failure to make a promised visit to Stenton:

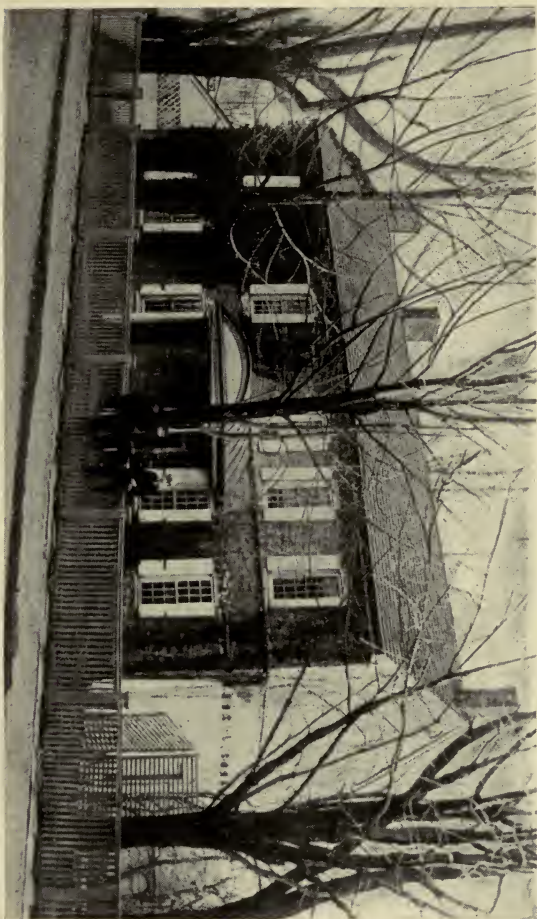
I shall take no excuse whatsoever, downright sickness excepted, but shall interpret all others that can be offer'd as a direct declaration that thou art absolutely determined to renounce for Hempfield all the rest of the World, and amongst others, one who has ever since his acquaintance with thee been most strongly inclined to show himself

thy sincere and affectionate frd,

J. LOGAN.¹

We were fortunate in meeting my friend, Miss E—, who lives in Columbia, and learning of our interest in Susannah Wright, she offered to take us to her old home. Leaving the chauffeur in charge of the car, we made our way on foot by a street with high factory buildings, which seem quite out of place in this old town, to Second Street, where are the fine old Wright mansions. The one in which we were especially interested is Hempfield, built in 1726. Although despoiled of its extensive lawn, which sloped down to the Susquehanna, this house has been little changed otherwise and so retains much of its old-time charm. Here Susannah Wright lived for many years. From Hempfield we were taken to see another house which is associated with Susannah. This house, which has a won-

¹ Publications of the Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames of America, 1906.



HEMPFIELD, WRIGHT HOUSE, COLUMBIA

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derful situation on a high bluff above the river, commanding a wide sweep of the waters north and south, was built by Samuel Blunston, one of the pioneers here, and Mr. Henderson tells us that he was a suitor for the hand of Susannah, who refused him several times, upon which he, amiable and most forgiving of suitors, ended by leaving his house and lands to the unrequiting lady, or, as he expressed it more discreetly in his will: "to my valued friend, Susannah Wright, a life interest in my lands at this place." A bit of romance always adds to the charm of an old mansion, and as we passed from room to room we wondered why this little Quaker lady had chosen for herself a state of single blessedness, that estate not being greatly in repute in Colonial days when the conditions of pioneer life made it seem important for every woman to have a protector.

"Would that all suitors were as generous and forgiving as Mr. Samuel Blunston!" exclaimed Kathleen with emphasis, to which Mr. Henderson, with as severe an expression as his amiable face was capable of assuming, replied: "And don't you think that Miss Susannah Wright must have felt some sharp twinges of remorse while enjoying Samuel Blunston's house and farm after refusing to live here with him?"

Miss E—— was very much amused at this

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

view of the situation and said that Susannah Wright had never lived in this house, although she had an office here and on certain days in the week was in the habit of prescribing for the sick people in the community. The office was in the old part of the house, which has been considerably enlarged since the days of Samuel Blunston.

Columbia has several claims to distinction, notably the fact that, as Wright's Ferry, it was seriously considered as a possible site for the National Capital, in common with Harrisburg, Lancaster, York and Germantown. That a town in Pennsylvania which state had been the scene of so many important events during the Revolution was not chosen for the seat of the National Capital was a surprise to many of its citizens. If Columbia failed in its ambition to be made the capital of the United States, it gained distinction in a quite different line, for here was established the first underground railroad, over which William Wright helped many slaves to make their escape. William Wright, a descendant of the first John Wright, who laid out the town, is said to have been an active, intelligent man of great presence of mind and having thorough knowledge of the laws pertaining to slavery. He passed the fugitives on to the next important station, which was that of Daniel Gibbons, where

GETTYSBURG VIA COLUMBIA AND YORK

he and his wife, Hannah Wierman Gibbons, helped them in their turn. Upon one occasion this valiant woman for six long weeks nursed back to health a poor ignorant runaway slave who had developed smallpox. Hannah Gibbons and her husband were both elders in the Society of Friends and, like all abolitionists, were deeply interested in the election of Mr. Lincoln. When near death, in the autumn of 1860, she roused herself from the stupor into which she had fallen to ask if Abraham Lincoln had been elected President of the United States. This was only three weeks before the election of Mr. Lincoln, but this devoted friend of the slave did not live to see the fulfilment of her hopes.

Among those who aided William Wright and the Gibbons family in their effort to help runaway slaves were Oliver Furness, Christian Frantz, a Mennonite; Dr. J. K. Eshleman, Joshua Brinton and Lindley Coates, who, with his wife Deborah, often hid the fugitives in his cornfield under the shocks.²

As we crossed the Susquehanna over the wonderful long bridge, the successor of several long bridges, and looked upon the wide sweep of the shining river and its picturesque banks, we did not wonder that this town should have impressed many of the members of Congress as a good site for the capital, contrasting favorably

² "The Underground Railroad," by Mrs. M. C. Brubaker.

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as it did with the unimproved tract of marsh and forest land upon the Potomac where the beautiful city of Washington now stands. Those Congressmen, John Hancock, John Adams and the others, had a good opportunity to study the landscape in September, 1777, as they crossed the Susquehanna on flatboats on their way to York.

On the other side of the Susquehanna we passed through a second Wright's Ferry, now Wrightsville.

On the right-hand side of the Lincoln Highway, near the town of York, we were attracted by an old building with this appropriate sign, "Ye Olde Valley Inn," for here the valley widens in a great reach of beautiful, fertile country enclosed in a frame of distant blue mountains. The site of York, or Yorktown, as it was called for years, on Codorus Creek, seems to have been chosen by that very able surveyor, Thomas Cookson, who located so many towns on property belonging to the Penns, and, very naturally, it was laid out on the plan of Philadelphia, having its Market Street and its central square, which, being more fortunate than that city, it still possesses. As we motored through this attractive central square by the new Court House, handsome high-school buildings and many fine churches, all Mr. Henderson's eloquence was needed to remind us that York was a

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very old town, having been the first town to be laid out west of the Susquehanna, and that notwithstanding the old York is overshadowed by the new and prosperous town, its citizens took great pride in celebrating its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary in 1891. Unfortunately, the civic pride of the people of York did not wake up early enough to save the old Court House where the Continental Congress met in the winter of 1777 and '78, although some wise citizens secured the old bell that pealed forth the news of the signing of the Declaration of Independence and placed it in the cupola of St. John's Church. It was during the dark days of the memorable winter and spring of 1778 that the cheering news of Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga and of the signing of the treaty with France reached York by way of Wright's Ferry. Upon the receipt of this last good news in May, the bell of the old Court House rang forth a joyous peal, which was echoed, with still greater joy, when on June 20th tidings came to this patriotic town that the British had evacuated Philadelphia.

As we passed through the square, a courteous citizen drew our attention to a bronze tablet on which was recorded the fact that Congress had met here during the Revolution, and the same person pointed out to us with pride the Court House of 1842. We were, I fear, very

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unappreciative of the charms of this building, as we turned away from it still deploring the fact that the priceless old structure, which had resounded to the voices of the Fathers of the Republic, had been torn down, and refusing to be comforted by the statement that the present building had cost a hundred thousand dollars, a great sum in 1842!

Mr. Henderson tactfully remarked that York could claim at least one Signer of the Declaration, James Smith, an Irish lawyer, one of the framers of the State Constitution and an ardent patriot, who sacrificed his business interests in order to serve his adopted country. This tribute to the importance of his native town so pleased our self-constituted guide that he offered to show us other places of interest in York, among them the fine park which occupies the site of a general hospital for ill and wounded soldiers, which was maintained from 1862 until the close of the war. This genial and public-spirited citizen also urged us to take time to motor through the grounds of Highland Park, farther north on the Codorus, and ended by giving us much needed information about a tea-house where we could find some luncheon, so our acquaintance which began in a discussion of antiquities ended with the less elevating but generally popular topic of food.

It was a thrilling experience to be in Gettys-

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burg this first year of our war, and at night; we motored all around the encampment by moonlight, and seeing camp fires, or perhaps they were only electric lights, in the long lines of tents, we thought of the two great encampments near this old town fifty-four years since. The Union army was on Cemetery Hill, the Confederate only a little over a mile south, each one able to see the lights of the enemy's camp; and now the sons and grandsons of those soldiers of 1863 are met together under these khaki tents, brothers in arms, united in support of a great cause.

Some such thoughts as these floated through my mind when, as if to humor my mood, Kathleen sang softly:

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaming
lamps;

“I should think the boys would be singing that, or ‘America,’ instead of such songs as ‘The Old Gray Mare’ and ‘Nancy Lee,’ that I heard them singing when I went over to see my nephew Billy, but boys will be boys, and it may hearten them a bit to sing lively, catchy tunes. Camp life is monotonous enough, so far from the scene of action; the days are pretty much alike.”

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Upon this Kathleen started in with :

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men

when a rousing chorus of boyish voices rang out in "Keep the Home Fires Burning." We were quite near the tents just then, and the young voices sounded fresh and sweet as they were borne to us on the still night air and infinitely pathetic as we thought of the experiences that awaited them in strange lands and of the fate that might be theirs.

"You have touched the right chord," said Mr. Henderson; "they seem to like that cheery song."

"I wish," said Kathleen in her impulsive fashion, "that I could meet every one of those boys and tell them all how much I honor them for what they are doing and give each one something to remember me by."

"If they should be so happy as to meet you, they could never fail to remember you," said Mr. Henderson in a low tone, but not so low that I failed to hear, and then he added something that I did not catch, he being on the front seat on Kathleen's side of the car; but whatever it was it had the effect of making her silent and thoughtful for the rest of the drive.

What did it all mean? I asked myself.

GETTYSBURG VIA COLUMBIA AND YORK

Is Mr. Henderson in love with my Kathleen, and is he telling her that he is going over to France himself? Again I asked myself these questions when, at the entrance to the hotel, our escort proposed a moonlight stroll about the town. I naturally excused myself on the plea of being too tired to take another step, although the streets did look attractive by the light of the moon, and I was not so very tired; but who would spoil sport, and on such a night as this?

When Kathleen stopped at my door a full hour later to say good-night, her eyes looked rather dewy, and she kissed me with more than usual warmth. And then, despite the many thoughts about past, present and future that this evening near the old camp ground had stirred, I fell into a deep and dreamless sleep, only to be awakened by the morning sunshine streaming into the room with its promise of another glorious June day in the open.

A turn through the town on our way to the battle-field by the Lutheran Theological Seminary, the Pennsylvania State College and other public buildings revealed the fact that Gettysburg had changed very little in the years since those July days in '63 which made it famous. One of our party, it is needless to say which one, was here not very long after the battle, when gruesome signs of the frightfulness of war were still in evidence.

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General Lee started on his northward march with his entire army early in July. Ewell's corps was in Chambersburg by the fifteenth of the month, and what a day the twentieth must have been to the people of this old town when Jenkins' cavalry clattered through the streets, soon to be joined by General Early himself. To the credit of this officer, it should be said that he issued a proclamation assuring the inhabitants of Gettysburg that they would not be molested by his troops, and to them he gave strict orders to respect the property of the citizens. A story recurred to me that was told us years ago, when there were many persons living in Gettysburg who vividly recalled the entrance of the Confederate troops. These men, tired, travel-stained and hungry, lay down to rest upon the sidewalk and in the streets with their knapsacks under their heads. When spoken to and offered food and drink by kind-hearted citizens they invariably refused, and when urged to give the reason of their refusal, the almost invariable answer was, "I must obey orders." These poor boys, refusing food and drink, brought before us suddenly the human side of this great conflict, a side which is often overshadowed by the broader issues at stake. Other human associations with these fateful days of July, 1863, we found in the plain little frame house with its picket fence in which General

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Meade met his staff and planned the battle of Gettysburg and in the small but more substantial stone house in which General Lee had his headquarters, simple little houses in which two great generals were lodged, in striking contrast to the luxurious and well-protected lodgings that we read of as the headquarters of the German Kaiser and his sons.

We made our way to Round Top, from which we could see the stretch of level ground, over which Pickett's Division swept when they made their ill-fated charge, the most impressive spot on the whole battle-field, it has always seemed to me. Mr. Henderson, who had been there on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, told us of many human touches brought out by the meeting of the veterans of 1863 on the field over which both sides had fought so furiously a half a century before. The most memorable scene perhaps was the meeting here between the survivors of the Philadelphia Brigade and of Pickett's Division, when they clasped hands like brothers, while Old Glory waved over the two slender lines of the Blue and the Gray. We thought of the prophetic words of the great seer and leader, who spoke here in the November after the battle, and of how he would have rejoiced that the foes of half a century before should meet again on the old battle-ground and dedicate the remainder

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of their lives to a united country then at peace. Mr. Henderson reminds us that in only one prophecy did Mr. Lincoln's clear vision fail, and that was when he said: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." For over half a century the battle of Gettysburg has never failed to call to the minds of Americans the words spoken here on that November day, words that have become a part of the literature of the people, and will so continue for all time.

VI

CHAMBERSBURG AND SHIPPENSBURG

THE tour of twenty-five miles between Gettysburg and Chambersburg was a delight, as the road led us over successive ridges of the South Mountain and by woods filled with blooming laurel, the little dainty blossoms that look like the printed flowers on chintz. In this South Mountain were several charcoal furnaces; just over the line, in Franklin County, was Caledonia, now Caledonia Park. The old furnace and forge on the Conococheague, ten miles southeast of Chambersburg, now on the Lincoln Highway, were owned and operated for years by Thaddeus Stevens and James D. Paxton, the latter known among the iron fraternity as Colonel Paxton. Both furnace and forge were burned by the Confederate troops, nothing being left of the works except the office building and the old smithy, which is now the trolley station.

There is an extensive state park at Caledonia, as this is one of the three divisions of the South Mountain State Forest. The other two are Pine Grove, to the north, and Mont Alto, to the south. All of them are old-time iron estates and now are included in the vast tract of hundreds of thousands of acres set apart

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and to remain for all time in the State Forest Reservation of Pennsylvania. This wise and important legislation is largely due to the efforts of Governor Pennypacker, who was urged by Dr. J. S. Rothrock, Miss Myra Dock and other public-spirited citizens to use his influence to preserve the forest lands of Pennsylvania before encroaching business and manufactories had destroyed what could not be replaced in hundreds of years. A most appropriate celebration was held at Caledonia Park on a recent birthday of our distinguished Commissioner of Forestry, Doctor Rothrock, when a white oak tree was planted for every year of his long and useful life.

There is very little left of old Chambersburg to-day, but when we entered the town on this June afternoon and motored through its streets by the Lincoln Highway and Philadelphia Avenue, in both of which are many handsome residences, with fine gardens all abloom, we could not regret the destruction of 1864 as keenly as did its inhabitants of that time, so beautiful is the new Chambersburg that has arisen from the ashes of the old town.

No northern town suffered at the hands of the Confederate troops as much as Chambersburg. Greencastle, Carlisle, York, Wrightsville and other Pennsylvania towns were invaded, but the fine old town of Chambersburg, near the



FALLING SPRING CHURCH, CHAMBERSBURG

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Maryland border, proved a shining mark and consequently was invaded several times and twice set on fire. The last invasion, that of July, 1864, was the most disastrous, as the greater part of the town was burned to the ground, all of the old houses and many handsome modern residences and public buildings having been destroyed. The old house of the settler and his family has long since disappeared, but the town which bears his name and the church for which he gave the land are the enduring monuments of Benjamin Chambers, founder of Chambersburg.

From County Antrim, Ireland, Benjamin Chambers came to Cumberland County about 1730, being the first white settler in Franklin County. Having the world before him where to choose, he selected for the site of a town, saw mill and church the most desirable position, at the confluence of the Falling Spring and the Conococheague creeks, where Chambersburg is now situated.

“Having procured a title to as much land as he desired, he proceeded to erect a log house, covered with lapped shingles and fastened by nails, a style of building out of the common mode of round logs and clapboard roofs secured by beams. Some time after being induced to visit the east side of the Susquehanna, he left his house unoccupied for a short time and on

his return found it burned to ashes. This was afterwards ascertained to be the work of an unprincipled hunter, who was induced to do it for the sake of the nails, which at that day, in this wild region, were esteemed no ordinary prize.”

To the credit of Colonel Benjamin Chambers, it may be said that he maintained friendly intercourse with the Indians of this region, with whom he traded and so impressed them with his fairness in dealing with them that he won their confidence and respect.

“When, however,” says Doctor Nevin, “the western Indians, after Braddock’s defeat in 1755, became troublesome and made incursions east of the mountains, killing and making prisoners of many of the white inhabitants, Colonel Chambers, for the security of his family and neighbors, found it necessary to erect, where the borough of Chambersburg now is, a large stone dwelling house, surrounded by the water from Falling Spring. The dwelling house, for greater security against the attempts of the Indians to fire it, was roofed with lead. The dwellings and the mills were surrounded by a stockade fort. This fort, with the aid of fire-arms, a blunderbuss and swivel, was so formidable to the Indian parties who passed the country that it was but seldom assailed, and no one sheltered by it was killed or wounded, although in the country around, at different times,

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those who ventured out on their farms were surprised and either slaughtered or carried off prisoners, with all the horrors and aggravations of savage warfare.”¹

Although settled in 1730, the town was not regularly laid out until 1764; prior to that date it was called “Falling Spring” and “Chambers’ Fort” and “Chambers’ Town.” The latter name it held till the erection of Franklin County in 1784, when the present name, Chambersburg, was adopted.

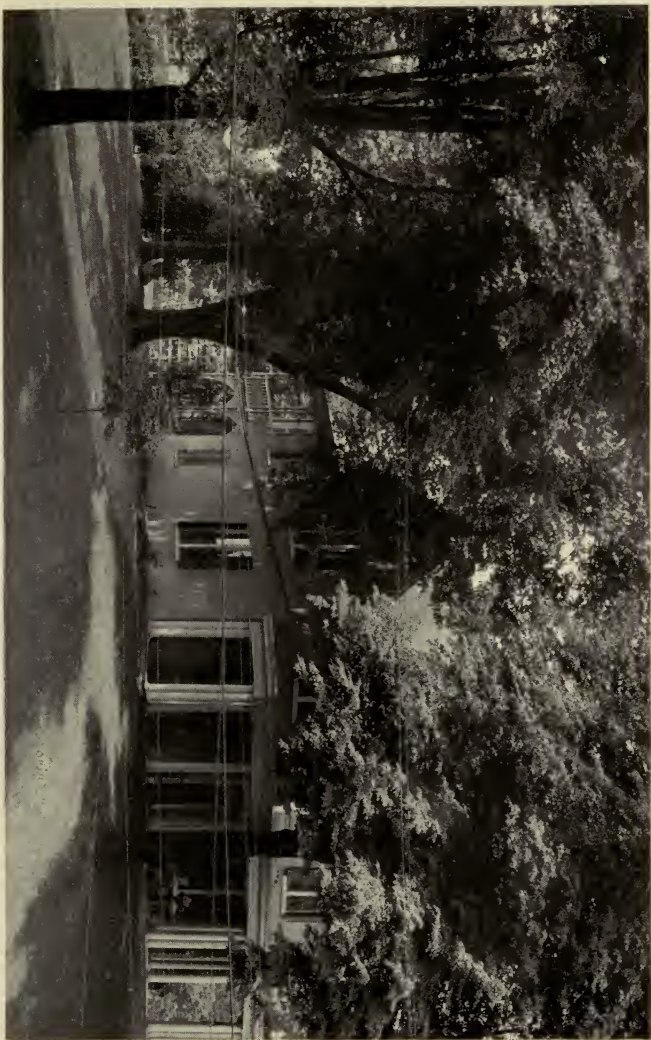
“One may form some little idea of the wild state of the country when Chambersburg was first settled,” says an ancient chronicler, “from the fact that, about 1785, immediately back from Radebaugh’s tavern stand it was a wilderness, so thickly overgrown that it was not safe for anyone unacquainted to enter into it any distance for fear of being lost. It was no uncommon thing to hear wolves near the town howl. This we have from one of the early settlers.” These settlers of Chambersburg and indeed of the greater part of the Cumberland Valley were Scotch-Irish, hardy and industrious and not easily discouraged by the dangers and difficulties of pioneer life. They were also a religious people, Presbyterians of a deeper, darker blue than are to be found in any of the churches of that denomination to-day. In mak-

¹“Men of Mark of Cumberland Valley, 1776-1876,” by Alfred Nevin, D.D.

ing over to the Presbyterians the land for the Falling Spring Church, Colonel Chambers, in his deed of 1768, donated it to "the religious society, then and thereafter adhering to the Westminster Confession of Faith, and the mode of government therein contained, and for the purpose of a house of worship, session and school houses and cemetery."

Mr. Henderson pointed out to us the present Falling Spring church on Philadelphia Avenue, near which he said the first log cabin of Colonel Chambers was situated, and his later strongly-fortified house, called Chambers' Fort. In later years, Colonel Chambers built another house, using some of the stones from the old "fort," but not on the same site. This house was given to his daughter Ruhamah, who married Dr. John Calhoun, the first resident physician in Chambersburg. Doctor Calhoun was an ardent patriot as well as a noted physician, being appointed a member of the Cumberland County Committee of Observation and also a delegate to the Congress of 1774 in Carpenter's Hall. Doctor and Mrs. Calhoun lived in this house for many years. It is now occupied by a descendant of Colonel Chambers, William Chambers Mahaffey.

On the Lincoln Highway, which runs directly through the town, we noticed a handsome house standing quite high above the street, surrounded



THE McLELLAND HOUSE, CHAMBERSBURG

CHAMBERSBURG AND SHIPPENSBURG

by fine trees, with a beautiful garden at the side and back. This mansion, now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Nevin Pomeroy, was built by Mrs. Pomeroy's father, Mr. William McLelland, a well-known lawyer of Chambersburg, more than seventy years since. The preservation of this house from the general destruction of July, 1864, is said to have been due to the courage and presence of mind of Mrs. McLelland, who met the officer in command at the door and, pointing to the unhappy women and children who had been driven from their homes by the flames, said: "We have a home and can get another, but can you not spare these poor, helpless people and their children?" The officer turned away without making any reply, but he ordered his command to move on, and that part of the town was saved from destruction.

In common with Lancaster, Bellefonte, Carlisle and other old Pennsylvania towns, Chambersburg had clearly-defined social lines, an aristocracy in the very best sense of the word, as it was composed of men and women of refinement and culture and to be able to claim descent from an early settler was distinctly in one's favor. Among the old residents, those who drove their own coaches, made yearly or half-yearly visits to Harrisburg or Philadelphia, the latter city being the center of social life and the arbiter of fashion, having constant communica-

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

tion with London and Paris. The ladies of the family often made these long journeys with their husbands and fathers, taking advantage of this opportunity to renew their friendships in other cities and to acquaint themselves with the latest styles. We can well imagine the excitement and interest with which those who had been in touch with the larger world were received in their own town, and with what eagerness the ladies of the party were questioned as to the newest fashions in hats, cloaks and other feminine gear.

One of the fortunate damsels who visited Philadelphia in 1795 was Miss Charlotte Chambers, a daughter of General James Chambers and a granddaughter of the founder of Chambersburg. In writing of her presentation at Mrs. Washington's drawing-room, Miss Chambers thus describes her own costume: "On this evening my dress was white brocade silk, trimmed with silver, and white silk, high-heeled shoes, embroidered with silver, and a light blue sash, with silver cord and tassel tied at the left side. My watch was suspended at the right and my hair was in its natural curls. Surmounting all was a small white hat and ostrich feather, confined by brilliant band and buckle."

A far cry was this from the early days of the settlement and the log cabin of the young lady's grandfather, and yet all this luxury and

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elegance had come about in less than seventy years! That Miss Chambers was as well bred as she was well dressed appears from her description of the ceremony of the presentation and her own part in it:

“Mrs. Washington with Mrs. Knox sat near the fireplace. Other ladies were seated on sofas, and gentlemen stood in the center of the room conversing. On our approach, Mrs. Washington rose and made a curtsy—the gentlemen bowed most profoundly—and I calculated my declension to her own with critical exactness.

“The President, soon after, with that benignity peculiarly his own, advanced, and I arose to receive his compliments with the respect and love my heart dictated.

“He seated himself beside me—and inquired for my father, a severe cold having detained him at home.”

General Chambers was naturally well known to the President, having been an officer in the Pennsylvania line. This very observing and intelligent young lady was married the next year to Israel Ludlow and with him became a pioneer in the settlement of Ohio, in which state many of her descendants still live.

Other well-known families of Chambersburg were the Thomsons, Linns and Crawfords. Dr. William Thomson, who practiced his profession in Philadelphia for many years and was known as a brilliant ophthalmologist, and Frank Thom-

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

son, who was president of the Pennsylvania Railroad at the time of his death, were both sons of the distinguished jurist, Alexander Thomson, of Chambersburg. Mr. Frank Thomson named his beautiful country seat near Merion, Pennsylvania, Corkerhill, after the old home in Scotland from which his great-grandfather, Alexander Thomson, had emigrated in 1771. Edward Crawford, Esq., a well-known and honored citizen of Chambersburg, in connection with Alexander Calhoun, established the first bank in this town, of which he was president for over twenty years. His son, Thomas Hartley Crawford, was a distinguished lawyer and Judge of the District Court in Washington. While living in Chambersburg, Reade M. Washington came from his home, Audley, in Clark County, Virginia, to read law with Judge Crawford. Mr. Washington fell in love with Miss Crawford, married her, and thus established the Pennsylvania branch of the Washington family.

One morning we gave to Wilson College, one of the first colleges for women in Pennsylvania, which will soon celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. The main building of the college was the old home of Colonel Alexander K. McClure, and with its large rooms and extensive grounds, is well adapted for the purpose. We noticed a picture of a woman placed in a prominent place on the parlor mantelpiece and were told that this was a portrait of Miss Sarah Wil-

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son, a farmer's daughter in the valley who had given the first money for the college. Not having had the advantages of a liberal education herself, she gave generously of her fortune for the founding of this college, in order that many young women might enjoy privileges that had been denied to her in her youth. All honor to Miss Wilson, and may many more women of her broad-minded outlook upon life and her generosity arise in the future to aid this excellent institution of learning!

Mr. Henderson left us early this morning. On our way from Gettysburg, he told us that he had offered his services to the Government, to be sent wherever he could be most useful, but not in the ranks, being, as he said, too old for that service. He does not look too old for any service, and I told him so, at which he laughed, blushed like a boy of fifteen and was evidently pleased. He thanked me, as the older woman of the party, for the pleasure of the trip, looking at Kathleen the while; but one gets used to that sort of thing, and in making his adieus he said, "I may still be in Washington when Mrs. Davis is there. If so, I hope she will tell me where I may have the pleasure of calling on her." So he knows that Kathleen expects to be in Washington later in the month.

We are quite bereft without our adopted Antiquary, and still another misfortune has befallen us to-day. Wright came to us with a

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beaming smile upon his face, although he did make a valiant effort to look serious, and informed us that his orders had come and that he was to report in Washington the day after tomorrow. Ever mindful of our comfort, he wished to know what the ladies would like him to do; should he take them back to Philadelphia; there was plenty of time for that, or would they prefer to go on to Washington the next day? I begged to be left out of the plan altogether, as I had some places to visit in the valley; and as Kathleen had promised to take one of her Chambersburg friends to Washington some time this month, she decided in favor of taking that trip at once, saying, "After that, I make no plans in these uncertain days. I will sell the car if I cannot find a good chauffeur. Of course, I can never hope to find another man like Wright. This is one of the sacrifices of the war."

We had intended to go to Rocky Spring this afternoon, but instead were obliged to spend our time in seeing Kathleen's friend and in making other arrangements for her hurried exodus from this charming town, where we expected to spend several days together. We regret very much not being able to go to Rocky Spring, as it is one of the interesting places in this region. The Rocky Spring Church seems to have been founded here as early as 1738, and had for its pastor during the Revolutionary War one of the most valiant sons of the valley.

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This pastor, Mr. Craighead, evidently considered the inculcation of patriotism an important part of his religious duty. On one occasion, it is said, the patriotic preacher declaimed in such burning and powerful terms against the wrongs we were then suffering that, after a glowing description of the duty of the men, the whole congregation rose from their seats and declared their willingness to march to the conflict. There was one, tradition says, in the entire assembly who was not overcome by the stirring appeal that was made, and that was an aged female, in whom maternal affection, recently caused to bleed, completely mastered both a sense of propriety and the love of liberty. "Stop, Mr. Craighead," she exclaimed. "I jist want to tell ye, agin' you loss such a purty boy as I have in the war, ye will na be sa keen for fighting. Quit talking and gang yersel' to the war. Ye're always preaching to the boys about it, but I dinna think ye'd be very likely to gang yersel'. Jist ga and try it."

And the reverend gentleman did "ga and try it," as he joined the Continental army in New Jersey, where he fought and preached alternately, acting as captain of his company when on the march, and in battle and in camp filling the office as the good chaplain to his soldiers. We regretted again after reading a little history of Rocky Spring Church which had been given us that we could not do honor

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to this good and brave dominie's memory by visiting his old home and pastorate.

As we wished to see Greencastle again, and as it is on Kathleen's route to Washington, we set forth directly after the service in the old Falling Spring Church on Sunday morning. A spin of eleven miles through this lovely valley brought us to the old town, which looked peaceful and seemed so set apart from "the world's ignoble strife" that it was difficult to realize that one of the most frightful Indian massacres had taken place in a schoolhouse quite near Greencastle in 1764. The teacher and all his pupils were murdered by the Indians with one exception. The one exception was Archibald McCullough, who was left in the schoolhouse under the impression that he was dead. He later revived, recovered from his wounds and lived many years to tell the tale of this sad day. It should be said to the honor of Enoch Brown, the schoolmaster, that he prayed the Indians to take his life only and spare the children, which prayer, says McCullough, was unheeded.

A number of families, chiefly from the north of Ireland, settled on the site of the present town of Greencastle, then included in what was called the Conococheague Settlement, early in the eighteenth century; among them were the Craigs, Crawfords, Poes, Watsons, Davidsons, McClellans, Culbertsons and Allison. William Allison, who came from the north of Ireland,

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acquired a large tract of land in this portion of the Conococheague Settlement, and was among those who met at Mr. Edward Shippen's house in Shippensburg to confer with regard to the erection of five forts in Franklin County. Fort Allison was soon after erected west of the present town of Greencastle, probably on Mr. Allison's land, most of which he left to his eldest son, Colonel John Allison. After the war, in which Colonel Allison served with distinction, he returned to Franklin County and laid out the town of Greencastle in 1782, which he named after the town from which his father had emigrated to Pennsylvania. South of Greencastle on the Middleburg road is a fine old farm, the stone house still in good condition, which was the home of the late James Allison, the last member of the family who lived in this region. This place was noted for its beautiful spring, of which Kathleen had often heard her mother speak, and when she saw it she felt that it was quite equal to the descriptions she had heard of it, a deep pool of clear water, with a crystal stream flowing from it and all shaded by a great tree.

In the town are a number of old houses, still in good condition, among them that of Dr. John Boggs, who was a leading physician here and highly esteemed as a family doctor, which, Kathleen says, is a sort of M.D. which does not exist in these days of specialists. The old double house of Doctor Boggs and the fine landscape

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paper on the walls of the wide hall and stairway interested us greatly, and paper which has stood the wear and tear of nearly a hundred years is certainly worthy of admiration. This house is on North Carlisle Street, and quite near stands the Fletcher house, the ancestral home of the Hon. Henry Prather Fletcher, who has served his country with signal ability in the diplomatic service in the Philippines, in Havana, Peking, Lisbon and later in Mexico as United States Ambassador.

Another distinguished citizen of old Greencastle was Dr. John McClellan, who studied medicine in Philadelphia under Dr. Benjamin Rush and became a noted surgeon in the Cumberland Valley. Doctor McClellan's two sons, the Hon. Robert M. McClellan, who removed to Monroe, Michigan, and was twice elected Governor of that state, and William McLelland, of Chambersburg, spelled their names differently, which has caused some confusion. Both brothers were able, public-spirited citizens and an honor to a name about whose orthography they saw fit to differ.

From this part of the Conococheague Settlement, as from other towns in the Cumberland Valley, all of the men young enough to bear arms during the Revolution did valiant service in the Continental army, the Scotch-Irish being of fighting stock, and the Allison, McLanahans, Browns, Crawfords, Watsons, Irwins, Blairs,

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Buchanans, Johnstons and other valley families were well represented. Four of the Johnston brothers were in the service at the same time. Colonel James Johnston commanded the regiment that marched from this part of the country into New Jersey. Colonel Thomas Johnston was acting colonel at the time that a part of the army under General Wayne was surprised at Paoli by a superior force of the enemy. Another brother, Dr. Robert Johnston, was army surgeon from the commencement of the war until its close, having been at Yorktown at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Doctor Johnston was one of the original members of the Society of the Cincinnati, which was composed entirely of officers who had served during the war. At the close he made a voyage to China, having an interest in a cargo of gensing, then esteemed a great commodity, from which he realized a large fortune. When he returned to his home he brought with him what was then considered a great curiosity, a Chinese servant. Doctor Johnston purchased a farm and settled in Franklin County, where his home was a resort of the most distinguished men of the day, many of them his old army comrades. The Johnston family is only one among the many in this valley which sent all of its sons to the service of their country.

When Kathleen left me at the station in Greencastle, with many regrets and promises

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to join me later in the summer, I felt as lonely as the proverbial sparrow on the housetop, and half regretted that I had not consented to take the beautiful drive with her on the Middleburg road through Hagerstown and Frederick to Washington, but having set forth to see Pennsylvania towns, here I stay. As if to compensate me for the loss of my *compagnon de voyage*, some good friends stopped to see me in the evening and proposed to take me to Shippensburg the next day. Of course, this invitation was accepted with alacrity, and the next morning found us on the highway speeding toward Shippensburg, where we found that we had a link with Philadelphia, the town having been laid out by Edward Shippen, grandson of the first Edward Shippen. The town as it now stands is upon a part of the Shippen tract of over twelve hundred acres, for which Mr. Shippen had patent rights in 1737. Even before this date there were a number of settlers here, as Shippensburg claims to be the oldest town in the state west of the Susquehanna, with the exception of York. In 1730 there were twelve families in the settlement, and courageous settlers were these, living in a wilderness as they did with savages for neighbors! We have heard much of the sufferings of the early settlers of New England, but for some reason the difficulties and dangers of the pioneers of middle and western Pennsylvania have not been dwelt

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upon at length in most histories of Colonial life, although they seem to have been quite as great.

In a letter written from Shippensburg by James Magaw in 1733 to his brother, who evidently lived near Harris' Ferry, now Harrisburg, the writer says:

I wish you would see John Harris at the ferry and get him to write to the Governor to see if he can't get some guns for us; There's a good wheen of ingens about here, and I fear they intend to give us a good dale of troubbel and may do us a grate dale of harm. We was three days on our journey coming from Harris'es ferry here. We could not make much speed on account of the childer; They could not get on as fast as Jane and me.

Fort Franklin was built as early as 1740, but even with this protection those who worked in the fields were always in danger, and several years later a party of harvesters were surprised by the Indians in Mr. John Cessna's field. "Some of the men were killed, and Mr. Cessna and his two grandsons and John Kirkpatrick were captured and carried off. Other harvesters were in the field at this time, but a thicket which stood between them and the Indians concealed them from view." In the face of such dangers as this, the beautiful towns of the Cumberland Valley were established, and the farms surrounding them cultivated to a fertility equal to that of any portion of the Union.

From an old record it appears that when the

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town was laid out the old Indian path became the main road and was chosen for the location of King Street. Three-fourths of the residents of the town, in 1751, lived upon that portion of this street which lies between Washington Street and the top of the hill. Shippensburg was planned with so much judgment as to its situation that it soon became a flourishing town, and when the county of Cumberland was formed in January, 1750, the first courts of justice were held here, and although it had not regularly been so appointed, Shippensburg was regarded as the county-seat and so continued for some years, being the chief town in the valley.

In his administration of affairs in Shippensburg, Mr. Shippen was aided by James Burd, who had married his daughter Sarah. Gossip of the day has spoken of this as a runaway match, but even if this be true, Mr. Burd seems to have been on excellent terms with his father-in-law, for whom he acted as superintendent in Shippensburg. He took an active part in the building of Fort Morris and later in the erection of Fort Augusta at Shamokin. It is evident that the fort at Shippensburg made this a safe retreat for many families that had been driven from their homes. In a letter written to Edward Shippen in 1755, James Burd said: "This town is full of people, they being all moving in with their families—five or six families in a house.

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We are in great want of ammunition; but with what we have we are determined to give the enemy as warm a reception as we can. Some of our people had been taken prisoners by this party, and have made their escape from them and come to us this morning. . . . We have a hundred men working at Fort Morris every day." He also wishes that they would send guns—"great guns, small arms and ammunition—from Philadelphia.²

We were so much interested in the associations of old Shippensburg that we paid little attention to its public school and other buildings or to its attractive homes, and we were fortunate here, as in other places, in meeting an enthusiastic lover of his town who told us many interesting tales of the large quantities of military supplies stored here during the Revolution and of the great herds of cattle and swine then pastured in the rich meadow land near the town, from which the commissaries could supply their needs.

One of Shippensburg's claims to distinction is that General Washington was here twice at the time of the Whiskey Insurrection in western Pennsylvania.

"He traveled through October 11, 1794, and took dinner at the Branch Inn. When he reached Bedford, Pa., he found it was not necessary for

²History of Cumberland County, p. 260.

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him to go on, so he returned the way he came and on October 14th he stayed all night in Shippensburg. The story is told that on this night the proprietor of the hotel, who was not a drinking man, felt so good in the great honor of entertaining the President that he got drunk; and one of Washington's aides got too much. To punish the aide, Washington made him walk his horse up and down the stream of water in Shippensburg called the McMeans Creek, now the Branch, until he was sober.³

An admirable device this for sobering a drunken man, provided he is able to walk at all; but rather severe treatment for the poor horse, which had to pay the penalty for his master's indiscretion without having had whatever pleasure is to be found in getting drunk!

Among the prominent residents of Shippensburg are the Stewarts, whose ancestor, Dr. Alexander Stewart, emigrated from County Antrim, Ireland, in 1773, and settled in Frederick County, Maryland. In 1831 Dr. Alexander Stewart, grandson and namesake of the settler, after completing his education in Washington Medical College, Baltimore, began to practice his profession in Shippensburg, and was known here and for many miles through the surrounding country as the skillful, devoted and well-

³ "History of the Cumberland Valley," by Harriet Wylie Stewart.

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beloved physician. Mr. George H. Stewart, an influential citizen of Shippensburg, who owns many fine farms in this region, and Justice John Stewart, of the Superior Court, who now lives in Chambersburg, are sons of Dr. Alexander Stewart of Shippensburg.

One of our party having a sentimental interest in Southampton furnace, which had been owned and operated by one of her ancestors, we decided to motor three miles into the Southampton Gap to see the old house and works. Nothing is left of the furnace and chapel which belonged to the iron works, but the "Big House" is standing, very little changed, and not looking so very big after all. "*Sic transit*," said the granddaughter of the old ironmaster, a note of disappointment in her voice, adding, "I have always thought of it as a large house; but then I was a very little child myself when I saw it last. I saw something of the life at a charcoal furnace years later, when my grandfather had a furnace in Adams County, and I have never seen anything just like it anywhere else."

"You are quite right," I said. "There is nothing like it. Only those who have lived at an old iron furnace have any adequate conception of the almost feudal relations existing between the employer and employed. It was a condition of interdependence with an underlying sense of

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protection and friendliness. If these workmen had been called upon to arm themselves and go forth to fight for their chief as in feudal times, they would doubtless have gone without a murmur. As it was, the only lists that they were called upon to enter were to be found at the polls. At election time the hands were all sent in huge wagons to vote for whatever candidate represented the protective tariff, the fetish of the iron industry in the early and middle years of the last century, as it has been in later times."

Mrs. William J. Rose, a daughter of Mr. William Watts, who owned and operated the Pine Grove Furnace for many years, said that in a "blowing in" of a furnace in the sixties great care was taken not to use a Democratic paper.

The history and associations of many Pennsylvania towns are inseparably connected with the iron furnaces that were early established in numerous counties of the state, especially near the mountain regions where the iron ore deposits were discovered.

Bereft of both of the traveling companions with whom I had set forth from Philadelphia and of the one we adopted in Lancaster, I concluded to take a train at Shippensburg for Carlisle, where friends were awaiting me.

VII
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A STROLL along High Street, Carlisle, is like a journey into Colonial and Revolutionary days, so many old houses with beautiful doorsteps and porticoes are still to be found beside modern buildings. The Cumberland Valley trains pass through this street, as in the days before the Civil War, and the residents sit on their doorsteps on summer evenings, just as Mrs. Dillon described them in her novel, "In Old Bellaire." Something of the charm of the South the sojourner feels in Carlisle to-day, the same generous hospitality and warmth of welcome are here that the New England girl in Mrs. Dillon's story felt when she stepped out of the primitive train—which rang a bell to announce its approach—and stepped along High Street accompanied by the dignified president of Dickinson College, who had gone to meet the new teacher. Early memories crowded around me as I walked along this street, past the Court House Square, the spacious Parker house, with its beautiful portico, and so on by many an old home to the shaded grounds of the college; but in vain I looked for Martin's Hotel, which once stood on

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High Street, an old-time hostelry associated in my mind with many a regale in childish days. Here, after a twelve-mile drive over the mountains by Holly Gap, across Hunter's Run and Yellow Breeches Creek, and by a steep hill of rocks, along whose side old Peter Ege is said to have ridden after a fox or deer, we were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Martin, hospitable and delightfully loquacious landlady, who graphically related all the news of the town while she spread before her guests a dinner that, with appetites sharpened by a long drive in the mountain air, seemed to us equal to a feast of Lucullus. Martin's Hotel was found later on High Street, but altered beyond recognition by the addition of two stories and other changes. And no Mrs. Martin was there to smile her welcome at the side door and enliven the visit by her tales of garrison and college doings, not the less interesting to childish ears, if seasoned with a bit of gossip, this last in a stage whisper all the more enticing because only half understood, upon which the wise mother, instead of stimulating curiosity by saying "don't let the children hear," by some tactful question turned the tide of talk into channels more suited to the ears of "little pitchers," whose long ears were naturally agog for stories.

"No place knows its own history better than Philadelphia," wrote Sir George Trevelyan, the

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broad-minded English historian of the American Revolution, and the same expression may be used in speaking of the town of Carlisle; but to get into the heart of the old town one must walk or motor through its streets with those who love its history and traditions, or sit with them on their porticoes on summer evenings and hear their tales, handed down from father to son through many generations. These tales go back to the days when the Delawares, Shawnees and Tuscaroras still lingered upon their familiar hunting-grounds in this beautiful valley and made frequent attacks upon the settlements. Indeed, few frontier towns have a more tragic early history than Carlisle, and many thrilling stories are to be found in the annals of the Cumberland Valley. One of the most interesting of these, and one of the few Indian tales that has a cheerful ending, is that of the return of the captives after Colonel Bouquet's successful campaign of 1764. One of the terms of the treaty was that the prisoners taken by the Indians should be returned. Of one joyful reunion Dr. Alfred Nevin has written: "A great number of the restored prisoners were brought to Carlisle, and Colonel Bouquet advertised for those who had lost children to come there and look for them. Among those that came was an old woman, whose child, a little girl, had been taken from her several years before, but she was

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unable to designate her daughter or converse with the released captives. With breaking heart the old woman lamented to Colonel Bouquet her hapless lot, telling him how she used, many years ago, to sing to her little daughter a hymn of which the child was so fond. She was requested by the Colonel to sing it then, which she did in these words:

Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes my every hour to cheer,

and the long-lost daughter rushed into the arms of her mother."

This incident occurred more than twelve years after the settlement of Carlisle, when it was still a small town, although it had outgrown the limits described by John Neal in 1753, when there were only five houses and but twelve men in the garrison. The court was then held in a log building on the northeast corner of Center Square. Its garrison at Fort Lowther being so poorly equipped, it is not strange that Carlisle suffered severely from Indian depredations.

Shippensburg and other places had been preferred for the county-seat of the newly-elected County of Cumberland; but James Hamilton, then Governor of Pennsylvania, was firm in his determination to have it situated on the banks of

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Le Tort's Spring, a stream four miles in length, named after an Indian interpreter. In support of this decision, which the inhabitants of Shipensburg considered somewhat arbitrary, the Governor gave as his reasons that "here was a wholesome dry limestone soil, good air and abundancy of vacant land, well covered with a variety of woods." He also charged his commissioners, Nicholas Scull and Thomas Cookson "to take into consideration the following matters, viz. : the health of the citizens, the goodness and plenty of water, with the easiest method of coming at it; its commodiousness to the great road leading from Harris' Ferry to the Potowmac, and to other necessary roads, as well into the neighbouring county as over the passes in the Blue Mountains."

In October, 1753, a conference with several tribes of Indians was held at Carlisle, Richard Peters, Isaac Norris and Benjamin Franklin representing the Province of Pennsylvania. Of this conference and of the Indians, Franklin wrote in his Autobiography: "As those people are extremely apt to get drunk, and, when so, are very quarrelsome and disorderly, we strictly forbade the selling any liquor to them; and when they complained of this restriction, we told them that if they would continue sober during the treaty, we would give them plenty of rum when business was over. They promised this and

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they kept their promise, because they could get no liquor, and the treaty was conducted very orderly, and concluded to mutual satisfaction. They then claim'd and receiv'd the rum; this was in the afternoon: there were near one hundred men, women and children, and were lodged in temporary cabins, built in the form of a square, just without the town. In the evening, hearing a great noise among them, the commissioners walked out to see what was the matter. We found they had made a great bonfire in the middle of the square; they were all drunk, men and women, quarreling and fighting. Their dark-colour'd bodies, half naked, seen only by the gloomy light of the bonfire, running after and beating one another with firebrands, accompanied by their horrid yellings, form'd a scene the most resembling our ideas of Hell that could well be imagin'd; there was no appeasing the tumult, and we retired to our lodging."

It is quite evident that Doctor Franklin held the same views as General Sherman as he added with more philosophy than benevolence: "And, indeed, if it be the design of Providence to extirpate these savages in order to make room for cultivators of the earth, it seems not improbable that rum may be the appointed means. It has already annihilated all the tribes who formerly inhabited the sea-coast."

It is an interesting coincidence that the sav-

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ages, as well as Doctor Franklin, were disposed to put the blame of their misdeeds upon Providence, for if the latter considered rum a short and easy method for disposing of the Indian question, the counsellor who acted as spokesman of the tribes at the time said in justification of the savages' drunken brawl: "The Great Spirit, who made all things, made everything for some use, and whatever use he design'd anything for, that use it should always be put to. Now, when he made rum, he said, 'Let this be for the Indians to get drunk with,' and it must be so."

It is difficult for those who wander through the streets of this pretty and prosperous county-seat of a fertile and populous valley to realize that at the time of the visit of Franklin and his fellow-commissioners, Carlisle was little more than a frontier fort.

In 1753 Fort Lowther, on High Street near the Public Square, was a harbor of refuge for the pioneer and his family. Although, as one of its annalists has said, "Carlisle showed its desire to deal justly with the men of the forest and to live in peace with them, this desirable millennial condition was so frequently disturbed by attacks upon the settlers of the valley that it became necessary to increase the garrison at Fort Lowther, and finally in 1756 to send an armed force against Kittanning, where the Indians had collected large supplies of ammunition

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and provisions. Colonel, afterwards General John Armstrong, led this successful expedition. Under his command were William Thompson and Henry Miller, who with their leader won their first laurels in the Kittanning expedition, all three having distinguished themselves later in the War of the Revolution.

Important as was the part taken by this frontier town in the French and Indian wars, the rôle played by Carlisle and the surrounding towns of the Cumberland Valley in the War of the Revolution was even more distinguished. This beautiful valley, watered by the Conodoguinet and its tributaries and almost encircled by two spurs of the Blue Ridge, known as the North and South Mountains, sent forth many valiant sons at the call of their country. Among those who went to the front in the early days of the Revolution and reflected honor upon their home town were Generals Henry Miller, William Irvine, John Armstrong, Colonel Thomas Butler, who with his four brothers were known as "the fighting Butlers," Colonel Robert Morgan, one of the defenders of Fort Washington on the Hudson in 1776, and General William Thompson, who with his battalion of Pennsylvania Riflemen, was said to be the first to reach Boston from the South in 1775. General Armstrong, a native of Ireland, early identified himself with the country of his adoption, and in

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addition to gaining distinction in its service in two wars, gained the still greater distinction of being the trusted friend of Washington. The remains of General Armstrong rest in the beautiful old cemetery of Carlisle, which was a gift from the Penns, where, under its overshadowing trees lie the ashes of many of the good and great. In this cemetery Mollie Pitcher is buried. A fine spirited statue now marks the grave of this patriotic young woman. So often has discredit been thrown upon the story of Mollie Pitcher's services to her country that we feel indebted to the Hon. Edward Biddle for its painstaking and satisfactory verification. From Judge Biddle's address, delivered in 1916, at the time of the unveiling of the monument, it appears that Mary Ludwig came to Carlisle from New Jersey in 1769 as a domestic servant and soon after married a young barber named John Hays, who enlisted in 1775 for one year as a gunner in Proctor's Artillery. In January, 1777, Hays reënlisted as a private in an infantry regiment under the command of Colonel William Irvine, of Carlisle. This regiment was at Valley Forge during the severe winter of 1777-78, and marched from there in June, 1778, to take part in the Battle of Monmouth. Mary, the wife of John Hays, went to her New Jersey home some time prior to the Battle of Monmouth, and the story of her humane services to the troops is thus

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related by Judge Biddle: "It was an extremely hot Sunday and many of the soldiers of both armies perished from exhaustion and thirst. While the battle was going on, Molly carried water to the Continental troops from a well in order to relieve their thirst, and the constant passing to and fro with a pitcher in her hand is what has given her the sobriquet by which she is known in history. The underground spring from which the water was obtained was conspicuously marked some years ago by two wooden signs erected beside it, on each of which was painted 'Mollie Pitcher's Well.' "

Perhaps her services as water-carrier would soon have been forgotten if she had done nothing more on that day in aid of the great cause, but an even larger service was yet to come. As the fight raged, she discovered that her husband had been wounded and that there was no one to serve the cannon to which he had been detailed. She at once took his place at the gun and for the balance of the day, so long as needed, acted as cannoneer. In commemoration of her heroic behavior, upon one of the bronze tablets at the base of the handsome monument which has been placed on the battle-field, she is represented in the act of charging a cannon." After the Revolution, Mrs. Mary Hays and her husband returned to Carlisle; in 1787 he died, and in 1792 the widow Hays married John McCauley, who

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died in the course of twelve years. Left a widow a second time Molly earned her living by hard labor, such as cleaning and whitewashing in public buildings, as appears from an old book in the County Commissioners' office which contains entries of payments made to her. "Under date of March 29, 1811, 'Molly McCalley, for washing and scrubbing the court-house, in part—\$15.00.' . . . On August 5, 1813, an order which was duly paid was drawn in favor of 'Molly McCawley & others, for cleaning, washing and whitewashing the public buildings—\$22.36.'" These items furnish authentic information concerning her manner of obtaining a livelihood at that period of her life.

Some of the confusion with regard to the identity and services of Molly Pitcher may have been due to the fact that her name, after her second marriage, was spelled in several different ways, McCawley, McCalley, McCauley and M'Kolly, under which latter name a pension was granted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania. Even if the pension was granted from the state treasury "for Molly M'Kolly for her services during the Revolutionary War" the money was designed for and received by the widow McCauley, who as a young woman served her country and was then called Mollie Pitcher. State treasurers do not, as a rule, grant pensions to fictitious characters or to persons little

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known, and at that time, 1822, there were many residents of Carlisle who knew all about Mrs. McCauley, her life and services, and could then have denied the whole story, if they knew it to be false.

Other honors than those gained by force of arms belong to Carlisle. One chronicler spoke of it as the frontier town of an advancing civilization and another wrote of the town and the section surrounding it as an early center of peace and counsel. This was literally true as hither the Indian tribes came up to meet the white man in council, as they had come to Philadelphia and Germantown in early days of the settlement, and later to Lancaster and other Pennsylvania towns, for in no state were the natives treated so justly as in this one where, as long as the Quakers had control, the wise Founder's resolve "to live justly, peaceably and friendly" with the children of the forest was carried out.

Pleasantly situated in the middle of a fertile and well-watered valley, Carlisle offered many attractions as a place of residence. In addition to such early settlers as the Wattses, Blaines, Parkers, Bairds, Biddles, Millers, Alexanders and Reeds, there came hither and identified themselves with the life of the town men of distinction from elsewhere, such men as Chief Justice Gibson, who found relaxation from

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legal studies in the delights of music and was never known to leave home without his violin. Another eminent lawyer who made his home for ten years in Carlisle was James Wilson, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence and one of the leading jurists of the country. Although Judge Wilson came to Carlisle as a young man, he had already established his reputation as a legal authority, having made some important rulings in land claims, notably his decision upon the warmly-disputed claims of Connecticut and Pennsylvania to the Wyoming settlements in the northeastern part of the latter state. Judge Wilson's important work as one of the framers of the State and of the National Constitution was performed later, after his removal to Philadelphia.

To this interesting social life, which was graced by the presence of a number of charming women and enriched intellectually by the faculty of the recently-established college, the Rev. Charles Nisbet came from Scotland to be its first president. Whatever attractions other visitors found in Carlisle, nothing in its social or religious life appealed to the learned Scotchman, who seemed to have been as dour as Carlyle in his most dyspeptic state, as he wrote home that he found "everything on a dead level, no men of learning nor taste, and of religious people the fewest of all." And yet at this time Carlisle

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possessed a number of churches, the Episcopalians and Presbyterians having stately edifices in Center Square, and so high did religious or denominational feeling run in the latter body that Mrs. John Bannister Gibson was "read out of the Presbyterian Church for permitting worldly amusements in her home."

The hospitable Gibson mansion, where the wit of the host and the beauty of the hostess made an attractive meeting place for young and old, is still standing on the corner of North Hanover Street. This fine old residence and the Watts house on Hanover Street with its beautiful Colonial doorway and fine carved mantels give one some idea of the luxury and style of Carlisle houses in early days. Although known as the Watts house, Mr. and Mrs. David Watts having lived there for many years, this old mansion was built by Colonel Ephraim Blaine, one of the early settlers of the Cumberland Valley. Colonel Blaine, a great-grandfather of the distinguished statesman, James G. Blaine, was himself a notable person, an officer of distinction and a trusted friend of Washington, whom he served as Commissary General of the Northern Department during the last four years of the War of the Revolution. This house, a part of which is now used as his office by Judge Henderson, in addition to its fine wainscoting and exquisite wood carvings, boasts a wonderful



DOORWAY OF HOUSE OF DAVID WATTS ON HANOVER STREET, CARLISLE

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landscape paper representing various scenes from the romantic story of Paul and Virginia, which has been on the wall for many years and has been the delight of several generations of children.

The Penrose house on Main Street, in which members of the family still live, holds many objects of interest.

Another spacious old mansion on the Main Street, with a side garden on Bedford Street, is the Thorne house, with its beautiful stairway, octagonal rooms in which the mahogany doors are rounded to fit the walls, and wonderful mantels. A pair of these mantels has found a home in the Metropolitan Museum of Art through the generosity of Mr. Francis P. Gorham. One of these, the more elaborate of the two, represents Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie in 1814, a favorite design at that time. This stirring scene is cleverly treated in low relief and is surrounded by a delicate tracery of scrolls and flowers set in a beaded panel. In the second mantel the central panel represents a memorial sarcophagus upon which is inscribed, "To the Memory of Departed Heroes." These and other beautiful mantels in the old house are not Adam specimens, as was thought at one time, but are the work of Robert Wellford, who did quite a large business in Philadelphia in the early years of the last cen-

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tury at 96 South Eighth Street, which he called "Original American Composition Ornament Manufactory." The work certainly reflects credit upon the "composer," even if it did not quite justify his pretentious title.

On the north side of High, between Pitt and West Streets, is one of the most interesting old houses in Carlisle.

The Parker house, with its hospitable portico, many-windowed façade and its curved steps, dates back to the early years of the last century, when it was owned by Isaac Brown Parker, who came from Avondale, Ireland, when a boy, to be under the care of his uncle, John Brown, Esq., in Philadelphia. He was sent to Dickinson College, Carlisle; later studied law with Judge Hamilton in Carlisle; married a niece of Mrs. Hamilton's, Maria Ross Veazey, from Maryland, and built or rebuilt an old stone house bought from Doctor Davidson into the spacious mansion that now stands on High Street. The building materials for this house were selected with great care and the plans made by Mrs. Parker, who doubtless had in mind some fine old homestead in her own state. Mr. Isaac B. Parker, after inheriting a large estate near Philadelphia, removed to that city and afterward to Burlington, New Jersey. Mr. Parker's son, John Brown Parker, lived in this house until his death in 1888. Mr. Parker



MANSION OF ISAAC BROWN PARKER, HIGH STREET, CARLISLE

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was married twice; his first wife was Miss Margaret Brisbane, and his second wife, who survived him and lived in the old home until her death, was Miss Sarah J. Richards, of Pittsburgh.

A little farther along High Street are the beautiful grounds of Dickinson College, and on the same side of the street are the residences of the Hon. Edward W. Biddle and J. Kirk Bosler, Esq., while opposite to them and at the corner of Mooreland Avenue are the fine house and extensive grounds of the late Johnston Moore.

Many sojourners in Carlisle have doubtless wondered why a Presbyterian college should have been named after a Philadelphia Quaker, John Dickinson, author of the "Farmers Letters" and president of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, but after all the reason is not far to seek. It chanced that Mr. Dickinson and his lovely wife, Mary Norris, while making a journey by carriage to the western part of the state, came as far as Carlisle, and knowing something of the old town and its people, when the subject of establishing a college there was being considered, Mr. Dickinson was interested and gave liberally in lands in Adams and Cumberland Counties. He also donated fifteen hundred volumes from the Fair Hill Library to the new institution of learning.

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Although Mr. Dickinson was much interested in the project of establishing a college in Carlisle and the initial meeting of the board of trustees was held at his house in Philadelphia in May, 1783, Judge Biddle says that Dr. Benjamin Rush was an even more enthusiastic advocate of the project. He it was who was most influential in obtaining a charter for the college and in securing the services of the learned Dr. Charles Nisbet, of Scotland, as its first president, which appears from a voluminous correspondence between the two gentlemen.

When Doctor Nisbet and his family reached Philadelphia they stopped for three weeks at the home of Doctor Rush on Second Street before setting forth upon the long journey to Carlisle, which seems to have occupied over four days, as they started on Thursday, June 30th, and did not reach Carlisle until the evening of July 4th. We learn from Doctor Nisbet's letter to Doctor Rush that there was a stop-over of a day and night at Lancaster. "We reached the Waggon Inn on the first day," he said, "and arrived at Lancaster next day by one o'clock. There we were constrained to stay until next day by the hospitality of the inhabitants. We reached York the third day and stayed there until Monday. I preached for Mr. Campbell in the afternoon in great weakness on account of the heat. We left York on Monday, the fourth,

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breakfasted at the half-way house, and were met by the Light Horse belonging to Carlisle at the Yellow Breeches Creek, by whom we were conducted to the Boiling Springs near the Iron Works. Here we found the inhabitants of Carlisle assembled to celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. We dined in the open air under a canopy of oaken leaves, in imitation of the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, and after visiting the Iron Works proceeded in the evening to Carlisle attended by the company.”¹

Philadelphia had much to do with the establishment of this college at Carlisle; not only was Mr. Dickinson its first president, but upon its board were such influential and patriotic citizens as Dr. Benjamin Rush, William Bingham and Henry Hill. James Wilson, the learned jurist, who belonged to Philadelphia as well as Carlisle, was one of the trustees, and Colonel John Montgomery, member of Congress at Annapolis, and General John Armstrong were both actively interested in the foundation of Dickinson College. When Old West, one of the twelve buildings of the college, was nearly completed, a fire occurred which consumed the building. This calamity the trustees of the college and the citizens of Carlisle met with generous subscriptions, which were augmented by

¹ “The Founding and Founders of Dickinson College,” by the Hon. Edward W. Biddle.

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contributions from Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, and by several members of Congress. Old West soon rose again in beauty, and as it stands to-day affords a noble example of academic Colonial architecture. As we wandered through the lovely grounds of Dickinson by the old buildings, through the "Lover's Lane" and other shaded paths for the use of pedestrians less amatory, we were reminded of the many distinguished men who have come forth from these academic groves, and of the interesting professors that Dickinson has included in her faculty. High up in the list of the illustrious sons of Dickinson is the name of the late Spencer Fullerton Baird, whom Carlisle claims as her own, although Doctor Baird was not born there. He, however, came to Carlisle at an early age with his mother, was a graduate of Dickinson and professor there for some years before he was called to national service and national honors as secretary of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. Although Professor Baird may not, like St. Francis of Assisi, have spoken of the birds and beasts as his "little brothers," he seems to have been equally fond of all flying, moving creatures, and was wont to carry animate specimens about in his pocket and even allowed his small daughter to have a black snake as a pet.

Another noted graduate of Dickinson was the

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philanthropic, public-spirited citizen and voluminous writer, Moncure D. Conway, in whose honor the late Andrew Carnegie gave Conway Hall to the college. In his pleasant recollections of his college days in Carlisle, Doctor Conway speaks with enthusiasm of the faculty of Dickinson. Of William Allen, professor of chemistry, who also included such widely diverse branches as rhetoric and logic in his repertoire, he says that Dickinson was fortunate in having the services of so versatile a scholar as Mr. Allen, adding that "in his class in logic the textbook was Whateley's, but Mr. Allen was an abler man than Whateley." Dr. John McClintock, professor of Greek, who was acting president for a time after the death of President Emory, was one of Doctor Conway's well-beloved professors, and so clever a teacher that it was currently reported that he could make Greek interesting. Professor Baird was, at this time, the youngest of the faculty. "He was," said Doctor Conway, "the beloved professor and the ideal student." The weekly rambles with Doctor Baird, when he introduced his class to his intimates in the world of nature, were looked forward to by his students as among the joys of the coming spring.

Nor was the social life of Carlisle purely academic; there was here, as in all old Pennsylvania and southern towns, a gayer social life, and from an old copy of "The Subscription

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Paper of the Carlisle Dancing Assembly," recently unearthed by a local historian, Dr. Charles F. Himes, it appears that the young people of this Scotch Presbyterian settlement danced as gaily as those of Quaker Philadelphia. Indeed, the rules for this assembly are so like those of the Philadelphia Dancing Assembly of 1748 as to lead one to conclude that the Carlisle assembly was modeled after the plan of the older association. This seems more probable in view of the constant communication between the two places. In the Carlisle assemblies, as in those of Philadelphia, ladies were treated with so much distinction that they were not permitted to subscribe. "In Carlisle, they were," said Dr. Himes, "delicately invited by having season tickets sent them by the managers." Delicacy of this sort would certainly be appreciated today! The manager of the assembly was a very important person, and "drest in a little brief authority," he ruled the dancers with a rod of iron. The Marquis de Chastellux relates an amusing story of a sometime manager of the Philadelphia assemblies who exercised his office with so much severity that it is told of him that a young lady who was figuring in a country dance, having forgot her turn by talking with a friend, he came up to her and called out aloud, "Give over, Miss, take care what you are about! Do you think you are here for your pleasure?"

As in the Philadelphia assemblies, each set

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was to consist of ten couples, those ladies who arrived first forming the first set. Every set of ladies drew for places, but the managers could place strangers and brides at the head of the dances. The arrangements were all dignified and formal, as befitted the stately minuet that was danced by ladies no less stately and to the music of the fiddle, which was always in evidence in the dance of that period.

That the Carlisle dancing assemblies were extremely popular we learn from various sources. Several letters from the family of Miss Emmeline Knox Parker go to prove their popularity among young men of the time. In a letter addressed by Mr. James Hamilton in Carlisle to John Brown, Esq., Pine Street, Philadelphia, he says: "Almost all the young men of this place have subscribed to the Dancing Assembly, 8 nights for 8 Dollars, and which will be supported by the first Inhabitants of the place, perhaps one night in the week might be proper to divert to such an amusement, as young people if refused a reasonable gratification, will frequently seek a resource. Your nephew will not attempt to subscribe without your approbation. If you agree to it, it should be on the condition of withdrawing early, and making up by increased diligence if possible, for the portion of time so appropriated." To this request so politely and discreetly worded, Mr. Brown naturally gave his consent, and young Mr. Isaac

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B. Parker joined the gay throng at the modest rate of one dollar for each night.

From these letters, from many others, and from diaries of the time, it appears that Carlisle, in common with Chambersburg, York, Lancaster and other southern Pennsylvania towns was in constant communication with Philadelphia. Many links, social, business and political, united these towns with the more important center, and we learn, on good authority, that the leading citizens of Carlisle journeyed to Philadelphia for the latest fashions. Apropos of fashions, it appears that some high-born dames of this old town were quite independent of its decrees. It is said of one of these ladies, Mrs. Lydia Spencer Biddle, that when her granddaughters would object to wearing some garment, which she considered suitable, on the ground that it was not the fashion, they would be met with the crushing reply: "When I was young, anything that Miss Spencer wore *was* the fashion." This valiant lady, the grandmother of Professor Spencer F. Baird, removed to Carlisle after the death of her husband, William Macfunn Biddle. Mrs. Biddle's daughters, Mrs. Samuel Baird and Mrs. Charles B. Penrose, both lived in Carlisle for some years, and to add to the Biddle settlement there her youngest daughter, Mary, the wife of Mayor William Blaney, of the Engineer Corps, established her home in Carlisle after the death of her husband. A younger brother,

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Edward M. Biddle, married Juliana Watts, of Carlisle, and became the head of what are generally known as the Carlisle Biddles, to distinguish them from the very large family in Philadelphia, all deriving their ancestry from the same source and marked by many of the same characteristics. The gayety of the old town was naturally enhanced by the fact that a number of officers were quartered at the Carlisle Barracks, dashing young officers from North and South. As they galloped through the town on their spirited horses we can imagine the bright eyes of fair damsels following them from the windows of some fine old house or even waving them a greeting from some doorway. Fortunate were those who were invited to enter these hospitable mansions and partake of such delectable repasts as Mrs. Dillon has so feelingly described, with such fried chicken and waffles as come only from the hands of southern cooks or from those who have learned the secrets of their art from these turbaned *chefs* of Maryland and Virginia.

In the midst of all this pleasant social life, studious and gay, there came the rumblings of distant and then near thunder, until in 1861 the storm burst and the sons of these lovely cities of the plain went forth to war. Many of the students of Dickinson were from the South and naturally returned to their own states, and the gay cavalry officers quitted what seemed like playing at soldiers to enter into the stern realities of war.

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That the hospitality of Carlisle was appreciated by some of the young southern officers and students was proved at the time of the Confederate invasion in more than one instance. General Ewell, who had been stationed at the barracks before the war, although he made extravagant demands for rations, allowed no violence or outrage during his occupation of the town, according to the testimony of old inhabitants. "At one prominent home the family had retired that anxious Saturday night, only to be aroused by a ring at the bell. On asking who wished entrance and receiving a well-known name in reply, the ladies timidly said, 'Do you come as friend or as foe?' 'Always as friend to this house,' was the quick response." Which was pleasing evidence of a good memory as well as a grateful heart at this critical time."²

Our minds still dwelling upon the many associations of this old town, we motored through the Main Street and on toward the highway leading to Harrisburg, stopping on our way at the handsome and well-equipped library founded in memory of a well-known citizen of Carlisle, Mr. J. Herman Bosler. Standing in this beautiful library we could not but wish that every town in Pennsylvania of any size had a library approaching this in equipment, for only by means of such libraries can the education and uplift of the rising generation be attained.

² "Carlisle Old and New."

VIII
FROM CARLISLE TO HARRISBURG

A LOVER of his state and one especially devoted to his own portion of it, finds fault with the plans for a motor trip through middle and southern Pennsylvania, in which Carlisle and the delightful route from Harrisburg to Carlisle has been left out.

“The route,” he says, “to Carlisle from Harrisburg is over the State Highway, and the section between Harrisburg and Carlisle is one of the finest pieces of construction ever done by the State Highway Department. This route is the logical one from Harrisburg to Gettysburg and is generally followed by tourists and travelers.”

We quite agreed with this writer's estimate of the charms of this part of the Highway, which is also the trolley route, and passes by Boiling Springs, a public park and pleasure resort, and many other places. All approaches to Harrisburg are attractive, whether by train, trolley or motor; but the most beautiful by far is by the Lincoln Highway and across the great spans of the bridge, whose central piers stand on a large island in the Susquehanna. From this

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bridge the many spires of the town rose before us, all dominated by the dome of the Capitol, which, standing on its hilltop, shining white against the blue sky and bathed in sunny light, as we saw it this afternoon, seemed to us in beauty only second to the National Capitol on its famous hilltop. The river drive along which we sped is the favorite residential street of Harrisburg, which is not to be wondered at, for no more beautiful site for a town house could be found. Here is the Executive Mansion and also the fine old houses of the Camerons, Haldemans, Pearsons and other early residents of Harrisburg. Indeed, the banks of the Susquehanna seem to have been considered a desirable situation for a town, at an early date, as John Harris, who came here about 1719, found several Indian villages on or near the present site of the capital, and it is said that in answer to a given signal sixty or seventy warriors could be assembled at the village of Peixtan, where Harrisburg now stands. The Indians of this region belonged to the Six Nations, whose villages were to be found farther north and south on the Susquehanna and at the mouths of the Conodoguinet and Yellow Breeches Creeks.

The first John Harris came from Yorkshire, England, and lived in Chester and Lancaster Counties before he settled in this region, where he was the first English trader. Here he estab-

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lished his Ferry, which soon became so well known that letters from abroad with no other address than John Harris, Harris' Ferry, N. America, frequently reached him. He had two houses on the Susquehanna, one a trading post surrounded by sheds, in which were stored skins and furs obtained by traffic with the Indians, who brought them from the western country; the other house was his home, farther back from the river, surrounded by a great stockade. Mrs. Harris, of English birth like her husband, seems to have been a quick-witted woman, possessed of the character and courage needed in pioneer life.

The gate of the stockade was usually carefully guarded by a man detailed for the purpose. One night while the family were at supper, this man with them, the gate was by some mistake left open. Suddenly the report of a gun was heard, which showed that Indians were near. Mrs. Harris quickly extinguished every light in the house and the family was unmolested.

John Harris is said to have lived on fairly good terms with the surrounding Indians; but one thrilling experience of his is among the cherished traditions of Harrisburg. It seems that a band of roving Indians from the Carolinas halted at his trading post to exchange their goods, probably for rum, of which the savages had already had too much. They became riotous in their drunken revelry and demanding

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more rum were refused by Mr. Harris, who began to fear harm from his visitors. Not to be denied they again demanded "Lum," and seizing him they took him to a mulberry tree near by and bound him to it, intending to burn him after they had helped themselves to his stores. Before the savages were able to carry out their evil designs, some friendly Indians arrived upon the scene, having been warned of the danger to his master by Hercules, a faithful colored servant of Mr. Harris. It is said that these friendly Indians had come to the rescue of Mr. Harris in consequence of some act of kindness which they had received from him.

The grave of John Harris may be seen on the river bank nearly opposite the Cameron house and is now enclosed by a railing. He was buried under the mulberry tree to which he had once been bound, and at his feet rest the remains of the faithful Hercules, who had saved his master's life. There are men still living in Harrisburg who remember the stump of the historic mulberry tree which residents of Harrisburg preserved for years by applying cement and plaster, and later a shoot from the original tree flourished and bore fruit to which children strolling along the river bank would stop and help themselves. The grave of a Seneca Half Chief is said to be in or near the old Harris lot, but if so it is unmarked. The second John Harris, who

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founded the city of Harrisburg, is buried at Paxton, in the graveyard of the Presbyterian Church.

John Harris, Jr., must have been a man of remarkable foresight and vision, as he seems to have grasped the possibilities of the city of Harrisburg and is said to have predicted that it would become the center of business in this section and in time the seat of government of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Harris was a patriotic American, but when the question of the independence of the Colonies was agitated he hesitated, as did John Dickinson and other patriots, feeling that so radical a measure was somewhat premature and doubting the ability of the Colonies to withstand the power of Great Britain. When, however, the Declaration was adopted, his son, Robert Harris, said that his father took him and his mother aside and read to them the Declaration "from a Philadelphia newspaper." When he concluded it, he said: "The act is now done; I must take sides either for or against our country. The war in which we are engaged cannot be carried on without money. We have 3000 pounds in the house, and if you are agreed I will take the money to Philadelphia and put it into the hands of Robert Morris to carry on the war. If we succeed in obtaining our independence, we may lose the money, as the Government may not be able to pay it back, but we will

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get our land." She agreed, and he carried the money to Philadelphia and deposited it in the Treasury.¹

There is a story to the effect that the elder Harris built the substantial stone mansion still standing near Harris Park, but the date of its erection, 1771, which is given on the capstone, entirely controverts that theory. This house, built by John Harris, Jr., may have been upon the foundation of the old Harris house with its stockade. It remained in possession of the Harris family until about 1838, when it was purchased by Col. Thomas Elder and, at his death, by the Rev. Beverly R. Waugh for the use of the Pennsylvania Female College, of which he was principal. Finally the executors of the Reverend Waugh's estate sold the house to Simon Cameron, who remodeled it, and with so much taste that it presented much the same appearance as the original building. If these ancient walls could speak, they would have many an interesting tale to tell, as the house passed through many hands. It was, at one time owned by Mr. Jacob M. Haldeman, a grandson of Jacob Haldeman, of Neufchatel, Switzerland, the founder of the American family. Mr. Jacob M. Haldeman, after being engaged in the iron business with great success,

¹ "History of the Cumberland Valley," by Harriet Wylie Stewart.



HALDEMAN-CAMERON HOUSE, FRONT STREET, HARRISBURG

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made his home in Harrisburg. Mrs. Haldeman, a daughter of Samuel Jacobs, was born at Mount Hope Furnace, Lancaster County. I was glad to see the old mansion again, as it had an especial interest to me. My earliest recollection of Harrisburg is of a stop overnight at Mrs. Haldeman's with my father, who was a warm friend of the Haldeman family. Mr. Haldeman was not living at this time; but his widow impressed my childish mind as the most wonderful old lady I had ever seen and the most elaborately dressed. Mrs. William Haly, Mrs. Haldeman's married daughter, took me under her especial care and fascinated me by the quickness with which she moved, her ready wit and warmth of manner like an Irish woman, she seemed then and ever after, a little woman with a laughing face, a bright color in her cheeks, and with the smallest feet I had ever seen on a grown woman. I remember making her laugh when I asked her if a pair of slippers by her bedside belonged to a child. Mr. William Haly, I have heard, had a most tragic death, having perished in a fire in a hotel in Philadelphia many years since.

One afternoon some of my friends took me through the fine park and by the reservoir which furnishes the town with an abundant supply of pure water. Another afternoon we motored to Marietta, south of Harrisburg on the Susquehanna, a pretty old town, with the houses

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quite near the street after the Pennsylvania fashion. They tell us that the houses were so placed in pioneer days as a protection against the Indians, and this was the reason given us for the same placing of the houses in the old French-Canadian villages. There the houses, close together and near the road, extended for miles, the garden and sometimes large farms lying back of them for some distance. A good reason this, for an arrangement that did not add to the beauty of the town, safety being of more importance than beauty.

Some hours, one morning, we spent in the Capitol, and although we had seen it many times we were impressed as never before with the noble proportions of the entrance hall and rotunda and with the infinite care that had been taken with the selection of rare marbles and woods from all parts of the world. Some of the heavy elaborate chandeliers in the Hall of Representatives we would cheerfully have dispensed with, and we were glad to turn from them to admire again Miss Violet Oakley's interesting mural paintings in the Governor's reception room.

Beautiful as are the Capitol, the State Library and other new buildings in Harrisburg, my chief interest was in the old homes which are associated so closely with the history of the state and the nation. Among these is the Maclay



OLD HOUSE OF HON. WILLIAM McCLAY, FRONT STREET, HARRISBURG

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house on Front Street, as this lovely drive and promenade is called. Mr. William Maclay, first United States Senator from Pennsylvania, was the owner of this fine house with its Colonial portico, and lived here during Washington's administration and for many years after. Mr. Maclay married a daughter of John Harris, Jr., and is said to have helped his father-in-law to lay out the city of Harrisburg. This gentleman naturally wished the national capital to be placed in his own state, in Harrisburg preferably, and when he found that the choice of the President and Cabinet was tending toward the ten-mile square on the Potomac, he expressed himself with much bitterness and not a little dry humor. Many other public men shared Mr. Maclay's views with regard to the placing of the capital, and it is not strange that this state, whose chief city had been the scene of the most important legislation during the Revolution, and whose able financiers, Robert Morris and Thomas Willing, had supplied the Commander-in-Chief with the sinews of war, should have been favorably considered in this connection. President Washington came in for a full share of criticism at the hands of the Pennsylvania Senator, being, as he thought, too much under the influence of Alexander Hamilton, who, to Mr. Maclay's mind, represented the arch-enemy of true democracy. Indeed, Senator Maclay's

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expressions with regard to the President are so violent that we wonder now that he took the risk of confiding them to his diary. On one occasion he exclaimed: "If there is treason in the wish, I retract it; but would to God this same General Washington was in heaven! We would not have brought him forward as the constant cover to every unconstitutional and unrepubli- can act."

This in itself was an indirect compli- ment to the character of Washington, as it plainly revealed this Senator's opinion as to the final destination of the much-criticized Chief Executive.

When Mr. Maclay realized that the location of the national capital was bound up with the Assumption Bill, and that the President had been inoculated with the "funding disease," he exclaimed in hot indignation: "Alas that the affection—nay, almost admiration—of the peo- ple should meet so unworthy a return! Here are their best interests sacrificed to the vain whim of fixing Congress and a great commercial town (so opposite to the genius of the Southern planter) on the Potomac," etc.

According to Mr. Jefferson's statement in his "Anas," the site of the capital was not really decided in Congress, but over the Virginia statesman's dinner-table. It may have been to this dinner that Mr. Maclay referred when he

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wrote in his New York diary, July 20, 1790: "There was a dinner this day which I had no notice of, and never thought of such a thing." Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, had recently returned from abroad. Colonel Hamilton met him in front of the President's house, and as the two walked up and down the street together, Hamilton explained to Jefferson the strained relations between the North and South. If, he argued, the North accepted the bill for the assumption of the domestic debt and secured the "residence of the capital" for a northern city, Mr. Hamilton clearly saw before the country dangers and difficulties, even the secession of the Southern states; while, on the other hand, if the war debt of twenty millions were not assumed by the general government, it was feared that the Eastern or creditor states might secede from the federation. Plainly, a compromise was necessary in the opinion of the wise and far-seeing Hamilton. Mr. Jefferson pleaded ignorance of the matter, as he had been abroad. He would, he said, be pleased if Colonel Hamilton would dine with him the next day, meet a few Virginians and discuss the question calmly over Madeira and punch. Like many other important matters, the site of the capital was decided over a glass of wine, for before the guests quitted the table a compromise was agreed upon, and in this case one that the nation has never had reason to regret.

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

And thus, whether for good or ill, Harrisburg lost its chance of being the capital of the Republic, and Mr. Maclay's animadversions were all to no purpose. His fine old house still stands on the river bank, but is no longer in the possession of the Maclays. A daughter of Senator Maclay married Dr. Henry Hall; their son, William Maclay Hall, a lawyer, laid out Lewistown and became one of the brilliant advocates of the Juniata Valley. Mr. Hall afterwards studied for the ministry and for some years presided over the Presbyterian Church in Bedford, Pennsylvania.

An evening in Harrisburg never forgotten by those who were in the confidence of the chief actors in the drama was that of February 22, 1861. Governor Curtin, Colonel Alexander K. McClure and Major William B. Wilson have all given graphic and interesting descriptions of that eventful afternoon and evening, when Mr. Lincoln and his party were on their way to Washington. The story, as they told it, is known to many persons, but within a few months the diary of Miss Margaret Williams, who was with her father in Harrisburg at this time, has come into my hands, and while agreeing in all points with the account given by the other *raconteurs*, adds some intimate, human touches that could only come from the pen of a woman.

Miss Williams is the daughter of the Hon.

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Thomas Williams, of Pittsburgh, an able lawyer and an eloquent speaker, a member of the State Legislature in 1861 and among those appointed to accompany Mr. Lincoln to Washington. She and her sister Agnes, afterwards the wife of Henry Pemberton Senior, of Philadelphia, were naturally the recipients of many courtesies, which Miss Williams speaks of so modestly in her charming narrative.

Of the reception of the Presidential party in Harrisburg, after leaving Philadelphia in the morning and making short stops at Lancaster and other towns en route, Miss Williams says:

“Harrisburg was reached at two o’clock, the arrival being announced by firing a salute, and as the President-elect appeared on the platform he was greeted with enthusiastic applause and immediately conducted to the waiting barouche with six white horses. Reaching the Jones House, on the Square, he went to the balcony and was introduced to the people by Governor Curtin in the presence of more than five thousand.”

During the reception “which took place in the parlors of the Hotel, after that in the Hall of the Representatives, Colonel Sumner presented to us the young men of the party, and Mrs. Lincoln asked to have us introduced to her, and then invited us, through my father, to join the

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

party for Washington. We had each passed our twentieth milestone, and, of course, were thrilled with the prospect, and accepted the invitation with pleasure and expected to leave Harrisburg with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and party the following morning at nine o'clock for Baltimore."

While Miss Williams and her sister were making their plans for the next day, a very important dinner was being given to Mr. Lincoln by Governor Curtin. He and Colonel McClure both spoke of this dinner as a very dismal affair, the conversation turning on the President's trip to Washington the next day, and the warnings that had been given of a plan to assassinate Mr. Lincoln at Baltimore. Of this dinner and the events following it, Colonel McClure says:

"Dinner was hastily served, when the servants were cleared from the dining-hall, and Governor Curtin stated the facts to the dining guests, and insisted that Lincoln's programme should be changed. Every one present promptly responded in approval, and the only silent man at the table was Lincoln. I sat near enough to him to watch and study his face, and there was not a sign of agitation upon it, and when he was called upon to give his views it was at once made evident to all that he thought much more of commanding the respect and honor of the nation than of preserving his life. His answer was substantially and, I think exactly, in these

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words: 'I cannot consent. What would the nation think of its President stealing into its Capitol like a thief in the night?' Scott was a master alike in keenness of perception and swiftness of execution. He at once directed the Governor to take Lincoln down to the front of the hotel, where there were multitudes awaiting to cheer them, and loudly call a carriage to take them to the Executive Mansion, as that would be the natural place for them to go. They entered the carriage, drove up along the river front toward the Executive Mansion and then made a detour to reach the depot in thirty minutes, as instructed by Colonel Scott. I accompanied Colonel Scott to the depot, where he first cleared the track of his line to Philadelphia, forbidding anything to enter upon it until released, and with his own hands cut all of the few telegraph wires which then came into Harrisburg. A locomotive and a car were in readiness at the time appointed a square below the depot, where Lincoln and Curtin arrived with Colonel Lamon, and Lincoln and Lamon entered the car for their journey. When I shook hands with Lincoln and wished him God's protection on his journey, he was as cool and deliberate as ever in his life."

This special train came into West Philadelphia about 10 o'clock. Only one person in Philadelphia was advised of Mr. Lincoln's movements and that was Superintendent Kenney, of

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the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, who met Mr. Lincoln and Colonel Lamon in a carriage with the intention of taking them unobserved to the regular night train for Washington a few minutes before the time of its departure from the depot of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad at Broad and Washington Avenue. But when it was seen, on the arrival of Mr. Lincoln at West Philadelphia, that there would be nearly an hour before the train for the national capital would leave the downtown depot, the driver of the carriage, which evidently had come across the old Market Street bridge, and which contained Mr. Lincoln, Colonel Lamon and Pinkerton on the inside, Kenney riding with the driver on the box seat, was ordered to take a roundabout course with the purpose of consuming time. Many highly-exaggerated stories have been circulated of the events of this night, which were quite dramatic enough without embellishment. The fact, as stated by those who knew most about it, is simply that Mr. Lincoln and Colonel Lamon, together with Pinkerton, walked to the sleeper and got into it without being known to anybody, and the train, which the conductor had been instructed to hold until he heard from Manager Kenney, pulled out of the station only five minutes late. Seven hours later, or at 6 o'clock the next morning, it was in Washington, and

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then, telegraphic communication having been restored, a despatch of four words in cipher to Colonel Scott informed the rest of the Presidential party in Harrisburg and the railroad men who were in the secret, that all had gone well. The message as agreed upon was: "Plums delivered nuts safely."

Miss Williams and her sister knew nothing of the change of plans until the next morning, when she says: "On Saturday morning, the twenty-third, at the appointed hour, by the scheduled time, Mrs. Lincoln, her three sons, Robert Tadd, William Wallace and Thomas, familiarly called Bob, Willie and Tad, Colonel Ellsworth, Captain Pope, Judge Davis. Mr. Hay, Mr. Nicolay, my father and other members of the committee, left Harrisburg, we accompanying them, with Colonel Sumner as major-domo. On reaching Baltimore a dreadful-looking mob, called 'the Plug Uglies,' collected about the train peering into the windows and calling for 'Lincoln.' Finding he was not there, a call went forth for 'Bob,' who, with courage commanding admiration from all, including the mob, appeared on the platform. I recall that the three young men, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Nicolay and Mr. Hay, were armed with revolvers lest need therefor should occur. We all dined at the Eutaw House in Baltimore, driving from the station in an omnibus. My father, on taking

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off his hat to bow, was reproved by a member of the party, who said, 'Put on your hat, Mr. Williams; you might be taken for the President and shot!' Arriving in Washington that evening Mr. Seward met the guests at the station, and I was put by Colonel Sumner into the carriage with Mrs. Lincoln and Mr. Seward. Upon protesting that this was not my place, I was told 'it was all right,' and off we drove. Mrs. Lincoln was kind and agreeable, Mr. Seward grave, and in my youth and inexperience I thought him unresponsive or absent-minded. Later, realizing his responsibility, I more than forgave him.

"At Willard's, parlor No. 6, with a spacious suite of apartments, had been hastily prepared for the guests early the preceding day, and on reaching the hotel, Mrs. Lincoln took me with her to the parlor, where we found Mr. Lincoln in an armchair, with the two children, Willie and Tad, climbing joyously over him—a beautiful picture which still lingers in my memory."

Miss Williams says that Mr. Lincoln asked her to sing, and upon enquiring what he would like, he said "something sad." She chose a little song called "Alone" that she had heard sung by Miss Ella Stewart in Pittsburgh, but which she had never seen in print, to which she had improvised an accompaniment. "The song was sad," she says, "but not so sad as Mr. Lincoln's face, which was indeed the saddest I

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have ever seen, though when he smiled it was one of the most attractive.”

In the evening there was a reception at Willard's when, at Mrs. Lincoln's request, Miss Williams and her sister Agnes assisted her in receiving, as did Senator Simon Cameron's daughters, Jennie and Margaret, afterwards Mrs. Wayne McVeagh and Mrs. Richard J. Haldeman. Miss Williams gives a description of the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln and of the ball in the evening, the latter of especial value because so little was said of the Inaugural Ball in the newspapers at the time, and it has even been stated that there was no ball. That there was a ball is proved by Miss Williams' description and by that of Mr. Seward, in his autobiography, which agrees in the main with Miss Williams' account, although lacking certain personal details.

In describing the day that meant so much to the nation, Miss Williams says: "Monday, March the fourth, was, as the day grew older, bright and sunny. Before going to the inauguration my sister and I waited at the hotel to see Mr. Lincoln start for the Capitol, accompanied by Mr. Buchanan. As personal guests of the President-to-be, my father and we girls enjoyed a close view of the impressive ceremonies; we heard the famous inaugural address and saw the venerable Chief Justice Taney

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administer the oath of office to Mr. Lincoln, as he had done to his seven predecessors, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan.

“In the evening we attended the ball held in a temporary building erected for the purpose on Judiciary Square. It has been said that there was no ball on that evening, and many of the newspapers of the following days are silent on the subject. My formal invitation, with its long list of Committees of Arrangements, I still have, as well as my Dance Programme.”

It is a curious coincidence that this historic ball should have been overlooked by most of Mr. Lincoln's biographers. Mr. Seward, in speaking of it, says: “There was no crowd, little dancing and, one might say, little gayety. The guests assembled were, for the most part, refined, well-dressed people with a more serious air than is usual on occasions of festivity. Many of those who attended, like those who had subscribed, did so because it was an opportunity to display fidelity to the Union. Of course, the chief topic of the conversation was about the Inaugural.”

After the ball, Miss Williams says that her father returned to Harrisburg, and she and her sister remained in Washington under the care of Senator Cameron's family.

The Camerons, both father and son, were

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probably more in Washington than in their own city for some years, as they at different times represented Pennsylvania in the Senate of the United States, and in addition to this they both held important Cabinet positions, and yet the name of Cameron belongs distinctly to Harrisburg, in common with such other old names as Haldeman, Pearson, Espy, Findlay, Shunk, Alricks, Dock, Forster, Elder, Hamilton and Sargent. The Hon. Simon Cameron was Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War, and his son, James Donald Cameron, or "Don Cameron," as he was so generally called that his full name was unknown to many persons, held the same position in the Grant administration. Both the Camerons were men of much ability and born leaders, as appears from many incidents in their careers. During his residence in Washington, a warm friendship grew up between "Don Cameron" and the New England historian, Henry Adams. These two men were probably drawn to each other on account of their dissimilarity, each one in a way representing a type of his own section. However this may be, Mr. Adams spent much time with the Cameron family in Washington and on their estate in Scotland.

After getting off one of his remarkable paragraphs on the Pennsylvania mind, for which Mr. Adams expressed some admiration on account of its practical ability, he then summed

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up the characteristics of Senator Cameron: "Perhaps it [his mind] owed life to Scotch blood; perhaps to the blood of Adam and Eve, the primitive strain of man; perhaps only to the blood of the cottager working against the blood of the townsman; but whatever it was one liked it for its simplicity."²

Would Senator Cameron, himself, have been likely to count simplicity his leading characteristic? Certainly higher encomiums have been paid to the character and ability of this statesman, but none quite so picturesque as that from the pen of the New England historian. To the Charms of Mrs. Cameron, Mr. Adams pays the following glowing tribute: "Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, had married in 1880 a young niece of Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, thus making an alliance of dynastic importance in politics, and in society a reign of sixteen years, during which Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Lodge led a career without succession as the dispensers of sunshine over Washington."

² "The Education of Henry Adams," p. 332.

IX
WESTWARD HO! TO PITTSBURGH

I HAD been reading about the experiences of Mr. Prolix during his trip to the West, and as I sped along in one of the luxurious cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad, I could not help contrasting the present methods of travel with those of 1836. Mr. Prolix had come by a canal boat from Columbia, the terminus of the new railroad, and up the eastern bank of the Susquehanna, by the pretty town of Marietta to Duncan's Island, only stopping a half hour at Harrisburg to take on and let off passengers. In those days the west-bound travelers stopped over night at Mrs. Duncan's on the island of the same name. This large island, sixteen miles west of Harrisburg, at the junction of the Susquehanna and the Juniata Rivers, was once the home of the Shawnese and the site of a large Indian village. Here the first John Harris attempted to establish a trading station, but Chief Shikellamy objected and even appealed to the Provincial Council, upon which Harris withdrew, thus saving his scalp in all probability;

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others less wise lost theirs at the same place, some years later.

Mr. Prolix was probably too busy getting the cinders out of his eyes, of which the travelers at that time complained so bitterly, to give his attention to tales of Indian adventure. He, however, had recovered his good nature sufficiently to describe this island hostelry as a "spacious mansion where passengers were accommodated for the night or with meals." The next morning another packet boat took the passengers along the Juniata, passing Millerstown, Mexico, and Mifflin, arriving, before sunset of an August day, at Lewistown, a distance of forty miles. This town had about sixteen hundred inhabitants, some of whom he said made excellent beer, and after testing its excellence the forty passengers on the boat took to their cabins for the night, and after passing Waynesburg and Hamiltonville, they were at Huntingdon early the next morning. The journey to Huntingdon seems to have occupied the best part of a day and night, progress being slow, at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, which gave Mr. Prolix plenty of time to observe his fellow-travelers, who, as he said, "presented as many specimens of natural history as the ark of Noah. The cabin in which the passengers ate their meals and spent their days, was turned into a dormitory by night, there being three tiers of

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berths in which thirty-six persons could be accommodated. Aft the cabin was the kitchen in which an emancipated or escaped slave from Maryland or Virginia usually was the cook; the meals were pronounced good, the cost varying between twenty-five cents as the minimum and thirty-seven and a half cents or three levies, as the maximum."¹ He who complains of the discomforts of travel in our well-appointed cars may find grounds for contentment with his lot by reflecting upon the experiences of Mr. Prolix and his human menagerie all cooped up in one cabin. Another drawback to this method of travel was that the surpassingly beautiful scenery along the route could not be enjoyed to any extent by the travelers on the canal, as their only promenade was the roof of the cabin, where every step was taken at the risk of decapitation by the bridges under which the boat passed at short intervals. The tourists were assured that this accident did not often happen, inasmuch as the man at the helm was constantly on the watch and would give notice of the danger by crying out "bridge!" Even in view of this warning there must have been a sense of insecurity about these promenades on deck, which interfered with a serene enjoyment of the beauties of nature.

¹ "Peregrinations Through the Pleasant Parts of Pennsylvania," by Peregrine Prolix.

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The journey from Harrisburg to Huntingdon is now made in less than three hours. Huntingdon is an interesting old town on the banks of the Raystown branch of the Juniata, and one of the old stopping places on the way to Bedford Springs. The land upon which the town is situated was bought by Dr. William Smith, Provost of the College of Philadelphia "for the consideration of three hundred pounds by deed dated March 25th, 1766, to include Hugh Crawford's improvements." A year later Doctor Smith had a town laid out, which he named Huntingdon, in honor of Serena, Countess of Huntingdon, in grateful remembrance of her liberal donation to the College of Philadelphia, now the University of Pennsylvania. The town for many years went by the name of Standing Stone Place, or Crawfords; but that rather unwieldy title was later given up, and it has for years been known by the name given it in memory of the lovely and pious Countess of Huntingdon, the liberal patroness of George Whitfield. This lady seems to have sat lightly to the things of earth, using her great wealth for religious and benevolent purposes during her lifetime, and leaving her fortune for the support of sixty-four chapels which she had built. This information was given to me by a fellow-traveler who evidently had a warm admiration for Lady Serena. She, my *compagnon de voyage*, being intelligent, as well

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as communicative, enlivened the journey by relating to me odd bits of local history. The country near Altoona and northward toward Bellefonte was, she said, full of iron furnaces and forges now abandoned. One of these, called Sabbath Rest, was noted as being the first furnace in this region to stop work over Sunday. Mr. Bell objected to having his men work on Sunday and on trying the experiment of banking his furnace for twenty-four hours, and finding it successful, he adopted this plan with the good result of giving the hands a rest over Sunday, after which the name of the furnace, Elizabeth, was changed to Sabbath Rest.

Altoona cannot by any stretch of the imagination be counted a thing of beauty, and yet the Logan House, changed but little in many years, always has a friendly look to me, recalling an early trip across the mountains to Pittsburgh, with a stop-over for refreshments at this house, when hot cakes of a superior quality were eaten, with dangerous rapidity, between trains. No griddle cakes in later years have seemed quite as delectable as those so hastily devoured at the old Logan House. This house was named, according to Doctor Shoemaker, after John Logan, a well-known Indian of this region, a son of Chief Shikellamy, known as a good Indian. Shikellamy named his three sons Logan; why, no one knows. It may be that he exchanged

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names with James Logan of Stenton as did Chief Wingohocking. Be this as it may, the name of Logan is to be found all through western Pennsylvania.

“James Logan is perpetuated in Clinton County,” says Dr. H. W. Shoemaker, “by two springs, a run and a gap in Nittany Mountain, the village of Loganton and Logan Mills, as well as Logan Township, and in Mifflin County by the Logan Spring near Reedsville. John Logan, or Captain Logan, has the Logan Valley, also the celebrated old Logan House in Altoona.”

The greatest claim to distinction possessed by the Logan House is that here was held an important conference of the loyal war governors, in September, 1862, at a critical period of the Civil War.

After a short stop at Altoona we sped onward by the wonderful Horseshoe Curve at Kittanning Point, a marvellous triumph of engineering skill, as my companion assured me with quite commendable state pride, and so by Cresson and Ebensburg, both beautiful mountain resorts, and very much frequented before the tide of summer travel set northward.

Greensburg, my agreeable and informing companion pointed out to me, as a town from which many important Pittsburgh families had come, a pretty town built on many hills, with a town hall whose shining dome makes one think

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of the famous gilded dome of old Boston. Soon after we steamed into the handsome station of East Liberty. I was reminded once more that the greatest beauty of this city is to be found in its many attractive suburbs, where its wise citizens have elected to live away from the smoke and dust of this great manufacturing center. Spacious mansions and fine lawns are to be found in East Liberty, Murray Hill, Sewickley, and other places outside of Pittsburgh. And this, my companion told me, was the case in the early years of the last century, as the homes of Judge Wilkins, Judge Finley, John Woods, the Wallaces, the Watsons, Ewarts, Denneys, Schenleys, Fosters, and many more prominent citizens were situated at Homewood, Braddock, Minersville, and Allegheny town, as this large city, now a part of Pittsburgh, was once called. Judge William Wilkins' house at Homewood, built in 1836, was considered the finest piece of architecture west of Philadelphia, and near by was the old Finley homestead.

The Homewood Mansion was situated on an estate of over six hundred acres, and was surrounded by extensive grounds, outbuildings and gardens. The most attractive feature of this fine house, its beautiful classic portico, faced on Penn Avenue, with steps leading into the shaded lawn. The interior of Homewood was as handsome as the outside, and in the spacious rooms

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many distinguished guests were entertained, as Judge Wilkins, jurist, statesman, diplomat and patriot, was one of the leading men of the state.

Another interesting historic house is Morganza, as it was here that Aaron Burr's conspiracy was first suspected by his host, General Morgan, whose timely warning prepared President Jefferson to meet the danger threatening the Republic.

The Wallaces are said to have owned the oldest habitation in Braddock, and here the Marquis de Lafayette was entertained in 1825, after visiting Uniontown, Brownsville, the Braddock Field, and other places in western Pennsylvania. One of the interesting houses which belonged to very early days in Allegheny town was that of General William Robinson on Federal Street, near the bridge. General Robinson was the first Mayor of Allegheny, and so public-spirited a citizen that he gave some of the property adjoining his lawn for the use of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. According to family chronicles among the Robinsons, Miss Mary Parker, a daughter of Major Alexander Parker, who lived near Carlisle, made the long and difficult journey across the Allegheny Mountains to visit some friends in Pittsburgh. There she met General William Robinson, who fell in love with her, and offered his hand and heart, both of which Miss Parker ac-

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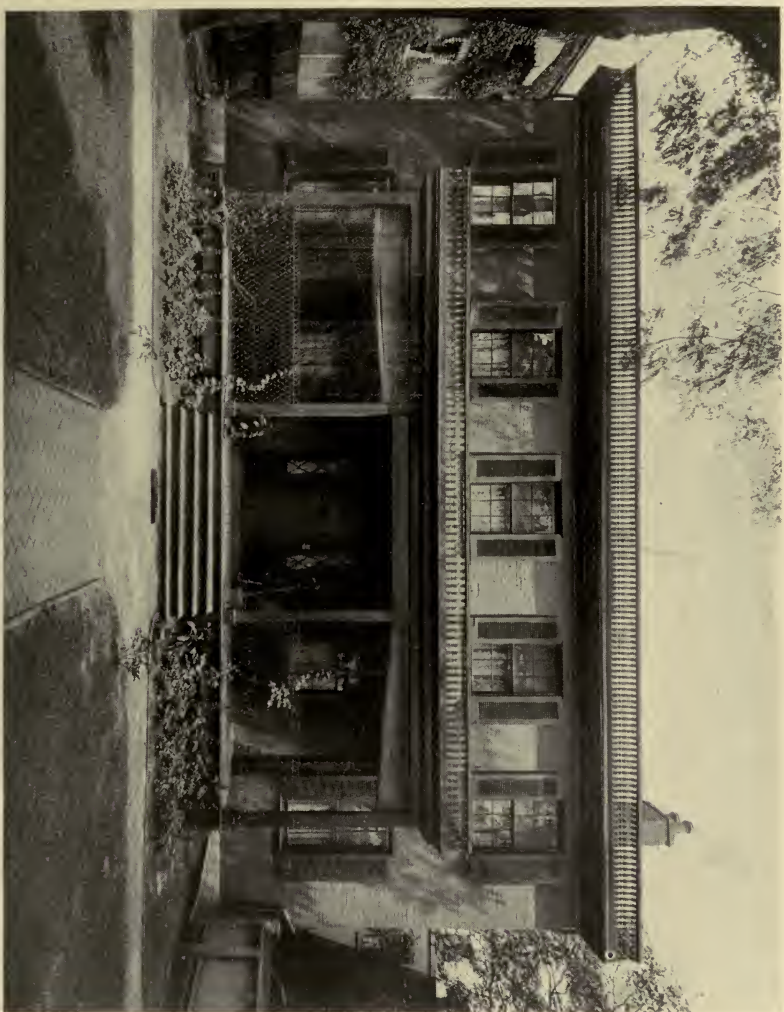
cepted, and by so doing very cleverly avoided the tiresome return trip to her distant home.

Mr. Brown Parker wrote from Pittsburgh on September 7, 1811: "Arrived here this day in the mail stage at one o'clock from Philadelphia. Put up at the Stage House, the best Public House in the Town. Judge Tilghman at the same House. . . . Most of the vacant ground in and about the Town is owned by a few rich men, as Gen. O'Hara, Wilkins, Neville, etc."

The home of Mr. Benjamin Page, which is still standing in Allegheny, was next to that of Mrs. Thomas Barlow where the Marquis de Lafayette was entertained. Mr. Oliver Ormsby Page, in writing of this visit, says:

"Lafayette arrived in Pittsburgh on Monday, the thirtieth of May, 1825, and remained here until the following Wednesday. The general and his suite were lodged at Darlington's Hotel, corner of Fifth Avenue and Wood Street, where the First National Bank building now is. On the evening of his arrival a grand ball was given at Colonel Ramsey's Hotel, at the corner of Third Avenue and Wood Street, which must, indeed, have been a gala occasion. From one of the old invitations we learn that the managers of this function were Henry Baldwin, William Eichbaum, Jr., Trevanion B. Dallas, Samuel Pettigrew, David C. Page, Alexander Johnston, Jr., James Ross, Jr., Thomas Clay-

land, John S. Riddle and William D. Duncan. On Tuesday, the second day of his visit, Lafayette was entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Thomas Barlow, at her house, at the northeast corner of what is now Stockton Avenue and West Diamond Street, in Allegheny town, which, with the adjoining mansion of Mr. Benjamin Page (still standing, being the brick house where Mrs. Joseph S. Brown now lives) and that of the Reverend Joseph Stockton, at the northeast corner of what is now Arch Street, were, with the frame meeting-house of the First Presbyterian Church, about the only buildings in the street at that time. It was extremely rural in Allegheny then, and all three houses were surrounded by extensive grounds; Mr. Page's having a fine garden in the rear. Mrs. Barlow, who had known Lafayette in France, was the daughter of Mr. Henry Preble, who settled in France as an importing merchant, and was a niece of Commodore Preble. Her husband had been secretary of legation under his uncle, Joel Barlow, minister to France during the administration of President Madison. Those invited by Mrs. Barlow to meet the distinguished guest were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Page, the Reverend Joseph Stockton and Mrs. Stockton, Miss Hannah Davis and Mr. John Morrison. Mr. Page's youngest daughter, Martha Harding Page



FORMER HOME OF BENJAMIN PAGE, ESQ., ALLEGHENY

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[afterwards Mrs. Charles Scott Brent of Kentucky], then nine years old, contributed the following charming reminiscence of the occasion: 'About a dozen of the neighboring children, dressed in white with pink sashes and wreaths of roses on our heads, received him at the gate. I remember a tall man stooping to kiss each one of us on our foreheads; then he took the Madam by her hands and kissed her on each cheek. I remember a commotion, many people; it all comes back to me now like a dream; seventy years is a long time to look back.'

"On this same day Lafayette was shown through the Pittsburgh Flint Glass Works. L'evasseur, his secretary, in his published account of the voyage, has the following to say in this connection: 'After having devoted the day of his arrival to public ceremonies, the general wished to employ a part of the next day in visiting some of the ingenious establishments which constitute the glory and prosperity of that manufacturing city, which, for the variety and excellence of its products deserves to be compared to our Saint-Etienne or to Manchester in England. He was struck by the excellence and perfection of the processes employed in the various workshops which he examined; but that which interested him above all was the manufacture of glass, some patterns of which were presented to him that, for their clearness and trans-

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parency, might have been admired even by the side of the glass of Baccarat.' ”²

Two beautiful vases, made at the works of Messrs. Bakewell, Page and Bakewell, were presented to Lafayette. “On one of them is shown a view of the château at La Grange engraved in a medallion, and on the other the American eagle, likewise in a medallion.” These vases, which belonged later to a granddaughter of Lafayette, were loaned by her to the French Commission and exhibited at the World’s Fair in Chicago in 1893. A letter of thanks from the Marquis de Lafayette is still in existence, of which the following is a copy:

GENTLEMEN:

The patriotic gratification I have felt at the sight of your beautiful manufacture is still enhanced by the friendly reception I have met from you and by the most acceptable present you are pleased to offer me. Accept my affectionate thanks, good wishes and regards,

LAFAYETTE.

This letter of the Marquis de Lafayette was addressed to the firm of Bakewell, Page and Bakewell, of which Mr. Benjamin Bakewell was a member. Mr. Bakewell’s home, Maple Grove, was also in Allegheny in a part of the town then called Manchester. It was afterwards inherited by Mr. Bakewell’s grandson, Mr. Benjamin Campbell, and it is about this house and garden,

²From magazine article written by Mr. Oliver Ormsby Page, in 1895.

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which were associated with her childhood, that Margaret Deland, the novelist, wrote her beautiful poem, "The Old Garden."

Once more I see thee, but forlorn and bare,
And desolate of human hopes and fears.
Sagging on rusty hinges hang thy doors,
And in thy empty rooms no sound is heard
Save only when upon the echoing floors
Last autumn's drifted leaves are faintly stirred.
Braiding the darkness of the wide, bare hall,
The flick'ring sunshine softly comes and goes,
And 'gainst the broken plaster of the wall
Is blown the shadow of a climbing rose.

* * * * *

Closed on three sides by crumbling walls of brick,
All spotted by slow-creeping lichen stains,
And nearly hid by ivy, matted thick,
And dim with clinging mists of years and rains,
The Garden lies.

* * * * *

And there the primrose stands that as the night
Begins to gather and the dews to fall,
Flings wide to circling moths her twisted buds,
That shine like yellow moons with pale, cold glow,
And all the air her heavy fragrance floods,
And gives largess to any winds that blow.

Here, in warm darkness of a night in June,
While rhythmic pulses of the factories flame
Lighted with sudden flare of red the gloom,
And deepened long black shadows, children came
To watch the primrose blow!

Silent they stood,
Hand clasped in hand, in breathless hush around,
And saw her shyly doff her soft green hood
And blossom—with a silken burst of sound!

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The Pages, Phillipses and Ormsbys, all related by blood or marriage, made quite a little settlement of their own clan in Allegheny town. They all lived upon what was then called the Second Bank, the descent of the canal forming a natural terrace, one bank rising above the other. This street has since been named Stockton Avenue, in honor of the Reverend Joseph Stockton whose house and church were on the Second Bank.

The Ormsbys were descended from Captain John Ormsby, of Connaught, Ireland, who acted as commissary to General Forbes in his expedition against Fort Duquesne. Captain Ormsby in his diary gives a vivid description of the sufferings of this army and of the blowing up of the fort by the French, and speaks of the intrepid spirit of his commander who was so ill that he had to be carried on a litter. "You may judge," he said, "our situation when I can assure you that we had neither flour, flesh meat or liquor in store; the only relief offered for the present was plenty of bear meat and venison which our hunters brought in and which our people devoured without bread or salt. There were several parcels of pack-horses loaded with provisions coming up from the inhabited country, but the savages seized the most of them and murdered the drivers. Our emaciated General Forbes was a brave soldier, but was afflicted with a complication of disorders."

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Captain Ormsby also speaks of General Stanwix, whose work was to rebuild Fort Duquesne, and of Colonel Bouquet's expedition. "I forgot to mention," he says, "in the course of this narrative in the year 1763, that the murdering Indians who robbed me and murdered my people laid siege to the old fort in Pittsburgh, and as I had a house there and a few goods in remnants, etc., I chose to stay there and assist in defending it from the savages, etc. The vile Indians continued to block up our garrison for near three months, when Colonel Bouquet was ordered to proceed to Pittsburgh at the head of about 1500 men, part regulars. The savages, having early intelligence of this march, watched Bouquet's motions very narrowly until the army encamped on a dry ridge within about thirty miles of Pittsburgh. Here the savages collected all their forces and attacked Bouquet on all sides in a furious manner, being sure of their prey as they served Braddock. The English army was in a wretched situation, as the Indians very artfully secured all the springs of water in that neighborhood. Thus they were all day without a drop of water but what they sucked out of the tracks of beasts, as, happily, a small rain fell. As Bouquet in the beginning ordered an encampment to be made of the bags, saddles, etc., the Indians still advanced that way where the sick and wounded lay in a deplorable condition. In

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this deplorable situation of the English army a certain Captain Barret, who commanded a small detachment of Maryland Volunteers, informed Bouquet that he and his army would be cut off if they followed that mode of fighting. Bouquet then agreed to his proposal, which was that a quick march should be ordered toward the breastwork, which would take up the attention of the Indians, while two small squads should run around the savages, and upon beating a flae, they should rush up and give the savages a general volley in their rear, which had the desired effect, for the Indians were sure that a reinforcement attacked them. They broke up and ran and yelped up the hills and the English in close pursuit of them as far as prudence would permit. The English then began their march and arrived safe at Pittsburgh next day without being molested by the Copper Gentry. If Captain Barret had not happily suggested the above manœuvre, the savages intended to storm the camp, and very probably would have massacred the chief part of the army."

After many vicissitudes and adventures Captain Ormsby finally settled in Pittsburgh with his family as he says, in 1764, "married a Miss McCallister, who made me very happy, not only in bringing me five beautiful children, but assisted me with the great industrie to satisfie our

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creditors and to bring up our children in the fear and admonition of God.”³

It is difficult to believe that scenes such as those described by Captain Ormsby were ever enacted in the now peaceful and prosperous city of Pittsburgh. From earliest times its wonderful position, at the confluence of two great rivers, seems to have marked it as the site of a great manufacturing center, and all travelers who came here, our friend Prolix among them, prophesied for the town a brilliant future.

Colonel Daniel Broadhead, commander of Fort Pitt, said in February, 1780:

“I conceive it [Pittsburgh] will within a few years after peace is established be one of the first places of business of any inland town in America.” The old soldier’s words came true within a decade. “Agriculture proving unprofitable, the people of Pittsburgh turned their energies to manufacturing. Then was the town started on the road to prosperity along which it has been traveling with such enormous strides ever since. This great step was taken largely by reason of the immense demand from Kentucky and the West for articles of iron, copper, brass and other things which Pittsburgh’s matchless coal deposit made it possible to make so advantageously.

“The first largemanufacturing establishments

³ Unpublished Diary of Capt. John Ormsby.

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in the Pittsburgh district were built in 1784, a year which for several reasons is an epochal one in its history. Colonel Stephen Bayard and Major Isaac Craig, two of the leading men of the village, erected a distillery, a saw mill and a salt works, the latter on the Big Beaver Creek. Another reason why this year is notable is the fact that it marks the first laying out of the town on a comprehensive scale. Owing to the enormous demand for lots, Colonel Woods, surveyor for the Penns, laid out the entire town below Grant and Eleventh Streets, retaining the Campbell plot of 1764. The pantograph used by him in this important work is now in possession of his granddaughter, Miss Mary C. Woods, of Hazelwood, this city.

“Some years later General James O’Hara established his glass works on the South Side near the Point bridge. This gallant old soldier, at one time Quartermaster General of the United States Army, was the leading citizen of Pittsburgh, and as his ventures show, was certainly its most enterprising capitalist and merchant. * * * General O’Hara was the grandfather of the late Mrs. Mary E. Schenley, and the founder of the vast Denny and Schenley estates of this city. He was one of the most generous and public-spirited men of his day.”⁴

Thus Pittsburgh, which was spoken of in

⁴ “History of Pittsburgh,” by Hartley M. Phelps.

WESTWARD HO TO PITTSBURGH

Scott's Gazette of 1795 as "a post town advantageously situated for carrying on an extensive inland trade with the western country," was rapidly developing into the great commercial center which it was destined to become early in the next century.

Some hours were spent in the beautiful Carnegie Library; indeed, one should never go to Pittsburgh for a day without stopping to enjoy this wonderful building and its valuable collections. An interesting circumstance with regard to the founding of this library, and all the others that spread their blessings through the land, is their *raison d'être*.

It appears that Colonel James Anderson opened his private library of four hundred volumes to the boys of Allegheny on Saturday evenings, when young Carnegie was working twelve hours a day for \$1.25 a week. He said that he looked forward all week to the pleasure of getting a book at Colonel Anderson's, which he could enjoy over Sunday, and then and there he vowed that if he ever became rich he would found libraries for the people. Later, when Andrew Carnegie was the clerk of Mr. Thomas A. Scott, at \$35 a month, he wondered what on earth Mr. Scott could do with the magnificent sum of \$125 a month that he was receiving as Divisional Superintendent of the P. R. R.

Fortunately Andrew Carnegie's mind broad-

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

ened with his opportunities, and when great wealth came to him he was able to realize the dream of his boyhood. "A new era in the city's life was signalized," says an old inhabitant of Pittsburgh, "by the opening in November, 1895, of the superb Carnegie Institute, the gift of Andrew Carnegie to the people of Pittsburgh. This supplied a long-felt need for the facilities by which art, science, literature and music could be studied and enjoyed. Through the generous gifts of Mr. Carnegie, Pittsburgh was supplied with a fine system of free libraries. Prior to the building of the Allegheny and Pittsburgh Carnegie Libraries this city had only one institution of any magnitude in this line, the old Pittsburgh Library in the Library Hall building on Penn Avenue."

Educational work of vast importance is now being done by the big library in Schenley Park through the distribution of books to clubs in homes and elsewhere. The magnificent Phipps Conservatory, also in the park, was donated to the city about the same time as the Carnegie Institute by Henry Phipps, Esq., Mr. Carnegie's former partner in the steel business. Thus, through the generosity and foresight of some of its citizens who have acquired large fortunes in Pittsburgh, this great manufacturing city has also become an educational center.

The citizens of Pittsburgh have also been

WESTWARD HO TO PITTSBURGH

generous in providing their municipality with an admirable system of public parks, of which Mr. Phelps says: "Beginning with the parking of Highland Park in August, 1889, the magnificent Schenley Park was acquired a few days later, a gift of the late Mrs. Mary E. Schenley. Then through the efforts of the Director of Public Works, Edward M. Bigelow, who was instrumental in securing these two parks, seven others were laid out and beautified in various parts of the city. The city now has one thousand acres of public pleasure ground. Mr. Bigelow also procured for the people Beechwood and Grant Boulevards, two fine driveways, affording splendid views of the wonderful manufacturing plants of the city and the latter's abundance of picturesque scenery."

Highland Park, one of Pittsburgh's beautiful pleasure grounds, is well named, situated as it is on the heights, and from an elevated plateau on one side it commands a wonderful view of the great city, with its many factories, churches, public buildings and handsome homes. From this height one can see the meeting of the two great rivers, which form a peninsula of the point of land on the end of which Fort Pitt once stood, a wonderful panorama and one never to be forgotten!

WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA, AND THE
BRADDOCK TRAIL

A PLEASANT party among my friends was made up to motor from Pittsburgh to Bedford Springs, stopping over night at Washington. This stop-over was a concession and made in order to give me an opportunity to see this town of which I had heard so much. It was afterwards decided that two of the party should go by trolley, as this route abounds in wild and beautiful scenery, and so we found it. After crossing the broad Allegheny on a fine bridge, we entered a long tunnel, evidently drilled through the solid rock, a triumph of engineering skill, and then by a bridge that seemed to swing in mid-air, from which we looked down on deep ravines and abrupt precipices. We concluded that this was the nearest approach to an aerial flight that could be found on terra firma, so high were we above the houses and villages in the valleys below us. Later we gained more level ground and passed through a number of little villages, the unattractive hamlets that belong to most manufacturing regions, after which the tram carried us through a rolling, fertile, farming country. Near Washington, Canons-

WASHINGTON AND THE BRADDOCK TRAIL

burg was pointed out to us as the site of one of the earliest western colleges. An English school or grammar school, started here in 1791, claims the distinction of being the foundation of Jefferson College in Philadelphia. This school was chartered as an academy in 1794, the trustees meeting at the home of Colonel Cannon, and James Allison being chosen its first president.

The sums of money contributed towards the support of the academy at Canonsburg were pitifully small, according to modern ideas, and even these pittances were not infrequently paid in wheat, rye and linen. The latter contribution usually came from women who prepared the flax and spun the linen themselves. Tea and even whiskey were received in payment of contributions, the amount all told amounting to three hundred and fifty dollars per annum. This small sum represented a generous share of the earnings of many persons, and spoke more eloquently than words of the devotion to learning of that simple, hard-working community. In later and more prosperous times, when Jefferson College succeeded the academy, the salary of one of its early presidents "was advanced" to the munificent sum of seven hundred dollars. Days of plain living and high thinking were these early times in western Pennsylvania!

The town of Washington was long known as

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Little Washington, a title that its inhabitants repudiate now that its population has reached over twenty-five thousand. We were told that the factory hands here were chiefly Americans, in which Washington differs from most Pennsylvania manufacturing towns. An industrial center of importance, a busy, prosperous town, with many handsome buildings and private residences is the Washington of to-day; but what interested us more than its present prosperity was what is left of the old village, laid out in 1781, and claiming to be the first town in the United States named after George Washington.

We soon made our way to Washington and Jefferson College and found the old building of 1793, with its lovely portico and vine-covered walls, far more interesting and picturesque than the more spacious and well-equipped modern buildings. Washington College is really very old, having been chartered in 1787, several years before Jefferson College in Canonsburg was established. Later the two colleges were united, "after many conferences and much sharpshooting of words on both sides," as an early chronicler states, "in which no one was killed and few wounded."

After spending some time in the fine college library and enjoying the beautiful hillside campus, we strolled along College Street, with its pretty houses all shaded by fine trees, and

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then turning into East Maiden Street we were in the old part of the town. Passing by a gray house there suddenly blazed—I can use no other word—a hillside garden of such beauty and brilliancy as one may see only under a June sun, with roses, poppies, larkspur, foxglove, ragged robins, phlox and delphiniums, all vying with each other to create a high festival of color.

It was my good fortune once to be in Venice in June, and to be welcomed to Mrs. Barrett Browning's garden, the American daughter-in-law of the poet, a garden of white Annunciation lilies and old-time sweet pinks. For some unaccountable reason these two gardens have linked themselves together in my thoughts, and if I were a poet I should be writing a poem about them, both beautiful, one full of life, color and the rich creative spirit of June as it basked under its warm sunshine; the other fairy-like and lovely as I saw it in the afternoon light, but with no more warmth about it than the saints and angels of Fra Angelico's paintings. It is a far cry from that garden of Venice in those days of peace and happiness to the distracted and imperilled Venice of this year, 1917, and a still further cry back to the safety of our own state and the gay garden on Maiden Street.

While standing by the fence and looking longingly at the delights enclosed by it, like two Peris at the gate of Paradise, it was sud-

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

denly opened to us, my companion having been recognized as a friend of the owner of this enchanting spot. The house adjoining the garden belonged to Doctor Lemoine, a learned man and the first advocate for cremation in America.

When we became enthusiastic over the beauty so lavishly spread before us, we were told that the suns of a hundred summers and the snows of as many winters had conspired to bring the garden to its present perfection. As we walked joyously among its borders, led from flower to flower by the *châtelaine*, who loaded us with flowers, and seeds from rare plants, she told us of Little Washington and the men and women who had lived here. One tale of especial interest to us was that in the Ladies Seminary, a little farther along on Maiden Street, Miss Rebecca Harding was teaching when she wrote her story, "Life in the Iron Mills." It was read and approved by a young editor, Mr. Clark Davis, who, after the fashion of old-time editors, requested the privilege of corresponding with the authoress—editors have no time for such amenities nowadays; they would talk to the lady over the long-distance 'phone instead, and there would be no romance. The privilege was granted; Miss Harding and Mr. Davis met later, fell in love with each other, were married, and to them were born two sons, both writers by inheritance, the elder being Richard Harding

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Davis, whose early stories we loved and whose death we mourn as a loss to American literature. The aroma of the sweet old story seemed to fit in with the fragrance and the charm of the garden, where Miss Rebecca Harding, a friend of the *châtelaine*, often wandered from flower to flower as we wandered on that June day.

The remainder of our party joined us in an auto the next day, when we set forth for Summit, passing through a number of old historic towns, by Library and Ginger Hill to Beallsville, where there is a very interesting old tavern, known in stage-coaching days as the William Greenfield Stand, now called the National Hotel, and still offering hospitality to man and beast, the latter being represented to-day by the automobile.

At Brownsville, a few miles farther east, was one of the earliest settlements in western Pennsylvania, having been the home of Nemacolon, an Indian chief, who guided Colonel Cresap across the Alleghenies on his first journey from Old Town, Maryland, to the Ohio country, which was then considered farther west than anything that we know to-day. This path through the wilderness was long known as Nemacolon's Route.

There are now three Brownsvilles, and from a hilltop near by these towns, smoky and grimy, look like a miniature Pittsburgh. Our way lay

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through West Brownsville and across the Monongahela, which is situated on a tract of land known as Indian Hill and includes Krepp Knob, now the United States Triangulation Station. This town was the birthplace of James G. Blaine, his great-grandfather, Neal Gillespie, a native of Ireland, having purchased the Indian Hill property. The Blaine homestead has been torn down.

It is rather interesting to know that the earliest settler on Indian Hill, William Peter, left his home because he failed to agree with his German neighbor, Philip Shute. The Government listened to a request made by Peter and granted him three hundred and thirty-nine acres of land, including Indian Hill, where Brownsville now stands. This was in 1769.

For many years Brownsville was the head of navigation on the Monongahela; and during the busy days of the old Pike it was an interior port of great importance. Naturally, it became also a popular stopping and transfer point for travelers and there were several famous hotels; the principal one to-day is the Monongahela, in the downtown business center, occupying the site of an older one of the same name.

In passing through these old towns of Pennsylvania, we had a curious sensation of the nearness of the past, as Washington was in this part of Pennsylvania before and after the Revolu-

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tionary War. In 1753 he was sent by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, when he was only twenty-one, to investigate the encroachments of the French on the Ohio River. Washington has left a very interesting account of this expedition in his diary and letters. He spoke of being very courteously received by the French officers, who invited him to dine. Afterwards he said: "The chief officers retired to hold a council of war, which gave me an opportunity of taking the dimensions of the fort and making all the observations I could."

On the return trip, when Washington left his escort and horses with Van Braam, he set forth with Christopher Gist to make the journey home on foot, as the horses had given out from overwork and he felt that the information he had to give to the Governor was too important to be delayed until fresh horses could be found. It was upon this journey that in crossing the Allegheny on an improvised raft Washington and Gist were thrown into the icy river. They saved themselves by catching at the logs of the raft and finally reached an island where they passed the night, shivering in their frozen garments. The next day the river was frozen hard enough to enable Washington and his companion to cross to the left bank on foot, and so they reached Frazer's at the mouth of Turtle Creek on the Monongahela. While waiting for horses,

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which it required some time to find, Washington wrote: "I went up about three miles to the mouth of the Youghiogeny to visit Queen Aliquippa, who expressed great concern that we passed her in going to the fort. I made her a present of a match coat and a bottle of rum, which latter was thought much the better present of the two."

Many fanciful stories have been told about this Indian Queen, probably without any foundation in fact. It is evident, however, that she was a lady who exacted tribute from passersby, and young Washington was fortunate in knowing something of her tastes.

Most of our tour was over the National Road, and we were suddenly reminded that the building of a great highway to cross the Alleghenies and connect the then remote settlements in the Ohio Valley with the centers of industry and commerce in the East was a favorite plan of General Washington's. From his diary we learn that in the autumn of 1784, between the closing of his military duties and his call to the Presidency, he made a tour of exploration and inspection from the Potomac to the Ohio. From Cumberland to Laurel Hill he passed through a region which had been made familiar to him thirty years before by marching through it on his own campaign of 1753 and '54 and with General Braddock in 1755. Arriving at the

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Youghiogheny, he embarked in a canoe with an Indian pilot, and passed down that river to Ohio Pile Falls, where he landed, and thence rode across the country to the Monongahela and up the valley of that river.

On one occasion, when seated in a hunter's cabin near the Virginia line, examining maps and asking questions of a number of frontiersmen who stood around him relative to the passes of the mountains and the adaptability of the country for the construction of the road which he had in mind, a young man of foreign appearance who was among the bystanders volunteered an opinion indicating a certain route which he believed to be the best for the purpose. At this interruption Washington regarded the speaker with surprise and with something of the imperious look of the Commander-in-Chief, but made no reply and continued his examination. Upon its completion, the General saw that the opinion expressed by the unknown speaker was undoubtedly well founded and, turning to him, said in a polite but decided way, "You are right, young man; the route you have indicated is the correct one." The young stranger proved to be Albert Gallatin, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and one of the principal promoters of the construction of the great National Road to the Ohio. It was here that Washington first formed the acquaintance

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of Gallatin, a friendship that continued during the lifetime of the Chief.¹

Albert Gallatin owned a country home on the right bank of the Monongahela about twelve miles south of Uniontown, which accounts for his sudden appearance among the frontiersmen whom Washington was consulting.

From the upper Monongahela Washington passed through the county of Washington to the Ohio River. Four years later he was elected President of the United States, and during the eight years of his administration he continued a steadfast and earnest advocate of the project of a great highway to be constructed by the Government across the Alleghenies for the purpose of binding more firmly together the eastern and western sections of the United States.

The beginning of many of the old western Pennsylvania towns was the tavern or inn, the wayside inn being greatly in request in stage-coaching days, as it is destined to be in these touring times. Then it was not considered beneath the dignity of gentle folk to keep these hostelries, consequently we find many good old Pennsylvania names associated with its taverns.

We passed a number of old taverns between Brownsville and Uniontown, Brubaker's, The Red Tavern and the famous Searight House, a large stone building on the north side of the road

¹ "History of Washington County."



FRIENDSHIP HILL, FORMER HOME OF HON. ALBERT GALLATIN, NEAR
UNIONTOWN



BEN LOMOND, BUILT 1785 BY HENRY BEESON, FOUNDER OF UNIONTOWN

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about halfway between Uniontown and Brownsville; it was built by Josiah Frost about the time the National Road was constructed and acquired by William Searight in 1821. "Located at an important cross-road, this was in the olden times one of the noted taverns along the road—not only a popular place for social activities, but also a sort of political center for Uniontown, Connellsville and Brownsville. The original William Searight was road commissioner on the old Pike for many years; at his death his son, Ewing Searight, came into possession of the property and rented it to various persons who conducted a tavern, and ran it two years himself. His son William used it as a private residence until his death; it is now owned by Searight McCormick, a grandson of Ewing Searight, and occupied as a private residence."

A number of handsome residences and fine grounds skirt the National Road, among them the Ben Lomond, built by Jacob Beeson, one of the founders of Uniontown, in 1785, and later the residence of Daniel Moore and L. W. Stockton.

Beyond the railroad, the trolley turns to the left, while the Pike keeps straight on, past a number of fine residences. To the right is the Uniontown Hospital, and just beyond we passed Oak Grove Cemetery, where one can see from

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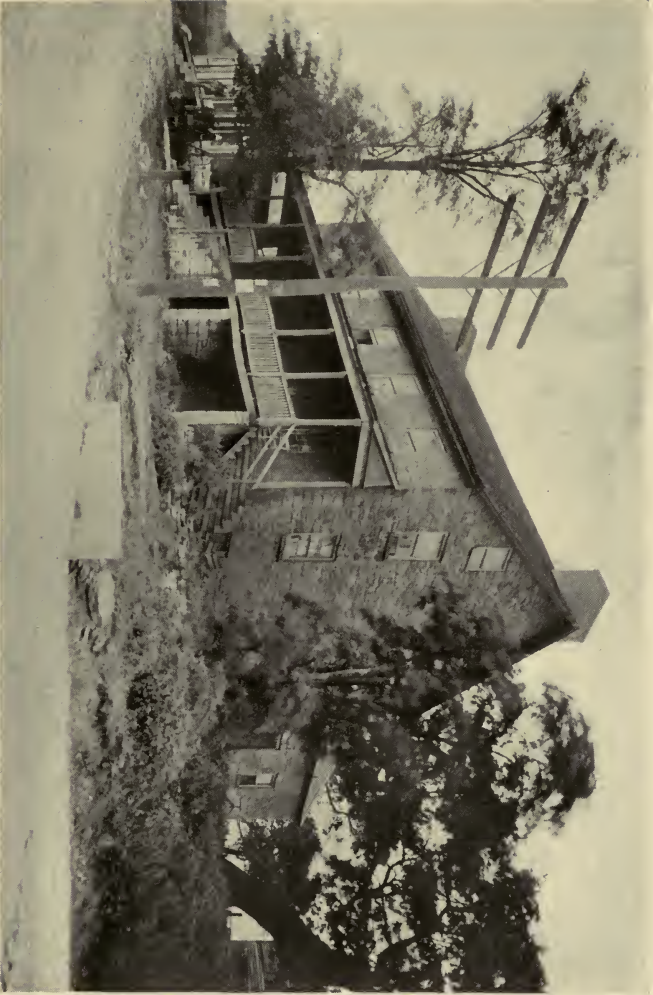
the street the grave of Thomas B. Searight, author of "The Old Pike."

"Mr. Searight spent practically his whole life along the National Road, and wrote largely from the personal, human side, as no historian of the present day could hope to do. No other work on the subject gives so great an insight into the Old Pike days; the book is now practically out of print, though available in most large libraries. At his request, Mr. Searight was buried as close as possible to the old road he had studied so long and known so well."

"Uniontown, the first place of importance west of the Allegheny Mountains on this route, is a small but very enterprising and prosperous city, depending now, as for nearly a hundred years past, largely upon the National Pike for direct connections East and West."²

From plans still preserved in Uniontown it appears that Washington not only owned property about fifteen miles north of Uniontown, but drew a plan for a town very much like that used later for the capital on the Potomac. On this chart is a central "diamond," and streets radiating from it very much as they do in the beautiful city of Washington. Nothing seems to be left of the projected town, which was named Perryopolis, except an old mill which Washington had built as an important part of his town.

² "The National Road," by Robert Bruce.



THE SEARIGHT HOUSE, BUILT BY JOSIAH FROST PRIOR TO 1821.

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We afterwards passed through Uniontown on our way to Summit, where we spent the night at a hotel situated on the tiptop of a mountain. In the woods, a short distance from the Summit Hotel, are the Washington Springs, the place of General Braddock's tenth encampment; according to Mr. Lacock: "This Indian camp was in a strong position, being upon a high rock with the very narrow and steep ascent to the top. It had a spring in the middle and stood at the termination of the Indian path to the Monongahela, at the confluence of Red Stone Creek."³

It was near this spring that Washington surprised a party of French and Indians under Jumonville, killing the latter and several of his men and carrying the others off captive. This engagement, preceding as it did the surrender at Fort Necessity and Braddock's defeat, as Francis Parkman says, "began the war that set the world on fire!"

The next day we came again upon traces of Washington, as Fort Necessity, where he surrendered to a superior force of French and English, can be seen from the National Road. This was July 4, 1754. A tablet erected by the Centennial Celebration Committee in 1904 marks the spot where the old stockade stood. This place was long known as Great Meadows. And over a road running a short distance south

³ *Robert Orme's Journal.*

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of the National Road, General Braddock passed in June, 1755, with two picked British regiments, young Washington being on his staff. Before reaching Great Meadows, Washington was taken ill with a fever and was ordered by his general to stop for rest at the ford of the Youghiogheny. This name, difficult to unaccustomed tongues, is Indian, of course, and was probably the Youghhannie, meaning Four Streams, referring to the Monongahela and its three branches at Turkey Foot. The Youghiogheny is now spanned by a substantial three-arched bridge on which is a bronze tablet recording the fact that Washington had crossed this stream three times. This place which he always spoke of in his letters as Big Crossings is now Somerfield, and the roadside inn, now called the Youghiogheny House, was formerly the Endsley House. Young Colonel Washington remained here at the ford much against his will, having extracted a promise from his general that he should be allowed to join the army before it reached Fort Duquesne, for as he wrote to his friend, Robert Orme, he would not miss the impending battle for five hundred pounds. His fever having somewhat abated, through the efficacy of Dr. James' Pills, as he wrote to his mother, or because of his iron constitution, but being still too weak to sit on his horse he was conveyed to the front in a wagon and in the nick of time,

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as the next day, July 9th, the troops forded the Monongahela and attacked the fort.

Doctor Franklin and Washington, both of whom knew something of the methods of Indians, had warned General Braddock of the danger of a surprise, the latter receiving a severe rebuke as an answer to his warning. When the surprise came from French and Indians ambushed, the young Virginian again begged the General to throw his men into the woods but all in vain. Fight in platoons they must or not at all, says Lodge. The result was they did not fight at all. Braddock was mortally wounded and his troops broke into a wild rout and fled. Even now we cannot think of this battle without a quickening of the pulses. The experienced General, carrying on the attack, according to British tactics, successful in other wars, but not adapted to the situation, while the young soldier, his eyes shining with the fierce light of battle, led on his own Virginia troops in a gallant but futile effort to stay the tide of disaster. It was in this battle that Washington had two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat.

This oft-repeated tale must be true, as it comes from a letter written by Washington to his mother soon after the battle, and we doubt his ever telling that stern Virginia matron anything but the exact truth, as she, herself, at the

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height of his fame, when encomiums were heaped upon him always met them by saying, "George was a good boy."

Colonel Washington's death was reported in the Colonies, together with his dying speech, which, as Washington wrote to his brother with a sort of dry humor that belonged to him, he had not yet composed.

When the troops broke it was Washington who succeeded in gathering together the scattered remnants, and it was he who carried off the wounded general in a litter. Braddock died on the journey, and was buried in the middle of the road to prevent the Indians from desecrating his grave.⁴ The solemn words of the burial service of the Church of England were read over the grave of his fallen commander by young Washington at daybreak, July 14, 1755.

The remains of the unfortunate British general now rest under a handsome monument of Vermont granite on a hilltop in Braddock Park, a few rods from the spot where he was first buried. This monument was erected by the General Braddock Park Memorial Association and to this hilltop the body was removed in 1913, but to our minds the lovely glen near by, overshadowed by forest trees, where birds sing in the

⁴ According to Mr. Lacock, General Braddock died at Orchard Camp on the west side of Great Meadows, about a quarter of a mile from the place where he was buried. "The Braddock Road," by John K. Lacock.

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branches, is a more fitting spot for a soldier's last resting-place than the bare hilltop.

At the time of the unveiling of the Braddock monument, the English Government sent over an especial delegation of British soldiers to take part in the ceremonies of the occasion, the first to come to our shores since the War of 1812.

On our way to Bedford, we crossed the fine three-arched bridge over the Youghiogheny and so were near another of the Braddock encampments on the east side of the river.

XI
FORT BEDFORD, HOLLIDAYSBURG AND
JENNY LIND

FORT BEDFORD, on the Raystown branch of the Juniata, is one of the early frontier forts of western Pennsylvania, holding as it did an important strategic position in the French and Indian wars. Before the fort was erected, a small settlement was made here in 1750 by Robert Ray, who established a trading post on the north bank of the Juniata and built one or more log cabins for the purpose of exchanging his goods with the Indians for their furs and pelts. Very little is known of Ray, except that he was of Scotch-Irish descent, but, says the Hon. William P. Schell, "the fact that he first settled at Raystown has passed his name down a century and a half, and probably it may continue to go down through future centuries, well marked by four natural monuments—Raystown, Raystown Branch of the Juniata River, Ray's Hill and Ray's Cove, over all of which passed the great Indian Trail from Harris' Ferry, through Raystown to the Ohio River.

Robert Ray did not live long after establishing his trading post and was evidently succeeded by Garrett Pendergrass, as "Ray's

FT. BEDFORD, HOLLIDAYSBURG, JENNY LIND

Post" was called "Pendergrass Place" in 1754. An interesting old document in the Court House at Bedford is the original treaty between the Six Nations and Garrett Pendergrass.

In 1755 the Governor of the Province agreed to open a wagon road from Fort Loudon in Cumberland County to the forks of the Youghiogheny River. For this purpose three hundred men were sent up, but for some cause or other the project was abandoned for the time. The road was completed in 1758, when the allied forces of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania marched against Fort Duquesne under General Forbes. The same year the fort was built at Raystown and called Fort Bedford in honor of the Duke of Bedford. As early as 1757, Governor Denny ordered Colonel John Armstrong, of Carlisle, then in command of a battalion of eight companies of Pennsylvania troops doing duty on the west side of the Susquehanna River, to encamp with a detachment of three hundred men near Raystown. "A well-chosen situation," said the Governor in a letter to the Proprietaries, "on this side of the Allegheny Hills, between two Indian roads."

On the 16th of August, 1758, Major Shippen wrote from the camp at Raystown: "We have a good stockade fort here, with several convenient and large storehouses. Our camps are all secured with good breastworks and a small ditch

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on the outside, and everything goes on well. Colonel Burd desires his compliments."

"On their way to Fort Duquesne, Colonels Bouquet and Washington first marched to Bedford with the advance and were followed by General Forbes, who had been detained by illness at Carlisle. The successful troops that put to rout the French without striking a blow, amounting to seven thousand eight hundred and fifty men were reviewed where Bedford now stands."¹

According to local tradition, the fort was at the corner of Pitt and Juliana Streets, where a jewelry shop now stands, the stockades probably extending to the banks of the Juniata. It seems strange to read of the mustering and marching of armies in and through this peaceful old town; but Bedford had a stirring and eventful history in the perilous time of the early settlement, in the French and Indian wars and in the Revolution. In between these two wars the town was laid out by John Lukens, surveyor-general, and on an original Penn manor. The name was changed from Raystown to Bedford, and serving to recall associations with the old manor we find the streets still having names of several members of the Penn family, as John, Richard, Thomas and Juliana, the latter being in honor of the Lady Juliana, wife of Thomas

¹ "History of the Juniata Valley," by M. J. Jones.

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Penn, the same whose name was given to the library in Lancaster. The main street of the town was named Pitt after the great English statesman.

The main streets of country towns, with their shops, taverns, dust and traffic, all seem very much alike; but in Pitt Street, which is now the Lincoln Highway, there are some interesting old houses; among these is a stone house which claims the distinction of having entertained General Washington in 1794, when he was in southern and western Pennsylvania, in consequence of a very formidable uprising in and around Pittsburgh, called the Whiskey Insurrection, which was in reality an organized movement to overturn the established government. The General had been in Harrisburg, Carlisle, Chambersburg and other towns; but only as far west as Bedford. At Cumberland he planned the western campaign, finding that over five thousand troops could be mustered for the expedition. This army, which does not seem large to us who have heard of troops being counted by millions, so overawed the insurgents that they were ready to lay down their arms, and order was soon established. "Thus," said Chief Justice Marshall, "without shedding a drop of blood, did the prudent vigor of the executive terminate an insurrection which at one time threatened to shake the Government of the United States to its foundation."

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General Washington wrote in his diary: "Having requested that everything might be speedily arranged for a forward movement, and a light corps to be organized for the advance under the command of Major General Morgan, I resolved to proceed to Bedford next morning."

The cavalry under Washington's nephew, Major George Lewis, escorted him to Bedford, where he was entertained at the home of Mr. David Espy, Prothonotary of the County of Bedford, "to which house," he said, "I was carried and lodged very comfortably."

In another house on Pitt Street, owned by Mr. Espy, and now the home of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Hickok, we were shown the table on which the General wrote and a handsome old chair in which he sat. This fine double house, shaded by great maple trees, Mr. Espy built for his daughter Mary, who married John Anderson. Here the young couple made their home, and in this house Mr. Anderson also conducted the affairs of the Bank of Bedford, which accounts for the two doors opening on the porch; one of these strong doors, with great heavy bars, belonged to the bank, and this part of the mansion was called the "Bank House." At the back of Mrs. Hickok's home is a beautiful garden that slopes down to the Juniata, and, as we saw it, it was gay and bright with summer flowers.

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Another citizen of Bedford who entertained General Washington in 1794 was Mr. Hartley at his old homestead near Mt. Dallas. This, one of the cherished traditions of the Hartley family, is referred to in a letter which Judge Jasper Yeates wrote to his wife from Bedford several years later.

My dearest Wife:

We got here this morning after breakfast but experienced dreadful Roads. We were much fatigued yesterday, but forgot all our cares when we came to Hartleys, 6 miles from hence. A fine woman, handsomely but plainly dressed, welcomed us to his house. Good Trout, Asparagus, Olives and Apples Garnished our Table, and I had as good a Bed as I ever lay in, to console me after my Ride.

Mr. Washington once told me, on a charge which I once made against the President at his own Table, that the admiration he warmly expressed for Mrs. Hartley, was a Proof of his Omage to the worthy part of the Sex, and highly respectful to his Wife. In the same Light I beg you will consider my partiality to the elegant accomplishments of Mrs. Hartley.

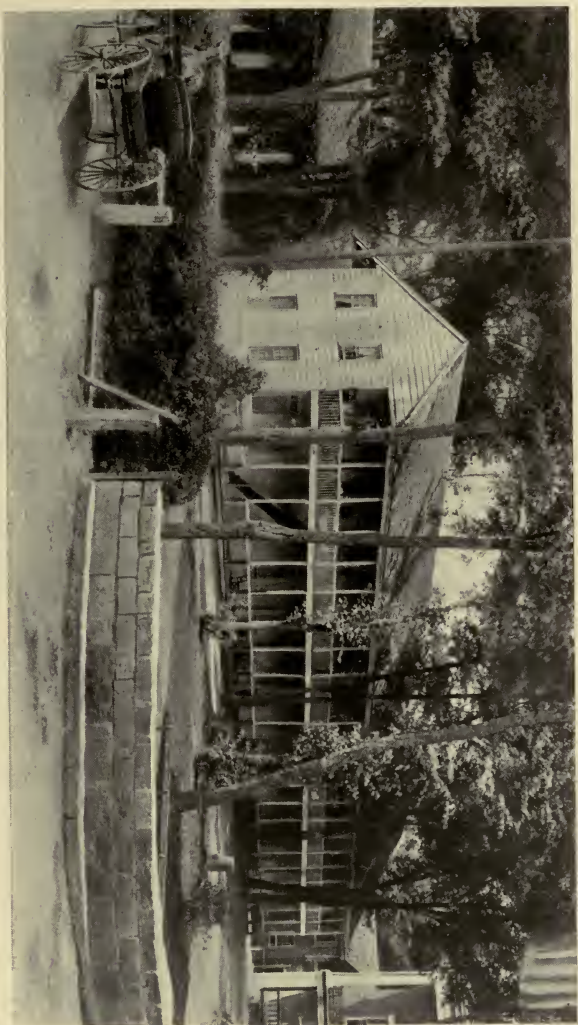
Interesting as is the old town, it is not for its charms that so many visitors come to Bedford, but for the benefit of the wonderful mineral waters that have flowed on here for how many thousand years no man can tell. It was long years ago, when the Indians still roamed over this region, that the curative properties of the waters were discovered. With the intuition that belongs to those who live in the wilderness and in desert places far from the haunts of men, the red man noticed that when they bathed their

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wounds in the waters of the spring they healed quickly. Looking upon them naturally as a manifestation of the goodness of the Great Spirit, in which they were not far wrong, the spring became famous among the neighboring tribes. Following upon the footsteps of the children of the forest, their white brothers came to the springs for the healing of the waters, how early the hotel registers do not reveal.

Although there is now a comfortable hotel, Fort Bedford, in the town and conveniently situated on the Lincoln Highway, we went directly to the Spring House, passing on our way the Arandale, a popular hostelry, well situated and with a beautiful well-shaded lawn. Very little is left of the old house at the springs except the central brick building in which many interesting and distinguished people have been entertained. The hillside cottages have been rebuilt after the model of the earlier cottages and with their porches and balconies remind one of summer hotels in the South.

In the years before the Civil War, Bedford was a favorite resort of politicians, and in the registers we find the names of Judge Burnside, of Bellefonte; Samuel Black, of Pittsburgh; James Buchanan, Judge Strong, Jeremiah S. Black, the Camerons, father and son, Reverdy Johnson and many others who played an important part in the history of the nation.



CROCKFORD, BACHELORS' QUARTERS, BEDFORD SPRINGS

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At that earlier time there was a long, low building here, separated from the main house and known as Crockford, the bachelors' quarters, named after the English gambling house. If the walls of old Crockford could speak, they would have many tales to tell of important caucuses held in this building in which the voices of benedicts as well as bachelors were heard in earnest and excited debate. Wit flashed here, talk flowed on freely and perhaps something else which flows no more. If the ghosts of the former *habitués* of the Springs could return to this old haunt, they would feel themselves in a strange place; old Crockford has disappeared, the ramshackle bath houses with their tin tubs no longer disfigure the lawn, and in their places are well-equipped bathrooms and a fine large swimming pool.

What has not changed, however, is the beautiful mountain up whose steep sides the devoted disciples of Esculapius climb after the morning draft of water, some of the faithful making the ascent again at noon.

The earliest hotel register dates back only to 1823, but guests had been coming to what was then often called Anderson's Spring long before that date. This property belonged for many years to the well-known Anderson family, some members of which are still living in Bedford, and tickets for the use of the water were

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evidently issued, at one time, as we find such entries in the register as, "Dan'l J. Warfield, life ticket; John Purviance and family of 5, Balt., life ticket"; other tickets were only for weeks or months; but tickets of some sort seemed to be required.

Many of the guests came in their own coaches from Maryland, Virginia and even farther south, often bringing one or two servants with them, as "S. Clay King, daughter and 2 servants, and J. H. Tucker, Maryland, 2 servants and 3 horses." This was in 1856, and the Ridgelys, from Hampton, near Baltimore, were here that year; Colonel Samuel Black, from Pittsburgh, and the Honorable James Buchanan, from Lancaster, soon to be elected President of the United States. Some interesting entries are to be found in 1824, as Mr. and Mrs. Lear, Washington, D. C.; probably Tobias Lear, who was General Washington's secretary in the later years of his life, and his wife, who was Mrs. Washington's niece, and here we find "Mrs. Adams, Washington," evidently Mrs. John Quincy Adams, and with her, "J. Adams and Miss Hellen," her son and his fiancée.

Something of the leisurely old-time life of the South seemed to have belonged to Bedford in those days. The same people met here year after year; they drove together, they walked and they talked endlessly, especially if they came

from the other side of Mason and Dixon's Line. The more sedate playing cards in the evening, while the young and gay danced to the music of the fiddle played by negroes, who beat time with their feet as well as the dancers. The dances were held in the large dining-room, where two hundred guests assembled by day, and this custom of pushing back the tables for the evening festivity, as Mr. Prolix has described it, has continued almost up to the present time.

Sarah Bruce, who has joined me here, says that life at the Springs was still much as Mr. Prolix wrote of it, when she came here with her grandmother more than twenty years ago. Everything was very primitive then, no electric lights and no automobiles tooting all through the beautiful grounds. There was much sociability among the guests at that time and not a little gayety, as there were a number of young people in the house. Morning Germans were quite the order of the day, and very charming the girls looked dancing in their fresh muslins and organdies. Senator Don Cameron was here then and his sister, Mrs. Richard J. Haldeman, and Miss Haldeman and a delightful Mr. George Plummer Smith, from Philadelphia, who was a walking encyclopedia of old Pennsylvania lore. There were also many charming people from Pittsburgh and Washington, as there are now, and McKims, Ridgelys, Carrolls

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and Carters from Maryland and Virginia. In deed, Bedford has always been a favorite resort of southern people. Sarah, who knows more about the South than I do, says that Bedford, the town as well as the Springs, reminds her constantly of the South.

For some years the Springs suffered an eclipse, in consequence of the popularity of the foreign Spa among well-to-do Americans, with the accompanying delights of a sojourn in London or Paris. Since the upheaval of the European world three years ago, our countrymen have begun to realize what they have of value within their own borders, and Bedford has come into its own, and is once more a popular and fashionable resort.

Sarah and I stay on day after day, enjoying the waters and mineral baths and held fast by the charm of the old place. We drive in the afternoons, sometimes stopping at the Arandale to call on friends and after a spin on the Lincoln Highway or on one of the other beautiful drives, lingering in the town to shop, often walking back through Richard or Juliana Street. On the former there is an interesting old house, just opposite the new inn, built by a Major Taliaferro from Virginia, an elegant gentleman of the old school, who lived here for many years. On Juliana Street is the home of the Misses Barclay, with its beautiful garden on one side.

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Old residents of Bedford are the Barclays, as are the Russells, whose house is near by. Another interesting house on this street is the Lyon Mansion, a handsome house with huge boxwood bushes at the sides, a vine-covered iron fence in front and a fine garden in the rear. This house attracted us by the beauty of its architecture and the cheerful well-to-do look that fresh paint and varnish always give to a habitation.

“Ancient but not mouldy and moth-eaten!” exclaimed Sarah as we passed by and turned into the Lincoln Highway, on which the pretty little Episcopal Church is situated; the handsome Betz House, and many other attractive residences, with lovely gardens. In the distance we could see the Grove, an old Anderson property, as much of the land in and around Bedford as well as the Springs, belonged to this family and was later the home of Mr. Edward Tosswill Harrison, whose mother was an Anderson.

Before leaving Bedford we accepted an invitation to stop over and lunch with some friends in Hollidaysburg, thus gaining several hours there. On the train we were fortunate in meeting a friend and former official of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. D. H. Lovell, who explained to us what had always been most mysterious to me, the practical working of the old Portage Railroad. He told us that trans-

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portation was by the Juniata Canal to Hollidaysburg, when the boats were here placed on trucks and thus conveyed over a series of inclined planes across the Alleghenies. An engine at the top of each incline pulled up the truck. Some of the old trucks still to be seen were pointed out to us. The descent from the mountain heights was like that to Avernus, swift and reasonably sure. At the foot of the mountains the boats were again placed on a canal which carried them to Pittsburgh. Mr. Lovell's explanation was very clear, and we afterwards saw a picture of this primitive method of transportation in the home of Mr. J. King McLanahan, the "grand old man of Hollidaysburg," as he is called by everybody in the beautiful old town, which served to illustrate what had been told us of the portage system, which Prolix, in his diary considered a "miracle of art."

Our kind hosts, knowing our interest in historic events, had invited some clever antiquarians to meet us, and sitting on a shaded porch, which overlooks one of the principal streets, now the William Penn Highway, we were regaled with tales of old Hollidaysburg, from the time of the Penn grant to the Holliday brothers, who settled the town, to a much later time, when in 1852 it was the host of the Hungarian patriot, General Kossuth. Of this stay in Hollidaysburg of several days Mr. Plymouth

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Snyder told us an amusing little story. Kossuth was warmly welcomed to the town and entertained by Judge McFarland, the Blairs and other leading citizens. While staying in the house of one or the other of these Hollidaysburg families, Kossuth wrote to his friends of the comfort in which his hosts lived, belonging, as he expressed it, "to the upper class of peasant." Kossuth, himself of noble birth, seemed to know of no social gradations between noble and peasant; and his remark is the more amusing in view of the social position, education and refinement of the Blairs and other old families in this aristocratic town. When a new county was organized, it was named Blair in recognition of the services to the country of the Hon. John Blair, and again the first canal boat that came to Hollidaysburg was named the *John Blair*. Mr. Blair was a public-spirited citizen and an earnest advocate of internal improvements, for which, says his great-granddaughter, "he received a good share of denunciation from those who were opposed to spending public money for such things as roads and canals." A member of the Blair family, as a girl of fourteen, long remembered the great excitement caused by the arrival of the *John Blair*, the crowds of people on the deck of the boat and on the banks of the canal.

Colonel McClure, in his "Recollections,"

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tells of meeting Kossuth at Independence Hall and again in his tour of the Juniata Valley in a village where the passengers of the few through trains of the Pennsylvania were dined. Colonel McClure does not mention the name of this village; it was evidently some town near Hollidaysburg. He says, learning that Kossuth was coming, "I arranged with the proprietor of the hotel to have Kossuth and his wife so disposed at the end of the table that the seat reserved for me would bring me next to them. Railroad dinners were always very hurried occasions, and when Kossuth rushed in to the table he and his wife thought much more of trying to get a satisfactory meal out of American cooking, to which they were strangers, than of discussing the cause of Hungary. Mrs. Kossuth was of medium size, with a strong, handsome face, equally dark in complexion with her husband, and she managed the dinner. As some of the dishes were entirely unknown to her, she always first investigated them by taking the dish and holding it under her nose to judge how palatable it might be by its fragrance and, if acceptable, it was handed to her husband. I could not miss the opportunity to have another brief conversation with the man who was then my great idol in hero-worship, and when I reminded him of our meeting in Independence Hall, where he could not remember one in five thousand of those who

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greeted him, I had opened the door for the expression of his heart-felt enthusiasm for the American people and their Government and for the bleeding friends he had left behind him. He warmed up at once, and my recollection of the event is that I never before heard such fervent eloquence. I was sorry, indeed, when the hoarse scream of the iron horse called him away, and I parted from him for the last time with boundless pride, because I had twice met the greatest living apostle of human liberty.”

Our friends told us of other and more romantic associations, still recalled by old inhabitants, who remembered Jenny Lind's visit to Blair County in 1851. Mr. Snyder related an incident connected with the Swedish singer's stay at the Mountain House, which was situated at a railroad junction near Hollidaysburg. While at this hotel she engaged a carriage to take her up the mountain side, and upon reaching a place from which there was an extended view of the distant mountains, the valley and the Juniata flowing through it, she was so impressed by the beauty of the scene that she greeted it with an outburst of song, so exquisite, said the narrator, that the birds, her only hearers except the coachman, must have felt that a rival of their own kind had joined them. The view of hill and valley may have reminded the Swedish nightingale of some scene in her own

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land, as the song with which she broke in upon the stillness of the mountain side was "Home, Sweet Home," which, it is said, she sang with so much feeling that it never failed to bring tears to many eyes in the audience.

Although he was born in Bedford County, Mr. J. King McLanahan has lived in Hollidaysburg the greater part of his long life and is always claimed by this town as her leading citizen, having taken an active part in the industrial, educational and social life of the borough. Mr. McLanahan's especial interest in later years has been Holliday House, in whose beautiful building an excellent private school is held during the scholastic term, and in the summer season is opened for guests.²

Before we left Hollidaysburg we were motored through the town, past Holliday House, by the handsome building of the Y. M. C. A. and the athletic field of eight acres, both the gifts of Mr. James C. Dysart, a generous and public-spirited citizen, who feels, as thoughtful persons are coming to realize more and more each year, that parks for exercise, music and other recreations are quite as much needed in our country towns as in our great cities. They build higher than they know who thus add op-

² Since writing the above, Hollidaysburg has been called upon to mourn the loss of Mr. McLanahan, a citizen greatly beloved and respected.

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portunities for healthful recreation and innocent enjoyment to their fellow-townsmen!

Instead of leaving this interesting town by train as we had expected, our friends motored us to Altoona, where we took the trolley to Tyrone, and from there a train brought us to Bellefonte, making a varied trip which is more attractive and far less tiresome than a continuous railroad journey. It was late when we reached Bellefonte; but our rooms were awaiting us at the Bush House, and tired as we were we vowed that nothing would have made us willing to forego the delightful day.

XII
THE CITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING

WE came into Bellefonte so late last night that we failed to appreciate the beauty of the approach to the town by a road cut through the hills. It may be said of this place, as of Mt. Zion, "beautiful for situation on the sides of the north," and of the south as well for, like Jerusalem, Bellefonte is girt about by hills, and is itself a hill town. This fact we realized after a morning spent in climbing over ascents to see old and interesting houses. We were fortunate in spending our first day here with an old inhabitant, always the most delightful guide, for with such a cicerone one gets something more than dry facts, and if some fiction in the way of tradition is thrown in, it serves to light up the story, and after all there is a foundation of fact in most local tales. We saw the oldest house in the town and the newest, which is much less attractive, and the lovely old Friends' Meeting, built by a Valentine; indeed, most of the old houses were built by one of the Valentine brothers. This Friend Valentine, finding no meeting-house in the town when he came to Bellefonte, held meetings on the hillside, until a suitable building could be

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erected. This most picturesque meeting-house is at the top of a steep hill and with its moss-grown roof and overhanging eaves is a bit of old-world beauty and quaintness, in strong contrast with the handsome but quite modern and unpicturesque Academy buildings near by.

A stone house at the corner of High and Spring Streets was pointed out to us as the oldest residence in the town, built by Colonel James Dunlop. After serving in Canada under Colonel William Irvine and holding a commission in the Pennsylvania Line, Colonel Dunlop came to Bald Eagle township in 1796 and bought a part of the extensive Griffith Gibson tract upon which Bellefonte is situated. He is said to have been the first resident of the town, which he and his son-in-law, James Harris, laid out, the site being chosen on account of the beautiful spring of pure water which they found here. James Harris, a public-spirited citizen, bought the property on which the spring is situated and by deed secured its use to the town for all time. He and his father-in-law, Colonel Dunlop, were prime movers in establishing a public school or academy soon after the town was laid out, of which the big building on the hill by the Friends' Meeting is the outcome. In this good work many citizens of Centre County took an active part. The first meeting was held in the house of Benjamin Patton, and among the

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trustees were James Dunlop, Roland Curtin, James Potter, Andrew Gregg and John Hall. The Reverend Henry R. Wilson was the first principal of the academy and when he removed to Carlisle he was succeeded by the Reverend James Linn.

On High Street, once the fashionable quarter of the town, is the former home of Governor Curtin, and this street led us to the Court House, where there is a fine full-length statue of the great war Governor, whom his native town delights to honor. Flanking this very handsome statue are bronze tablets representing in low relief important events in the Governor's life and in that of the Nation which he served so ably.

Bellefonte may well be spoken of as the mother of governors, as from it have come two other governors of Pennsylvania, James A. Beaver and Daniel H. Hastings, both of whom had an honorable war record prior to their election to civic administration. The Hastings and Beaver residences are on the heights overlooking the old town, and here are many handsome houses with terraced gardens and several beautiful churches, this being now the court end of the town and yet lacking to us the interest to be found in the older buildings. A number of the houses are on Allegheny Street, among these the Linn House, which celebrated its centenary several years since. Mr. Henry Sage



BURNHAM, BUILT IN 1811, ENLARGED BY REUBEN BOND VALENTINE IN 1857



THE LINN HOUSE, BUILT IN 1810, STILL RESIDENCE OF
LINN FAMILY

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Linn and his sister, who live in this house, are the children of Mr. John Blair Linn, the historian of the Buffalo valley and of many other sections of Pennsylvania.

The pride and wonder of Bellefonte and what makes it quite different from other towns is its beautiful spring, which has its rise in some distant source. Here at the rate of fourteen thousand gallons per minute this water bubbles up, supplying the town with pure water, the surplus rushing through it like a river and by the Bush House, where we were lulled to sleep at night by the delightful sound of a rushing stream.

It goes without saying that the town owes its name to its beautiful spring and in an old house still standing on the turnpike it was christened. One story is that Mrs. James Harris, who lived in this house, an odd-looking structure with three porches or balconies, gave the name to the town; but a much more probable story is that Talleyrand, who visited the Dunlops or Harrises, bestowed upon it its French name, Bellefonte, beautiful spring.

Other interesting houses are the Benner house and several Curtin houses, as two brothers, Dr. Constanz Curtin and Roland Curtin, were early settlers here. The Curtin brothers came from County Clare, Ireland; the former, a surgeon in the Royal Navy, practiced his profession in Bellefonte; the latter, Roland

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Curtin, was in the iron business, and in connection with Moses Boggs built Eagle Forge, on Bald Eagle Creek, about five miles from Bellefonte. Roland Curtin, the iron master, was the father of Governor Andrew G. Curtin, and Dr. Constanz Curtin was the father of Dr. Roland G. Curtin, of Philadelphia.

It seems as if no town of distinction was quite complete in early times without its neighboring band of highway robbers. Doylestown, in Bucks County, had its Doane brothers, the ruins of whose stronghold are still pointed out to credulous tourists, and Bedford had its celebrated Davy Lewis, whose stronghold was on Lookout Mountain, in one of the ranges near Bedford, to which he is said to have given the name, as he had a desirable point of observation from which he could view the highway up and down for some distance. This bandit and his associates seem to have divided their attentions between the Juniata and the Bald Eagle valleys.

As we were passing by an old house on Allegheny Street, Mrs. N—— told us that the Lewis robbers roamed through this region even as late as her mother's time and that one of them entered this house in broad daylight. Her mother, then a young girl, saw a powerful-looking man passing through the hall. She was too badly frightened to give the alarm at once and the intruder, being an expeditious gentleman and an adept in his profession, helped himself and

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escaped with his loot before Miss Morris had recovered from her fright sufficiently to summon aid. This, Mrs. N—— says, is a true tale as it was told her by her mother.

While I further explored the old part of the town with Mrs. N——, Sarah devoted her morning to looking over ancient records in the Court House. She came in to luncheon looking so happy over her discoveries that I asked her if she had found any gold nuggets among the records.

“No, only nuggets of information; the old wills are most interesting. People left cows and calves and colts and even feather beds to their children and grandchildren, just as they did in Shakespeare’s time. An Ellen Graham bequeathed to her granddaughter Ellen a bay mare and a feather bed; but besides these amusing items I found a number of things that I really need.”

These genealogists are queer folk; they seem just as much pleased when they find a missing link or trace out a line as if they had found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

“I find,” continued Sarah, “that Kathleen is directly descended from Colonel Dunlop, who owned the tract on which Bellefonte is situated. And here again I find a link with old Donegal, as Colonel Dunlop married Jane Boggs, whose father was Captain Andrew Boggs, one of the founders there, and all the Harrises, Blanch-

ards and a lot of other important people here belong to that line; it all works out like a problem in mathematics.

“Kathleen had better come here and pay some attention to her ancestors; they are quite worth while. What is she doing in Washington anyway?”

“I think Kathleen is more interested in futures than in ancestors,” I said, laughing over Sarah’s enthusiasm.

“Is that really so?”

Sarah and I have been so much together that we have formed a sort of habit of talking to each other in shorthand, and when I added, “What else can you expect when you present an altogether delightful man to a charming young woman?” she said:

“Oh! of course, I expected Mr. Henderson to be bowled over; but I never thought of Kathleen caring for anyone else; the romance of her life seemed to end with Howard’s death.”

“Love, like hope, springs eternal in the human breast,” with which trite remark we separated to dress for an afternoon and evening at one of the old Valentine houses; this one a little way out of town on the turnpike, which was built by Reuben Bond Valentine near the stream called “Logan’s Branch.”

There are a number of interesting houses near Bellefonte; Willow Bank, which belonged

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to the Valentines, a hospitable home remembered as the scene of many pleasures in the past; but now, down in the world, it has come to be the county almshouse. Another house some miles out of town on the Lewistown Pike was the home of Mrs. Jane Mann, the railroad station there being named "Axemann." Mrs. Mann, who was a daughter of Judge Burnside, lived alone after her husband's death and carried on an axe factory established by him, in which a number of men were employed, many foreigners and some rather rough specimens of humanity. People wondered how Mrs. Mann was content to live alone with so many rough men around her. She was evidently a woman of strong character and one who had boundless faith in human nature and knew how to appeal to its best side. She was wont to say that she protected herself by never locking a door in her home, or in her springhouse. When the milk was brought in from her farm, Mrs. Mann regularly filled three cans or crocks and left them in the springhouse, where the fresh cool water bubbled up continually; one can was marked "For the wayfarer," a second "For the widow and orphan, each take one quart," and a third "For personal use, do not touch." It is needless to say that this generous woman's own can of milk was never tampered with.

In Mrs. Mann's last illness she had the care

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and companionship of a relative from Philadelphia, a lovely lady who described the strange scene in this lonely roadside house, where her own vigils were shared by workmen from the factory, who took turns in spending the long hours of the night by Mrs. Mann's fireside in order to be at hand in case the mistress, whom they loved and honored, should need their help.

One afternoon we spent at Rockview, about five miles south of Bellefonte, where a very interesting experiment in penal reform is being carried on. I was delighted when an invitation from the warden came, and with it a motor to take us there, as I had heard so much of this prison farm in Centre County and of how it was established.

For many years the late Mr. Francis J. Torrance and the State Board of Charities, of which he was then president, had a plan for the establishing of a prison farm, in which Mr. John Francies, who for some years has been warden of the Western Penitentiary, in Pittsburgh, was heartily in favor. Indeed, he was so obsessed by a vision of his prisoners of various classes working in the open, breathing fresh air, feeling the sun of heaven and the rain, too, for the matter of that, and on the whole spending their days like human beings, that he was moved to speak of it before the Legislature at Harrisburg in 1911. This speech was listened to atten-

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tively and the result was a bill passed by the Legislature, March 30, 1911. This bill, signed by Governor John Tener, who was heart and soul in favor of the undertaking, provided for the purchase by the State of Pennsylvania of land for the purpose set forth by Mr. Francies.

After inspecting other locations, this most desirable property of over five thousand acres was decided upon. Of this tract nearly one thousand acres already belonged to the State Forest Reservation, and the additional four thousand three hundred and eighteen acres were bought by the state. Old farms and orchards are included in this tract, forests and mountain sides, a varied and beautiful panorama, as we viewed the landscape from the prison buildings, which are on so great a height that the prisoners cannot see the walls of their enclosure from the prison. So here in Pennsylvania is being proved what the young English poet, Lovelace, wrote from his little prison in Cambridge so many years ago:

Stone walls do not a prison make
Or iron bars a cage.

“These prisoners working in the open must sometimes forget that they are prisoners,” said Sarah, as we passed by some of them at work on the unfinished buildings, hauling stone and breaking it up to make concrete for the walls. Others were bringing in great baskets of vege-

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tables from the truck patch of ninety-seven acres.

“They don’t look like prisoners, Mr. Francies, they look like American citizens.”

“That is what we are trying to make them,” was the reply.

We were motored all over the grounds, through the woods and by the mountain stream that runs through them. We saw the cows, pigs and chickens; but what interested us most was the part of the farm where the colts were raised. We thought of the interest the prisoners naturally would take in these beautiful creatures, and what a valuable asset were these fifteen fine-blooded colts!

We had supper with the warden and his family and while sitting on the porch in the twilight, by dint of asking a number of questions, we drew from Mr. Francies some details of the beginning of the work at Rockview. He told us that he came here with one prisoner, and that at a way station where they were waiting for a train he was interested in talking to some one, when his prisoner came up to him and warned him that he would miss the train if he was not careful,—the train that was to take him to prison!

“I don’t wonder that the prisoners want to come here,” said Sarah. “I should think that all your rooms would be engaged for next summer.”

“Now, it’s not as bad as that, Miss Bruce,

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and I want you to understand that we are not too soft with our prisoners; we have strict regulations here, and they have to be kept. What we try to do is to establish relations with our prisoners and so make them understand that we are not working against them. After I brought the first man here and worked with him alone for some days, I had another prisoner brought here, and when I overheard my first man say to the new arrival, 'The old man's all right, you treat him white,' I felt that I had won the day."

"That was certainly worth while," and as we took our leave, I said: "You have given us much to think about, Mr. Francies, and one more reason for being proud of our own state. I fancy that many good people in Pennsylvania who know of prison reforms in New York, Massachusetts and even in California, know nothing of this important work in their own state."

"Very likely, but that does not keep the work from going on."

"No, that is the right way to look at it; but I always like to see credit given where credit is due."

As we drove away, Sarah turned back and said: "If I ever write a book it shall be called 'How To Be Happy Though in Prison.'"

"A companion to 'How To Be Happy Though Married.'" Mr. Francies called after us, laughing heartily, "I have known both."

XIII
SUNBURY AND WILKES-BARRÉ

PICTURESQUE as the Susquehanna is in many places, it seems more beautiful than ever at Sunbury and Northumberland, for here the two tributaries of the great river meet. The West Branch has its rise near the head of the Allegheny River and flows by Lock Haven, Williamsport, Lewistown and many another town to Northumberland, where it throws itself into the arms of the North Branch, which has come a long and winding way from Otsego Lake in New York, by Binghamton, Towanda, Asylum, Pittston and Wilkes-Barré to this trysting place. Sunbury was built upon the site of an Indian village, and a very important one, as Shamokin was the headquarters of the chiefs of the Six Nations, among them Shikellamy, the best of them all, in whose honor a boulder is marked with a tablet, which has the following inscription: "Erected as a memorial to—Shikellamy, also Swatane, 'Our Enlightener,' the representative of the Six Nations in this Province. First sent to Shamokin [Sunbury] in 1728. Appointed vice-regent in 1745, died December 6, 1748. He was buried near this spot. This diplomat and statesman was a firm friend of the Province of

DONNEL HOUSE ON MARKET SQUARE, SUNBURY, OCCUPIED BY DONNEL FAMILY OVER 120 YEARS



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Pennsylvania. Erected by the Fort Augusta Chapter, D. A. R., in coöperation with the Pennsylvania Historical Commission. June, 1915.”

Sunbury was very much exposed to Indian forays and sadly in need of defenses; but it was not until after the frightful massacre on the banks of Penn's Creek, where Selinsgrove now stands, that Fort Augusta was built, just below the confluence of the two branches of the river, where it commanded the approach to the valley. Nothing is now left of this once important outpost except the powder magazine, which is still in good condition. The stockades reached as far as the old home of Judge Donnel, on Market Square, which is now in the center of the town.

We were fortunate in having come to Sunbury some years since, before it had been drawn into the turmoil of business activities, and still retained much of its village charm. In those days we had the pleasure of hearing the recollections of a delightful woman who had lived in Sunbury in her girlhood, before the several railroads that meet here and the great silk mills had transformed the place. And to make a link between her own time and a still more remote past, our charming *raconteuse* had talked to former residents, among whom were several who had lived through those days of danger and distress when the beautiful valley of the

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Wyoming on the north had been laid waste. She had also known some of those who were able to make their escape from the massacre and came down the river in boats to find a place of refuge at Fort Augusta.

Other and gayer scenes of her girlhood this lady described, among them the advent of Mr. John Mason, son of Thomas Mason, an Englishman, who came to Philadelphia where he engaged in commerce and owned many vessels. John Mason came to Sunbury in his old age, built a spacious mansion, with a great hall on top of the house for dancing, and here beautiful parties were given which were the delight of the young people. Near Mr. Mason's house, which was on top of Blue Hill, opposite Northumberland, he erected an observatory, which was the wonder of the whole countryside. This observatory, or leaning tower, as it was called, for it literally hung over a sheer precipice of about four hundred feet, was built upon four logs and had three stories and a balcony. Mr. Mason was in the habit of riding about the country on his gray pony and, meeting him on the road, as she often did, walking and leading his pony by the bridle, our narrator said that he was the living image of the statue of Old Mortality which stands by one of the entrances to Laurel Hill Cemetery in Philadelphia. Mr. Mason and his house and his collection of books have long since disap-

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peared, some of the latter having been sold by the peck at a public sale. Some intelligent neighbors of Mr. Mason were so fortunate as to secure several pecks of books from the once-treasured library.

My old friend, who was the widow of one of the leading lawyers of Sunbury, Judge C. B. Donnel, spoke of the great interest and excitement of summer, marking the convening of the Supreme Court, which met for some years in this town and brought to its sessions great lawyers from all over the state. From Philadelphia came Judge Cadwalader, Chief Justice Tilghman, Horace Binney, William Rawle, Philip Nicklin, Thomas I. Wharton and many other clever jurists. These lawyers came in their coaches in early days and later by the canal. Judge Burnside came across country from his home in Bellefonte, or down the river from Wilkes-Barré, where he lived for some time, and from the same place came his brother-in-law, Judge Huston, Judge Henry M. Fuller and Judge Conyngham. There was always a notable representation of the legal fraternity from Wilkes-Barré, which has been distinguished early and late for its able jurists. Mrs. Donnel said that the judges generally arrived the first Sunday in August and before church time in the morning. Judge Cadwalader drove all the way from Philadelphia in his coach;

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those traveling from a greater distance, as Judge Brackenridge and Judge Wilkins, from Pittsburgh, came part of the way by canal to Northumberland and took the stage-coach there for Sunbury. Judge Yeates came from Lancaster and Judges Henderson and Gibson from Carlisle; the latter, Mrs. Donnel said, was a great favorite with the Sunbury children, having won his way to their affections by his clever pencil sketches. While the long speeches were being made in Court, Judge Gibson was wont to amuse himself by drawing caricatures of his associates, which he often threw out of the window to the children passing by in the street.

One morning we crossed the river to Northumberland and made our way to the home of Dr. Joseph Priestly, which is surrounded by a fine lawn, which slopes down to the river. Standing on the railroad bank, we had a good view of the house, of which Sarah took a photograph. The window on the right side of the front door has a crescent-shaped opening, through which Priestly is said to have made his experiments with the prismatic rays.

The story of the emigration from his home in Yorkshire, England, of this "chemist and non-conformist minister" is interesting. It appears that Priestly's two sons and his friend, Dr. Thomas Cooper, came to Northumberland first, became so much interested in a settlement



FORMER HOME OF REV. JOSEPH PRIESTLY, NORTHUMBERLAND

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on the Susquehanna and wrote home so enthusiastically of its advantages that Dr. and Mrs. Priestly joined them in July, 1794, and liked the place so well that they concluded to remain in Northumberland. Here Priestly preached and worked upon his scientific experiments, the discovery of oxygen being his most valuable contribution to science. Some of Doctor Priestly's descendants are still living in Northumberland.

Another morning we went by trolley to Selinsgrove, on the northern bank of the Susquehanna. Through the town runs Penn's Creek, which has its source in Centre County. This stream divides the town into two parts, the section between the river and the creek being on the Isle of Que, a name that has always fascinated me. The island is supposed to have been so named by some French settler on account of its shape being like that of the queues which were so fashionable in early times. Selinsgrove is an old town, the first settlement by George Gabriel, a trader, dating back to 1745, but within a few years it has been growing in size and importance by leaps and bounds, and now contains many handsome residences and fine public buildings. Among the older houses we were shown the former residence of Governor Simon Snyder, who, although born in Lancaster, lived in Selinsgrove for many years. As War Governor in 1812,

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Simon Snyder served his State with so much ability that he was reëlected twice and so had three successive terms as Chief Executive of the Commonwealth.

This evening I had a letter from Kathleen, who purposes to meet us in Scranton the latter part of this week.

“Why Scranton?” Sarah asked.

“Because Scranton is nearer New York than Sunbury.”

“So Kathleen is in New York?”

“Yes, doubtless seeing Mr. Henderson off.”

“Is it as bad as that?”

“Yes, quite as bad,” I said laughing.

“You see I thought we should have Kathleen all to ourselves, and now we shall have to share her with someone else, which is disconcerting, to say the least.”

“I understand, and in a way I share your regret; but let us enjoy for the present what the gods send us. Kathleen writes that her car will be at our disposal, and that she is ready to go with us anywhere that we wish. Her new chauffeur is fairly good and quite intelligent about finding his way on strange roads.”

“That sounds encouraging and now, by all means, let us go to Bradford County; it will be in line with what we see here and around Wilkes-Barré. I have read somewhere that the British and Indians assembled at Tioga Point in 1778

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before going down the river to attack the Plymouth settlement. Bradford County was then a part of Luzerne County and near Tioga Point, which is now Athens, the famous Queen Esther had her headquarters for a while, and from this place was able to join the forces that set forth against Plymouth. You see how Tioga Point, or Diahoga, as the Indians called it, fits into the story of Wyoming. Then Asylum, the old French settlement, that I am anxious to see, is only a few miles north of Athens. I was cheated out of my trip there in June, as you know."

"You shall not be cheated out of it now, dear; Kathleen will be so inspired by your eloquence that she will be ready to set forth at once for Bradford County. You know so much that is interesting about these old Pennsylvania settlements that a car should always be waiting to take you wherever you wish to go."

"Why not go to Wilkes-Barré this afternoon and have a few hours in the Wyoming Historical Society instead of waiting until tomorrow morning?" I asked. "They have so many valuable and interesting papers and collections there, and that will give us two full days in Wilkes-Barré before we meet Kathleen in Scranton."

It is needless to say that my suggestion was accepted with alacrity by my companion, who was evidently keen for further research.

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We had often made the journey from Philadelphia to Wilkes-Barré by Bethlehem and the Water Gap and by Pottsville; but this afternoon's trip from Sunbury, all the way by the side of the North Branch of the Susquehanna, seemed to us the most beautiful of all the routes. The river is so broad in some places that it seems like a lake dotted over with pretty, well-wooded islands, once the favorite fishing and hunting grounds of the Indians, of whom we were reminded by the names of many of the towns that we passed through, as Catawissa, Shickshinny, Mocanaqua and Nanticoke, the latter quite near Plymouth. Wilkes-Barré has been called the eastern gateway to the Wyoming Valley, and a very beautiful gateway it is, girt about by mountains with the broad Susquehanna flowing between the old and the newer part of the town over toward Kingston. It has, in addition to its natural advantages, all that loyal and intelligent citizenship can do to make it a delightful place of residence. There are river banks in many towns that, like Wordsworth's primrose, are river banks and nothing more; but here the bank of the Susquehanna has been made into a riverside park, with walks and seats conveniently placed. Here we sat in the evening for hours, enjoying the beauty of the shining river, the mountains beyond and near us the parterres of fragrant flowers, with

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which the walks are bordered. On River Street, and on Franklin and West South street are the beautiful homes of the old Wilkes-Barré families, most of whom have been loyal to their own town probably because they could find no better place of residence.

This city has never been recommended to us as a summer resort, although the Wyoming Valley Hotel is said to have been often filled with summer visitors back in the sixties. The evening of our arrival happened to follow one of the cool days that sometimes break in upon the torrid heat of midsummer, and as we strolled about the streets it seemed strange to have all our friends away from this pleasant, breezy town. They were probably sitting by blazing wood fires at Bear Creek, Bear Lake or Harvey's Lake, rejoicing over the coolness of their surroundings and wasting no end of sympathy over the unfortunate denizens of cities.

Of course, we spent the entire morning in the rooms of the very attractive Historical Society on Franklin Street, where we found much to interest us, among other things a delightful paper in which Mr. George R. Bedford, of Wilkes-Barré, has given his own early recollections of this city and the surrounding towns.¹ The literature of the most noted historical event

¹ Mr. Bedford's valuable paper has since been added to and printed under the title "Some Early Recollections."

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of this region, the Wyoming massacre, is, of course, inexhaustible; but it was interesting to get the result of the latest studies of this subject, for the members of this Society are always delving into records of the past and throwing new light on bygone days. Not long since they discovered that Major John Butler, who came down the Susquehanna with his eleven thousand British Tories and Indians to demand the surrender of the Wyoming forts, with their Continental stores, was a shade less black than he had been painted.

“I have always thought of him as jet black,” I said, “and I don’t like to have him painted gray.”

“But we must be exact,” said Sarah, who is nothing if not accurate.” The employing of the savages against our people was the serious mistake; the fact that the French had already used them does not exonerate the British for leading them against their own Colonists; but later researches show that Major Butler warned the people who had taken refuge in Forty Fort to remain there and to destroy all liquor, as otherwise he would not be able to control them. From his own family history Mr. Bedford has been able to prove that Major Butler did everything in his power to protect the inmates of the fort. He says: ‘Major Butler advised our family and others of their neighbors to leave the fort as

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quietly as possible and make their escape. Under cover of darkness they found their way to the river shore, where a boat was in readiness. They went on board and floated down stream with the current, aided by a pair of oars, and the next night reached the Nescopeck Rapids, where on the river's bank there was a cabin. Some of the members of the party proposed that they should land and occupy the cabin over night. Others, more cautious, advised continuing the journey in the boat, and fortunately their advice prevailed. A boat following with its occupants landed, the boat was moored and the party availed themselves of the cabin's shelter, but, sad to say, every one of them was massacred by the Indians the same night.' ”²

It is a strange coincidence that the opposing forces were both led by Butlers, who are said to have been related. Major John Butler, who led the Tories and Indians, was from Connecticut, while Colonel Zebulon Butler, a Continental officer, who was at home on leave, was placed in command of the home troops. The force of the enemy was considerably underestimated when Colonel Butler entered the engagement, and although he did everything to stem the tide of disaster, a defeat was inevitable, which was followed by a frightful massacre and looting of the fort by the Indians.

² “Some Early Recollections,” by George R. Bedford.

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Of course, the British had nothing to do with the massacre, except that they had taken into their service Indians, whom they were unable to control when their savage instincts were excited by warfare and bloodshed, although Major Butler is said to have done everything in his power to restrain them. After the surrender, the famous Seneca squaw, Queen Esther, led the Indians into the fort and herself presided over the fatal ring.

Several efforts have been made to exonerate the savage Queen from the barbarities attributed to her, and in which she doubtless gloried; but too many persons living near the scene of the massacre have testified to her crimes. Mrs. Perkins gives the story as related by her aged aunt, Mrs. Durkee: "Fifteen or sixteen of our men who had been taken prisoners by the Indians, were assembled to receive their death-blow by the hand of Queen Esther, a large middle-aged Seneca squaw, who had such honors assigned her.

"In this case it was thought to be revenge for the death of her son, who was killed by the whites. Some of the prisoners made their escape from the ring; others attempted it, but were unsuccessful. . . . The remaining twelve or more were murdered with the tomahawk by the hand of this savage Queen on the 'Bloody Rock,' which may still be seen."

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An interesting and less horrible story of Indian capture is that of Frances Slocum as told by Mrs. John C. Phelps: "Four months after the battle of Wyoming, on the 2d of November, 1778, Frances Slocum, a little girl of five years, was stolen by the Indians, never to be seen again by her mother and not by her brothers and sisters until she was a woman sixty-four years of age. About forty days after her abduction, Isaac Tripp, her grandfather, and Jonathan Slocum, her father, were speared, tomahawked and scalped by the savages. They were members of the Society of Friends, and had been unmolested by the Indians until Mr. Slocum's eldest son, Giles, a boy of seventeen years, had joined the band of patriots on the memorable 3d of July; then the family seem to have been a shining mark for Indian vengeance."

The sequel to this story is interesting, as told by Mr. J. F. Meginness, and reveals a more favorable side of Indian character than those which we are wont to hear. About six years after the massacre, "in 1784, two of Frances' brothers made a journey north to search for her. One hundred guineas were offered for her, but she was not found. Again in 1788 the brothers visited the Indian country. Mrs. Slocum lived for twenty-nine years after her child was stolen. It was nearly sixty years after when news was received that the white

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wife of an Indian in a western state was suspected to be Frances. It was Colonel George W. Ewing, an Indian trader of Logansport, Indiana, who noticed the white woman. He wrote to the Lancaster postmaster all the facts he could discover about her. This letter fell into the hands of John W. Forney, who published it in his paper, the *Intelligencer*. So it came to the Slocum family, who communicated with Colonel Ewing. Upon receiving further details two brothers and a sister, Mrs. Towne, journeyed to the Indians to verify the story. Accompanied by interpreters, they visited the Miami village and met the Chief. Then on to Deaf Man's Village, where the captive woman resided with her two daughters. Being assured that it was really Frances, they persuaded her and her family to go back to the town with them, and after spending a night there and hearing all that the woman could tell of her capture, she accepted them as relatives and presented them with a piece of fresh venison as a proof of friendliness. Frances said that she had always been treated well by the Indians. She had first married a Delaware and after he left her she married a Miami, 'a chief and a deaf man.' She refused to go back with her family to civilization, saying, 'I cannot, I cannot, I am an old tree. I was a sapling when they took me away. I am happy here. I shall die here and

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lie in that graveyard and they will raise the pole at my grave with the white flag on it, and the Great Spirit will know where to find me.”³

There is a romantic tradition as to the second marriage of Frances to a Miami. “While her foster parents were floating down a river in a canoe in central Ohio, she was riding a horse on the shore and discovered an Indian lying in the path wounded. She dismounted and dressed his wounds, and her parents took him with them and cared for him till he was well. After that he supplied them with game for a time and then proposed going away. They were opposed to this and finally offered to give him their daughter in marriage if he would remain. He consented and the union proved a happy one.

“Two years after their first visit, Joseph Slocum again went to see his sister, taking his two daughters along. Frances expressed joy at seeing her brother again. She was accounted a rich woman among her tribe, owning “three hundred Indian ponies, and cattle, hogs and chickens in large numbers.”

We can readily imagine thrilling tales of these days of storm and stress in the beautiful valley of the Wyoming being told by father to son and grandparents to grandchildren by many a fireside in Wilkes-Barré and Plymouth. Indeed, we had heard some of these stories our-

³ “Frances Slocum, The Lost Sister of Wyoming,” by John F. Meginness.

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selves, while we were spending some weeks at Bear Lake, a favorite resort of some of the old Wilkes-Barré families, the incident of Sullivan's expedition being dwelt upon, at length, by a distinguished jurist in our party. These stories were recalled to us by some references that we found to the unveiling of a boulder at Laurel Run, on which a tablet was placed to honor the memory of Captain Joseph Davis and Lieutenant William Jones of the advance guard of General Sullivan's forces. In writing of this casualty one of the company said:

“Getting within two miles of Wyoming, we had, from a fine eminence, an excellent view of the settlement. . . . It lies in a beautiful valley, surrounded by very high ground; the people inhabit up and down the banks of the river and very little back. There were in this settlement, last summer, a court house, a jail and many dwelling houses, all of which, excepting a few scattered ones, were burnt by the savages after the battle of July 3, 1778, which took place near Forty Fort. At present there are a few log houses, newly built, a fort, one or two stockade redoubts, and a row of barracks; the settlement consists of six or more small townships. At the battle before spoken of, about two hundred and twenty men were massacred within the space of an hour and a half, more than a hundred of whom were married men; their widows afterward had all their property taken

from them, and several of them with their children were made prisoners. It is said Queen Esther of the Six Nations, who was with the enemy, scalped and tomahawked with her hands, in cold blood, eight or ten persons. The Indian women in general were guilty of the greatest barbarities. Since this dreadful stroke, they have visited the settlement several times, each time killing, or rather torturing to death, more or less. Many of their bones continue yet unburied where the main action happened. . . .

“Thursday, June 24th.—Was introduced to Colonel Zebulon Butler, the gentleman of whom much has been said on account of his persevering conduct in opposing the savages.”

We saw pictures of a number of old Wilkes-Barré houses, among them that of Colonel Zebulon Butler, which he built about 1787 at the corner of Northampton and River Streets. Here he lived for many years honored and esteemed by the community that he served. The old house was removed in 1867, and its site occupied by the residence of Colonel Butler's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Stanley Woodward. In this house, the first court of Luzerne County met, and from its session Timothy Pickering took his four days' journey to Philadelphia to make a formal return of the election to the Supreme Executive Council of the State. By this election Matthias Hollenbach, William H. Smith,

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Benjamin Carpenter and James Nesbit were chosen "Justices to keep the peace." Colonel Pickering's house, built about the same time as Colonel Butler's, is still standing. From this house he was abducted by a band of political and personal opponents and kept a prisoner for two weeks, a proceeding that for lawlessness is only equalled in these days by the abduction of the best football player by some of the opposing team just before a critical game.

Colonel Pickering's house was afterwards bought by General William Ross, and he and his son both lived here to the end of their days.

When Luzerne County was organized it was named after Cæsar Anne de la Luzerne, minister from France to the United States from 1779 to 1783, in grateful acknowledgment of his services to the Colonists.

This county then included Lackawanna, Wyoming, Susquehanna and Bradford Counties.

We were shown many interesting collections at the Historical Society, some among them associated with George Catlin, the artist, who was born in Wilkes-Barré. Catlin was the son of Putnam Catlin, one of the four attorneys admitted to the bar on the organization of the county in 1787. George Catlin was himself admitted to the bar, but soon abandoned the law to lead the life of an artist. He painted the portraits of a number of distinguished persons,



THE PICKERING-ROSS HOUSE, SOUTH MAIN STREET, WILKES-BARRE'



HOME OF COLONEL ZEBULON BUTLER, WILKES-BARRE'

among these the well-known portrait of Dolly Madison in a turban and of Governor De Witt Clinton. Although successful in his chosen profession, and after completing a large canvas of the Constitutional Convention of Virginia, while it was in session at Richmond, in which there are portraits of one hundred and fifteen of its most distinguished members, Catlin's interest centered in Indian portraiture. He had already painted Red Jacket and Black Hawk, when these chiefs were in Washington, and in 1832 he went among, and for some eight years remained among, the Indian tribes beyond the Mississippi River, where no white man had preceded him. He painted the portraits of nearly five hundred Indians and thus created an Indian portrait gallery, which he later exhibited in London and in Paris and, in fact, in all the leading capitals of Europe, where his gallery excited great interest and attention.

“He related that on one occasion when exhibiting in Egyptian Hall, London, and the room was well filled with the nobility of England, his gallery was visited by a company of Ojibway Indians, whom another enterprising American had taken abroad for purposes of exhibition. Many of them were known to Catlin personally, he having spent considerable time in their tribe. When they arrived at Egyptian Hall, arrayed in their native costume, they greeted Catlin

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most effusively as an old friend, and when they discovered among the pictures the portrait of their chief, who was of the party, they gave the Indian whoop and joined in an Indian dance. The excitement, as may well be imagined, was intense and communicated itself to the English visitors. It proved a great advertisement for Catlin and removed any possible doubt of the genuineness of the portraits.”⁴

A popular saying about Wilkes-Barré has been that its citizens woke up one day to find their wealth under their houses. This may not be literally true, but certainly rich deposits of coal were found near the homes of many of the citizens of Wilkes-Barré, and also at Plymouth, where there were fine old residences, such as that of the Reynolds family, situated a half mile from the Susquehanna and just back of the present location of a great breaker. At one time it was considered quite an achievement to mine and ship to market “in a single year fifteen thousand tons of coal—not the equivalent of the output for ten days of any one of a number of collieries of the present day. The money value of the coal shipped from the Wyoming Valley for a number of years past is the equivalent of more than fifty million dollars per year, all produced from a territory three miles by twenty miles in extent.”

⁴“Some Early Recollections,” by George R. Bedford.

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The Reynolds house at Plymouth once commanded a fine view of the lower part of the valley with its rich farming lands, one of the most beautiful views of the Wyoming Valley, now much obstructed by breakers and culm banks. At Plymouth, as in many of these mining towns, we were reminded of Katharine Mayo's description of just such scenes as we saw before us: "There, on the high skyline above the mountains, for mile on mile, the bold silhouettes of the breakers cut the sky. Peaks of coal refuse, absolutely conical, black as night, enormous—like unspent volcanoes or a wizard's dream—rise preposterous against the clouds. Strippings, sharp and raw as Culebra Cut, slash big scars of yellow across the plane. And everywhere between, like the remnants of an exquisite verdant tapestry rent by swords and blown to bits by guns, lie the tattered remnants of the beauty of the world."

"Coal mines certainly do not add to the beauty of a landscape," said Sarah; "we simply have to forget all about the charm that once belonged to this place and think only of the benefit and comfort that coal has brought to the world."

The question as to who first used anthracite coal has never been satisfactorily settled. Judge Jesse Fell, of Wilkes-Barré, used coal successfully in his grate as early as 1808. This may

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have been the first successful attempt to use coal for domestic purposes; though it has been claimed by Dr. Thomas C. James, of Philadelphia, that he used anthracite coal in his house in 1804; but he did not say whether he burned it in a stove or a grate. Like a great many other discoveries that have been of benefit to the world, the use of coal was probably found by several persons and in different places about the same time.

One afternoon we went out to see the monument erected in memory of those who fell in battle in 1778, or were slain by the savages after the defeat of Colonel Zebulon Butler's troops. The inscription on this monument, which was composed by Edward G. Mallery, is beautifully worded and tells the story, the pathetic story, of the great tragedy in a few lines.

Our last afternoon in Wilkes-Barré we spent near Dorranceton, where we were invited to see the wonderful rose farm of the Dorrance family, acres in roses of the most exquisite varieties. After enjoying the beauty and fragrance of the flowers and the charming hospitality of our hosts, we returned to Wilkes-Barré by the light of the moon, and with our hands full of roses. So our last associations with this town, whose early history was so tragic, were of moonlight, flowers and of music also, as one of the local choral societies was singing gaily when we reached our hotel.

XIV

A PENNSYLVANIA RETREAT FOR ROYALTY

AT the hotel in Scranton we found Kathleen waiting to greet us and to rejoice in the roses we brought her from the Dorrance farm, which were still fresh and beautiful.

Lodged here in a comfortable hotel in this handsome, prosperous city, it seemed almost incredible that this place, once called Slocum's Hollow, was of so little importance sixty years ago that it was not considered worth while for the stage from Carbondale to Wilkes-Barré to stop here. The inhabitants of Slocum's Hollow were obliged to board their stage at Hyde Park, and now Scranton is the third city in Pennsylvania.

Kathleen was quite ready to fall in with our plan to visit Asylum, stipulating, however, that we should make a circular tour by Dundaff and Crystal Lake, which she wished very much to see.

"And that route," said Sarah, consulting her map, "will take us by Montrose, which is said to be one of the prettiest towns in the state."

Scranton, handsome city as it is, was quite too modern for us, and we set forth the next morning for Carbondale, a much older town than Scranton, and, like the latter, a place which has

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grown rapidly. When John Wurts came here to make his early explorations after coal, Carbondale is said to have contained only one log cabin, which was built to shelter him. A thriving town is the Carbondale of to-day, and with a certain picturesqueness where the Fall Brook flows under its bridges, and the culm banks are not too near.

The drive from Carbondale to Crystal Lake is through a gently rolling country, by brown mountain streams, with mountains in the distance, and nearer, over toward Montrose, Elk Hill throws up two shapely peaks against the horizon.

“This is the kind of country that I like,” exclaimed Kathleen, “wild and far off from civilized places. I can really imagine Indians in those woods, they are so thick and dark.”

“If you had heard as much as we have about Indians in these last days in Wilkes-Barré you wouldn’t be so keen about imagining them lurking anywhere near,” said Sarah. “We have heard thrilling tales, especially about Queen Esther, of whom we shall hear more when we get up near Asylum and Athens.”

“You really must tell me those wonderful tales, Sarah; you know I love blood-curdling stories.”

“You’ll hear enough of them if we meet any old inhabitants of Bradford County.”

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“Which comes first, Crystal Lake or Dundaff?” asked Kathleen.

“Crystal Lake comes first,” I said, as I knew this region well, and then to my surprise, Craddock, Kathleen’s new chauffeur, pointed over toward a mountain whose top stood out clear and beautiful against the blue of the sky, and said, “Many a time I’ve slept on the top of old Elk.”

“Oh!” I exclaimed, “you know this country?”

“Yes’m, like a book. I was born over near Honesdale, the place they say the first locomotive started from; but from what I’ve heard, the first locomotive must have started from several places. Yes’m, I’ve hunted all over this country with the gentlemen that used to come up here after quail and pheasants in the fall. They don’t come any more, and the city folks used to come in the summer to the Villa and to Fern Hall. It’s curious they don’t put up a big house somewhere about here; it’s high, about two thousand feet, and fine air. Here’s Crystal Lake; you can’t find anything prettier than that anywhere. They used to run a little steamboat here; but that was before my time.”

A beautiful lake it is, a great sheet of water nearly a mile wide, shining like silver in the sun, framed in by well-wooded shores, and having a background of distant blue mountains. On the

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bluff above the lake a few cottages and bungalows are beautifully situated, commanding a view of the lake and the mountains beyond.

“Whose is that fine large stone house?” I asked. “It has been built since I was here.”

“Oh, that’s Mr. Johnson’s new house, Fern Hall used to stand there. The Johnsons have owned property here for years; and over there, right out on the lake, is the old Jones house. They’ve built a big new house on the farm just outside of Dundaff.”

On a hillside by one of the bungalows we were attracted by a garden of exquisite beauty, with arbors and arches and a sun-dial, all glorified by every brilliant blossom that lifts its head to the sun in July. I suddenly remembered that I once wandered through this lovely garden with its owner, and had come away with my hands full of flowers. Seeing her now, the most enthusiastic of gardeners, at work among her roses, I waved my hand to her. She recognized me, begged us to stop and see her garden, and so for a delightful hour we were in a land of enchantment.

As we motored through the village of Dundaff, we were told by our informing chauffeur that it had been quite a place in its day; that they published a paper here in 1820; that there were several shops, and that Colonel Phinny had a grist mill, saw mill, wagon shop and a bank here.

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“His home was in that house,” said Craddock, pointing to a fine old-fashioned house with columns in front and a balcony above.

The little town must have entertained great expectations of wealth and importance when coal was discovered at Carbondale and Forest City; but the coal deposits stopped somewhere between Carbondale and Crystal Lake, and since then Dundaff has remained very much *in status quo*, happier perhaps and certainly prettier than if it had become a mining town like Forest City; but old residents still recall with pride the fact that their town came within three or four votes of being made the county seat.

My friend, who has a farm near Dundaff, had often told me that her grandfather, Mr. Peter Graham, a Scotchman, came here early in the century with Mr. Redmond Conyngham from Wilkes-Barré, and was so charmed with this mountain and lake country that he bought a large tract of land. Mr. Conyngham afterwards laid out the village and named it Dundaff at the suggestion of his friend, Peter Graham, in honor of Dundaff Castle, the home of “William the Graham.” Mr. Conyngham also bought land here and had a cellar and well dug, but does not seem to have built a house. Mr. Graham, however, made this his summer home for many years, having owned two places near Dundaff, one called Moskesson and the other the Grange.

These farms are both owned by Mr. Graham's grandchildren, a rather unusual circumstance in this country of constant change. We stopped at the Grange, a fine old place with a gently sloping lawn full of beautiful trees, most of them planted by Howard Spencer, Esq., of Philadelphia, who owned and improved this estate of six hundred acres. My friend was away, to our great regret, and not being able to enjoy her hospitality, we turned our faces toward Montrose, driving for some distance through the Grange woods.

We were tempted to make a detour to see Pleasant Mount, a pretty village, quite near Belmont, the home of General Meredith; but Craddock warned us that it was now twelve o'clock, and there lay thirty miles between Dundaff and Montrose, and not all of it over the best roads, so we concluded to leave Pleasant Mount for another day. I had motored there from Dundaff several years ago and had seen the monument erected on the village green in honor of Samuel Meredith, who, after serving under Washington at Brandywine, Germantown and Princeton, upon the organization of the Federal Government was appointed Treasurer of the United States. A letter from Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, still preserved in the Meredith family, shows how much he appreciated the coöperation of General

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Meredith. After his retirement from office he and his family came to live at Belmont, and the Meredith family were long associated with this region.

Our way lay through Glenwood, which Craddock told us with some pride, was for years the home of Galusha A. Grow, who came here from Connecticut. Sarah, of course, remembered that he had represented Pennsylvania in Congress for several terms, had been Speaker of the House, and strenuously opposed the introduction of slavery into the territories. We passed through Hop Bottom, as this is a great hop country, and across Tunkhannock Creek, and so on to Montrose, which we could see some time before we reached it, as it is a town set on a hill. And here in Montrose we have found an ideal village, with comfortable old-fashioned homes, many of them frame houses painted white, soft embowered in trees, the great sugar maples that belong to this part of Pennsylvania being largely in evidence.

The town owes its pretty name to the Rose family, who came to this region many years ago, first settling at Silver Lake, ten miles from here. We find our surroundings so attractive that we have concluded to remain for several days. Kathleen and I would gladly stay for a week in the comfortable homelike house in which we are stopping; but Sarah has set her heart

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upon getting to Asylum, her *Carcasonne*, and then our time is limited, as we all have engagements later in the month. Sarah should be content to stay on indefinitely, as her neighbor at table has antiquarian tastes and pours valuable information into her willing ears. This gentleman's grandfather lived near Asylum and he remembered many things that his father had told him about the settlement there and the laying out of the town, which he says was really intended as a place of refuge for the royal family and the nobility at the time of the French Revolution, and arrangements were in progress to have the King and Queen escape from France and come to Asylum. A house being built far back in the woods was called the Queen's house. Of course, the plans to bring the King and Queen to the United States seem to us now like fairy tales; but they fit in with an equally fanciful story about the crown jewels of the Bourbons being buried somewhere in Virginia. All plans for the escape of the royal family were, of course, thwarted by the arrest of Louis and Marie Antoinette at Varennes, their close imprisonment in the Temple and their subsequent execution; but there may have been those who dreamed of such a possibility, and it is quite certain that a number of the French nobility settled at Asylum. We found an interesting little book that tells us all about the place, and Kathleen and I are now

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almost as eager as Sarah to see it. This very informing gentleman has been telling us about Montrose also, and pointing out old houses to us, some of them with lovely doorways and alluring porches, deeply shaded. It seems that a number of well-known families from Philadelphia and other places settled here early in the last century, among them the Biddles, Drinkers, Posts, Webbs, Mulfords, and Jessups. Some of the old houses have been altered during that unfortunate period in the last century when architects failed to appreciate the dignity and beauty of older buildings.

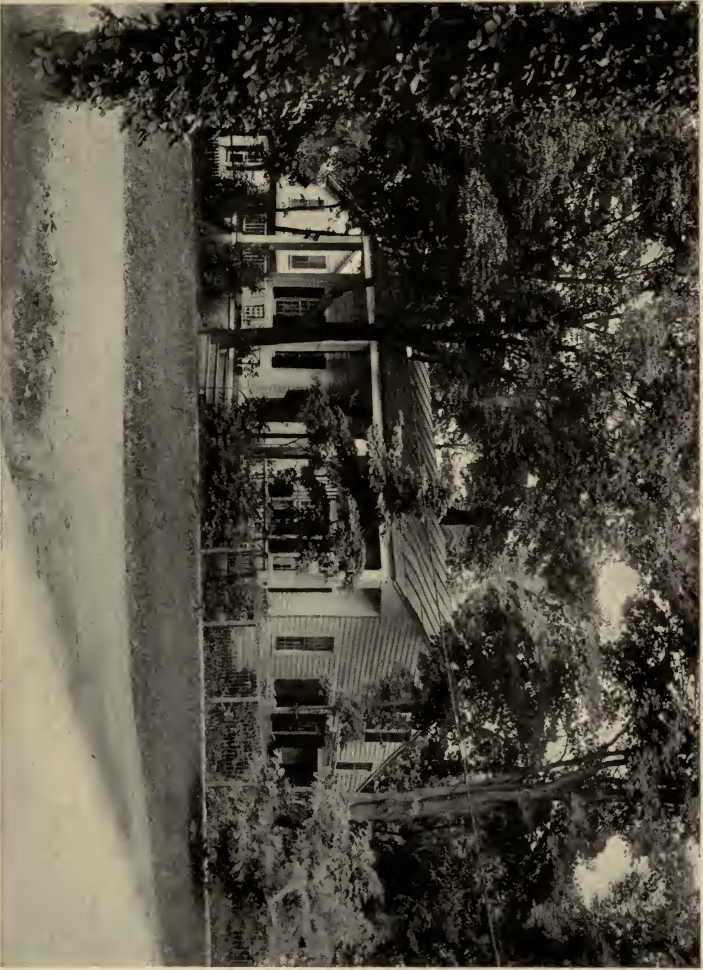
A house on Church street that attracted us by the simplicity of its architecture and something about its porch that seemed to speak of old-time comfort and hospitality was built in 1818 by Mr. Silvanus S. Mulford, who came to Montrose from Long Island. This house, which has been changed little in the hundred years that have passed over its head, has an interesting history of its own, for here lived the Reverend Elisha Mulford, who wrote *The Nation* and *The Republic of God*, books widely read in their day. Another writer who lived in this house for several years was Miss Emily Blackman, who compiled a voluminous and important history of Susquehanna County. In the early years of the last century William Jessup brought his bride to Montrose, and they lived for some time with

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his sister, Mrs. Mulford. Mr. Jessup was later an influential man in this part of the State, and was Judge of the County Court in the fifties. In 1835 Mr. Mulford sold his house to Mr. Jerre L. Lyons, who came to Montrose from Colerain, Massachusetts, with four brothers. One of the brothers, Lorenzo Lyons, was a missionary in the Sandwich Islands for fifty-five years. A son of Mr. Jerre L. Lyons, of the same name, was a missionary in Syria for some years.

The Biddle and Drinker families lived for years in Montrose. Miss Anna Drinker was a poetess, known in literature as Edith May, it being the fashion in her day for women writers to modestly conceal their identity under a *nom de plume*.

Among its other attractions Montrose has a delightful library on the wide village green opposite the Court House. We could spend many pleasant and profitable hours in this building, as there are valuable books of reference here as well as lighter literature. This library was founded by Miss Clementine Cope, a Germantown woman, who spent some summers in Montrose years ago, and whose country home stands on the road to Dimock. Being one of the wise ones of the earth, she realized that no community of young people can be expected to grow up into intelligent citizenship without having access to good books.



THE MULFORD-LYONS HOUSE, MONTROSE

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Even with all the allurements that this charming village offered, we resolutely turned our backs upon it and set forth for Asylum. Craddock, who unlike men in general and chauffeurs in particular, does not object to asking questions, has been told that the best road is by Rush, a town which seems to have been named after a distinguished jurist in this region, and then on by Wyalusing and Wysox. We had the address of a hotel or inn in Asylum, and of another in Towanda; but as both of these places were unexplored regions to us, we left Montrose very early in order to have some hours of daylight in which to find accommodations for the night. After further inquiries at Wysox we concluded to motor on to Towanda, and in this case "wisdom was justified of her children," as we found a comfortable stopping place in this town, which is a place of some importance, being the county seat.

We motored over to Asylum the next day, and found it much as it had been described to us and well situated in a lovely bend of the Susquehanna. The township of Asylum lies between those of Towanda and Montrose, the river forming the boundary on the north and east, between it and the townships of Wysox, Standing Stone and Wyalusing. The growing American town has pushed the early French settlement into the background; but its traditions are still

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a part of the life of the place. The colony at Asylum is said to have been organized by the Viscount Louis de Noailles and another French nobleman, two wealthy Frenchmen, driven to this country by the upheaval in Europe. These gentlemen purchased an immense tract of land in what is now Bradford County, and established on the banks of the Susquehanna, just below the broad, low plateau occupied by the halfbreeds, a colony of Frenchmen, and called the place "Azylum." It has come to be known as Frenchtown to succeeding generations. Many of the refugees who came here belonged to the nobility, and to people of luxurious habits pioneer life in log cabins was naturally hard, and to add to their discomfort, most of the servants whom they brought over deserted them. As these *émigrés* were helpless people, who could not cook, and were even unaccustomed to dress themselves, their case was far from ideal. The annals relate that they were also often in danger on account of the people of "The Tribe" living on the neighboring hills. When Napoleon came into power he sent for them all to return, and most of them gladly deserted their cabins among the giant trees and went back to sunny France. Others were scattered through this region, only a few families remaining in Asylum. Of the descendants of those who remained, some are still to be found here. Batholomew la Porte

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was one of those who stayed on in Asylum, and we find his name perpetuated in the town of La Porte in Sullivan County. Judge La Porte, a son of the first settler, according to Mrs. Perkins, was born at Asylum in 1798, where he lived and cultivated one of the most extensive farms in the country. He served five years in the Legislature, being elected Speaker during the last session of his service.¹

Another French settler who remained in Bradford, then Luzerne County, was Charles Homet, who came to the United States in 1793, and to Asylum three years later, where he lived to the end of his days. The name Homet was given to a ferry a few miles south of Asylum.

General Durell was one of the well-known exiles, and we passed through a town north of Asylum which bears his name. Other names still to be found here are Le Fevre, Prevost and D'Autremont. Mr. J. M. Piolette settled at Wysox and Mr. Delpeuch, Mr. Peuch and others near Towanda.

Now that she is dead and can do no harm, Queen Esther is one of the cherished memories of this region; indeed, her claims bid fair to rival in interest those of the French settlers. Traditions about her, so often repeated that they have become history, true or false, are something

¹ "Early Times on the Susquehanna," by Mrs. George A. Perkins.

of an asset here, as they seem to bring curious visitors to this region. The older inhabitants love to talk about her. Sarah has encountered several of them, as she always does! they seem to come to her without any apparent effort on her part, drawn to her by natural attraction as the magnet draws the needle. Kathleen and I stand beside her and listen to all that she draws forth. According to these people, the savage queen was a tall stately woman, very beautiful and a rather pleasant person in everyday life, when the lust for blood was not urging her on to deeds of horror. And Mrs. Perkins gives the same impression gathered from the personal recollections of her aunt, Mrs. Durkee. "After the war closed, she (Queen Esther) was often passing from Tioga to Onondaga, unprotected. One time while Mrs. Durkee was residing in Scipio, N. Y., she came to her house on her way to Onondaga, with a sister who was much intoxicated, carrying a papoose on her back, and inquired in broken English if she could stay there through the night and sleep on the kitchen floor. Mrs. Durkee being well acquainted with her, she was permitted to stay until morning and then went on her way. If, as some suppose, the Indians have descended from the lost tribes of Israel, her name might be thus accounted for; or, what is more probable, she might have derived it from the Moravian missionaries, who

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had many stations among them and whose names they often adopted. She married Tom Hill, an Indian as forbidding as herself, and after she left Tioga she went to Onondaga to reside."²

Mrs. Perkins says that there was no foundation for the story that Queen Esther and Catherine Montour were one and the same. It is now generally believed that the savage Queen was the daughter of Andrew Montour and his Delaware Indian wife, which would make her the granddaughter of the noted Madame Montour. Andrew Montour was himself the oldest son of Roland Montour and Margaret Frontenac, the daughter of the Count de Frontenac, Governor of New France, by a Huron squaw. Margaret Frontenac was afterwards known all over the middle colonies as Madame Montour, and was, unlike her granddaughter, friendly to the whites.

Esther Montour and Mollie Brant, the sister of Joseph Brant, the celebrated Indian chief of the Iroquois, were both said to have been prime favorites of Sir William Johnson, and in their youth to have spent much of their time at his great house in the Mohawk Valley. Be this as it may, both of these Indian women had sons named William Johnson, and Queen Esther's hatred of the whites became an uncontrollable fury when her son William was slain at Wyom-

²"Early Days on the Susquehanna," by Mrs. George A. Perkins.

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ing, and in the concluding part of the fight she herself led her halfbreeds, with tomahawk waving aloft and urging her savages on with horrid screams and imprecations.

After this there came the tragedy of Bloody Rock.

“Are the stories sufficiently thrilling to satisfy you?” I asked, turning to Kathleen.

“Quite, I had no idea that there was so much material for a romance in Pennsylvania. What a wonderful novel could be written about this region, something even finer than Conan Doyle’s *Refugees!* His descriptions of Johnson Hall are very interesting; but if he had brought his French hero and heroine down here, what a story he could have made of the life here at Asylum, and the troubles with the Indians and halfbreeds!

“Yes, and Chambers might have made something fine about Asylum in *Cardigan*, especially if he had brought his story down to 1797, when the Orleans princes were here. Louis Philippe, afterwards King of the French, and his brothers, the Duke de Montpensier and Count Beaujolais, were traveling incognito at this time, and were said to have come to Asylum by way of Canandaigua and Tioga Point. On their return trip by boat they stopped overnight at the ‘Arnold Tavern’ in Wilkes-Barré. These distinguished visitors probably met some of their friends

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among the refugees at Asylum, or Frenchtown, as it was often called.”

After making inquiries, Craddock found that the best way to reach Pottsville was by the State Highway, which runs quite near the Susquehanna at Wyalusing. This road goes through Athens, where we were told again that this town was once Tioga Point, and that the site of Queen Esther’s town was quite near. She has certainly left her mark all through this region.

“She was a distinguished woman whatever her reputation may have been,” said Kathleen. “I’d like to see her picture, we always have pictures of celebrities now. I only hope Catlin painted her portrait, all these people say that she was very handsome.”

XV
DOWN THE SCHUYLKILL TO POTTSVILLE
AND READING

WE stopped overnight in Wilkes-Barré and came down through Hazleton and another great coal region to Pottsville. The latter part of our trip was by the Schuylkill, which rises in the mountains south of Hazleton. Pottsville is another hill town in among the mountains, and the land in and around it was once a great pine forest, where the breakers and culm banks now stand.

Coal has been the great interest here for years, and a sharp rivalry has long been maintained between this and other towns in the coal belt as to which one first found the precious black rocks. While Sarah pursued her genealogical researches at the Historical Society, Kathleen and I wandered about the town, uphill and down dale, and in the course of our rambles we were so fortunate as to meet an acquaintance who told us many interesting tales about this region and gave us a paper to read which answered some of our questions about the discovery of coal. There seems to be no doubt that Philip Ginther, a hunter, discovered coal at Summit Hill, Mauch Chunk, in 1791, while try-

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ing to dig out some game which had "holed" among the rocks; but earlier than that, in 1768, specimens of anthracite coal were found in Wyoming and sent to England. Captain Halberstadt has official evidence that seven or eight years before Ginther's discovery there was a coal mine in Pottsville, and his proof rests upon an Act approved by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, March 15, 1784, for the improvement of the navigation of the Schuylkill, so as to make it passable at all times, by enabling the inhabitants to bring their produce to market, furnishing the county adjoining the same and the city of Philadelphia with coal, masts, boards, etc.

This is incontrovertible evidence that coal was found here before 1784, unless indeed the good citizens of Pottsville were prophets and were making their arrangements for the future on the strength of visions of the black rock which had come to them. Even earlier than this there were evidences of coal having been found in this vicinity, for Scull's map, which was issued in 1770, shows that coal had been seen and located on this map, for in no less than five places there appear conventional signs and over them the word "coal." "As to three of these localities there is not the slightest doubt. The first and nearest to Pottsville is on the Sunbury road, between the west branch of Norwegian Creek and Minersville, at a point at or near the junc-

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tion of this road with the road from York Farm Colliery, known as the Bull's Head road. The others are apparently near Silvertown Junction, the first on the north side of the west branch of the Schuylkill, about midway between Westwood Station and Silvertown Junction, the other on the west side of the branch flowing south from Llewellyn. The other localities are either in or very near Ashland. Comparing the water-courses on this map, made over one hundred and forty-six years ago, with the maps but recently made, one is struck by the near approach to accuracy of that map of long, long ago. At a time, indeed, when unfriendly Indians lurked about them, habitations were few and far between, the surveyors subsisted on provisions carried with them and upon the game they were able to kill. All honor to these hardy fellows for the excellent surveys they made while enduring, no doubt, hardships and deprivations. In their maps they have left to posterity imperishable monuments. It is to be regretted that the names of all members of the several field parties do not appear on the maps. Their names, however, are preserved in the surveyors' note books."¹

The most interesting account of an experiment in the use of coal is that given by Colonel Shoemaker:

¹ Monograph by Captain Baird Halberstadt of Pottsville.

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“I was induced to make the venture of taking the coal to Philadelphia from the success attending its use at Pottsville, both in the blacksmith shop and for warming houses, and I could not believe that so useful an article was intended to always lie in the earth unnoticed and unknown. When I induced Mr. Mellon to try the coal in the rolling mill I accompanied the coal to the mill, arriving there in the evening. The foreman of the mill pronounced the coal to be stones and not coal, and that I was an impostor in seeking to palm off such on his employer as coal. As a fair trial of it by this man or the men under him could not be expected, it was arranged between myself and Mellon, who was a practical workman, to experiment with the coal early next morning before the workmen came.

“We accordingly repaired to the mill in the morning and kindled a fire in one of the furnaces with wood on which we placed the coal. After it began to ignite Mellon was inclined to use the poker, against which I cautioned him. Shortly after we were called to breakfast, previous to which I had observed the blue blaze of the kindling anthracite just breaking through the body of the coal; then I knew it was all right if it were let alone, and I directed the men left in charge not to use the poker or open the furnace door until our return.

“When we returned, we found the furnace

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in a perfect glow of white heat. The iron was put in and heated in much less time than usual and it passed through the mills with unusual facility and in the language of the workmen 'like lead.' "

The above story was told by Colonel Shoemaker at a meeting of the Board of Trade of the Schuylkill County Coal Associations in 1823.

Soon after anthracite coal was discovered in Schuylkill County, Samuel Wetherill, Stephen Girard and two other Philadelphia gentlemen drove to Pottsville and bought large tracts of coal land. Mr. Wetherill had several tons hauled in wagons to Philadelphia, piled up in front of his factory, and a notice put up inviting citizens to take some of the fuel, known then as black rock, free of charge and try it. One experimenter became impatient after several attempts to ignite the "black rock," and threw it into the fireplace in despair, disgusted with the d— stuff, as he expressed it, when to his surprise the black rock soon became as red as the burning wood, and the new fuel suddenly became popular.

The most thrilling page in the history of Pottsville is that which relates to the Mollie Maguires, a secret association composed of less than six hundred members that for years terrorized this region. It seems almost incredible that so small an organization should have

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wielded such absolute power. The Mollie Maguires professed to be a branch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians' Board of Erin, and while all were Catholics, the church repudiated them because of their lawlessness. They became active about 1865, and for several years pursued a policy of murder, their chief victims being mine officials, and the center of their activities being Pottsville and four or five other towns in the coal region. In 1873 conditions had become so intolerable in consequence of the network of intrigue that this organization had spread over the township and the many murders committed that Franklin B. Gowen, president of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, called on Alan Pinkerton to use his detective forces to ferret out the murderers. Pinkerton sent James McParlan, a bright young detective, to the coal regions. The personal risk was, of course, very great; but McParlan entered with spirit into the adventure, and his description of his penetrating into the secret meeting-places of the conspirators reads like a Sherlock Holmes romance. He even ventured into the headquarters of the gang, a hotel and saloon kept by their "big chief," Jack Kehoe, always creating the impression that he was one of their active members, the while constantly transmitting reports of the gang's activities to his chief and captain, Robert J. Linden, of

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Philadelphia, commander of the coal and iron police. Through McParlan's efforts, who was "McKenna" to the Mollies, seventy arrests were made, and evidence obtained which sent many to prison for varying terms; twelve were convicted of murder in the first degree and hanged; four of murder in the second degree; four as accessories, six of perjury, one of assault and battery and one of aiding a murderer to escape.

Some of the older residents of Pottsville recall the exciting days of the trial of the Mollie Maguires and of Mr. Gowen's wonderful presentation of the case against the outlaws, which lasted for many hours, but was so eloquent and convincing that they never thought of fatigue and were unwilling to leave the court room until its conclusion. The breaking up of the intolerable tyranny of this secret organization was said to be largely due to Mr. Gowen's untiring efforts, and in the face of great obstacles, this region having been so completely terrorized that it was almost impossible to obtain a jury.

Among the lawyers who tried these cases at a risk to their own lives were Judge Pershing, Judge Green, Judge Walker, of Pottsville, and many other jurists equally well known.

Our day and night in Pottsville were certainly interesting and exciting, with all the thrilling tales that were poured into our ears.

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Sarah was not as well pleased with her day's work, as she did not find all that she wished at the Historical Society. She may, however, be more fortunate in Reading to-morrow.

The city of Reading is spoken of in a Gazetteer that was issued from the press of the Baileys at Yorick's Head on High, or Market, Street, Philadelphia, about 1795, as "a post town chiefly inhabited by Germans, remarkable for the manufacture of wool hats and containing about six hundred houses." This description seems odd enough when we stroll through the large prosperous city of to-day with its handsome buildings and its over one hundred thousand inhabitants. The handsome Carnegie Library was only built in 1898; but many of the books which it houses date back to the old library established here in 1808. The fine jail, which looks like a castle of the middle ages, is of comparatively modern date. Of this institution the citizens of Reading are said to take pride for two good reasons—on account of its architectural excellence and its dwindling patronage. The only building that seemed to us very old is the Quaker Meeting House, which is not so very old after all, as it was built in the last century.

Although the life of to-day so overshadows the older town, Reading is an old place, having been laid out in 1748, and on an original Penn Manor. It may be said to the honor of the good

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proprietary that although he had a grant for the land from Charles II, he also paid the Indians of this region for their interest in it. The streets were at first named after members of the Penn family, the one called after the Proprietary is still known by that name and is one of the principal business streets of the city; but Thomas, Richard and Margaret have given place to the more convenient but less attractive names of First, Second, Third and Fourth Streets. No encroaching business activities, however, can take away from Reading its delightful situation upon the river, with the mountains rising above it.

This town experienced some exciting days in the autumn of 1777, when many of the inhabitants of Philadelphia took refuge here. Duffy's Tavern was a well-known stopping-place in those days. Jacob Hiltzheimer recorded in his diary that he sent his goods to Reading and to Northampton County, and he and his family came here later and stopped with General Mifflin, who had a farm near Reading which he called Angelica.

Under date of October 6th, he wrote: "Set out from Trenton with my family for Reading, crossed the Delaware at Coryell's, and was directed to one Armitage, Bucks County, but he refused to give us lodgings, as did one Balderston, at the next farm, but at the third farm we were more fortunate.

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“October 10th.—Arrived at Reading, where we were received by General Mifflin in his usual warm manner.”

Some years later, under more cheerful conditions, Mr. Hiltzheimer recorded a jaunt to Reading with some friends, this time to a Christmas festivity, and under date of December 25, 1787:

“Christmas. We three went to Reading, by invitation of General D. Broadhead, and dined with him. There were nine at the table: Mr. C. Read, Mr. Dundass, Mr. D. Clymer, Mr. Moore, General Mifflin, Captain Falkner and myself.”

Those who are familiar with Hiltzheimer's diary and the number and character of the dinners he attended can readily imagine what a jovial meal that was, and it is altogether safe to assert that there were some liquids as well as solids dispensed.

Other estates in the lovely rolling country around Reading are those of the Heber Smiths, the Baers, De Bennevides, Keims, Hiesters and Clymers. Joanna Furnace has been in the Smith family 130 years, the furnace having been erected in 1790 and the mansion in 1805. Several thousand acres of woodland are connected with the property. The furnace was in operation until shortly before the death of Colonel L. Heber Smith in 1898, but is now practically in ruins, but the surroundings are most picturesque and beautiful, the house is in good condition and

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is still occupied during the summer by the family of Colonel Smith. At Birdsboro, not far from Reading, is the Brooke estate and the old Manor House, which is still standing.

To add to the historic interest of this region, we were told that the house in which Daniel Boone, the Kentucky pioneer was born, still stands about eight miles east of Reading, and still more important the Lincoln homestead, owned by Abraham Lincoln's ancestors, is about six miles southeast of Reading. Mr. Cyrus T. Fox, Secretary of the Historical Society of Berks County, told us that he had a talk with Mr. Lincoln on the subject of his Berks County ancestry several weeks before his assassination.

After we had seen something of Reading and taken some of the beautiful drives, we decided to go to Allentown, as Sarah wished to see a house there built by James Allen, of Philadelphia, in 1770, and named Trout Hall, for the reason, as given by the owner, that all the mountain streams in the vicinity, the Jordan, Little Lehigh and many of the others abounded in fine trout.

“A very good reason, certainly, for a man of sporting tastes!” said Sarah, “and we really must have a full day in Allentown; there is another old house that we should see, and as Bethlehem is so near, why not go there for Sunday? Nothing could be more interesting than to spend a Sunday in the old Moravian town. And then,”



TROUT HALL, ALLENTOWN, BUILT BY JAMES ALLEN IN 1770

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—we waited for the conclusion of the sentence, and Sarah, being an honest woman, added—
“and then, there are treasures in the Moravian Archives that I have always wanted to see.”

“And so you shall,” said Kathleen, “and I have friends there who will take us to Nazareth and all the places around Bethlehem.”

The ride from Reading to Allentown is through a rolling, highly-cultivated country, with mountains in the distance to break in upon the sameness of the immense fields of corn and great meadows with streams running through them; and as for white chickens, there seemed to be thousands of them dotted over the green. We had seen many chicken farms; but never so many beautiful white fowls anywhere as there are here in Berks County.

Kathleen was enchanted with these farms and wished to go into the chicken business at once. She even went so far as to get Craddock to stop at the Maxatawny Inn at Kutztown to ask if there were any farms for sale in the neighborhood.

Of course, there were farms to sell; there are any number of them waiting to be sold, especially to prosperous-looking travelers, who tour in a Rolls-Royce.

The road which runs for some distance near the trolley line is very good and as we sped along through Breinigsville and Trexlertown, I remembered that the ancestors of the Trexlers,

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of Allentown, settled near here before 1720 on land purchased from Caspar Wister, and here Peter Trexler, son of Peter Trexler, the settler, was born in 1721. He was a useful citizen, having served as Colonial Justice of the Peace from 1753 to 1776, and afterwards as a Justice of the Peace for the United States. He was also one of the first county commissioners of Northampton County. Judge Trexler is the ancestor of General H. C. Trexler and the Hon. Frank M. Trexler, of Allentown.

I once made this trip in May and can never forget the beauty of the farms of this region and the great orchards, with the pear blossoms still like a white cloud upon the trees, and the apple blossoms in full pink and white perfection. General Trexler's vast apple orchards were a joy to behold and the blossoms filled the air with fragrance. Those fortunate travelers who have been to Japan say that nothing outside of that Island Kingdom can equal these Allentown orchards.

Our roads have been beside rivers so much of the route that we quite missed them on our tour from Reading to Allentown, and we did not even cross Jordan Creek, as that mountain stream flows into the Lehigh River north of Allentown. Here the Lehigh makes a sudden curve in order to flow through the old town of Bethlehem and on to Easton, where it joins the Delaware.

XVI

ALLENTOWN, BETHLEHEM AND CHESTER

ALLENTOWN is set down in "Scott's Gazetteer" of 1795 as a handsome and flourishing town of Northampton County, with about ninety dwellings. At that time there were only twenty-three counties in Pennsylvania, and Lehigh was still a part of Northampton County. The Allentown of to-day certainly presents a striking contrast to this description, with its wide streets, fine residences, extensive and handsome hospital, college buildings and many churches.

We were fortunate in having friends in Allentown who took us about, showed us the places we wished to see, and at Trout Hall which is now the headquarters of the Lehigh Historical Society we met some of its members, who told us many interesting things about the town and the old houses here.

It seems that Northampton was the name given to Allentown, when Chief Justice Allen had the town laid out in 1762 on his land. Even before this, Mr. Allen, having become the owner of five thousand acres on the west bank of the Lehigh, had built for himself a log house, near the banks of Jordan Creek, to be used for his

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friends and himself as a hunting and fishing lodge. This log house of 1740 was the first building on the Allen tract, and in 1763 sixteen men were taxed as residents of the village, among them Simon Brenner, Martin Derr, David Deshler, Peter Schwab and Judge Rhoads who had already built a substantial stone house here. The streets of the new town were named for prominent men in the Province, as Penn, Hamilton, Chew, Allen, Turner, and also after the streets of Philadelphia.

Colonel James Burd was evidently interested in the new town as he bought several lots here as early as 1762, and had a house built on his property; but during the next years, while Chief Justice Allen and his daughters were in England, a serious calamity befell the little town, which changed Colonel Burd's plans, and seriously retarded its growth. "On the 8th of October," says Mr. Charles R. Roberts, "a band of Indians descended upon Allen and Whitehall townships, only six miles distant from Allentown, and killed fifteen persons. In a few hours the town was crowded with refugees, and although it was Sunday, Rev. Jacob Joseph Roth, a Lutheran minister, who was conducting a service in the log church at Hamilton and Church Streets, was compelled to stop the service and assist Colonel Burd, who had arrived in the town, to form a company to protect the town.

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George Wolf was chosen Captain, and Abraham Rinker, Lieutenant, of a company of twenty-five men organized."

Writing of this event later Colonel Burd says: "This new Indian war has altered the situation of my affairs greatly. I thought to have been very pleasantly situated at Northampton with my family and have rendered some small marks of my gratitude to one of my best friends. I think it would be best if agreeable to Mr. Allen and you that Mr. Gordon should give directions about the management of the town to the best man he can find upon the spot. I mean, to prevent abuses on the Plantation, in cutting down the Timber, as it is out of my power in my present circumstances to do my worthy friend that service. The Plantation might be rented for a year until Mr. Allen should return from England if you thought proper, but the house should have a new roof immediately, otherwise it will all rot."

In 1767 Mr. Allen deeded to his son James, this town and all his land adjoining it, a princely gift of over three thousand acres, and it was he who built Trout Hall in 1770, so named "for the reason that all the streams in the vicinity, the Jordan, Little Lehigh, and Cedar Creeks and the Lehigh River, abounded in the gamy trout."

"A very good sporting reason," said Kathleen. "Those old-time gentlemen were sports

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and had good times even if they lacked many of our luxuries, and they always seem to have had leisure to enjoy themselves in their day and generation, which most people now have not."

"When you see Grouse Hall, you will believe still more in the sporting tastes of those early land holders of Allentown," said one of the local historians.

Writing in his diary in 1770, Mr. Allen said: "Two days ago I returned from Trout Hall (a name I have just given my house) where I had been with Mr. Lawrence, my brother Billy and Jenny Tilghman. We were at Heller's near the Wind Gap of ye mountain, but to our surprise did not kill one grouse." In June 1776, he wrote, "This day I set off with my family for Northampton, with the Chariot, Phæton and Sulky." In September 1776, Mr. Allen visited New York and was received by General Washington at his headquarters, "with the utmost politeness," where he found many friends. June 6, 1777, he writes: "I am now fixed here, and am very busy in gardening, planting, etc. I visit Phila. once in two months. Mr. Hamilton is now at my house; he arrived here the 17th of last month and is very happy that he is so well situated. . . . Since the Battle of Brandywine many thousand waggons passed my door and are continually passing in great numbers. All the baggage of our Army is at Bethlehem and here; and what

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with Hospitals and artificers these little towns are filled. Every day some of the inhabitants of Philadelphia are coming up to settle here. The road from Easton to Reading, by my house, is now the most travelled in America. Many of the Congress passed by this place.”¹

As we stood on the porch of Trout Hall, which was once the front of the house, and commanded a full view of this road we were told why this turnpike was so much traveled as it not only led from Easton to Reading, but also from New York to Pittsburgh. A fine sweep of land slopes down from the porch to the road which is now Union Street, and here by this old house John Adams passed in November 1777, as Mr. Allen says, and by this road were removed the great military stores which had been collected here, and at Bethlehem, and Easton, all of which were taken to Carlisle after the British entered Philadelphia.

We were taken to Grouse Hall, a little way out from the town, another fishing and hunting box; this one built by Lynford Lardner of Philadelphia who owned quite a tract of land here. This attractive house, with a long porch, beautifully shaded by great trees, was built sometime before Trout Hall, as Mr. Lardner wrote in 1753 of his tenant at Grouse Hall. It now belongs to General Trexler, in common with

¹“History of Trout Hall” by Charles R. Roberts, pp. 4-7

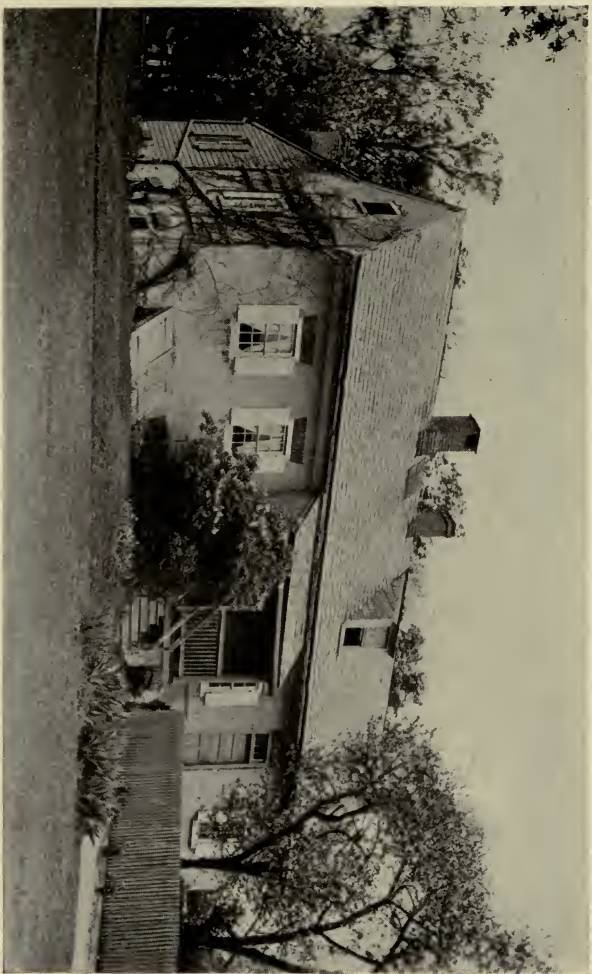
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many properties around Allentown, and is used by him very much as it was by its first owner, "Which proves," said one of our party turning to Kathleen, "that people still find time to fish and hunt game, even in this busy world."

Indeed Allentown, as we saw it to-day, seemed a gay, bright town where one might enjoy life; but then we viewed it under the most favorable circumstances, being motored to interesting places in and around the town. We even saw a large hatchery for fish where trout are cared for from babyhood to maturity, from mid-gets, the size of a pin, to the beautiful, shining creatures, with their red fins, that disported themselves joyously in the great tanks of the hatchery, a sight to arouse old Isaak Walton from his dreams to marvel over the resources of this great new world. We were told that at certain seasons the owner of the hatchery opens the sluices and allows the trout to swim into the Jordan, and other mountain streams. A most public-spirited act, and one to be commended to those who own property, where creeks and mountain streams abound!

"Think of eating trout out of the Jordan!" exclaimed Kathleen. "It seems almost sacrilegious."

"You are to have some of these trout for luncheon, not out of the Jordan, but from waters which are quite near it," said one of our friends,



SCHMITZ HOUSE, BETHLEHEM, NOW HEADQUARTERS OF RED CROSS

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pointing to a stream wandering through a lovely meadow quite close to the hatchery. The speaker proved herself to be a prophetess, as mountain trout formed the *pièce de résistance* of a luncheon fit for the gods, and were as good as they were beautiful, so having lived their happy, brief day in the water which they loved, they came crisp and brown to the festal board to add to our pleasure.

“A not unworthy mission to this world,” as one of the party remarked with a brown trout lying on his plate.

We had often been to Bethlehem, to the Bach festivals, and at Christmas and at Easter, which latter is the most interesting time of all. We knew its beauty at each season, in the spring, when the trees are decked in delicate green and the fruit trees are white with blossoms, and in the fall when the Lehigh Mountains are aflame in their gorgeous autumnal livery, and every tree and shrub is a burning bush. This year, even in July, we found Bethlehem fresh and fair, perhaps in consequence of the frequent rains; and most accommodating showers they had been, as they usually had come at night.

Here in Bethlehem we three separated for the first time, I staying with a friend in one of the old buildings and Sarah and Kathleen at the Sun Inn, on Main Street, which with its wide arched entrance on one side, and the swinging,

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painted sign of 1758, made us think of some English inn far back in the centuries, such as one sees at Glastonbury or Canterbury.

The back windows of my friend's habitation look out upon the Lehigh Mountain, which at night is quite brilliant with the lights of the college buildings, dormitories, and fraternity houses. From the front windows of this house on Church Street, we could see two very old buildings, the *Gemeinhaus* of 1741, and the first Moravian Seminary for girls, built in 1746, familiarly called the "Bell House," as it is surmounted by an ancient belfrey. This building, with its vine-covered doorways under one of which we passed, through an arched and tiled hall to a garden, is one of the most interesting houses in the old town. Since the Seminary was removed to more commodious quarters further west on Church Street, this house has been used as a home for single sisters of the Moravian Church.

Beyond the "Bell House" is the ancient hillside graveyard, with its great trees under whose overshadowing branches many of the Fathers of the Church, and the Mothers also, sleep their last sleep. Here also are the graves of a number of Christian Indians; as the early Moravians were most successful missionaries among the natives, and many interesting stories are told of their experiences with some of their converts.

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During the first visit to Bethlehem, of Count Zinzendorf, a death occurred in the community, and as Bishop Levering says: "In conducting the funeral, Zinzendorf consecrated the ground as the 'God's Acre' of the settlement, the present historic old cemetery. It was at first often called Bethlehem's Hutberg, after the hill of that name, in which the cemetery of Herrnhut is situated."²

Count Zinzendorf, himself a great missionary and leading spirit in the Church of the Unitas Fratrum, has been well represented by a long line of devoted Moravian ministers, of whom the most distinguished in America have been Bishops Edmund A. de Schweinitz of Bethlehem, and Emil de Schweinitz of Salem, North Carolina.

The present Seminary building on West Church Street is by no means of recent construction, as a portion of it was built some years before the Revolutionary War. A bronze tablet on the right side of the entrance records the fact that in this building, then used as the Brothers' House, a number of wounded Continental soldiers were cared for, in 1776 and again from September, 1777 until April, 1778. This was the time that the Marquis de Lafayette was here after the Battle of the Brandywine. He and all the other officers and soldiers were tenderly cared for by the good sisters.

²"History of Bethlehem," by Bishop Joseph M. Levering, p. 142.

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After speaking of the arrival in Bethlehem of John Hancock and a number of Congressmen in September, 1777, Bishop Levering says:

“Another came, to whose personality and sojourn at Bethlehem, a special interest and somewhat of romance attached. This was the brave and gallant young French Nobleman, the Marquis de Lafayette, whose devotion of himself and his fortune to the cause of American freedom remains one of the finest features of the sublime struggle. Wounded in the bloody conflict at Brandywine, which sent such a ghastly train to Bethlehem, he came with a suite of French officers to seek medical care at this place. From the Sun Inn he was taken to the neighboring house of George Frederick Boeckel, superintendent of the Bethlehem farm. There he was attentively nursed by Boeckel’s wife Barbara and daughter Liesel, and pretty little stories with variations, connected with his sojourn under that roof, were current among the local traditions many years afterwards.”

* * * * *

“The wounded soldiers began to arrive on September 21, and day after day, they came, besides many sick, until when on October 22, a final train of wagons arrived with their loads of groaning sufferers, they had to be sent to Easton. The surgeons refused to receive any more. There were then over four hundred in the Brothers’ House and fifty in tents in the



"BELL HOUSE," BUILT IN 1746, NOW SINGLE SISTERS HOUSE, BETHLEHEM



EASTER MORNING IN BETHLEHEM GRAVEYARD

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rear of it, besides numerous sick officers in other buildings.”³

There is another bronze tablet in the facade of the Seminary building placed there by the Sons of the Revolution, in memory of the Continental soldiers who died here. The Brothers' House is the oldest part of the building, and the rear view from the playground is quaint and picturesque. The great shaded lawn at the back of the Seminary, which extends to the river bank, is an ideal playground for the school girls during term time.

To enter into the spirit of old Bethlehem one should be here at Christmas or Easter, the latter being the great festival of the year when the members of the Church meet in the graveyard at dawn and salute one another with the Scripture words, “Christ is Risen,” a most beautiful and impressive custom!

At Christmas the interesting story of the naming of their town must often recur to its citizens of to-day. Nicholas Lewis, Count Zinzendorf, was in America in 1741 upon a missionary tour, and according to one of the early Moravian chronicles:

“The Count arrived in the Forks [of the Delaware] a few days before Christmas. While celebrating the vigils of Christmas Eve in the

³ “History of Bethlehem, Pa.,” by Joseph M. Levering, Bishop of the Moravian Church, p. 465.

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first house and as we were closing the services (it was already past 9 o'clock), the Count led the way into the stable that adjoined our dwelling and commenced singing the hymn that opens with the words, '*Nicht Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem, aus dir kommet was mir frommet,*' and from this touching incident the settlement received the name of Bethlehem."⁴

Christmas is still ushered in with a trombone serenade from the steeple of the church on the afternoon before, and is celebrated with a love feast, and in addition to this the "dieners," during the service, bring in on huge trays hundreds of lighted wax tapers, which are distributed while the congregation sings:

Behold a great, a heavenly light
From Bethlehem's manger shining bright.

It is needless to say that children look forward to this festive occasion with great delight. The glee with which these tapers are received by every child attending the love feast, as well as by most of the grown-up folks, is beautiful to behold. The solemnity of these occasions,

⁴ These lines, sung by Count Zinzendorf, were taken from a hymn by Adam Drese, which has been thus translated:

Not Jerusalem,
Rather Bethlehem
Gave us that which
Maketh life rich,
Not Jerusalem.

"History of Bethlehem," by Bishop Joseph M. Levering, p. 78.

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mingled with the sweet strains from the orchestra and the joyful faces glowing in the flickering light of the wax tapers, form a scene never to be forgotten.

So much has been said about the marriages by lot among the Moravians that we were glad to hear an explanation from one well qualified to give it, a Moravian of the Moravians:

“Its application [that of the lot] for many years to marriages in the Exclusive Church Settlements and in the case of persons officially serving as ministers or missionaries, was an attempt to carry out lofty ideals of a completely consecrated associate and individual life under Christ, the Head, and of complete subjection to Divine Guidance, believed to be given in every matter in response to simple faith, to be ascertained in this way. This particular application of the lot was relaxed in 1818. No official use of the lot by a board, involving a call or proposition to any person ever bound the persons in question without their previous knowledge or consent. *It bound the board, if affirmative, to extend the call, or make the proposition, but not the person to acquiesce, except by previous understanding.* Persons were not mated together for marriage, by a board using the lot in connecting one name with that of another without their concurrence. *All* official use of the lot was abolished by the General Synod

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of the Moravian Church held at Herrnhut in 1889.”

One of Kathleen's friends took us one afternoon up a winding road on the mountain side, through Sayre Park, by the handsome buildings of the Lehigh University, and the picturesque dormitories and fraternity houses to the very tiptop, where we stood and looked down upon the town, old and new.

The great belfry of the Moravian Church stood out against the blue sky on this fair afternoon, it and its quaint surroundings forming a strong contrast to the busy new Bethlehem, with its many smoky furnaces, a hive of steel and iron industries. And beyond the clouds of smoke in the far distance, we could see the curved line of the Blue Mountains, the Wind Gap, Lehigh Gap, and off to the right, from where we stood, the Delaware Water Gap and at the foot of the Lehigh Mountain, the shining river flowing on as it had flowed before Bethlehem became a great industrial center, and even before the good Moravians founded their community here.

On our way down from the heights we were taken by Packer Hall, the beautiful Eckley B. Coxe Mining Laboratory, and many other buildings, including the chapel where the Bach Festivals are now held. These days devoted to the music of John Sebastian Bach are foremost among the events of the year, and owe their

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great success to the untiring efforts and signal ability of Dr. J. Fred Wolle, the leader, whose grandfather played violincello and double-bass in Bethlehem nearly a century ago, and also to the warm coöperation of Mr. Albert G. Rau, and other members of this music-loving community. Dr. Henry S. Drinker, President of Lehigh University, is also the President of the Bethlehem Bach Choir and among its enthusiastic members, as are Mr. Charles M. Schwab and Mr. Warren A. Wilbur, both of whom have given generously to its support. Indeed mainly through the liberality of Mr. Schwab and Mr. Wilbur the Lehigh Valley Symphony Orchestra, has been able to give its members the pleasure of hearing a number of distinguished artists.⁵ The Bach Choir of to-day seems to be a natural successor of the "Singing Hour" described in the "Bethlehem Diary" for June, 1742, which is the earliest recorded choral festival at Bethlehem. There were eighty singers even at that early date, all directed by Count Zinzendorf.

In 1744 a spinet from London came to the help of these musicians, and in 1746 it was a great day when this spinet was supplanted by an organ which was made in Philadelphia.

Not until one hundred and fifty years after Bach's death was the Bach Choir formed at Bethlehem.

⁵ "The Bethlehem Bach Choir," by Raymond Walters.

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In September, 1899, the call for recruits was issued and in March, 1900, in the old Moravian Church, the first festival was given.

And now, Mr. Waldo says:

“All through the winter their souls are steeped in Bach until they know every shade and secret of the text and the setting. The tunes are running through their heads during housework or at the lathes of the steel mills.

“They live for Bach in order to sing the music as it was meant to be sung.”

It is interesting to know from old Moravian diaries that Dr. Franklin enjoyed the good music in Bethlehem as early as 1756, and that General Washington, on the evening of July 25, 1782, was privileged to hear music on the organ and a serenade by the redoubtable trombone choir, and that Mrs. Washington, on her way to Virginia, in June, 1779, attended an evening service in Bethlehem and enjoyed the music of choir and orchestra.

Another afternoon we were taken through Fountain Hill, where there are so many beautiful residences, across the fine Broad Street Bridge, and through a part of Bethlehem that has grown up as a result of the vast industries of the last two or three years.

We are enjoying ourselves so much that Sarah and I could be happy here for many days; but Kathleen is anxious to get back to Phila-

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delphia by Saturday. She is expecting letters—from what quarter of the globe she does not say; but they are evidently too precious to be re-mailed to her here, or anywhere else, so to-morrow we start for Chester, going by way of Allentown and Pottstown.

And so, our minds fairly saturated with antiquities, we started on our tour. Pottstown appealed to us on account of its interesting associations as well as for the beauty of the grounds surrounding the Hill School, from which there is a fine view of the river; but we only stopped for luncheon as we hoped to reach Chester before night. At Pottstown we crossed to the right bank of the Schuylkill and came down by Phoenixville, passing the great Phoenix Iron Works, which have been successfully operated by David Reeves, Sr., and his descendants since 1827, and near by, in Phoenix Park, are their delightful homes, whose hospitality we had often enjoyed. Not far from Phoenixville are the Knoll and Moore Hall, the latter a famous place in its day. In the town itself are some interesting houses, among them the Fountain Inn, which was at one time the headquarters of General Howe. In front of the inn is a marker on which is this record:

“The Farthest Inland Point Reached in the British Invasion of the Northern Colonies During the Revolutionary War, September, 21–23, 1777.”

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

“Not far away,” says Dr. Faris, “is the old General Pike Hotel, built in 1807, and directly across the road is the Jones Mansion, built by John Longstreth.

* * * * *

“Phoenixville was on the route of the Underground Railway on which so many slaves found their way to freedom in Canada. There were four stations in the neighborhood of the town, and of these the Jones Mansion was one. Visitors to the house are shown a wood closet in the chimney where the slaves were hidden during the day. Once a father and mother and their baby were crowded in these narrow quarters when the searchers came to the house after them. The baby cried, and Mrs. Jones was in agony. But the hiding place was not discovered, and that night the slaves were sent on their way.”⁶

Being near Valley Forge we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of a short visit, although we had all been here many times. Our first stop was at the Washington Memorial Chapel whose fine stained glass windows always remind me of the exquisite jeweled glass in the windows of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. This same beautiful glass has been used in the east window, placed here by the Pennsylvania Society of the Colonial Dames of America, in honor of Martha Washington, and in recogni-

⁶“Old Roads out of Philadelphia,” by Dr. John T. Faris.

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tion of her noble work at Valley Forge during the severe winter of 1777-78. The motif that runs through the Scriptural and historic scenes depicted in this window is sacrifice and is intended to represent the sacrifices made by this Colonial woman, who left her comfortable home to share with her husband the hardships of the winter in this encampment between the valley hills, and was so untiring in her efforts to add to the comfort of the soldiers under the General's command.

From the beautiful Chapel we made our way through the Park, and down a steep hill to the little stone house where the General and Mrs. Washington spent the winter. This house of Isaac Potts has been so little changed in the one hundred and thirty-nine years since the headquarters were established here that Mrs. Washington's description might almost stand for its picture to-day:

In a letter, written to Mrs. Lund Washington soon after her arrival, Mrs. Washington said: "The apartment for business is only about sixteen feet square and has a large fireplace. The house is built of stone. The walls are very thick and below a deep east window, out of which the General can look out upon the encampment, he had a box made, which appears as a part of the casement, with a blind trapdoor at the top, in which he keeps his valuable papers."

And here we found the little box beneath the

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east window, seventeen inches long and ten and a half inches deep, divided into two compartments. To think that papers upon which, to a certain extent hung the fate of a nation, should have been stored away in that tiny box seemed no less wonderful than that General Washington and his officers should have been able to hold their councils of war in this little room only thirteen feet square, even smaller than Mrs. Washington described it in writing home.

The log cabin, which the General had built to serve as a dining-room, is no longer standing. Here he dined with his "military family" and any visitors who came to Valley Forge.

Mrs. Henry Drinker, who visited the camp in April, spoke of an elegant dinner being served to herself and her companions, Mrs. Israel Pemberton, Mrs. Samuel Pleasants and Mrs. Owen Jones, after which Mrs. Washington entertained the visiting ladies in her own room.

These Quaker ladies were on their way to Winchester, Virginia, to which place their non-combatant husbands had been sent, on the advance of the British towards Philadelphia.

So many interesting associations belong to this old stone house that we were loth to leave it; but Sarah consoled herself and us by saying that it was so near our homes that we could come here often.

A short ride brought us to Malvern, and from there we found a good road to West Chester,

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through whose beautifully shaded streets we motored on to the King's Highway, one of the oldest roads in Pennsylvania over which His Majesty's mail was carried to Wilmington and Baltimore in Colonial days. We noticed a number of fine country seats in and around West Chester, and one that attracted us especially was an old Hickman Homestead, a beautiful Colonial house, on the King's Highway, which is shaded here by great maples. Soon after leaving this place we found that we were passing through Media, a town made up of pretty country homes, it seemed to us, and even more charming is its suburb, Moylan.

Craddock is a perfect genius for finding roads and taking us by interesting places, and we were not surprised when he announced that we were now on the Providence Road and quite near Lapidea, the home of Senator Sproul.⁷ We stopped to see this fine old place, which belonged many years ago to Thomas Leiper, an able and enterprising Scotchman who came to America some years before the Revolution. Leiper made money and used it and his own ability for the benefit of his adopted country. He bought a large tract of land in what was then Chester County, which is said to have formed a continuous strip from the site of the present

⁷ At this date, July 1917, The Hon. William C. Sproul was still State Senator, as the election which made him Governor of Pennsylvania came in the next year.

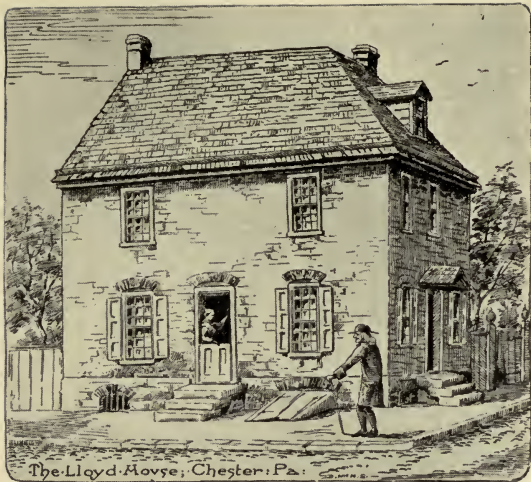
IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

Swarthmore College to the Delaware River. The house looked down upon the ravine of the creek and over into a wooded landscape on the other side. It was here that Thomas Leiper built his house, in 1785, on Crum Creek, which he named Strathaven.

This house is still standing complete, opposite the quarry, immediately back of the Lapidea grounds and is occupied by Callender Irvine Leiper, a grandson of the first Thomas Leiper, who was born in 1740.

The Senator and Mrs. Sproul were away from home at the time of our call; but we were hospitably entertained by their nephew and niece. This young couple showed us their own home on the grounds, a very picturesque old building, Lapidea Cottage, which bears the date of its erection, 1737, below the eaves, in the front of the house. Some antiquarians give it an earlier date.

We were told that Thomas Leiper had built houses for his four sons. Another house is at Leiperville on the Chester Pike, and is surrounded now by industrial establishments and workmen's homes, and still another one was the old house which stood on the Lapidea grounds for many years. A fine doorway from this house forms a side entrance to Lapidea Mansion. The third house of this great builder, Leiper, was erected in 1818 for his son James Leiper, who married the daughter of Pierce Crosby, a



LAPIDEA COTTAGE, BUILT 1727, NOW ON ESTATE OF GOV. WILLIAM C. SPROUL

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wealthy and influential man, who lived in the old Crosby House at "Crosbyville," which is now on 24th Street, in the city of Chester. This house of 1818 now forms the central portion of the spacious and handsome Lapidea Mansion.

In walking through the grounds we were attracted by the clock tower with its old bell, which struck an hour rather alarming to us, as we wished to reach Chester before nightfall. This bell it seems was cast at Bristol, England, in 1741, and for one hundred and fifteen years was the only church-bell in Chester. The bell hung on the old St. Paul's Church and its jangling during their quiet services was a source of much annoyance to the members of the only other religious denomination represented in Chester at the time, the Friends, whose meeting house was near the church. They adopted some resolutions protesting against it, and even ventured the assertion that "their bell-unsummoned feet needed no direction in finding their place of worship."

Still laughing over this delightfully original protest, we turned away from Lapidea with reluctance and set forth for Chester, still on the Providence Road, which Sarah tells us is sometimes called the Leopard Road and was one of the first highways to be laid out in Pennsylvania, adding: "This is certainly a case of the first being last, for as the oldest town in the State, Chester should have been our first stopping-

place instead of being left for the last lap of our journey. I am really ashamed that I have never stood upon the spot where our good Proprietary landed, when I have been to Plymouth more than once and stood upon the rock where Mary Chilton is said to have first stepped."

"This must be the place," said Craddock, stopping the car near a boulder, now some distance back from the river, which proves how much the shore of the Delaware has changed, as the tablet says that William Penn landed on this spot on the 29th day of October, 1682.

"It was upon a Sunday, the Friends' first day," said Sarah, "and then according to the ancient chronicle, 'with hearts full of gratitude, the little band at once proceeded to the house of Robert Wade, where the religious meetings of the Society were held, and gave thanks for their safe deliverance from sickness, death, the perils of the deep, and the persecutions of their native land.' It is all so interesting, and no wonder that these people were thankful to land after a voyage of fifty-three days!"

"Yes," said Kathleen, trying to rise to Sarah's height of enthusiasm, "I wouldn't have missed coming here for anything."

"Nor would I," and then remembering Smith's caustic account of the naming of Chester, I repeated it as well as I could recall it. The little town then bore the Swedish name of Ooplandt or Upland:

ALLENTOWN, BETHLEHEM AND CHESTER

“Without reflection Penn determined that the name of this place should be changed. Turning around to his friend Pearson, one of his own Society, who had accompanied him in the ship *Welcome*, he said, ‘Providence has brought us here safe. Thou hast been the companion of my perils. What wilt thou that I should call this place?’ Pearson said, ‘Chester’, in remembrance of the city from whence he came. William Penn replied that it should be called Chester, and that when he divided the land into counties, one of them should be called by the same name. Thus from a mere whim the name of the oldest town; the name of the whole settled part of the Province; the name that would naturally have a place in the affections of a large majority of the inhabitants of the new Province, was effaced to gratify the caprice or vanity of a friend. All great men occasionally do little things.”⁸

“Very unjust,” said Sarah. “William Penn never did anything so small, and Chester is a good old English name after all, and this town can never make a nobler boast than that within *her* limits was first proclaimed, upon the soil of Pennsylvania, as great a declaration of republican liberty, as that drawn up in the cabin of the *Mayflower* in 1620.

“Here are the words,” and from a paper Sarah read standing by the boulder:

⁸ “History of Chester County, Pennsylvania,” by Futhey and Cope, p. 21.

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

“Whereas, the glory of God Almighty, and the good of mankind, are the reason and end of government, and therefore government itself is a venerable ordinance of God, and forasmuch as it is principally desired and intended by the proprietary, and governor and freemen of the Province of Pennsylvania, and the territories thereunto belonging, to make and establish such laws as shall best preserve true Christian and civil liberty, in opposition to all unchristian, licentious and unjust practices, whereby God may have his due, Cæsar his due, and the people their due, from tyranny and oppression on the one side, and insolency and licentiousness on the other; so that the best and firmest foundation may be laid for the present and future happiness of both the governor and the people of this Province and territories, and their posterity.”

As Kathleen and I turned from the boulder, while Sarah still lingered beside it, she said: “Now that we have seen the wonderful stone, why can’t we go back to Philadelphia to-night?”

“You forget, my dear,” I said, “that we have an engagement to dine and stop overnight with the C——’s, in Upland, and then Sarah would be heartbroken if we should leave Chester without seeing the Court House which she tells us is the oldest public building in Pennsylvania. Why are you so anxious to go to Philadelphia to-night?”

“I am expecting a cable, Serina.”

ALLENTOWN, BETHLEHEM AND CHESTER

“So I thought, but it is too soon to have a cable from Mr. Henderson.”

“How did you know?”

“How could I help knowing?” I said with a laugh.

We made an early start the next morning as our friends wished to take us to the oldest house in Chester, which was built by Caleb Pusey in 1683. In this little, two-story building on Race Street, the Proprietary stopped upon the occasion of his visits to Chester.

The old colored woman who has made her home here for over forty years seems much attached to her historic environment, and was evidently disturbed by the contrast which we drew between this humble cottage and the English mansions which William Penn frequented. She, however, solaced herself by giving us some side lights upon Pennsylvania history.

“I allus liked the name,” she said, “ ’cause it’s the husband and wife, Penn and Sylvania, that was her name.”

“Whose name?” we asked.

“Why, Mrs. Penn’s name, a gemmen come here and told me all about it.”

“But Sylvania was not her name, Mrs. William Penn’s name was Gulielma,” and while Sarah, true to herself, stopped to explain the derivation of the name of the Province of Penn-

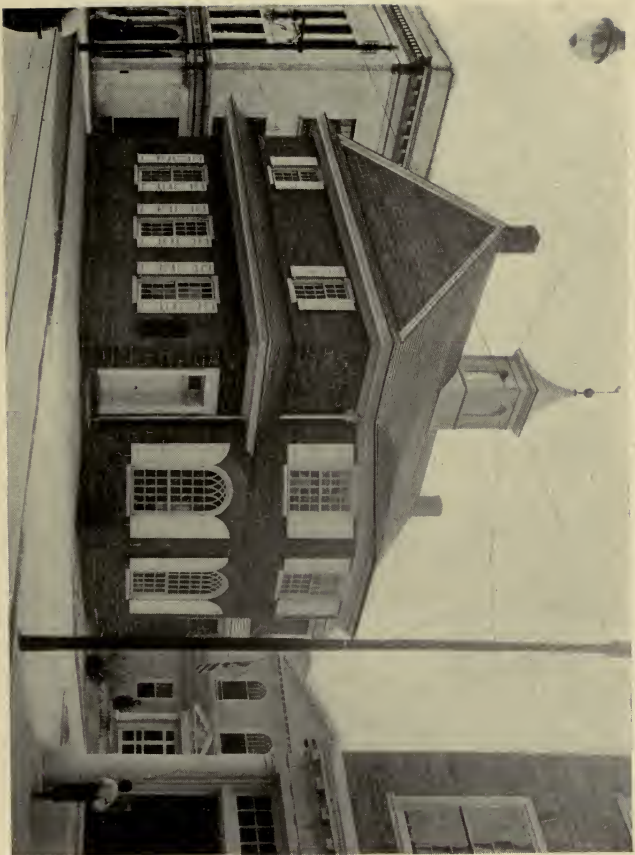
IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS

sylvania, Kathleen and I made our escape in order to enjoy a laugh outside. Sarah's only reward for her pains was to have the woman say, as she left some coins in her hand, "Yes'm, every one that comes along tells me a different story."

As we motored along Fifth Street we were interested to learn that here in Chester we were still on the King's Highway. We soon after turned into Market Street and saw the old Court House, which has been restored recently, and with so much care that it is a perfect reproduction of the ancient building of which we saw a picture in the Mayor's office. Everything has been done with the greatest care and after a thorough study of the lines of the Court House of 1724, and so the restored building will stand as a valuable memorial of early days in the Province of Pennsylvania.⁹

⁹ The author must plead guilty to an anachronism here, as the Court House was not restored until 1920, and by Governor William C. Sproul. In speaking of it the Governor said:

"I have just finished restoring it [the Court House] under a contract with the city that it shall be maintained as a public building forever. I have always had great fear that it would be torn down, and its valuable site sold to provide funds for the erection of some modern city building in another location. It is really very quaint and beautiful, and is particularly interesting to me, in view of the fact that my great-great-great-grandfather, Nathaniel Newlin, was one of the Commissioners who built it and he sat there as a Justice for many years. When it was erected, there were only the three original counties in Pennsylvania—Philadelphia, Bucks and Chester—Chester County extended as far west as the Province was settled. It served for sixty-two years as the Court House for Chester County and sixty-one years as the Court House for Delaware County and sixty-eight years as the borough and City Hall of Chester."



COURT HOUSE, CHESTER, BUILT 1724, RESTORED 1920

ALLENTOWN, BETHLEHEM AND CHESTER

In the course of his work on the Court House, the architect, Mr. Clarence Wilson Brazer, has run across some interesting Chester data. It appears that Governor Sproul in restoring the old building is following in the footsteps of his ancestor, Nathaniel Newlin, who was a member of the Provincial Assembly for Chester County that appropriated the money for building the old Court House, in addition to being one of the Commissioners who had charge of the erection of the original building. Other members of the board were Robert Pyle and Samuel Hollingsworth.

To add to the charm of this part of Chester, across a green courtyard and behind the old Court House a new City Hall has been erected which is on the same lines as the older building, and across the street opposite the old Court House is the Washington House, where General Washington wrote his official report of the Battle of the Brandywine. As we left Chester, and motored through Upland, which has so many beautiful residences, we rejoiced that the busy manufacturing city of Chester numbers among her citizens those who value her many ancient land marks, and are willing to spend time and money for their preservation.

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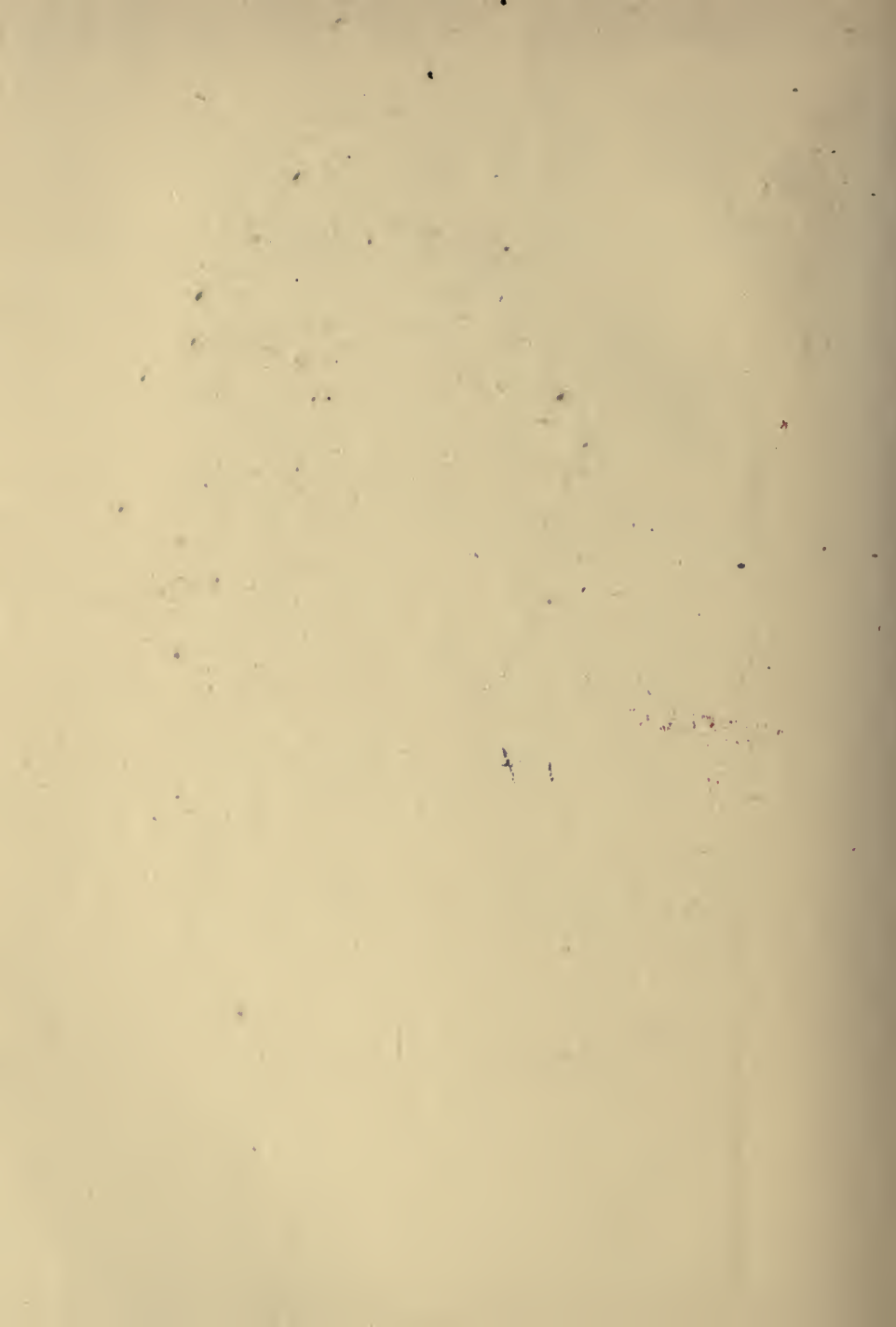
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