




1853 - 1875.

The 'State Hoop House' was taken down in 1869. The original painting of it is in possession of Samuel Croft of Philadelphia. - Parishes No. 5. 1873.



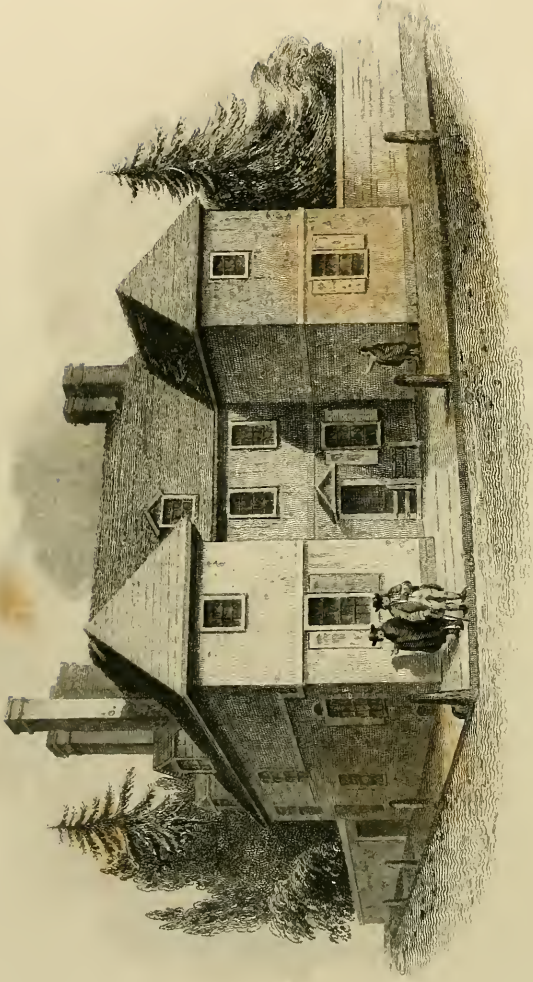
Cy. E. W. Norris.

1875-1962



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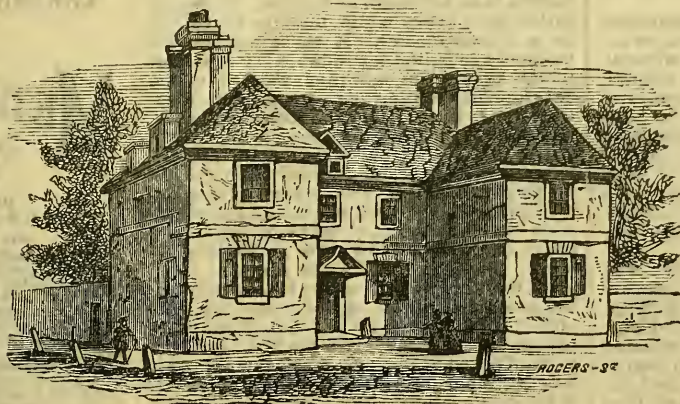


THE SLATE ROOF HOUSE.

Old - International

1888
1885

1888
1885



THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE.

THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE.*

I.

IT is now nearly a century and a quarter since the curiosity of Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, was thoroughly aroused by observing on the summit of a hill, a little north of the Swedes' Church, near the Delaware river, an ancient wooden building, which, he was told, had been religiously preserved as a

*The original information embodied in this paper is derived from a thorough examination of the old house itself during the last summer, and from extended researches among the Penn MSS., the Carpenter MSS., the Logan MSS., a large number of miscellaneous letters of the period treated of, the manuscript records in the various public offices of record in Philadelphia, as well as the voluminous publications of the English Record Commission.

The following works have also been consulted:

Colonial Records of Pennsylvania; Penna. Archives; Inscriptions in Burial Grounds of Christ Church; Ligon's Hist. of Barbadoes, A. D. 1657; Hist. of Barbadoes, 1768; Sketches of Barbadoes, 1840; Sutcliff's Travels; Collection of Memorials Concerning the People called Quakers, 1787; Record of Upland, edited by Edward Armstrong; Prof. Kalm's Travels in North America; Bolton's Hist. Westchester Co., N. Y.; Webb's Penns and Peningtons; The Hill Family, by John Jay Smith; William Penn's Works, 2 vols. fol.; Sewall's Hist. of the Quakers; Besse's Sufferings of Friends; Caribbeana; Prendergast's Cromwellian Settlements of Ireland; Memoirs Hist. Soc. of Pennsylvania; Granville Penn.'s Memorials of Admiral Sir Wm. Penn, Knt.; Proud's Hist. Penna.; Tuckerman's

memorial of the state of the place before Philadelphia existed.

It had been the residence of one of the three Swedish brothers called Sven's Sønner—sons of Sven—of whom Penn had purchased the site upon which he erected his town. Its antiquity gave it a kind of superiority over all the sur-

America and her Commentators; Hazard's Annals of Pennsylvania; Hazard's Annals of Philadelphia; Graydon's Memoirs; Sparks' Life of Gouverneur Morris; British Empire; Armistead's Life of Logan; Balch's Letters and Papers, chiefly relating to Provincial Hist. of Penna.; Journal of Isaac Norris, edited and published by J. P. Norris; Doc. Hist. of New York; Colonial Hist. of N. Y., edited by Dr. O'Callaghan; Minutes of Common Council of Philadelphia; Simpson's Eminent Philadelphians; Franklin's Autobiography; Masson's Life and Times of John Chilton; Gilbert's Hist. Viceroy's of Ireland; J. Francis Fisher's Memoir of Penn; Ferris' Orig. Settlements on the Delaware; Count Rumford's Philosophical Essays; Caspar Souder's Sketch; Dixon's Life of Penn; Janney's Life of Penn; Thompson Westcott's valuable History of Philadelphia.

Acknowledgments are also due to the following named gentlemen who have aided the writer in his researches:

J. Dickinson Sergeant; Edward Armstrong; John McAllister; John A. McAllister; W. J. Clark; F. Gutekunst; T. Westcott; C. Souder; H. G. Jones; Major Etting; John Jay Smith; Lloyd P. Smith; J. Francis Fisher and Edward Penington, Jr.

rounding houses ; for it was inhabited "whilst yet stags, deer, elk and beaver, at broad daylight, lived in the future streets, church-yards and market-places." Within its walls, too, the prophetic hum of the spinning-wheel was heard long before the manufactories now established were imagined, or even the city itself was planned.

This example, and many like instances of tender care for venerable remains, long ago established Philadelphia's claim to stability, and all were ready to admit her reverence for the past, not less than her sincere belief in the present and the future. Her neglectful treatment, however, of a far more valuable relic, which I am about to describe, is so at variance with the foregoing rule of conduct, that I am almost inclined to regard this later—I hope sporadic case, as a symptom of the decay of the city's old-fashioned *preservatism*. By preservatism I do not mean that iconoclastic devil, sometimes called conservatism, which strives to pull down our institutions about our ears, and should not be tolerated in a democratic country ; but that spirit of humanity which instinctively defends governments, individuals, and old houses when threatened with destruction. It is folly to think that because we are citizens of a republic, it becomes our duty to demolish the monuments of the past, and to rush eagerly into the uncertainties of the future. It should be, on the contrary, a sacred privilege to preserve with filial care every vestige remaining to us which may illustrate the condition and modes of life of our ancestors.

The nomadic existence is characteristic of uncivilized and untutored races. The absence of reverence and affection for interesting historical landmarks, is an evidence of defect in the moral organization of a people, not less than of an individual.

The same feeling which led the good City of Brotherly Love to do her utmost to preserve the government of our fathers, during the late struggle, should naturally prompt her to rescue from demolition the home of the founder of Pennsylvania.

It must be that she is temporarily asleep ; but while she slumbers the house of William Penn is attacked ; and before she has shaken off her lethargy it will be swept from the earth.

Let it be our grateful duty to rescue from decay, at least the *memory* of this sacred mansion.

* * * * *

There stands—alas ! it may be more properly said, before this sentence is printed, there stood not long since—on the south-east corner of South Second street and Norris' alley, in the city of Philadelphia, the most interesting building, historically speaking, to be found in our country.

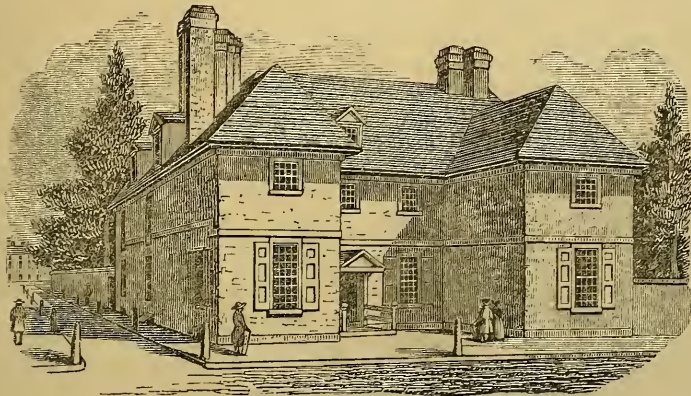
Built in the infancy of the settlement by Samuel Carpenter, member of the council and Treasurer of the province—"the wealthiest as well as the most public-spirited man in the colony ;" inhabited by his partner, the great William Penn ; distinguished as the birthplace of John Penn, commonly called "the American," as he was the only one of the proprietary family born in this country ; lived in by scholarly James Logan, Secretary of Pennsylvania, who entertained here loose Lord Cornbury, Governor of New York, grandson of the illustrious Clarendon and cousin of Queen Anne ; purchased by William Trent, Chief Justice of New Jersey, and founder of Trenton ; afterwards owned by Isaac Norris, Speaker of the provincial legislature of Pennsylvania, who made it his city residence ; inherited, through his wife, by John Dickinson, the author of the "Farmer's Letters"—this fine old mansion became, some years prior to the Revolution, a boarding-house of great repute in the hands of Mrs Graydon, whose son, Captain Alexander Graydon, relates in his "Memoirs" many interesting anecdotes of distinguished persons who frequented it in his day. Having gradually fallen from its high estate, it became within the present century the abode of a small jeweler, a hat-block moulder, a petty costermonger, and a dealer in shells and discarded rubbish.

I distinctly remember that in my boyhood its venerable walls still retained an

air of decayed gentility, which appealed with singular force to my youthful imagination. It is, in fact, to the strength of early impressions, and to the interest aroused at that period of my life, that this paper owes its existence.

While visiting my native place not long since, I chanced to hear that the *Old Slate-roof House* was about to be torn down to make way for "modern improvements." My heart leaped to my throat in an instant, and I registered a vow to make a pilgrimage to the spot without delay.

Accordingly, in company with a friend, I spent ten days in a thorough examination of this ancient building. Equipped with drawing-paper and pencils, "geological hammers," cold-chisels, and tape-lines of various lengths, we repaired each morning to this now entirely forsaken abode, and pursued our investigations undisturbed by intruders from the busy world. The ancient windows had long since given way to others of more modern appearance, in their turn broken and dilapidated. Old partitions were covered with rotting boards or bits of decayed



THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE, IN 1700.

canvas; ancient doors were concealed behind plaster and dirty washes of various colors; the chimney-faces had long since departed, and only here and there a strip of wainscoting was discovered. Tearing away all opposing impediments, we brought to light many forgotten entrances and curious nooks. Patient and careful labors likewise revealed sufficient remains of ornamented tiles to enable us to determine with certainty the colors and designs in the several apartments.

The stairs had entirely disappeared, and access to the upper stories was obtained through a hole in the wall of the next house. Only two partitions remained in this portion of the mansion, and time had nearly obliterated all traces of the former divisions into separate rooms. The wind, and sometimes the rain, found its way under the shingles

while we were inspecting the steep roof, once protected by the *slates* which had given to the house its peculiar name.

As the result of these experiences and explorations in this curious old dwelling, and of my subsequent researches among musty manuscripts and printed volumes, I am about to present one or two reliable word-pictures, with a view to the preservation of the memories which must ever invest with powerful interest the object of so many pregnant historical associations.

* * * * *

Towards the close of an extremely cold day in the month of February, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred, a group of five persons might have been seen seated in a spacious room, around a large table covered with the evidences of a nearly-finished repast.

The apartment in which they were

assembled was wainscoted with a dark red wood, which contrasted admirably with the lighter coloring of the walls. Damask curtains, falling in heavy folds across the windows, almost hid from view the recessed window-seats, while ornamented oaken beams, projecting below the plastering, crossed and recrossed the ceiling in intricate patterns. The high wooden mantle-shelf supported vases filled with the flowers of Everlasting Life; and, below, huge logs, crackling and blazing right merrily on the broad hearthstone, brought into strong light the rural scenes pictured on the tiles ranged in double rows above and on either side of the wide-mouthed fire-place. The costly mirror of beveled-edged plate-glass upon the wall; the dark, carved furniture and rich coverings; the fair white table-cloth and figured napkins; the full service of brilliant pewter, stamped with the family arms;* the blue and white china; the silver forks, then a great rarity; the silver tankards with home-brewed beer and cider; the cut-glass bottles filled with sack—now called sherry—with canary, claret and madeira,—all these were in themselves unmistakable indications of the comforts and luxuries which belonged at that day to rank and fortune. It was equally evident, from the sweet garlands which festooned the massive silver candlesticks, and scattered their perfumes on every side, that feminine refinement and womanly taste were not wanting to perfect the household arrangements.

The party gathered about the hospitable board consisted, as we have said, of five people—three gentlemen and two ladies.

Farthest from the fire, at the head of the table, sat a stout, well-proportioned man—in appearance about fifty years of age, in reality half a dozen years older—dressed in a collarless drab coat, cut

perfectly straight in front and covered with many buttons. This garment was without a waist, and was not cut into skirts, but had only a short, buttoned slit behind. The sleeves scarcely descended below the elbow, and had large cuffs, showing the full shirt-sleeves. His vest was of the same color and as long as the coat, and, except that it lacked sleeves, seemed made in the same way. His breeches were very large, open at the side, and tied with strings or ribbons; there were buckles in his shoes, and he wore his hat, as did his male companions, while at table; which did not, however, conceal the full locks of his wig, nor prevent their framing, as it were, his ruddy English face, which beamed with a mingled expression of benevolence and thought.

“Well, friend Samuel Carpenter,” said this gentleman, who was none other than William Penn, Esquire, founder and sole proprietor of Pennsylvania, “I should like to hear thy story of the building of this goodly *Slate-roof House* in which we are now so comfortably settled. Truly I did not expect, on my recent arrival from England, that I should obtain such handsome and ample accommodations, which were peculiarly acceptable during the late sickness of my wife. In fact, the surprise of finding such a roomy mansion, with so many modern conveniences, on this side of the water and in this new country, has so delighted us all that we really desire to know about its erection; and if any experiences of thy own life are woven into the tale it will but add zest to the narrative.” Thus speaking, Governor Penn poured out a glass of madeira, and turned his dark eyes, with an interrogative glance, upon a handsome, elderly gentleman, who was seated at the other end of the table, by the side of Mrs. Hannah Penn—a fair, delicate-looking woman, whose entreaties were immediately added to her husband’s.

In a sweet, low voice she said: “Thou must really tell us, friend Carpenter; for since our son John Penn was born, a month since, everything about this house is very near to us.”

*The family above described were of Welsh descent. Many years anterior and subsequent to this, elegantly decorated services of pewter, embossed with the heraldic bearings of the owners, were cherished and used as heir-looms in families of rank in Wales. Even as late as the year 1803, a traveler, in describing an immense fête given by a Welsh nobleman, dwelt with rapture upon the magnificent pewter service, which had been used on similar occasions for several hundred years.

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed her step-daughter, Letitia Penn, commonly called "Tishe"—William Penn's daughter by his first wife, Guli Springett—"thou must repeat everything; and let us know also about thy sufferings in Barbadoes, and why thou didst come to Philadelphia."

The graceful yet gravely-mannered young gentleman sitting opposite, then known as James Logan, Mr. Penn's secretary, likewise urged the request with more than usual warmth.

Whereupon Mr. Carpenter was fain to yield to the general wish, and with great courtesy commenced somewhat in this wise, having first drank a glass of sack to clear his throat:

"As ye seem to greatly desire it, I will preface my account of this house with a glance at my past life and the circumstances which brought me to this place. Some of the facts are already known to my dear friend William, but he will pardon their repetition for the sake of my other hearers.

"The troubled condition of affairs in England during the last century led many gentlemen of good families and moderate fortunes to seek homes in the pleasant island of Barbadoes, the most easterly, as you are aware, of the Carribbean group. The calamities of the mother country peopled this region; and a variety of similar causes in turn induced an emigration from Barbadoes to other points along the mainland.

"It is not singular, then, that a number of those who have since risen to eminence in other English colonies in North America made this charming spot their intermediate residence. The persecutions and disabilities to which Friends were subjected by the authorities of the island soon caused the members of our body to turn their eyes to the more liberal government of New York, and particularly to thy enlightened plans, friend William.

"Somewhat prominent among those who determined to join thee in laying the foundations of a new state, where civil and religious liberty should find a foothold, was myself—already esteemed a wealthy planter. Although born in England, in 1649, I had removed to Barba-

does when a very young man; and from my abilities, natural or acquired, my large fortune and numerous friends, I felt that I was clearly entitled to an influential position in the island. Unfortunately for my usefulness as a public man, I was a Friend—one of that somewhat noted circle of men, including Oliver Hooten, Thomas Pilgrim, Ralph Fretwell, and our departed friend, Lewis Morris, who were debarred from retaining or taking any important public office or trust, simply on account of their religion. The refusal to bear arms or fight, and to contribute to the maintenance of 'priests,' had subjected them and their co-religionists to severe penalties; while for their fidelity in observing the precept of Christ, 'Swear not at all,' some of them were deprived of posts in the government service, which they had before supplied with credit and reputation; others of them were excluded from places of authority which they were in every other respect well qualified to fill. In like manner they were even deprived of their just right of acting as executors and administrators to their deceased friends and relatives. Under such a state of things, it is not in the least remarkable that many of us considered a change of residence as most desirable.

"As an instance of the extremely disagreeable position in which a member of the Society of Friends was placed at this period in the island of Barbadoes, I will take the case of Lewis Morris. Originally embarking in the service of the New Providence Company, he had received a variety of promotions for gallant conduct in actions by sea and land, until he crowned his career by acquiring a colonel's commission and becoming a member of the Council. By this time he had also accumulated a competent fortune, and seemed to be in a condition to enjoy the fruits of his labors. Having, however, become a Friend, his prospects were suddenly blighted; and he found himself deprived of his offices, and subjected to a fine of ten thousand pounds of sugar, for not sending horsemen to serve in the militia, and was moreover compelled to pay a further amount for church and 'priests' dues. Appeal was made in vain

to the Governor and Council; and in the year 1678, or a little later, in accordance with an agreement made several years earlier with a recently deceased brother, Richard Morris, he removed to the province of New York. He died there, about ten years since, on his plantation called Morrisania, which descended to his nephew, Lewis Morris, who two or three years ago obtained letters patent from the Crown, erecting Morrisania into a manor. Lewis Morris, the younger, having also inherited lands in New Jersey, has been a member of the Council there; but this is superfluous information, for his frequent visits to Philadelphia have made him known to us all."

"Let me interrupt thee a moment, Samuel," said Penn. "Thou wilt remember that Lewis Morris, the elder, served under my father, the Admiral, in the West Indies. He was somewhat blamed in the Hispaniola affair, but his conduct at the taking of Jamaica, in 1655, was much applauded. His association with my father led to an intimacy with myself, although he was many years older, and had its influence in inducing him to become a Friend. We corresponded at intervals till the day of his death, when it appeared that he had bequeathed to me, by will, a negro man, named Yaff, provided I should come to dwell in America. As I am now fairly established here, I may readily obtain the servant, by mentioning the affair to my young friend, Lewis Morris;* although a concern hath

* The statement in Bolton's interesting *History of the County of Westchester*—vol. ii. p. 286—that Col. Lewis Morris, the elder, emigrated to the province of New York in 1674, is evidently incorrect. The English State Papers also indicate his presence in the West Indian region, in a subordinate capacity, as early as 1633, in the employment of the New Providence Company. It is likewise clearly incorrect to imply that after the Restoration he *disguised* himself under the profession of Quakerism (p. 301). He was a Quaker by conviction, and apparently remained a Friend to the day of his death. In his will, dated February 7, 1690, he left £5 to the meeting of Friends at Shrewsbury; and likewise gave his negro man Yaff to his "honored friend, William Penn, provided the said Penn shall come to reside in America." It is probable that Penn eventually received Yaff, and that it is he of whom Penn says, in his letter to Logan from London, April 1, 1703: "*I have resolved, after four years' faithful service, he shall be free;*" although Janney, in his excellent *Life of Penn*, says there is no evidence that Yaff was an African, he (Janney) being unaware of the preceding facts.

laid upon my mind for some time regarding the negroes; and I am almost determined to give my own blacks their freedom. For I feel that the poor captured Africans, like other human beings, have natural rights, which cannot be withheld from them without great injustice. I intend, in a few weeks, to bring before the Provincial Council a law for regulating the marriages of negroes.† I will also lay before the Philadelphia monthly meeting, my views as to the necessity of Friends being very careful to discharge a good conscience towards their slaves in all respects, but more especially for the good of their souls; and that, for this purpose, they should not only allow their negroes to come to meeting with them, as frequent as may be, on First-days; but that they should also appoint a special meeting for the negroes, to be held once a month; and that the masters give notice thereof in their families, and be present with them at these meetings as often as possible."‡

"These opinions and intentions do credit both to thy head and heart," said Mr. Carpenter; "who knows but they may be precious seed planted, to grow with the growth of this country, and result in the total overthrow of this terrible system of human bondage?"

"The attempts made by Friends in Barbadoes to give religious instruction to their own slaves was one of the chief causes of the oppression exercised toward us by the shortsighted policy of the government in that island. I might cite scores of instances, but I must hasten my story.

"Having personally encountered divers persecutions, and been twice heavily fined, like my friend Morris, for strict adherence to my religious principles, in refusing to pay church rates and to send armed horsemen and servants to the assemblages of the militia; and having also seen several of my relatives lan-

† Five or six weeks later, on the first of April, 1700, Wm. Penn did propose a law regulating the marriage of negroes. It was agreed to by the Council, but rejected by the Assembly.

‡ These views of Wm. Penn were afterwards embodied in a minute made in the same year by the Monthly Meeting of Friends at Philadelphia.

guishing in this, and in neighboring islands, from tedious imprisonments for conscience' sake, I gradually became disposed to seek another and more agreeable home."

"Having accordingly arranged my plans with the proper deliberation, and satisfactorily settled my pecuniary affairs, by thy advice, William, I bade adieu to my friends in Barbadoes, and, in company with my brother, embarked with my fortune in a vessel bound for Philadelphia; where, in spite of the pirates on the ocean, we arrived in safety seventeen or eighteen years since.

"The appearance of the settlement at that time was rather unpromising as far as buildings were concerned, as thou dost well know; and I immediately set myself to work to improve the condition of affairs as far as in my power."

"And right royally didst thou succeed, Samuel Carpenter!"

"Ah, William, thou hast not forgotten that as early as '83 I built the fair key, of about three hundred feet square, a little above Walnut street, to which a ship of five hundred tons may lay her broadside?"

"Indeed I have not. Thou hast been the most liberal and enterprising promoter of the development of our town."

Deprecating the compliment, although true, Samuel Carpenter was about to resume, when Letitia Penn, who had been waiting with some show of eagerness for the opportunity, said, "May I ask thee a question?"

"Certainly, my dear; what is it?"

"Didst thou chance to see in Barbadoes my uncle, Isaac Penington, my mother's half brother? I have so often heard good Thomas Ellwood speak of him, and of the happy days at Chalfont, when John Milton was living near them, that I take the deepest interest in all that concerned him, although I never saw him, and he must have been dead these thirty years. I recollect his old tutor Ellwood once told me that the boy's great abilities bespoke him likely to be a great man, and that the great poet often noticed him."

"Yes, I remember the bright youth

well. It was about the year '69 or '70 that he came out to Barbadoes under the care and escort of a choice Friend and sailor, John Grove, of London, who was master of a vessel trading to the island."

"I have heard he was designed to be a merchant," said James Logan.

"He was expected to become one," remarked Penn; "but before he was thought ripe enough to be entered thereunto, his parents, at somebody's request, gave leave that he might undertake the voyage. He enjoyed the trip greatly; but while returning home he was lost overboard and drowned."

"I shall never forget the sadness which came upon us all," said Samuel Carpenter, "when the news of his distressing fate reached the island. His comely face, his winning manners and his lively wit had completely won our hearts during his brief sojourn among us."

"Poor child!" sighed Mistress Penn, who just then entered the room, having left it a short time before to perform certain maternal duties towards her young son, John Penn, whose infant voice had loudly proclaimed his presence and his hunger in one of the upper chambers. "Poor child!" she repeated. "What a terrible blow his loss must have been to his mother! I trust there is no such ending in store for either of our dear boys. Let us leave this painful subject, for it greatly distresses me. Tell us, dear friend, of this house; for you are well aware that this is my first visit to America, and I have but little idea how Philadelphia looked even a few years ago, nor of the difficulty of building at that time."

"The year after thy husband arrived, in '83, there were nearly one hundred houses finished, and upwards of three hundred farms settled, while about sixty sail of great and small shipping made this port during that twelvemonth. A fair we had also, and a weekly market, to which the ancient inhabitants came to sell their produce, to their profit and our accommodation. So that shortly after I remember thy husband was able to write in good truth to the Marquis of Halifax: "I must (without vanity I can) say, I

have led the greatest colony into America that ever any man did upon a private credit, and the most prosperous beginnings that ever were in it are to be found among us."

"Now, Samuel, thou hast fully repaid my little allusion to thy public spirit, so let me alone for the present," said Mr. Penn, whose face glowed with a proper modesty as he ceased, and settled himself comfortably in his great leathern chair.

"I will heed thy advice. Provisions at this early day were fortunately abundant and good. Wild fowl and fish were plentiful, and fat bucks, and 'oysters six inches long,' were easily obtained. Free from care in this respect, we were enabled to apply ourselves with energy to the erection of the newly-planned city. The hours for work and meals for laborers were fixed, and indicated by the ringing of a bell. After nine o'clock at night the watchmen—each private citizen serving his turn—went the rounds, and all persons of every degree were obliged to leave the ordinaries. Within three years six hundred houses were in process of erection, and divers 'brickeries' were put up. As a building material, bricks began to be used, and at sixteen shillings per thousand were in great demand. The cellars, in some cases, were laid in stone, more generally in brick; and Humphrey Murray, Mayor of New York, built a large timber house with brick chimneys."

"I first erected my present mansion-house, with its end upon Water street, which had an imposing appearance, on account of its size and its portico with high stone steps."

"I have been told," said James Logan, "that Francis Pastorius, whose settlement at Germantown, founded by him in '85, is doing so well, previously built a small house in Philadelphia, thirty feet by fifteen in size, with windows of oiled paper; and that he placed over the door the inscription:

'PARVA DOMUS, SED AMICA BONIS
PROCVL ESTE PROPHANI,'

which greatly amused friend Penn, who desired him to continue his good work."

"It is true," exclaimed Letitia, "for the house is still standing; and although the inscription has disappeared, I have often heard thee mention the fact, dear father."

Penn inclined his head in token of assent, and Carpenter was about to proceed, when the hostess gently said:

"I think, dear friends, it would be better for us to withdraw to the large parlor, where we can resume our conversation without disturbance." So saying, she slightly touched a silver bell, and, rising from the table, led the way through the door, which had been opened by a servant, into the staircase vestibule. Turning thence to the left, she advanced towards the front of the house in the main hall, which was wainscoted and ran directly through the body of the mansion. Pausing for a moment for the others to come up, she entered, through open folding-doors, a handsome apartment of greater size and elegance than the one they had just left. The hangings were of satin; the mirrors in black and gilt, like those of the present day;* the high-backed carved chairs, arm-chairs and couches were covered with fine Turkey needlework, with cushions of plush and satin; while the walls were handsomely decorated with wooden panels, and several spider-legged tables were scattered about the room or ranged against the wainscot.

"Here we may be more at our ease," said Mistress Penn. "Robert," to the servant, who stood respectfully awaiting her orders, "put another log on the fire, and tell Mary Lofty, the house-keeper, to have the various rooms properly arranged, for I wish friend Carpenter to see them before he goes. Now proceed, if thou please, dear Samuel."

But he was destined to still another interruption, for "Tishe," who had been unusually silent for some time, suddenly, with many exclamations of delight, drew attention to a beautiful sight.

*The Hon. Thomas P. Carpenter, of Camden, has a mirror of this description, which is still in perfect condition, although it belonged to his ancestor one hundred and fifty years ago.

There, glowing like a live coal behind the great back-log, shone the massive iron fire-back, with the date of the erection of the house in fiery figures, and the arms of its owner, Samuel Carpenter, literally *emblazoned*. Argent—A greyhound passant, a chief party per pale, sable et argent. Crest—A greyhound's head coupé.

"Ah! that is a good omen, friend Carpenter!" cried the imaginative Letitia. "Thy good ship, the Greyhound, will surely arrive speedily and safely in port."

William Penn was about to mildly rebuke his daughter, but Carpenter frustrated his design by saying, "Though I am not given to a belief in signs, yet it is not a little singular that this thing happened once before. At that time I had a new vessel without a name; and when I saw the greyhound braving the flames, I said, 'I will give that name to my ship; thus may she prove a fast sailor, and ever brave the dangers of the deep.' This leads me to ask if ye have noticed the tiles about this fire-place?"

"Indeed, we have greatly admired them," said Mistress Penn. "Those facing us are most elaborately ornamented; and the pure alabaster ones with the rich crimson borders are exquisitely finished. Where did thou procure such gems?"

"From a friend of mine who has a famous manufactory at Gouda, in South Holland. He sent them to me as the choicest specimens of his art."

"I delight in those in the dining-room," said Tishe, "with the pink grounds and the dark-blue figures. There is one representing a handsome shepherd, with a broad-brimmed hat like father's, driving sheep across a bridge. Another is very droll. A cock is standing on a point of land; at his feet, in a small piece of water, lie several ships. The cock, which is of immense size and is crowing vigorously, seems to fill the principal space, and entirely dwarf the poor little vessels."

"Ah! yes, that is the Gallic cock, and is intended as a hit at the French by the good Hollanders. But to resume: the lot No. 16, on which I had first built the

house on King street, where I now reside, was the second above Walnut street, and extended from King to Second street. The owners of similar lots each held one thousand acres and upwards in the country, and, as an additional inducement for the investment, had received these city lots free, which have since proved so valuable. The western ends on Second street were regarded for some time as back lots. Foreseeing, however, the speedy growth of the town, I determined to improve my Second street property; and accordingly, I began to build this 'Slate-roof House'—so-called by the settlers because I covered the roof with expensive imported slates, the first used in the province. As other houses were merely shingled, this one immediately became an object of interest and respect, partly on account of its costly covering.

"Having designed the plan myself, after consultation with several of our friends, I engaged James Porteus to superintend its erection. This relieved me of much care, and was of great advantage to him, as it at once established his reputation, and laid the foundation of his present prosperity."*

"I well remember," said Governor Penn, "that, before this, Francis Collins and T. Matlack had the bulk of that business. As early as the spring of '86 they were engaged in putting up a house for a relative of mine; and Francis Rawle, who sailed from Plymouth in April of that year, very kindly undertook to deliver for me a sum of money due them. Prithee, tell us further of thy enterprise, Samuel."

"The foundations were of solid stone, quarried in the colony; but I was obliged to send abroad for the 'black-header' bricks. The red bricks were already made here in great perfection; so that the variety gave to the externals of the house a very handsome appearance. The cellar was of unusual depth, with immensely thick walls. The rear was arranged for a kitchen. In the front, heavy

* James Porteus died many years afterwards, at an advanced age, in 1736, and left a large fortune, acquired from the profits of his trade as a builder.

arches of brick masonry supported the square turrets or bastions."

"Those deep cellars," said Mistress Penn, "have been famous places for the storage of William's old wine. Their situation, the temperature, and the peculiar characteristics of the soil, seem to mellow whatever is put in these solid vaults."

"This was thoroughly proved by that which I have lately drank at thy table, Hannah."

Just at this point of the conversation the high standard clock in the hall began to strike in a slow, deliberative way, with those premonitory rumbles which seem like nothing except the preparatory f-i-z-z! of an old-fashioned matchlock. The echo of the last stroke of nine had scarcely died away, when Samuel Carpenter arose with the intention of bidding good night. Mistress Penn, however, hastened to say, with earnestness: "I wish our friend to remain, dear William, for a few moments, to see how comfortably we are settled in the house thou hast rented from him."

Governor Penn thereupon took up a candle, and, crossing the apartment, opened a door and descended a single step, thus bringing into view a cozy room, surrounded with shelves well filled with books; a writing-table stood near the window, with a comfortable arm-chair beside it.

"This turret-chamber is father's study, whither he retires to meditate," said Tishe; "on the other side of the house James Logan hath a similar place, where thou wilt find many rare profane authors, both Latin and Greek." While speaking, she looked at the young gentleman, and as their eyes met in lively communion, a faint blush arose in Letitia's round cheek, and Logan's fair face was more florid than ever. "They are in love!" cries the reader. I have not said that, although I am bound to confess it would not be strange if the young lady did fancy so singularly attractive a person as James Logan, with his matured air, his cultivated mind, his fine figure, and, last but not least, his sympathetic, dark-blue eye. Nor is it probable that a

young man of twenty-five—possessing his ardent temperament—could remain wholly insensible to the charms of Letitia Penn, who, although scarcely eighteen, added to the gay disposition and romantic feelings of an enthusiastic girl the rounded outlines and perfect development of a beautifully matured woman. It is at least safe to say that the barriers which the restraints of their common religion reared between them served only to heighten their mutual attraction, and imparted a tender sentiment to the conventionalities of their everyday life.

But while we are speculating the party have retraced their steps, and, crossing the main hall, have entered a room which has more the appearance of being constantly used. It is, in fact, the one in which Governor Penn is accustomed to receive his business visitors. A door towards the west leads into James Logan's little library, which is furnished like William Penn's sanctum, with the addition of some costly-looking folios, and a number of paper-racks filled with government documents and the official correspondence with which, as secretary of the province, Logan was personally charged. Without entering, the party glanced at these details, and then turned towards a door on the east side of the larger room, which brought them once more into the vestibule near the dining-room. Thence they ascended, by the broad oaken staircase, with its carved black walnut pillars, to the second story. The arrangement of this floor was different from that of the one below, the number of the rooms being greater. The hangings and coverings also were of camlet, or striped linen—the chintz of the present day. The last chamber they entered was tenanted by Master John Penn, and as they held the light above his cradle, the lovely babe opened his bright eyes and cooed and crowed with delight.

As they passed to the third story, Mistress Penn spoke approvingly of the large dormer windows, which she said gave an abundance of light in the daytime. The spacious rooms on this upper floor were not to be despised, for they

possessed many of the advantages, as well as the peculiarities, to be seen in the "chateau-roofed" mansions of the present day.

The inspection now being closed, Samuel Carpenter departed for his own home laden with kind messages to his wife, Mistress Hannah Carpenter, whom a temporary illness had prevented accompanying him to the Penns.

As soon as the guest was fairly gone, a bell was rung, and the servants and family assembled in the Governor's parlor to listen to the reading of the Bible, which was followed by the solemn, silent pause which always accompanies that service in the house of Friends. This being ended, preparations for retirement

were immediately made. Ashes were heaped on the mouldering fires, and the logs were drawn apart, to prevent waste. The red double shutters had long since been closed over the windows, and now the iron bars were placed across the front and rear doors, the keys turned in the huge locks, and the household was at rest.

Outside, also, quietness reigned. The frozen earth was covered with a thick mantle of snow, and the weird light of the moon crept in and out among the salient and re-entering angles of the quaint building, making it appear, from turret to foundation-stone, more like some castellated fortress with its curtains and bastions, than the really peaceful residence of an unwarlike Quaker.

THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE.*

II.

IN 1697, William Penn had held an interesting interview with the young Czar of Russia, then working as a carpenter in the ship-yards in England.

Two years later, Penn made his second voyage to America, arriving at Philadelphia in December, 1699, where we found him residing in the Slate-roof

House, surrounded with all the comforts, and many of the rarest luxuries, to be found anywhere in the world at that period.

Thus five years, at least, before the foundations of the imperial city of St. Petersburg were laid by his friend Peter the Great, the Quaker proprietor had re-

* Besides the authorities cited in Part I. of this paper, I am indebted for information to the following sources, among a number of others too numerous to mention :

Original letter of William Penn, a copy from the document discovered in the Carte Collection in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by John P. Prendergast, Esq., of Dublin.

Original letters of Wm. Penn, in possession of the author of this paper.

Extracts from the Norris manuscripts, furnished by Dr. George W. Norris, of Philadelphia.

The Van Rensselaer manuscripts.

The Rensselaerwyck documents.

The Read manuscripts.

The State of the Palatines For Fifty Years Past to this Present Time (illustrated with rough wood-cuts). London: Printed for J. Baker, at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster Row, 1710.

The Peerage of Ireland. London, 1768.

Sermon Preached at the Funeral of the Right Honorable Lady Cornbury, August 13, 1706, by John Sharp, A. M., Chaplain to the Queen's Forces in the Province of New York. London, 1706.

Voyage of Geo. Clarke, Esq., to America, with Introduction and Notes by E. B. O'Callaghan. Albany: J. Munsell, 1867. Edition only 100 copies.

Biographical Sketch of Isaac Norris, Speaker of Pennsylvania Assembly, which accompanies his *Journa! of a Trip to Albany in 1745*, edited and printed on a private press by his descendant, J. P.

Norris. Of this exquisite specimen of typography only 80 copies were printed, as gifts.

Analytical Index to Col. Docs. of New Jersey. By Henry Stevens: edited, with valuable notes and references, by William A. Whitehead. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Trenton Gazette, February, 1849.

History of Presbyterian Church of Trenton, New Jersey. By John Hall, D. D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

Trenton Newspapers, 1840.

Dr. O'Callaghan's History of New Netherland.

Dr. John Romeyn Brodhead's History of New York.

Discourse by Hon. Daniel D. Barnard.

New York Historical Society's Collections.

Moulton's History of New York.

Smith's History of New York.

Pennsylvania Historical Society's Collections.

Unpublished MSS. of Mr. Watson, in possession of Pennsylvania Historical Society.

Holgate's American Genealogy.

Burke's Peerage and Baronetage. Burke's Dormant and Extinct Peerages. Burke's Commoners.

Acknowledgments are also due to the following gentlemen:

Marshall Woods, Providence, R. I.; John Carter Brown, Providence, R. I.; John Brown Francis, Spring Green, R. I.; Philemon Dickinson and S. Meredith Dickinson, Trenton, New Jersey, and John Stockton Littell.

turned to his province, and found its capital a fair city of twenty years' growth and standing—a growth, too, which did not represent the slow access of population in European countries, but was an early and favorable type of that rapid increase and development which have since made "American Progress" the wonder of older civilizations.

Governor Penn often had opportunities for comparing the prosperity of his own settlement with the material resources of the other colonies. He was fond of horses, having carried with him on his first visit to his new home three blood mares, a white horse of good quality, and several inferior animals for labor; and on his second arrival he brought with him the magnificent colt Tamerlane, by the celebrated Godolphin Barb, to which the best horses in England trace their pedigree.

He made his excursions from town to his manor of Pennsbury in his barge, but he journeyed to New York and to Maryland on horseback.

On one of these occasions he writes from New York, whither he had gone to attend a conference of colonial governors: "My dear love to Friends in general, and particularly tell Hannah Delaval that to be one of her witnesses [at her approaching nuptials with Captain Richard Hill] is not the least motive to hasten me."

John Richardson, in his journal, gives an account of a yearly meeting at Treddahaven, in Maryland, upon the Eastern Shore, to which meeting for worship came William Penn and Lord and Lady Baltimore.

But it was late when they arrived, "and the strength and glory of the heavenly power of the Lord was going off from the meeting; so the lady was much disappointed." For she told Penn, "she did not want to hear him, and such as he, for he was a scholar and a wise man; and she did not question but he could preach; but she wanted to hear some of our mechanics preach; as husbandmen, shoemakers, and such like rustics; for she thought they could not preach to any purpose."

William Penn, however, replied, good-humoredly, "That some of these were rather the best preachers we had among us."

In the spring of the year 1701, Penn traveled into the interior of his province, as appears from a letter of Isaac Norris, himself a man of distinction and wealth in the colony: "I am just come home from Susquehannah, where I have been to meet the Governor. We had a round-about journey, having pretty well traversed the wilderness. We lived nobly at the King's palace at Conostoga, from thence crossed it to the Schoolkil."

New light is cast upon the goodness and purity of Penn through a letter written by him to his friend the Duke of Ormond, dated "Philadelphia, 9th 11mo., 1683." This document was found at Oxford during the last summer, and a copy forwarded to me by my friend, John P. Prendergast, Esq., of Dublin, the distinguished author of "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," who, jointly with the Rev. Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth, has been commissioned by the English Government to select from the Carte Collection, at the Bodleian Library, state papers for transcription and publication.

It will be remembered that the Duke of Ormond, to whom this paper is addressed, was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and Penn had formed his acquaintance by being sent over to his court in 1665—some say to escape the plague, then prevalent in London; others, more correctly, because his father, the admiral, desired to separate him from his Quaker associates.

His conduct was of a most exemplary kind in the midst of a society both gay and dissipated. One instance, mentioned in Carte's Life of Ormond, affords a glimpse of the character of the times.

It appears that it was the custom, during the sitting of Parliament in Dublin, to keep the viceroy's wine-cellar always open of an evening for the members; and some young bloods sending up in their gayety to the duke for chairs, he returned answer that he did not think it became the gravity of his place to en-

courage gentlemen to drink longer than they could stand!

It seems that Penn never lost the religious impression made on his mind by a sudden illumination he received in youth; so there is the less wonder that the pleasures of the vice-regal court failed to undermine his regular habits and consistent morals.

Nearly twenty years after he had passed unscathed through these glittering temptations, he wrote to the Duke of Ormond: "I wish Thee length of days, health and true felicity, begging by ye old freedom and friendship that I have had with Thee, that thy moderation may be known to all men, in all things, because God our Judge is at the door; who will have the first Inspection of all our actions, at that great and general Assize of the world where nothing can be dissembled or escape that we have done."

Having shown his constant sense of the pervading presence of the Almighty, Penn then proceeds to plead on behalf of those in Great Britain who are dissenters; and his argument, though couched in forms of speech now somewhat unfamiliar, does credit to his head and heart: "This is a lesson y^t affects all, but of all, Magistrates, and of thos, Supream, who have not only their own, but the peoples sins to answear for, if by example and punishment they labour not teaching, and deter the people from impiety; and the reason is plaine, for justice and sobriety are the end of Govern^t and the reason of y^t extraordinary powr not to vex men for their beliefe and modest practise of y^t faith with respect to y^e other world, into which Promise and Sovereignty, temporall Powr reaches not, from its very nature and end—*honesté vivere, alteram non cadere, et jus suum cuique tribuere* (pardon my extent) are the Magistrates mark."

"To take care of the worship of God, was a peculiar commission to y^e Jewish Potentates, whos entire modell, in every ceremonious part thereof, came from God, and w^{ch} stood in externall Rites, for the most part. But the religion and Kingdome of X^t [Christ] are not of this

world, more mentall, inward, and spirit-uall; neither at the mountane, nor at Jerusalem, the Rites of neither place, but saies our blessed Saviour, in spirit and in truth, with as little shew and pomp as may be, this is y^e worship christian, not calculated to our senses, but our souls. This comes from heaven, overcomes and prevales by conviction; no fire from heaven to make conforme, much less from the earth. Christ Jesus, to whom all power is given, is sufficient for y^t part. As to him only it is appointed of the father. But let vice be punisht—corporall ~~his~~ have corporall sufferings, and corrections, y^t the Magistrate may be a terror to evil doers, not mistaken believers about tother world—much less peaceable livers and worshipers."

Having thus grandly stated his propositions, Penn appeals directly to the Duke himself: "Of all that falls under thy administration, in the love of God and the sincere affection of a Friend, lett me prevale with thee to avoide troubling conscientious and quiet liveing dissenters; they are best for the country and not y^e worst for y^e church, since if religion be at heart in our great churchmen, they will love the example of such vertue, and make it a spur to mend the pace of thos y^t they conceive of sounder principles in their own communion."

"For my part, I frankly declare y^t I cannot think y^t God will damn any man for the errors of his judgment, and God forbid that we should think y^t all or y^e most part of y^e world err willingly in understanding; and if both be allow'd, y^e conclusion is short, that there are but two churches in the world and they contain all y^e good and bad people in it; of which Christ and Satan are the Heads. Soe that damnation and salvation goe not by names, but natures and qualifications, according to y^e unquestionable doctrine of St. Peter and St. Paul, y^t God is no respecter of persons, but those y^t in all nations feare him and work righteousness shall be accepted."

"Men must reap w^t they sow, and his servants people are, whom they obey. Thus X^t overthrew y^e Jews' great pretentions to Abraham, Moses, y^e prophets,

the Law, Temple and Rites—if you committ sinn, you are y^e servants of sin—sighting their conceits of heirship and sonship by succession and peculiar tradition, a snare too powerful upon a great part of the world.”

“Lett then the tares grow with y^e wheat, errors of judgm^t remain till removed by y^e powr of light and conviction. A Religion without it is inhuman, since reason only makes humanity. Should men supercede that, to be conformists, which makes them essentially better than beasts, to wit, understanding? To conclude men by authority is coercive, to conclude by conviction is manly and Christian.”

“Lett it not, Noble Sir, be uneasy to thee that I am thus long and particular. Tis a troublesome time in those parts of the world [England and Ireland], and good and peaceable men may suffer by y^e follis of other pretenders. We hear of a Presbyterian Plott, and the severity y^t is exercised against our Friends in divers parts on y^t occasion, tho to the astonishment of our prosecutors there be none of y^m found in y^e list. Tis what I ever told both the King and Duke and that at parting; if God should suffer men to be so farr infatuated as to raise commotion in y^e kingdom, he would never find any of y^t party among y^m, at least of note or credit. The Lord Hyde was by, now Earl of Rochester, [when I spoke]; their designe being no more but to enjoy their conscience and follow their vocations peaceably, y^t the labour of y^e week may not be y^e price of their Sabbath—I mean worship—and y^t I believed he would live to be convinced y^t we never carried y^e matter higher; lett others answeare for themselves.”

“This makes me press the more upon thee in favour of our _____ in Ireland, because upon their address to the King (in which they pleaded their innocency and declared their abhorrence of plotts, and prayed) to be relieved in their sufferings, the King gave them thanks, and said he believed them, and promised to take care to redress them.”

We are reminded by these passages that William Penn elsewhere records

King James as having told him, soon after the accession, that now he meant “to go to mass above board;” upon which Penn quaintly and promptly remarked, “that he hoped his majesty would grant to others the liberty he so loved himself, and let all go where they pleased.” But listen to these remaining words of sincerity and truth, which deserve to be written in letters of gold:

*“I plead against my interests, for y^e severitys of those parts encrease the plantation and improvement of these. But I am for y^e just and mercifull thing, whoever getts or looses by it—as ought all men of truth, honour and conscience to be.”**

I have given extracts at length from this wonderful letter, for they furnish striking and, hitherto, unpublished examples of Penn's true nobility of soul. It may be interesting to the reader to learn that the collection in which the original document was discovered, consists principally of the State Papers and Correspondence of James, Duke of Ormond, who was concerned in the government of Ireland, from the breaking out of the great Irish Rebellion, in 1641, to his death in 1688. These papers were taken by Thomas Carte from Kilkenny Castle, the Duke's chief mansion, in 1734, when he was employed by the Earl of Arran, the Duke's grandson, to write his grandfather's life. In his preface to the first volume, published in 1736, Carte says: “I found in the evidence-room, at Kilkenny, about fourteen wicker bins—each large enough to hold an hogshead of wine in bottles—covered with unwieldy books of stewards' accounts; but which upon examination appeared to be full of papers. . . . There being no book-binder in Kilkenny, I was forced to transport these on three Irish cars to Dublin, where I was continually employed for several months in digesting them, in order to have them bound up like the others,” viz.: twenty-seven large books containing a series of letters and papers, the greater part extending only to the end of 1651, and some to the beginning of the following

* The italics are my own.

year, which had been previously given to Carte by Lord Arran. The whole collection was subsequently deposited in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford; "and consists," says Mr. Prendergast, "of more than 200 folio volumes."

I have thus particularized, inasmuch as the *Carte Collection* has another association of interest, at least to Philadelphians. For Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, has officially declared, that the *Manuscript Memoirs of the Marquis of Clanricarde*, 1641-1643, recently restored by the Library Company of Philadelphia to her Britannic Majesty's Government, have in reality filled the gap in this series of documents which Mr. Hardy, in his able report on the *Carte Papers*, had previously deeply deplored.

But it is time to return to William Penn, concerning whose experiences in the Slate-roof House, I have still a few words to say.

It was his custom while residing there, as Governor, to receive formal deputations of Indians; and after the solemn conference, and the more exhilarating feast which followed, he used to adjourn with them to the grounds in the rear of the mansion to witness and enjoy their "cancio," or dance.

A story which a traveler picked up some years afterwards in Philadelphia may have had its origin at one of these festivals.

An old Indian, in whom liquor had apparently got the better of his head, was boasting to a Friend of the extent and variety of his knowledge. Whereupon the Friend desired leave to ask him whether he knew who was first circumcised? The old savage at once replied: "Father Abraham!" Then, immediately begging leave in an equally polite manner, he put the question: "Who was the first Quaker?" The Friend said it was uncertain, that some took one person for it, and some another.

"You are mistaken, sir," rejoined the cunning old fellow. "*Mordecai* was the first Quaker, for he would not take off his hat to Haman!"

Notwithstanding Governor Penn's evi-

dently strong personal inclinations for the pleasures of town and country life in his own Province, public interests of vital importance soon demanded his presence in England. His friends there began to continually urge his return, and in order that he might appear before Parliament in behalf of his government.

In a letter written at this time to James Logan, he says: "I cannot prevail on my wife to stay, still less Tishe: I know not what to do; Samuel Carpenter seems to excuse her in it."

From the whole tenor of this letter, which I have carefully read, it seems evident that he contemplated making but a short stay in England.

It is well known, however, to all, that William Penn sailed out of the Delaware on the 3d of November, 1701, and never again set foot on the soil of Pennsylvania.*

* * * * *

In the summer of 1702, the Slate-roof House was once more the scene of great activity. Governor Penn on his departure had left James Logan in charge of his affairs, as Agent and Secretary of the Province; and Lord Cornbury, Governor of New York and New Jersey, having announced his intention to visit Philadelphia, Logan had given orders to prepare a grand entertainment in his honor at the Slate House, then used as a government building.

In the court-yard, in the rear of the mansion, servants were busily engaged in preparing various kinds of meat and game. And soon, two or three little crooked-legged dogs, which were running about the premises, were caught up and placed in the wheels on the kitchen-wall, and the spits began to turn merrily before the fires, as the little creatures got fairly at work in their tread-mills.

The folding-doors communicating with the two principal rooms, on either side

* A very curious copy of Admiral Penn's Monument, with the inscription, in St. Mary's Radcliff, Bristol, done by the process of photo-lithography, will be found at p. lx. of the Camden Society's very elegant publication for 1866, entitled "History from Marble, compiled in reign of Charles II., by Thomas Dingley, gent., edited by John Gough Nichols, F. S. A.;" which work is worthy of a better index.

of the hall, were also thrown back, thus forming a very large apartment, running the entire width of the mansion, and here the tables were spread for the banquet, and were elaborately decorated with a choice variety of flowers, arranged under the direction of some of the principal young ladies of the city.

These details were scarcely completed when the sound of the approaching cavalcade was heard, and all the inhabitants in that part of the town gathered in the street to catch a glimpse of so rare a sight.

At the head of the procession rode Lord Cornbury and Colonel Andrew Hamilton, Deputy Governor of Pennsylvania, with Samuel Carpenter, Edward Shippen, Judge Guest, Captain Samuel Finney, Thomas Story, William Clark, Caleb Pusey, Phineas Pemberton, members of the Council; and Isaac Norris, Griffith Jones, Judge Thomas Masters, Captain Richard Hill, David Lloyd, Joseph Growdon, Anthony Morris, John Swift, Nicholas Wan, Joseph Fisher, Daniel Pastorius, John Bewly, Collector of the Port, and Edward Pennington, brother-in-law of William Penn and Surveyor-General of the Province—and many other gentlemen of this and neighboring colonies.

Lord Cornbury and his retinue having dismounted, were received and appropriately welcomed to the Slate-roof House by James Logan; and, after some preliminary conversation, the assembled company sat down, "and were dined," says Lord Cornbury, "equal to anything I have seen in America."

At night the Governor of New York and his suite adjourned, by invitation, to Edward Shippen's mansion, where they lodged, and dined the next day.

Mr. Shippen was the first Mayor of the city, and the ancestor of the Shippen family, whose fortunes are so agreeably traced by Mr. Thomas Balch in the "Letters and Papers Relating to the Provincial History of Pennsylvania." His house was at this time delightfully situated, on a small eminence toward the south, overlooking the rising city, and having in front a beautiful green lawn

gently sloping to the then pleasant Dock creek, commanding, in fact, an unobstructed view of the Delaware river and the Jersey shore. As early as 1698, Gabriel Thomas had mentioned its "very famous and pleasant summer-house," erected in the midst of "extraordinary fine and large gardens, abounding with tulips, pinks, carnations, roses and lilies."

Lord Cornbury, it is easy to imagine, was greatly gratified with his experiences; for after enjoying the hospitalities of the capital, he was despatched to Pennsbury in the Governor's barge, with an escort of fifty persons in four large boats, and was again banqueted by James Logan, at the Proprietor's Manor House.

Oldmixon says: "The Lord Cornbury was extremely well pleased with the house, gardens, and orchards; the latter produced excellent Pearmains and Golden Pippins."

Of this interesting historical "progress" very little remains to be told. It is indeed all contained in the incident of the old woman, who had learned that Cornbury was a lord and a queen's cousin, and accordingly eyed him with great attention; but, to her utter astonishment, she could discover no difference between him and other men, save that he wore leather stockings!

It must always remain a subject of regret that this worthy old dame, who turns up on several occasions in the early history of Philadelphia, was not present at some time in New York, when the "loose lord" was disporting himself about the Fort, where he lived, clad in female apparel. The scene would have afforded an opportunity for refreshing remarks upon the despicable conduct of one who was to become the third Earl of Clarendon—a worthy successor, forsooth! to his grandfather, the Lord Chancellor.

Lady Cornbury, it appears, did not accompany her husband on this tour, although she visited Philadelphia with him in the following year.

She was the daughter of Lord O'Brien, eldest son of the Earl of Thomond; and at the death of her mother, Katharine

Stuart, sole sister and heir of Charles, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, she became Baroness Clifton. She seems to have been a woman superior in all respects to her husband. She died at New York in 1706, greatly lamented, and was buried in a vault in Trinity Church, in which were deposited, some years afterward, the remains of a relative of Lord Cornbury, Mrs. George Clarke, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of New York.

Owing to the somewhat prominent, although not always creditable, part which Viscount Cornbury assumed to play, as an adviser, in the public affairs of Pennsylvania, but especially because he was a guest of the Slate-roof House, and was associated, through several members of his family, with a former occupant of that old mansion—William Penn—it may not be uninteresting to glance for an instant at his character and connections.

His grandfather, Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, the "great Chancellor," had several sons and daughters. The eldest, Henry Hyde, succeeded his father as second Earl of Clarendon, and marrying a daughter of the first Lord Capel, had an only son, Edward Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, Governor of New York and New Jersey—of whom we have been writing;—whose uncle, Lawrence Hyde, second son of the Chancellor, was created Earl of Rochester, November 29, 1682. It was this Lord Rochester, widely celebrated as a wise and incorruptible statesman—and not the profligate, though witty, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who died in 1680, and was of an entirely different family—who became at an early day the friend and correspondent of Penn. His sister, the aunt of Lord Cornbury, married the Duke of York, afterwards King James II., and had two daughters: Mary, who married Prince William of Orange and became Queen of England, and Anne, who ascended the throne on the 24th April, 1702. Thus Cornbury and Queen Anne were first cousins; and it was to his relationship to the royal family that he owed his appointment as Governor of New York. Singularly enough, Cornbury's

cousin, Anne Hyde, daughter of William Penn's friend, Lawrence Hyde, first Earl of Rochester, married James, second Duke of Ormond, the grandson of another of Penn's friends, the first Duke of Ormond, to whom was addressed the letter which we have recently noticed. History, indeed, offers many such interesting coincidences to one well versed in her lore. The discovery of the sometimes almost invisible threads which connect apparently unrelated facts or personages is one of the pleasurable rewards which are sure to wait upon the enthusiastic and diligent inquirer.

Lord Cornbury succeeded the Earl of Bellomont as Governor of New York a few weeks prior to his visit to the Slate-roof House—Smith says, May 2, 1702—William Smith, Abraham De Peyster, President of the Council, and Lieutenant Governor John Nanfan, having administered the government *ad interim*. He was superseded by Lord Lovelace in December, 1708, and was immediately placed in prison in New York by his creditors, where he remained until the fall of the following year, when, by the death of his father, he became third Earl of Clarendon, and, returning to England, died there in 1723, leaving no male issue; and his honors devolved upon his cousin, Henry Hyde, second Earl of Rochester and fourth Earl of Clarendon. This nobleman had no sons, and both titles were consequently extinguished: he left, however, two daughters. The youngest of these ladies became the celebrated Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of the poet Gray, who very naturally made Stoke Park, the seat of the Penn family, the scene of his "Long Story." The church and graveyard which inspired his "Elegy" were likewise in the neighborhood of the Penn mansion.

The eldest daughter of Henry Hyde, last Earl of Rochester and Clarendon, married Lord Essex; and her daughter, having married the Hon. Thomas Villiers, the title of Earl of Clarendon was revived in his favor, and from them the present peer descends.

Lord Cornbury himself left one daughter, Theodosia Hyde, who espoused John

Bligh, Esq., M. P., afterwards Earl of Darnley; and from this marriage the present Earl of Darnley descends; who enjoys also the English barony of Clifton, through his ancestress, Lady Cornbury, and her daughter, Lady Darnley.

A single fact will suffice to show the public character of Lord Cornbury.

Though war was declared by England on the 4th May, 1702, against France and Spain, the treaty of neutrality between the "Five Nations" and the French in Canada prevented New York from being harassed on her borders. Cornbury, however, continued his solicitations for money; and finally, after many urgent appeals from the Governor, the Legislature, which had already expended £22,000 during the late peace, made an appropriation of £1500 for fortifying the approaches to the city of New York. Whereupon Cornbury coolly put the whole amount in his own pocket! The Legislature, finding that they had been deceived, and that the money had been thus misapplied, eventually took the precaution of appointing a Treasurer, Colonel Abraham De Peyster, late President of the Council, who, by the way, was an ancestor of James De Peyster, recently President of the New York Historical Society. From this time down to the Revolution, New York had two financial officers: one being the Receiver General of the Crown, who collected the quit-rents and duties levied in virtue of British trade acts; whilst the other, the Colonial Treasurer, became the custodian of moneys raised and paid out by virtue of the Provincial laws.

The vote on the ways and means to raise the above £1500, which Cornbury at once so gracefully appropriated to his own uses, is amusing, and becomes of interest in these days of taxes. Fortunately for us, several of the items taxed have disappeared with the progress of events; and there can be no great danger, except for single men, in the publication of the remainder, as the other cases are fairly reached already, at least by our worthy national lawgivers:

"Every member of the Council to pay

a poll-tax of 40 shillings; an Assemblyman, 20 shillings; a lawyer in practice, 20 shillings; every man wearing a periwig, 5 shillings and 6 pence; a *batchelor of 25 years and upwards*, 2 shillings and 3 pence; every freeman between 16 and 60, 9 pence; the owners of slaves, for each, 1 shilling."

James Logan continued to reside in the Slate-roof House until 1704, when he removed to William Clark's mansion on Chestnut street. Here he kept "batchelor's hall" with William Penn, Jr., who had recently arrived from England without his wife, and Governor Evans, and Judge Mompesson.

His own propriety of conduct is well known, but he could not control the disorderly behavior of young Penn and his dissolute companion, Evans, the youthful Governor, who was only twenty-six years of age.

The proprietor's son kept a kennel of hounds, was lavish of expense, and fond of display and good living. Many scandalous stories are told of him; and it was so generally known that he was too marked in his attentions, among others, to a young lady in Bucks county, that the moderate Logan did not hesitate to write to his father: "'Tis a pity his wife came not with him, for her presence would have confined him within bounds he was not too regular in observing."

In his letter to his secretary, Penn had said, when his son was about embarking for America: "Be discreet. He has wit, kept the top company, and must be handled with much love and wisdom; and urging the weakness and folly of some behaviours, and the necessity of another conduct from interest and reputation, will go far. And get Samuel Carpenter, Edward Shippen, Isaac Norris, Phineas Pemberton, Thomas Masters, and such persons to be soft, and kind, and teaching; it will do wonders with him, and he is conquered that way."

Alas! all these means were tried by the father's friends, but utterly failed; for young Penn and Governor Evans, being late one night at a public house, became involved in a disgraceful affray

with the watch. In the midst of the affair young Penn called for pistols; but, the lights being extinguished, one of his antagonists gave him a sound beating; and Alderman Wilcox availed himself of the darkness to feign ignorance of the presence of the chief magistrate, to whom he gave a severe drubbing, redoubling his blows upon him as a slanderer when he disclosed his quality.*

The allowance of money received from Logan not being sufficient to support this prodigal son, he sold, in order to raise funds to get out of the country, his manor called Williamstadt, to Isaac Norris and William Trent for £850. It consisted of 7000 acres, and is now Norristown, or Norriton township, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania.

In the fall of 1703, Trent had also purchased the Slate-roof House from Samuel Carpenter, for £850, and it became his residence the year following.

From Judge Field's interesting book, the "Provincial Courts of New Jersey," we learn that William Trent was a native of Inverness, Scotland. He emigrated at an early day to Philadelphia, where he became an extensive and successful merchant, and also Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and Speaker of the Assembly of that Province.

In 1714 he purchased Mahlon Stacey's plantation of eight hundred acres, lying upon both sides of the Assanpink, in New Jersey. To this place he removed some years later, and in the year 1721 represented the county of Burlington in the Assembly. In 1723 he was elected Speaker of the House, and shortly after was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He, did not, however, long survive the latter honor, but died suddenly, of apoplexy, at his mansion called Bloomsbury Court, on Christmas Day, 1724, universally beloved and lamented.

Several years before his death a town was laid out on his estate, which in his honor was called Trent's Town—now Trenton, capital of the State of New Jersey.

* Janney's Penn. Watson. The Friend, xviii., No. 46.

Judge Field is, however, in error in thinking that none of the descendants remain. Chief Justice Trent married Mary Burge, daughter of Samuel Eckley, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia. From them, in the female line, descend the Rossell family, of Trenton. Nathan Beakes, Esquire, of Trenton, having married Mary Trent—the daughter of Major William Trent, son of the Chief Justice—their daughter, Lydia Beakes, married Gen. Zachariah Rossell, whose three children, now living—Mrs. Higbee, widow of the late William P. Higbee, Esquire; Miss Anna Rossell, and Mr. Wm. H. Rossell—are great-great-grandchildren of Chief Justice Trent. Their brother, Major Nathan Beakes Rossell, U. S. A., who was breveted and honored by a vote of the Legislature of New Jersey for his gallant conduct in Mexico, was finally killed at the battle of "Gaines' Mills," on the 27th of June, 1863.

Dr. John Trent, the youngest child of Major Trent, was for many years a distinguished physician at Camden, South Carolina, where he died in 1809, leaving five children. One of the sons, Dr. William Trent, was living in Tennessee a few years ago.

The only daughter of Chief Justice Trent married a Mr. French, resident in one of the West India Islands. It is not known whether any of her descendants survive.

These few lines may be the means of restoring the lost links in the scattered chain of the descendants of this former owner of the Slate-roof House.

Logan, in a letter to Penn in 1709, says: "William Trent, designing for England, is about selling his house (that he bought of Samuel Carpenter), which thou lived in, with the improvement of a beautiful garden. I wish it could be made thine, as nothing in this town is so well fitting a governor. His price is £900 of our money, which it is hard thou canst not spare. I would give £20 to £30 out of my own pocket that it were thine—nobody's but thine."

The Slate House was, however, bought shortly after by Isaac Norris, the elder,

for the above-mentioned sum, £900. His family resided there till he removed to his country-seat, called Fair Hill, in 1717.

In the mean time the original owner and builder of the mansion, Samuel Carpenter, died and was buried, with universal expressions of sorrow and regret on the part of all classes of people.

In a letter written after his death to his daughter Hannah Fishbourne, he is thus noticed by Thomas Story, a distinguished preacher of that day: "The Lord hath gathered my dear friend to himself. . . . I am fully satisfied he has attained the state of the just, and is praising his God and our God in the heavens, in joy unspeakable, which never changeth."

James Logan, in a letter to William Penn, writes: "That worthy and valuable man, Samuel Carpenter, is to be interred to-morrow, after about two weeks' illness. A fever and cough, with rheumatic pains, carried him off. As I always loved him, and his generous and benevolent disposition, so I find at his exit few men could have left a greater degree of concern on my thoughts. I need say nothing to thee on the loss of such a man, but a sense of it was seen in the faces of hundreds. I am satisfied his humble and just soul is at rest."

The following is extracted from the Friends' Memorial, written shortly after his decease: "He was a pattern of humility, patience and self-denial; a man fearing God and hating covetousness; much given to hospitality and good works. He was a loving, affectionate husband, tender father and a faithful friend and brother. . . . He was ever ready to help the poor and such as were in distress. . . . His memory is precious to the living and renowned among the just. And though he is dead, yet he speaketh, and his name shall be recorded among the faithful for generations to come."

The historian Proud thus characterizes him: "He held for many years some of the greatest offices of the government, and through a great variety of business preserved the love and esteem of a large and extensive acquaintance. His great

abilities, activity and benevolent disposition of mind, in divers capacities, but more particularly among his friends, the Quakers, are said to have rendered and distinguished him as a very useful and valuable member not only of that religious society, but also of the community in general."

Samuel Carpenter, on the 12th December, 1684, married Hannah Hardiman, a native of Haverford West, in South Wales, a distinguished minister of the gospel among Friends.

From this marriage are descended the Carpenter family of New Jersey; and, in the female line, the Whartons, Fishbournes, Merediths, Clymers, and Reads of Philadelphia.

Mr. Carpenter died on the 10th of April, 1714, in the 64th year of his age, at his original mansion in King, now Water, street, then the *Court end* of the town, afterwards occupied by his son Samuel, who married the daughter of the eminent Samuel Preston; and not at his Sepviva plantation, as erroneously stated by Watson.

As appears by his will, dated April 6th, 1714, he left a large amount of property, although he had before met with serious reverses. He had been, indeed, with exception of the Founder, the wealthiest man in the Province. In 1705 he had written to Jonathan Dickinson, offering for sale a portion of his estate: "I would sell my house and granary on the wharf, where I lived last, and the wharves and warehouses; also the Globe and long vault adjacent. I have three-sixteenths of 5000 acres of land, and a mine, called Pickering's mine. I have sold my house [the Slate-roof], over against David Lloyd's [the site of the Bank of Pennsylvania], to William Trent, and the Scales to Henry Babcock, and the Coffee-House [at or near Walnut and Front streets] to Captain Finney; also my half of Darby mills to John Bethell; and a half of Chester mills to Caleb Pusey." Besides, he was known to own the estate called Bristol mills, worth £5000; the country-seat and mulberry orchard, and islands of 350 acres opposite Burlington; 380

acres at Fair Hill; and 5000 acres at Poquessing Creek, fifteen miles from Philadelphia.

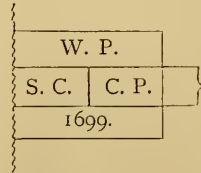
He also had property in Market street. The three-story building at the S. E. corner of Front and Market was erected by him. He gave to the Society of Friends the ground near Second street—which they have since sold—on which the old Market Street Meeting-House formerly stood. To the school corporation of Friends—of which he was one of the Trustees by original appointment from William Penn—he gave the ground on which the Fourth Street Academy lately stood, with lots extending from Walnut street to Market street. His lands upon Timber Creek, in New Jersey, lay on the south branch of that stream, and extended to the Delaware River, and were purchased by him in 1634, from Samuel Jennings. His Elsinborough tract, consisting of 1100 acres, was purchased in 1684 and 1686. It lies upon the Delaware river, in Salem county, New Jersey, near the site of the fort which was erected by the Swedes in 1631.

About a mile and a half north-west from Chester, Pennsylvania, on the left bank of Chester Creek, there stood, several years since—and I believe it still exists—an humble cottage built of stone. This is the original dwelling erected by Richard Townsend for the accommodation of his family while he was tending the first mill erected in the Province. The mill itself, which stood about forty rods above the cottage, has entirely disappeared, but the rocks in the vicinity bear traces of its former existence; and, I am told, the log platform still remains under water, at the spot where the ford used to be on the road to Philadelphia. The partners in this mill were William Penn, Samuel Carpenter and Caleb Pusey, and in that lowly cottage those good men often, doubtless, met to count their honest gains and to devise plans for the future development of the resources of Pennsylvania.

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Within the last half century some slight additions have been made to the dwelling.

Mr. John F. Watson, while visiting these interesting remains a number of years ago, found the original vane on the mill, which he presented to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, in whose hall it is still to be seen. It is of iron, curiously wrought, and so formed as to exhibit the initial letters of the owners' names, thus :



Before turning from the original owner and builder of the Slate-roof House to pursue the history of the subsequent occupants, we must be allowed to quote the language of Mr. Watson, to whom Philadelphians are indebted for two very interesting volumes :

“The name of Samuel Carpenter is connected with everything of a public nature in the early annals of Philadelphia. I have seen his name at every turn in searching the old records. He was the Stephen Girard of his day in wealth, and the William Sansom in the improvements he suggested and the edifices which he built.”

An original portrait of Samuel Carpenter was for a long time in the possession of his great-grand-daughter, the late Mrs. Isaac C. Jones. An admirable copy, by Sully, still exists in the hands of one of his descendants, Samuel Carpenter, Esq., of Salem, New Jersey.

Duplicates of this should be possessed by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, whose new and magnificent building will soon stand upon the site of the historical mansion of this “great improver of the city of Philadelphia.”

mount

THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE.*

III.

ISAAC NORRIS, who purchased the Slate-roof House from William Trent, was the progenitor of the Norris family, which is remarkable for its long-continued prominence from the origin of Philadelphia to the present time.

Isaac Norris was born in London, on the 26th of July, 1671, and was the ninth child of Thomas Norris, who settled as a merchant in the island of Jamaica in 1678, on account of the persecutions of the Quakers in England, which sect he had joined several years previously.

That Thomas Norris did not escape the oppressions from which he had fled is sufficiently evident from the volumes

in which Besse has recorded the sufferings of Friends. Therein we read that, in 1689, "Thomas Norris had taken from him, by orders from Captain *Reynard Wilson* (fitly named), for a demand of 18 shillings for not appearing in arms, a gun which cost £3. He also had taken from him at another time, for 10 shillings demanded for the same cause, one pair of hand-screws, three hand-saws, one silver spoon and four candlesticks."

Again, we are told that, in 1691, "Thomas Norris aforesaid, for his son's not appearing in arms, had taken from him for a fine of 10s., by Sergeant

* We desire, in bringing our account of Penn's old mansion to a close, to acknowledge the debt of gratitude which every lover of truth and justice owes to Mr. Hepworth Dixon for his "Life of Penn," and especially for his successful vindication of the character of

this former occupant of the *Old Slate-roof House*, which was so unjustly assailed by Lord Macaulay. We are glad to learn that Mr. Dixon is to further illustrate our colonial history by a biography of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Thomas Parr, by order from Josiah Heathcoat, lieutenant of the company, three leather chairs of the value of 10s."

In 1692, Thomas Norris and his entire family, with the exception of his son Isaac, perished in the fearful earthquake which destroyed Port Royal. Immediately after this awful event, Isaac Norris determined to abandon a land that had been the grave of all his near relatives, and he embarked for Philadelphia; where, shortly after his arrival, he married, on the 7th of March, 1693-4, Mary, daughter of Thomas Lloyd, for several years President and Deputy Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania.

Governor Lloyd was among the visitors at the Slate-roof House soon after its erection by Samuel Carpenter. He died in the summer of 1694. Like Penn, he was descended from an ancient Welsh family, which had held their patrimonial estates in Montgomeryshire for more than a thousand years. Their ancestor, Meric, or Meirig, is said, in the legendary history of Prince Arthur, to have been one of the four knights who bore the four golden shields before that renowned chieftain at the great festival of Caerleon, when he was crowned king, in 517.

However this may be, Thomas Lloyd and Charles, his brother, certainly joined themselves to George Fox, and were rewarded by the loss of their estates. They were highly educated—at least it is said they had both taken degrees at Oxford. Charles removed to Birmingham and became a great iron-master; and he, or his son, established in that city "Lloyd's Bank," which is still the prominent moneyed institution of Birmingham, known there as *the Bank*.

Thomas Lloyd came over with William Penn, and was one of the best and most useful of the colonists. He left no male descendants, but the female branches are numerous and respectable. One of his descendants married the Abbé Marbois when he was in Philadelphia. Their daughter became by marriage the Duchess of Plaisance, of whom Edmund About thus speaks in his "Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day:"

"Athens, however, last year still possessed a celebrated lady, who, after being admired at the finest courts of Europe, had come to Greece to conceal and to end her life.

"The daughter of one of Napoleon's ministers, she was married into one of the greatest families of the Empire; loved by Marie Louise, whom she served as maid of honor; admired at the court for her beauty, which only wanted a little gracefulness; esteemed by the Emperor for her virtue, which was never calumniated; separated from her husband without other motives than the difference of their tempers; and shut up entirely in her affection for her only daughter, who resembled her in everything; after having shown herself to the whole East with that daughter, for whom she dreamed of nothing less than a throne, she at length resigned herself to living obscurely in a private condition, and settled permanently at Athens, in the full strength of her age and character."

At the death of the Duchess an interesting lawsuit took place in Paris as to the disposal of her large estate. The French courts finally awarded nearly the whole amount to the heirs of Mrs. Richard Willing, of Philadelphia, of the Lloyd family.

Isaac Norris, after his marriage with Mary Lloyd, embarked largely in commercial pursuits, and was very successful in business. In 1706, from "curiosity and a desire to visit his relatives and the home of his ancestors," he went over to England, where he remained two years with his wife and his eldest son Isaac, afterwards the Speaker. Soon after his return he retired, in a great measure, from business cares; and, finding the infirmities of age approaching, wrote to England for a coach, upon the panels of which he directed his family coat-of-arms, "three falcon heads," to be painted—retaining, it seems, some pride of ancestry, although a very strict Friend.

In 1711, with Logan, Shippen, Walm and others, he was appointed a director of the first public school in the State.

About this period he purchased "Fair

Hill," a large tract of land lying north of the city, a part of which was owned by his intimate friend, Samuel Carpenter. Here he built the original mansion—afterward burned by the British—whither he removed from the Slate-roof House in 1717.

He died in the Germantown Friends' Meeting-house, of an apoplectic attack, on the 4th of June, 1735, and was buried in that portion of the Friends' burial-ground, on Arch street, which was reserved for the Lloyd and Norris families.

He was immediately succeeded in public life by his son, Isaac Norris, the younger, who married in 1739 a daughter of James Logan, then of Stenton, but who has been known chiefly in this paper as the friend of Penn and Secretary of the Province.

"Fair Hill" having been devised by the elder Isaac Norris to the younger, the latter took possession of that country-seat soon after his marriage; and his widowed mother removed to the Slate-roof House, where she ever after resided, and finally died, on the first of May, O. S., 1748. The following passage, extracted from the obituary notice which appeared in Franklin's Gazette a few days after her decease, is a just tribute to her memory:

"On the 1st of this month departed this life, Mrs. Mary Norris, relict of Isaac Norris, Esquire, late of Fairhill, and daughter of Thomas Lloyd, Governor of this Province, in the 75th year of her age—a gentlewoman remarkable for acts of charity, and which she endeavored so to conceal as if she held them a crime to make them public. She was an affectionate and obliging wife, a tender mother and a good mistress—a kind and constant friend, and generous and candid in her sentiments of persons of all denominations; was truly beloved, and is universally lamented by all her acquaintance."

In 1745, Isaac Norris, her son, visited Albany, with several other gentlemen, as a Commissioner from Pennsylvania, to attend a treaty to be made at that place with the Indians.

October 4th, 1745, he records in his

journal: "This morning Stephen Bayard came on board our sloop [this was Captain Abraham Funda's vessel, plying to New York: it was now lying at the Albany dock], and, soon after, Philip Livingston, Jr., with an invitation to us to lodge at his house; and then he went on shore to leave us to dress. After breakfast we dressed and went on shore—Philip Livingston staying for us at the river's side. We went on shore about ten o'clock with Livingston, to his house. . . .

"October 5.—This day Colonel Stoddard, Jacob Wendell,* Samuel Wells, and Thomas Hutchinson, Commissioners from New England, came in. Dined at Renssleur's, the Patroon's, about a mile out of town. It being a general invitation to the Governor of New York and almost all the gentlemen of the place, we had a large and plentiful dinner. In the evening some of the Indians desired to see us. We gave them a dram, and told them we were glad to see them; and then they went away. . . .

"October 10.—We invited the Massachusetts and Connecticut Commissioners and several gentlemen to dine with us, viz.: Philip Livingston, Senior and Junior, Captain Rutherford, Lechmore, several gentlemen, and the Patroon, who did not come, the Governor of New York having invited him previously. Immediately after dinner the Governor of New York (George Clinton) spoke to the Indians, in behalf of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut (the speech was a very long one and was penned by Horsmandon), from the Patroon's town-house door, the Indians on boards in the street. They finished about dusk.†

"October 12.—Supped with Colonel Keyler (Cuyler), Mayor of Albany.

"October 13.—Thomas Lawrence, John Kinsey, myself, the Patroon, Philip Livingston, Jr., James Read and Lewis

* An ancestor of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

† Can any one with certainty define the position of the Patroon's town-house at this period, in Albany, N. Y.? Some say that its site was on the east side of Pearl street, on the lot where the Westerlo mansion stood for many years, now occupied by the fine Caenstone building owned by James Kidd, Esq.

S I R,

YOU are invited to the Funeral of the late BRIGADEIR GENERAL *FORBES*, To-Morrow, at 4 o'Clock, in the Afternoon, from Mrs. *Howell's*, in *Second-Street*.

Tuesday, 13th March, 1759.

Evans, rode to the Cohoes Falls. We returned to the Patroon's about 4 o'clock P. M., where we all dined, and came to town in the evening."

The present Manor House of Rensselaerwyck, which stands at the north end of Broadway, just beyond the city limits of Albany, was not erected until twenty years later, viz., in 1765. The one mentioned by Mr. Norris was doubtless the ancient building, which, within the memory of some persons still living, formerly occupied the site just north of the Patroon's present office: it had answered in its day the uses of a fortress as well as a dwelling. The Patroon in 1745 was Stephen Van Rensselaer, who died two years later, at the early age of forty. His son Stephen, at the time of Mr. Norris' visit, was a boy of three years of age only. He afterwards married Catharine Livingston, daughter of Philip Livingston, the signer, and died in 1769, four years after he had completed the new Manor House. The portraits of father and son now hang there on the walls of the dining-room. The present General Stephen Van Rensselaer is a great-grandson of the elder Stephen Van Rensselaer; and Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who was Miss Bayard, of New York, is also the descendant of the Mr. Bayard who was the first to welcome Mr. Norris and his friends to Albany, nearly a century and a quarter ago.

In 1749, Peter Kalm, Professor of Economy in the University of Abo, in Swedish Finland, who visited North America, as a naturalist, under the auspices of the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences, while describing the climate of Pennsylvania, said: "Mr. Isaac Norris, a wealthy merchant, who has a considerable share in the government of Pennsylvania, confirmed the Swedish statement that the winter came sooner formerly than it does now. His father, one of the first English merchants in this country, observed that in his younger years the river Delaware was commonly covered with ice about the middle of November, old style. . . . On the contrary, this river seldom freezes over, at

present, before the middle of December, old style." This remark confirms the opinion of old residents of Philadelphia, that the winter sets in later and the spring begins later than formerly.

Shortly after Kalm had received this information, Isaac Norris, then residing at "Fair Hill," rented the Slate-roof House as a fashionable boarding-house. Its ample proportions and spacious gardens, extending half-way to Front street, with its grove of lofty pines, continued to give it celebrity. General Forbes, successor to Braddock, died here in 1759; and the funeral, which took place from the Slate House, was characterized by a degree of splendor and military magnificence which surpassed anything of the kind ever before seen in Philadelphia.

In 1764 Mrs. Graydon became its mistress, and under her efficient management it acquired a further reputation, which made it the resort of officers of the Royal Army and Navy, and of all the aristocracy of the day.

"It was at different times," says her son, "nearly filled by the officers of the Forty-second or Highland Regiment, as also by those of the Royal Irish. Besides these, it sometimes accommodated officers of other armies and other uniforms. Of this description was the Baron de Kalb, who visited this country probably about the year 1768 or 1769, and who fell, a major-general in the army of the United States, at the battle of Camden.

"Another of our foreign guests was one Badourin, who wore a white cockade, and gave himself out for a general in the Austrian service; but whether general or not, he, one night, very unexpectedly left his quarters, making a masterly retreat, with the loss of no other baggage than that of an old trunk, which, when opened, was found to contain only a few old Latin and German books.

"Among those of rank from Great Britain with whose residence we were honored, I recollect Lady Moore and her daughter, a sprightly miss, not far advanced in her teens, and who, having apparently no dislike to be seen, had

more than once attracted my attention ; for I was just touching that age when such objects begin to be interesting, and excite feelings which disdain the invidious barriers with which the pride of condition would surround itself. Not that the young lady was stately : my vanity rather hinted she was condescendingly courteous ; and I had no doubt read of women of quality falling in love with their inferiors ; nevertheless, the extent of my presumption was a look or a bow as she now and then tripped along the entry."

The young lady thus referred to by the lively author was the daughter of Sir Henry Moore, Bart., formerly Lieutenant Governor of the island of Jamaica. During the latter part of his administration there he successfully suppressed an alarming insurrection of the slaves. This procured him a baronetcy on the 29th January, 1764, and the appointment as Governor of New York in the month of July following. "He was the only native colonist," says Dr. O'Callaghan, "that held the commission of Governor-General of the Province of New York." His wife, Lady Catharine Maria, was the eldest daughter of Chief Justice Long of Jamaica, and she was the sister of the Hon. Edward Long, Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, and author of the history of that island. Besides his daughter, Sir Henry left one son, Sir John Hay Moore, who died without issue in 1780, and the title became extinct.

Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in her charming "Memoirs of an American Lady," mentions this family: "Sir Henry Moore, the last British Governor of New York that I remember, came up this summer to see Albany and the ornament of Albany—Aunt Schuyler: he brought Lady Moore and his daughter with him."

Another of the occupants of the Slate-roof House at this period was Lady O'Brien, who, Graydon remarks, was not more distinguished by her title than by her husband, who accompanied her, and who had figured as a comedian on the London stage in the time of Garrick,

Mossop and Barry. Although Churchill in his *Rosciad* charges him with being an imitator of Woodward, he yet admits him to be a man of parts ; and it has been said that he surpassed all his contemporaries in the character of the fine gentleman. "Employed by the father to instruct Lady Susan in elocution, he taught her, it seems, that it was no sin to love ; for she became his wife, and, as I have seen it mentioned in the *Theatrical Mirror*, obtained for him, through the interest of her family, a post in America."

"A third person of celebrity and title was Sir William Draper, who made a tour to this country a short time after his newspaper encounter with *Junius*. It has even been suggested that this very incident set the knight on his travels. Whether or not it had so important a consequence, it cannot be denied that Sir William *caught a tartar* in *Junius*; and that when he commenced his attack he had evidently underrated his adversary."

Sir William, who was born in 1721, at Bristol (England), where his father held the post of Collector of the Customs, was educated at Eton and Cambridge ; entered the army ; won distinction in the East Indies ; obtained a colonelcy in 1760 ; acted as brigadier at the capture of Belle Isle in 1761 ; and led the land forces at the taking of Manila in 1763. For his services he was made Knight of the Bath.

When the first of the "Junius" letters appeared, he came forward under his own name in defence of his friend, the Marquis of Granby. But he was worsted on this and on several subsequent occasions by his anonymous opponent. "Sir William Draper was endowed," says Wraxall, "with talents which, whether exerted in the field or in the closet, entitled him to great consideration." . . .

"Junius's" obligations to his officious friendship for the Marquis of Granby were indelible ; for, however admirably written may be his letter of the 21st of January, 1769, which opened the series of those celebrated compositions, it was

Draper's answer, with his signature annexed to it, that drew all eyes towards the two literary combatants.

Sir William arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, in the month of January, 1770; and during the summer of that year he visited Maryland and was received with great hospitality. From thence he journeyed to Philadelphia, and finally to New York, where he married Miss Delancey.

Among those who called upon him at the Slate-roof House in Philadelphia was Mr. Wharton, an old Quaker, who was universally known as the *Duke*, on account of his dignified manners and pride of character. Sir William having observed that this gentleman entered the room and remained with his hat off, begged that, as it was contrary to the custom of his society to do so, he would dispense with this unnecessary mark of respect. But the *Duke*, feeling piqued at the supposition that he should uncover to Sir William Draper or to any other man, promptly corrected the mistake by bluntly giving him to understand that his being uncovered was not intended as a compliment to him, but was for his own convenience and comfort—the day being warm!

If, as Mr. Joseph Yorke does fully believe when alive, and if, as Mr. Thurlow Weed does now really think, Sir Philip Francis was the veritable "Junius," then Sir William Draper was constantly meeting in the most agreeable circles of Philadelphia society the near relatives of his late formidable antagonist, "the great unknown."

It happened in this way: About the year 1700, Tench Francis, a great-grandson of Philip Francis, the Royalist Mayor of Plymouth, England, in 1644—but himself a native of Dublin, and a son of the Very Rev. John Francis, afterwards Dean of Lismore and Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin—Tench Francis, I repeat—the first name being derived from his mother's family—emigrated to Kent county in the Province of Maryland, where he established himself as a lawyer, and married, in 1724, Miss Elizabeth Turbutt, a lady

of good family and great personal attractions.

Having received, however, a thorough legal training, he was soon attracted to the city of Philadelphia, which seemed to offer a wider field for the display of his talents. That he was not mistaken in the estimate of his own powers may be inferred from the fact that in 1744 he was made Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, and continued to fill that office successfully for eight years, although for half of that period he also held the post of Recorder of the city of Philadelphia. As a lawyer he acquired a high reputation, and as an author he was also fortunate: his articles on "Paper Currency" attracted wide attention at the time of their original publication, and they have also received the praise of political economists of the present day.

It is said that, some time prior to his death in 1758, Tench Francis received a visit from his younger brother, the Rev. Philip Francis, who spent some time with his American relatives. The Rev. Philip Francis became chaplain to Lord Holland, and obtained a rectorate at Barrow, in Suffolk, England, where, the biographer Rose declares, Gibbon was for a short time one of his pupils. In 1762 he received the degree of D.D. from the University of Dublin. It has been said by some that Churchill in "The Author" bitterly satirizes Dr. Francis, but the editor of Churchill's Works, published in London in 1804, seems to cast a doubt upon the supposed reference to this Dr. Francis. No one, however, who has read his elegant translations from Horace and Demosthenes—and especially the former—can deny that Dr. Francis was a man of fine abilities and extensive acquirements. His plays and political pamphlets indeed display less merit, but even these evince varied powers of mind.

His son, born at Dublin in 1740, was the celebrated Sir Philip Francis, K. G. C. B., who was, it thus appears, the nephew of Tench Francis, Sr., and the first cousin of Tench Francis, Jr., of Philadelphia. The latter was ten years

older than his cousin Sir Philip, having been born in Philadelphia in 1730, where he married, in 1762, the eldest daughter of Charles Willing.

At the time of Sir William Draper's sojourn in the Slate-roof House the several members of the Francis family were prominent members of society. Among these, in addition to Tench Francis, Jr., above mentioned, we may name his two brothers, Turbutt and Philip Francis, who were associated with the gayeties of the period.

Of this once large and influential family, few members, alas! now remain. We believe, in fact, none of the descendants in the male line are to be found in the city of Philadelphia.

It was the good fortune of the writer some years since to enjoy the friendship of the grandson of Tench Francis, Jr.—the late Hon. John Brown Francis, formerly United States Senator and Governor of Rhode Island, who spent the later years of his life in dignified retirement at his seat at Spring Green, near the city of Providence. His ripe and unrivaled knowledge of men and affairs was always at the service of his associates; and none came within the sphere of his influence without imbibing lessons of wisdom from the "old man eloquent."

In the female line of the Francis family, in passing, we can only recall the late Mrs. Bayard, wife of the Hon. James A. Bayard, United States Senator from Delaware; the late Mrs. Joshua Fisher, mother of Mr. J. Francis Fisher of Philadelphia; the late Mrs. George Harrison; the Tilghman family; and the Hon. Philip Francis Thomas, United States Senator from Maryland.

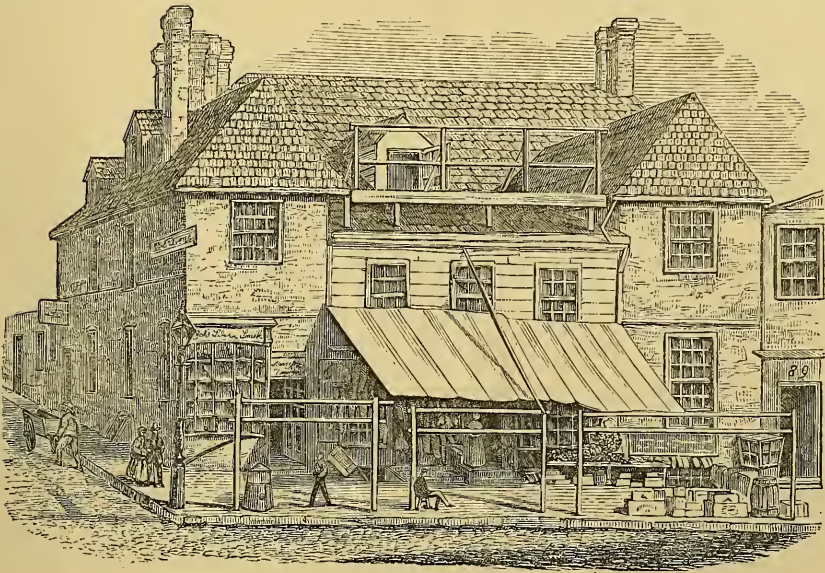
There are many interesting reminiscences related by Graydon in connection with the Slate-roof House, to which it would be a pleasure to refer. His anecdotes concerning the two Ethingtons, Dr. Bond, Mr. Delancey, of New York, Majors Small and Fell, Mr. Bradford, Captain Wallace, R. N., and Parson Duché,—all these are worth reproduction, but we have no time nor space left for the purpose.

Our knowledge of the peculiar construction of the old house, however, compels us to doubt the entire accuracy of Graydon's account of a midnight riot perpetrated by Lieutenant Rumsey, R. A., Rivington the printer, and Doctor Kearsley; "in which," says Graydon, "the doctor, mounted on horseback, rode into the back parlor, *and even up stairs*, to the great disturbance and terror of the family; for, as it may well be supposed, there was a direful clatter. *Quadrupedante sonitu quatit ungula domum.*"

Of the experiences of Adams, Hancock, Reed, Dickinson, Randolph and Washington, in this ancient mansion, we would gladly speak. We may perhaps be permitted to quote the following memorandum by the late Peter S. Duponceau, which exists among Mr. Watson's unpublished manuscripts: "I remember that when the British army left Philadelphia in May, 1778, they left it exceedingly dirty. I entered it on the same day on which they left it. It was in the afternoon that I went in. I drank tea at the Slate House in Second street. Whether it was a public or a boarding-house or not, I do not recollect: I went to lodge elsewhere the same night. But I well recollect the general complaint of the abominable state in which the city was left by the British army. And I recollect also that the flies were so abundant that no one could drink his dish of tea: as soon as it was poured into the cup it was instantly filled with flies."

And now, having finished our story, it only remains for us to say, in explanation of the wood-cut which accompanies this part of this paper, that the wooden portion of the building, which is seen filling the space between the hitherto projecting bastions, was placed there in the latter part of the last century. The distinguished local antiquary, Mr. McAllister, Sr., who attended school in the Slate-roof House as early as 1798, has told us that this addition was in use at that time.

The house itself was pulled down in



THE OLD SLATE-ROOF HOUSE, IN 1867.

September last, to make room for the magnificent building soon to be occupied by the Chamber of Commerce.* The writer ventures to suggest to the leading men in that important association the desirability of erecting a marble tablet commemorating the historical characters who have been prominently associated with the mansion now no more. And if the portraits of some of the more distinguished were procured to be hung on the walls of the modern edifice, it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the fathers and founders of Philadelphia.

* F. Gutekunst, 712 Arch street, Philadelphia, took a series of admirable photographic views of the "Old Slate-roof House" a few weeks before it was demolished.

One more word for the reader: If, as Doctor Draper supposes, even the most trivial events are photographed instantly upon surrounding objects, how sad it is to reflect that these ancient walls, with their myriads of historical pictures, have irrecoverably disappeared!—unless indeed the kind public should determine that I have succeeded in rescuing some of the "negatives," and in conveying to the preceding pages accurate impressions of the varying fortunes of the Old Slate-roof House and its occupants. In that case, I shall instantly lay claim to the discovery of a process for detecting and securing these fugitive images, the want of which the learned doctor has hitherto so deeply deplored.

THE OLD PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

DO you ever associate houses with their occupants? I know one which is the embodiment in brick and mortar of the singularities of its builder and owner. He, its master, is rough, angular, and brusque. His dwelling juts upon the street in an obtrusive way, and jostles its neighbors with its staring bay-windows; while its sharp corners and steep roofs seem to take a perverse pleasure in driving the rain from its accustomed perpendicular fall. It hurls the snow and the hail from its

mailed sides with an aspect like that of the lord of the domicile when engaged in the contests of every-day life.

In the same way there is an individuality about libraries which is sometimes very impressive; for I have noticed that they partake of the intellectual peculiarities of the people conducting or frequenting them. There is, for instance, an atmosphere of perfect repose about the Philadelphia Library which is in harmony with the well-balanced characteristics of the

quiet citizens who thread its galleries with decorous mien. Once within its walls, your foot falls lightly on the clean wooden floor, and your voice instinctively drops to a whisper which cannot drown the solemn ticking of the Protector's clock, whose tireless hands have measured with unerring truth the lapse of time and the progress of humanity from Cromwell's day to ours. The books, both new and old, repose with a proper air within the plain white cases; though here and there one more brilliant than the rest in its outside garb glistens through the wired fronts. The hereditary librarian sits calmly before the time-honored desk of William Penn, but rises with the perfect courtesy of a gentleman of the olden school to answer the inquiries which such surroundings naturally suggest. That portrait of the founder of the State, — just opposite in the rear room, — which follows us with its eyes in the strange way peculiar to some pictures, is a striking contrast to the youthful likeness of the same person clad in armor which hangs in the hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. On the canvas before us Penn is represented as a man in the prime of life, with a florid complexion and a round English face, while his costume is that of a Friend. Yet the warlike figure is the only authenticated representation of the Man of Peace!

It was to the family motto, *In Pace Para Bellum*, inscribed upon the breast of the latter, that Kossuth pointed, while closing a powerful appeal on behalf of Hungary, and cried with fiery eloquence: "Even your great founder calls to you from the past, — '*In Peace Prepare for War!*'"

The pleasant face above the neighboring alcove was limned by a master's hand. In the latter part of the last century it happened that Benjamin West was visiting his friend, the Reverend Samuel Preston, — an English clergyman residing at Chevening, in Kent, — who possessed a fine collection of books. While examining the choice

editions in his friend's library one morning, West said in a familiar manner which their close intimacy permitted: "By the way, Preston, you have no children; what is to be done with these volumes when you are gone?"

"It has never occurred to me to make any disposition of them," was the reply.

"Then, my friend, leave them to our library in Philadelphia; for, strange as it may appear to you, we have there a respectable array of authors, and your gift would be highly prized."

The suggestion was adopted, and, upon the reverend gentleman's decease, his rare and costly books were forwarded to the Library Company, with a portrait of the donor painted by Benjamin West, and presented to the corporation by Mrs. West.

We must not forget to pay our tribute of respect, in passing, to the genius and virtues of James Logan, fitly commemorated in yonder portrait, whose thoughtful eyes and intellectual lineaments would arouse the interest of even a stranger to his fame. As founder of the Loganian Library, he is intimately associated with our present theme. Distinguished as a scholar not less than as a statesman, he was the friend and patron of ingenious men, and constantly exerted himself to procure for merit its deserved applause. Dr. Franklin experienced his protection and friendship in his early career; and it was to Logan that Godfrey first imparted his ideas of the quadrant.

Logan owned *Stenton*, that stately house, still standing a few miles out of town, in whose mysterious chambers we have spent delightful hours. This mansion had been erected with elaborate care, and when it was finally completed, in 1727, its owner, who had been for years engaged in collecting a library of choice works, removed his treasures to the spacious room there, which he had specially designed to hold them. On one occasion Thomas Godfrey, who was a painter and glazier

by trade, was making some repairs at *Stanton*; while thus engaged, he observed, accidentally, a piece of fallen glass, which suggested an idea to his reflecting mind, and caused him to leave his work and go into Logan's library, where he took down a volume of Newton. While absorbed in his studies he was surprised by Mr. Logan, who inquired the cause of his search, and succeeded in drawing him into a conversation in which Godfrey acquitted himself so well as to secure the admiration and zealous friendship of Logan, who from that moment took the deepest interest in his plans and aspirations.

Of the many interesting relics scattered about the Philadelphia Library we can only select a few. Before leaving the pictures, however, we must call attention to a curiously prophetic one, painted in 1792, by S. Jennings, a pupil of Benjamin West, which represents the *Genius of American Liberty Teaching the Blacks*. The writing-desk of William Penn within the enclosure was at his manor of Pennsbury on the Delaware. From its secret drawer the librarian takes a variety of interesting memorials; among others an original pitcher portrait of Washington. On the wall near at hand hangs an accurate copy of the cast taken by Houdon from Washington's face in life. The original was formerly in the possession of Dr. John Redmond Coxe. From where we now stand may be seen above, in the gallery, a colossal bust of Minerva, six feet in height, which was behind the speaker's chair when the first Congress was held in Philadelphia.

A foreigner, a man of letters, who was in Philadelphia in the fall of the year 1743, thus speaks of the condition of the library, which was then, according to the *official minutes*, in the "upper room of the westernmost office of the State-House," the use of which had been lately granted to the company by the Assembly:—

"On one side of this building—the State-House—stands the Library, which

was first begun in the year 1742,* on a public-spirited plan, formed and put in execution by the learned Mr. Franklin. For he persuaded first the most substantial people in town to pay forty shillings at the outset, and afterwards annually ten shillings, all in Pennsylvania currency, towards purchasing all kinds of useful books. . . . There is already a fine collection of excellent works, most of them English, many French and Latin, but few in any other language. The subscribers were so kind to me as to order the librarian, during my stay here, to lend me every book which I should want, without requiring any payment. . . . Besides the books, several mathematical and physical instruments, and a large collection of natural curiosities, were to be seen in it. Several little libraries were founded in the town on the same footing, or nearly, with this."

The reference above to the many excellent works in French, possessed by the library at that early day, reminds us of an amusing incident which occurred a short time ago.

The librarian received from a well-known source of literary intelligence in New York a very long and elaborate letter, describing an original copy of the History of New France, by Charlevoix, which was, in the correspondent's opinion, of great value on account of its rarity and age,— "being one hundred and twenty-three years old." The communication concluded by offering the three volumes to the library for three hundred dollars.

The following is the answer despatched by the returning mail:—

"SIR,— In reply to your favor I would state, that about the time of the publication of Charlevoix's *Nouvelle France* (1744), this Institution procured a copy, and still has it in perfect preservation.

"Your obedient servant,

"— — — — —"
"Librarian Philadelphia Library Company."

No one acquainted with the early history of letters in Philadelphia can

* It was in reality founded in 1737.

fail to attribute a large share of the intellectual activity of the city, in its infancy, to the enlightened example of James Logan, who inspired all about him with a genuine thirst for learning.

The influence of his teachings upon the early life and subsequent career of Benjamin Franklin was certainly very great. In 1744 Franklin printed Logan's translation of Cicero's *De Senectute*, the Preface of which concludes with these memorable words: "I shall add to these few lines my hearty wish that this first translation of a *classic* in this *Western world* may be followed with many others, and be a happy omen that Philadelphia shall become the seat of the American Muses."

From the early records of the Library Company it is evident that, from the outset, Mr. Logan's advice was constantly required and cheerfully given. The library itself seems to have had its origin in the *Junto* which Dr. Franklin mentions in his Autobiography. We will let him tell the story in his own way: "About this time (1730), our club meeting, not at a tavern, but in a little room of Mr. Grace's set apart for that purpose, a proposition was made by me, that, since our books were often referred to in our disquisitions upon the queries, it might be convenient to us to have them all together where we met, that upon occasion they might be consulted; and by thus clubbing our books in a common library we should, while we liked to keep them together, have each of us the advantage of using the books of all the other members, which would be nearly as beneficial as if each owned the whole. It was liked and agreed to, and we filled one end of the room with such books as we could best spare. The number was not so great as we expected; and though they had been of great use, yet some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again.

"And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, — that for a sub-

scription library. I drew up the proposals, got them put into form by our great scrivener, Brockden, and, by the help of my friends in the *Junto*, procured fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years, the term our company was to continue. We afterward obtained a charter, the company being increased to one hundred; this was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous."

The instrument of association was dated July 1, 1731, and the directors and treasurer therein appointed held their first meeting on the 8th of November following, and made choice of William Coleman as their treasurer, and of Joseph Breintnall as their secretary, whose first entry is in the following words: —

"The minutes of me, Joseph Breintnall, secretary to the directors of the Library Company of Philadelphia, with such of the minutes of the same directors as they order me to make, begun on the 8th day of November, 1731. By virtue of the deed or instrument of the said company, dated the first day of July last. The said instrument being completed by fifty subscriptions, I subscribed my name to the following summons or notice which Benjamin Franklin sent by a messenger, viz. : —

"To Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Hopkinson, William Parsons, Philip Sing, Jun., Thomas Godfrey, Anthony Nicholas, Thomas Cadwalader, John Jones, Jun., Robert Grace, and Isaac Pennington.

"GENTLEMEN: — The subscription to the library being completed, you, the directors appointed in the instrument, are desired to meet this evening at five o'clock, at the house of Nicholas Scull, to take bond of the treasurer for the faithful performance of his trust, and to consider of and appoint a proper time for the payment of the money subscribed, and other matters relating to the said library.

"JOS. BREINTNALL, *Sec'y.*

"Philadelphia, 8th November, 1731."

It will be observed that several of the names in the above list of directors are identical with those of prominent members of the Junto; and this identity is further noticeable in the list of subscribers to the articles of association. The first man who signed these was Robert Grace, whom Franklin describes as "a young gentleman of some fortune, generous, lively, and witty; a lover of punning, and of his friends." The library, in fact, was afterwards opened in the chamber of a house belonging to him.

The second signer of the articles was Thomas Hopkinson, the father of Francis Hopkinson the poet, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This share is an excellent illustration of one of the most striking characteristics of this ancient library, — the regular descent of shares in families, through several generations, for more than a century.

The first owner of share No. 2, as we have just remarked, was Thomas Hopkinson, who acquired it in 1731; next came his son Francis Hopkinson, who took possession in 1762; to be followed in 1813 by his son Judge Joseph Hopkinson, who left it in 1844 to his son Francis Hopkinson, who now holds it by direct male descent, one hundred and thirty-six years having elapsed since his ancestor first took it.

The third signer of the articles was Benjamin Franklin; his share descended to Benjamin Franklin Bache, and is still in the family. The other members of the Junto who also signed were Joseph Breintnall, the secretary before mentioned, who stands fifth on the company's books; and is mentioned in Franklin's account of the Junto as "a good-natured, friendly, middle-aged man, a great lover of poetry, reading all he could meet with, and writing some that was tolerable; very ingenious in making little knickknackeries, and of sensible conversation"; Thomas Godfrey, the great mathematician, and inventor of the so-called Hadley's Quadrant, the seventh shareholder; William Maudridge, "a most exquisite mechanic,

and a solid, sensible man," the twenty-ninth signer; thirty-fourth, William Parsons, who had "acquired a considerable share of mathematics, which he first studied with a view to astrology, and afterward laughed at it"; thirty-sixth, William Scull, afterwards surveyor-general, "who loved books, and sometimes made a few verses," and whose share is now in the hands of his descendant, Gideon D. Scull; fifty-fifth, Stephen Potts; and lastly, William Coleman, the fifty-second signer, "who had," says Dr. Franklin, "the coolest, clearest head, the best heart, and the exactest morals of almost any man I ever met with." He became afterwards a merchant of great note, and one of the provincial judges.

Of course the greater portion of the subscribers were not members of the Junto, which was merely a club for mutual improvement, originated by Benjamin Franklin.

An examination of the list of shareholders of the Library Company discloses the fact that the corporation embraced a large majority of those who were distinguished in Philadelphia by learning, fortune, or high social position. It is not a little singular that Franklin should have drawn within the circle of his influence at that early day those who were above him in the social scale, — a point as carefully weighed then as now in the good City of Brotherly Love, where the distinctions of class have existed with unabated force since the foundations of the place were laid. The youthful printer must even then have possessed the infinite tact, real wisdom, and engaging manners which years afterwards secured for the aged philosopher the admiration and homage of the French court.

Among the names taken at random from the original minutes are the following, most of which are still prominent:—

William Rawle acquired share 42 in 1732; he appears to have been the first American donor, having presented, on the 12th March, 1733, "six volumes or books of the works of Mr. Edmund

Spenser." His son Francis succeeded him in 1769; who was followed in 1786 by his son William Rawle, the eminent lawyer and author. The share is still in his family. William Logan held share 98 in 1747, and Gustavus G. Logan is to-day its possessor. Samuel Norris owned share 64 in 1734, and it descended in 1741 to Isaac, in 1746 to Charles, and is now the property of Samuel Norris. Samuel Coates had share 67 in 1736, and it is now in the hands of Dr. Benjamin H. Coates, his descendant. John Smith, the son-in-law of James Logan, purchased share 94 in 1744; and it is now in the name of his descendant, Lloyd P. Smith, the hereditary librarian. Bishop White in 1777 received No. 52, William Coleman's share in 1733, and the children of Thomas H. White still keep it. The Hamilton family, in the persons of James, William, and James Hamilton, held share 57 one hundred and nineteen years, and forfeited it in 1853. Share 168 was owned by Colonel William Bradford in 1769; it fell, in 1782, to his son William Bradford, Attorney-General of the United States under Washington, and passed, through Thomas Bradford, to its present possessor, William Bradford. Dr. Thomas Cadwalader, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, father of the two Revolutionary officers General John and Colonel Lambert Cadwalader, was a director of the company in 1731, and his descendants are still shareholders. Governor Thomas McKean, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, acquired share 244 in 1777, and it is still in the family. Share 135 was purchased one hundred and twenty years ago by the great-grandfather of its present owner, Judge John M. Read. Share 18 became the property of John Biddle in 1762, and it is today in the hands of Edward C. Biddle. James Bingham took share 38 in 1741, but it was forfeited by his son William Bingham in 1782. Share 43 was held by Dr. William Shippen in 1761, by Thomas Lee Shippen in 1794, and in 1819 by Dr. William Shippen, who left it to Mrs. Mary Louisa Shippen. Jo-

seph Fox, Jr. was the original purchaser in 1769 of share No. 129; in 1792 it fell to Samuel M. Fox, who left it, in 1843, to Joseph M. Fox; from whom it passed, in 1847, to George Fox, the present holder. Colonel James Read bought share 350, in 1769; his grandson still keeps it. No. 378 was owned in 1773 by Dr. Adam Kuhn, in whose family it still remains. In 1777 Cadwallader Evans was possessed of share 437, and his family now own that share.

The noted Parson Duché, who attempted to persuade Washington to forsake the cause of the Colonies, became a subscriber in 1732.*

Another remarkable feature in the Philadelphia Library Company is the long tenure of office. Benjamin Franklin was a director, having previously served as librarian, 28 years; Thomas Cadwalader, 29 years; Evan Morgan, 24 years; Samuel Rhoads, 32 years; J. Read, 29 years; Mordecai Lewis, 20 years; Josiah Hewes, 30 years; Richard Wistar, 37 years; John Kaighn, 43 years; T. Parke, 57 years; James Gibson, 57 years; J. P. Norris was an officer 47 years, from 1793 to 1840, and his son, Dr. George W. Norris, succeeded him that year, and is still a director; Nicholas Waln occupied that position from 1767 to 1771; Robert Waln, from 1799 to 1836, and his son Lewis Waln from that date until his recent decease, when he was succeeded by S. Morris

* The following were also among the members during the last century: Alexander Graydon, the father of the author of Graydon's Memoirs, in 1736; Lewis Evans, in 1745; Abraham Taylor, in 1747; Isaac Penington, in 1732; Anthony Lenezet, in 1734; Charles Willing, in 1736; William Allen, Chief Justice, in 1747; Samuel McCall, in 1741; William Plumstead, in 1735; Richard Peters, in 1738; Israel Pemberton, in 1740; Dr. Phneas Bond, in 1740; Lynford Lardner, in 1746; Tench Francis, in 1751; the Rev. Dr. Fran. is A. lison, in 1752; Daniel Wistar, in 1762; Jacob Lewis, in 1764; Joseph Swift, in 1766; William Chancellor, in 1769; Thomas Wharton, in 1769; George Clynner, the signer, in 1769; Thomas Carpenter, in 1769; Andrew Robeson, in 1774; John Dickinson, in 1762; Matthew Clarkson, in 1771; Sharp Delany, in 1772; James Wilson, the signer, in 1778; General Walter Stewart, in 1789; Colonel Henry Hill, in 1789; Commodore John Nicholson, Continental Navy, in 1789; Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, in 1790; and John Penn, in 1769.

Waln; Zachariah Poulson was an officer of the company 59 years.

Prior to the present incumbent, Lloyd P. Smith, who has held the office seventeen years, there have been only three librarians of the Philadelphia Library, since 1735: Z. Poulson, George Campbell, and John Jay Smith. The custodians of the Loganian collection will be noted hereafter.

The agents of the board of directors in England also present an instance of the almost hereditary character of that appointment. From 1783 to 1863, Joseph Woods, his son, grandson, and great-grandson, acted in succession as agents of the company in England; one of them holding the office, which in every way was without charge, for forty-one years. Nor should it be forgotten that their predecessor in that position, William Dilwyn, a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, now the home of the radical Stevens, was declared by Clarkson to be the real originator of the abolition of the slave-trade.

The hereditary characteristics of the Loganian Library, which was united with the Philadelphia Library Company in 1792, are also curiously marked. The founder, James Logan, was born, in 1674, at Lurgan, in Ireland, although his family was of ancient Scotch descent. His great-grandfather was that Sir Robert Logan, Baron of Restalrig, in Scotland, whose strange and illegal accusation in 1603, several years after his death, for an alleged participation in the "Gowrie Conspiracy," and the singular trial of whose mouldering remains are among the most mysterious transactions of James's reign.

The Quaker principles and varied virtues of James Logan having attracted the attention of William Penn, a few months before his second departure for America he succeeded in inducing Logan to act as his secretary, and finally to accompany him to Pennsylvania in 1699. Through a long career in this new field as Secretary, Chief Justice, Commissioner of Property, President of the Council, and acting Governor of the Province, Logan's

abilities shone with ever-increasing brilliancy. At his death, in 1751, he bequeathed to the city of Philadelphia, with a liberal endowment, the classical library, worth at that time \$10,000 in gold, which still bears his name and has greatly increased in value. I say "bequeathed," for such was the intention of James Logan, but his signature was wanting to the deed; his sons William and James Logan, John Smith, and Hannah his wife, the surviving daughter of James Logan, however, complied with his intention, and are entitled to grateful remembrance for the free-will act which they were not necessarily obliged to perform.

In accordance with Mr. Logan's views, they executed a perpetual deed of trust, which conveyed the books, the library building at the northwest corner of Sixth and Walnut Streets, in which the Loganian Library was kept from 1750 to 1792, with certain funds derived from lands leased for one hundred and twenty-one years, for the support of the institution, to Israel Pemberton, William Allen, Richard Peters, and Benjamin Franklin, their heirs and assigns forever. On condition, however, "that there should be a perpetual succession of trustees, part of whom should be of the descendants of the said James Logan the elder, preferring the male line to the female, as long as any of his descendants remained; that one of his male descendants, taken in priority of birth, and preferring the male line to the female, should be librarian of the said public library, with a power of employing deputies." Further: "And whereas some ages hence it may become difficult to know who are intitled to be trustees and librarians within the intent and meaning of the testator, to prevent the difficulty as much as is in the power of the parties hereto, it is agreed that the librarian for the time being shall in a place or places appropriated for that purpose in the said folio-bound book enter the names, days of birth, days of marriage, and to whom, and days of death, of all the descendants of the

testator, from time to time as they happen, with such precision by giving a number to each descendant, and giving the numbers of the parents as well as the names, that there may be no room left for mistake of the whole descent of each (which by the similarity of names there would be without numbers). . . . And it is agreed that this present indenture, after it is recorded and entered in the said folio book, and all other writings herein recited or mentioned, shall be carefully kept in a box or drawer in the said library, under two locks, whereof the key of one to be kept by the librarian, and the key of the other lock by the senior trustee, or such other of them as the majority of them may direct."

In 1792, at the instance of James Logan, the son, the only surviving trustee, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed an act vesting the property of the Loganian Library in the Library Company of Philadelphia, subject to the conditions in the original deed of trust. In accordance with one of the provisions in that instrument, an accurate record of the founder's descendants continues to be kept in the "folio-bound book"; and the trustees published in the last supplement to the catalogue a "*Genealogical Table*, showing the names of persons entitled (under the founder's last will) to the office of hereditary librarian of the Loganian Library; and also (under the act of Assembly) to the position of hereditary trustee, with the right of appointing two others."

The librarians, from 1760 to 1792, were William Logan, and James Logan, 2d. Since then Zachariah Poulson, George Campbell, John Jay Smith, and Lloyd P. Smith have held the office. Their terms of service were respectively six years, sixteen years, fourteen years, twenty-three years, twenty-two years, seventeen years. George Campbell, whose term of service was within two years of a quarter of a century, was never, during that long period, even once, prevented by sickness from attending to his daily duties. The present libra-

rian, and his father and predecessor, John Jay Smith, are descendants of John Smith, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, who married, the daughter of James Logan; hence their hereditary right to be custodians of the collection founded by their ancestor.

The original Loganian Library building, figured on the title-page of the new supplementary catalogue, stood near the corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, — the whole square of ground between Sixth and Seventh and Walnut streets belonging to Logan. We have heard one of his descendants say that his father sold a great slice of it, on Chestnut and Seventh streets, for a box of Irish linens to go to housekeeping with. The square, now worth millions, was originally sold because the rents did not pay the taxes. It is the old story of the proprietary Penns. — always in want of money, and selling whole baronies for a song. This library building had a cosey back yard, easily accessible by climbing a board fence; and there all the school-boy battles were fought by the young Quakers of the not-distant classical academy of Proud, the historian of Pennsylvania.

At present the Loganian collection embraces between ten and eleven thousand volumes, — many of them very rare; some, in fact, unique.

As we have seen, the Philadelphia Library furnishes scores of instances illustrating the truth of an idea which is every day becoming more apparent, namely, that a republican form of government is far more conducive to the healthy growth and development, not of individuals merely, but of families, than the carefully digested rules of a monarchy. In England, for example, some one man may win for himself unlimited fame, and a peerage. The latter will halo his family, throughout each succeeding generation, as long as the race exists. No matter whether his descendants are good, bad, or indifferent, the laws of the land will sustain them in the high position originally acquired by creditable deeds. In America, on the contrary, where the spirit of our insti-

tutions is in direct opposition to the preservation of influence when original excellence has departed, there is every incentive to personal exertion; and hence our country contains, in proportion to its age, a larger number of family names than any other can boast which have been honored in their several generations for characteristic virtues.

Philadelphia and its vicinity, perhaps, has more persons than any other American community who hold the same comfortable position to-day which their ancestors originally occupied. This is true not merely of the professional and wealthy classes: it applies no less strongly to mechanics and artisans. One finds families in which a certain trade has been handed down for half a dozen generations.

The city, indeed, has a stability of character in some respects peculiar to itself. The architecture partakes of the characteristics which were its distinguishing features from its very infancy. An air of genteel antiquity envelops the town and its inhabitants. A stranger almost instinctively falls into the oiled grooves of a preservative civilization, and lays aside the corroding cares which afflict the more changeable citizens of New York. It sometimes requires a little while for the adjustment, as the following anecdote will show. On one occasion a gentleman from New York called in a great hurry at a certain bank in Philadelphia, about midday. Finding it closed he went away, supposing that the building was undergoing repairs. Happening, however, to pass it again the same afternoon, he noticed, to his astonishment, that the doors were open. On entering he expressed his surprise that a bank should be closed between twelve and two in the day; and said, moreover, that it had caused him some inconvenience.

"You should have known better, sir," was the reply; "for such has been our daily custom for more than a hundred years."

I have lying before me a volume entitled "The Charter, Laws, and Cata-

logue of Books of the Library Company of Philadelphia. *Communiter bona profundere Deum est.* Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, and D. Hall. MDCCLVII." Its pages are very suggestive, but I have only time to note that the name of the donor of each volume is annexed to the title in the catalogue. James Logan's gifts are numerous. Hesselius, the painter, whose portraits are to be found among the old families of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, appears most appropriately in the list as the giver of a folio entitled "*Historia Insignium Illustrium, seu Operis Heraldici Pars Specialis, &c.*" Authore Philippo Jacobo Spenero. Francofurti ad Mœnum, 1630."

I have gleaned from the original minutes, and from other sources, some interesting particulars of the history of the library from this period.* In 1752 "a noble present of antient medals" was received through Mr. Peters from Mr. Grey, member of Parliament from Colchester. In 1763 the celebrated John Dickinson, author of the "Farmer's Letters," was elected a member of the board of trustees. In 1769 the Union Library Company was united to the Philadelphia Library Company; and in 1771 another junction was formed with the Association Library. In 1773 the books were removed to Carpenter's Hall; and the next year, when Congress met there, the librarian was directed to furnish the members with such books as they might desire. Two unsuccessful efforts were made in May and June, 1776, to convene the members to authorize the directors "to remove the books out of town should the British army approach it." It does not appear, however, that the company sustained any loss from those composing that force. On the contrary, it is a pleasure to be able to say that the English officers, without exception, left

* I desire to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Lloyd P. Smith, the present accomplished librarian, and to his father, John Jay Smith, Esq., the well-known author of several valuable works, for access to original sources of information, as well as for many acts of personal courtesy.

deposits and paid hire for the books borrowed by them. As we shall presently discover, the Library Company, in their turn, were enabled, nearly a century later, to perform an act of generosity to the British government, which has laid the English nation under lasting obligations.

In 1777 the library room was occupied by sick soldiery. By the will of the Hon. William Logan, the library received the same year a very handsome bequest of books of ancient authors.

At a general meeting held June 1, 1789, over which Bishop White presided, it was determined to erect a suitable building, as soon as one hundred new members could be procured.

The list having been completed, the corner-stone of the present edifice, now standing on Fifth and Library Streets, was laid with appropriate ceremonies. By the 30th of December, 1790, the books were all removed to their new home.

In 1791 the directors again tendered to the President and Congress the free use of the books in the library; and General Washington, through his Secretary, Tobias Lear, returned thanks for the attention in a very handsome note. In 1792 an additional building, immediately in the rear, was erected by the Philadelphia Library Company for the accommodation of the Loganian collection.

Dr. Franklin, who, as we have seen, was one of the principal founders of the Philadelphia Library, acted as the company's agent in London from 1761 to 1775. His last letter thence to the directors is dated "London, February 5th, 1775." The inscription on the corner-stone of the present building declares that the library was instituted "at the instance of Benjamin Franklin." When William Bingham, the maternal grandfather of Lord Ashburton, heard of the intention of the directors to erect a statue of Dr. Franklin, in recognition of his eminent services, he immediately volunteered to furnish it at his own expense. A bust

was accordingly procured from the Pennsylvania Hospital, and transmitted to Italy with a drawing of the figure. The statue in due time arrived, and was placed in the niche in front of the building, where it still stands. The likeness was considered an excellent one by the contemporaries of this eminent man. It gives perhaps the most perfect idea of the general appearance and bearing of the philosopher and statesman,—as Houdon's statue of Washington is the most accurate presentation of the Father of his Country.

No account of the Philadelphia Library would be complete without some reference to the treasures it contains.

The total number of volumes is about eighty-one thousand. In this enumeration, each volume of pamphlets is counted as one book only. If the system pursued in some famous collections was resorted to, the figures would have to be largely increased. Of early printed books, the following deserve especial notice: *Augustinus de Vita Christiana*, printed in 1459, by Fust and Schoeyffer, the inventors of printing; two works from the press of Pynson, and three from that of Wynkyn de Worde; a copy of Caxton's "Golden Legend"; a Vulgate Bible, only two hundred copies of which were printed at Rome by Sweynheym and Pannartz, in 1471,—pronounced "*fort rare*" by Brunet,—another from the press of Koburger, at Nuremberg, in 1475; an English version printed by Grafton, in 1539; and a *Nouveau Testament*, printed by Barthélemy and Buyer, at Lyons, about 1480; a noble edition of *Perceforest*,—"de tous les romans de chevalerie le plus estimé,"—in six volumes, folio, Paris, 1531; an early German version, with numerous woodcuts, of Reynard the Fox,—*Reynke Voss de olde*, Rostock, 1549,—and Copland's edition of Caxton's *Recueil of the Histories of Troye*, London, 1553.

Most of these early printed works are from the private collection of William Mackenzie, Esq., of Philadelphia, who died in 1829, and bequeathed to

the library all his books printed before 1800. Among them I omitted to mention until now the one most interesting to bibliomaniacs, namely, a glorious copy on vellum of the first Italian translation of Pliny's "Natural History." This exquisitely printed folio, "emphatically the glory of Janson's press," *cette édition magnifique*, as Brunet calls it, would be valuable enough if printed on paper; but it appears to be *the* one copy which Janson struck off on vellum. Brunet says: "Un exemplaire imprimé sur VÉLIN, avec les lettres initiales peintes offert à 900 fr. MacCarthy." Mackenzie undoubtedly bought it at a sale of MacCarthy's books, as he was a collector at that time.

A "Siamese Treatise on the Small-Pox," and a "Chinese and Japanese Dictionary," are worthy of notice in passing.

Of works relating to antiquities, we remember Lepsius's, Rossellini's, Denon's, and Vyse's Egypt; Botta's and Layard's folio plates of Nineveh; Kingsborough's Mexico; eight folio volumes of plates on Herculeaneum; Piranesi's works; *Il Vaticano*; Meyrick on Ancient Armor; Dugdale's *Monasticon*; and Le Roux de Lincy's *Hôtel de Ville de Paris*.

In the department of *Belles-Lettres* and History, the collection of French, Spanish, and Italian books embraces most of the standard authors. The edition of the French classics, in thirty-two large quarto volumes, entitled *Collection du Dauphin*, — a beautiful specimen of typography, — and Landino's *rare et recherché* edition of Dante, Venice, 1512, may be mentioned in this connection. The German library is not so full, but it embraces many valuable works. The collection of Spanish authors is the most complete, and perhaps the finest, of any public library in this country. Among the choice volumes are, *El Conde Lucanor*, by the Prince Don Juan Manuel (Sevilla, 1575), described by Ticknor as "one of the rarest books in the world"; an unmutilated edition of

Celestina, the first Spanish dramatic work of note (1599); the Chronicle of the Cid (Burgos, 1593), and the Chronicle of King Alfonso (1604). It contains also the excellent reprint of the ancient "Spanish Chronicles" (1787), and Zurita's *Anales de la Corona de Aragon*, with the supplement of Argensola. Not to mention the better-known names of Calderon, Lope de Vega, and the other early dramatists, it may be said that all the modern authors of consequence, and many others of less note, have been added to it. The Spanish writers on America are equally well represented.

In the large collection of English works may be found a complete set of the "English County Histories"; of the "Royal Society's Transactions"; the "Gentleman's Magazine," commenced in 1731, the same year the library was founded; the "Annual Register"; the several series of the "Parliamentary Debates"; and other periodicals, some of them continued for more than a century; also, the voluminous publications of the Record Commission, — a remarkable collection of seven hundred English pamphlets, in thirty-six volumes, quarto, published during the Revolutionary period from 1620 to 1720, which, with "Somers's Tracts," the "Harleian Miscellany," and the publications of the various learned societies, eminently deserve the attention of the student.

In the department of works relating to America the library may, without the least exaggeration, be said to be very rich. In fact, no writer of the history of our own country should consider his investigations complete until he has consulted the rare sources of information within these walls.

The sets of newspapers, from the first number of the first paper published in Philadelphia, continuously to the present time, include a set of Bradford's "American Mercury," from 1719 to 1745; the "Pennsylvania Gazette" (published successively by Samuel Keimer, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and Hall and Sellers), complete from 1728 to 1804; the "Pennsylvania Journal," from

1747 to 1793; the "Pennsylvania Packet" (afterwards "Poulson's Advertiser"), under various names, from 1771 to the present time; the "Federal" and "Philadelphia Gazette" from 1788 to 1843; and the "United States Gazette," now the "North American," from 1791 to the present time. These are a few of the many catalogued.

After the newspapers may be mentioned the inestimable collection of books, pamphlets, broadsides, and manuscripts collected by Pierre du Simitiere, before, during, and after the Revolution, and purchased for the company. A portion of these pamphlets, and the larger part of the broadsides, are believed to be unique. With these may be classed the four hundred volumes, besides many unarranged scraps, and numerous water-color and india-ink pictures, recently left to the library by the late Charles A. Poulson. The *Beschreibung von Pennsylvania, Frankfurt und Leipzig*, 1704, by Pastorius, the personal friend of William Penn, and the founder of Germantown, is believed to be the only copy in the United States; with it is bound up a German translation of Gabriel Thomas's *Pennsylvania*, and Faulkner's *Curieuse Nachricht von Pennsylvania*, 1702. H. J. Winckelmann's *Der Americanischen neuen Welt Beschreibung, Oldenburg*, 1664, with woodcuts, is a most curious and extremely rare publication. Other German works on America, not often met with in this country, are Gottfried's *Historia Antipodum, Frankfurt*, 1655, and Dapper's *Unbekannte Neue Welt, Amsterdam*, 1673; both have numerous fine plates and maps. Campanius's *Kort Beskrifning om Provincien Nya Swerige uti America, som nu förtiden af the Engelske kallas Pennsylvania, Stockholm*, 1702, with curious plates and maps, is one of the few copies known to exist. The esteem in which it is held as a scarce work may be estimated by the fact that not long since the Prime Minister of Sweden, Count Manderström, sent a copy to the Historical Society of Delaware, with a letter referring to its extreme rarity.

Ovalle's *Histórica Relacion del Reyno de Chile*, with the map and all the plates, is also very choice.

"Jones's Present State of Virginia," London, 1724, is bound up with "The Present State of Virginia and the College, by Messieurs Hartwell, Blair, and Chilton," London, 1727.

Plantagenet's "New Albion," "Leah and Rachel," and other scarce books, were reprinted in Force's Historical Tracts, from copies in the Philadelphia Library.

There is also to be seen a very curious volume of "Publications of the Enemy in Philadelphia in 1777 and 1778."

The library possesses two copies of Aitken's Bible, of 1782, published under the patronage of Congress, and "Poor Richard's Almanac" from 1733 to 1747, both very rare. There are in it also two copies of the Rev. John Eliot's Indian Bible. A single copy of this work was sold at the "Allan sale" in New York for \$825. Two copies of Smith's "Virginia" folio, "Hakluyt's Voyages," and "De Bry's America," must not be forgotten.

Of manuscripts, the most ancient is an exemplar of the entire Bible, on parchment, of the date of 1016(?). The most beautiful is an illuminated Psalter on fine vellum, and in perfect preservation; it appears to be a specimen of German art of the early part of the fifteenth century. Henry's manuscript Indian Dictionary, and an unpublished autobiography of John Fitch, are interesting.

It is nearly seventy years since the grandson of a former Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, whose romantic story was charmingly told in a recent number of the Atlantic, under the title of "The Strange Friend," sent as a gift to the Philadelphia Library Company, when on the eve of his departure from America, a large number of manuscripts relating to Irish state affairs, together with some books of less importance. On the flight of James II. to France, these papers had been committed to the custody of his Chancellor. The

change of dynasty by violence occasioned confusion and trouble, and they remained, until presented to the Philadelphia Library, in the custody of his family, who did not consider that the succeeding government had any legal title to them. They continued to be kept in the library in the original box in which they had been sent; and were entirely unappreciated, and in fact nearly forgotten, when the librarianship of the joint collection fell to the Logan heir, John Jay Smith, Esq., father of the present incumbent. Mr. Smith immediately had the valuable documents properly arranged, bound, and catalogued.

One of the pages had contained the autograph of Queen Elizabeth, but it was filched by some vandal collector, with no more veneration in his composition than the rogue who stole Byron's note from the urn in Sir Walter Scott's drawing-room. Several other royal signatures met the same fate, and figured but lately, it is said, in a sale of autographs in New York.

The thoughtful care of Mr. Smith, in having the manuscripts properly preserved in volumes, effectually protected them from further depredations.

During the recent visit of Mr. Hepworth Dixon to this country his attention was called to these five volumes of manuscripts by the present librarian, Mr. Lloyd P. Smith. An examination made it evident that they were a part of the national archives of Great Britain. They consisted of four volumes of official correspondence relating to Ireland, bearing the royal sign manual of James I. and the signatures of the Lords of his Privy Council, addressed to the Lord Deputy of Ireland. The fifth volume contained the original manuscript of the Marquis of Clanricarde's Memoirs from October 23, 1641, to August 30, 1643. It was further ascertained through Mr. Dixon, who was familiar with the state papers in the Rolls House in London, that the series of letters of which these

volumes were a part is preserved in London in the custody of the Master of the Rolls. As the minutes clearly showed that the manuscripts were given to the Library Company without any reservation or trust, there seemed to be a manifest propriety in restoring them to the British government as a portion of their public archives. The directors, therefore, through the librarian, made a formal offer to that effect to Lord Romilly, the Master of the Rolls. The offer was immediately transmitted to the Lords of the Treasury, and was by them gratefully accepted.

In the course of his reply to Mr. Smith, Lord Romilly says: "I cannot conclude without expressing to yourself personally, or without begging also through you to express to the Library Company of Philadelphia, my deep sense of the obligation conferred by them on the British nation, and my conviction that this, and acts of a similar character, will rivet more closely the ties of friendship and respect which already bind our countries together."

Thus the courtesy of the English officers in 1777 was returned with interest to their whole nation in 1867.

The manuscripts were transmitted in safety to London through the late lamented Sir Frederick Bruce, who deemed them of sufficient value to induce him to forward them to his government by a special messenger. In his letter to the Company Sir Frederick remarked: "The Lord Commissioners request the acceptance by the directors, for deposit in the Philadelphia Library, of a complete set of the Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages, and of the Calendars of State Papers, as well as of the several facsimiles made by the process of photozincography, and published by their authority under the direction of the Master of the Rolls."

This munificent gift, consisting of one hundred and fifty-six volumes, all handsomely bound in levant morocco, was received on the 6th of May last;

and it will continue to be henceforth an object of the highest interest to the jurist and the historical scholar.

An unintentional error concerning the Company's gift to the British Government crept into Lord Romilly's letter of the 30th April last, addressed to the editor of the "London Times." In the course of that communication the Master of the Rolls said: "A case has been received by me containing the four volumes in question, and also the original manuscript of the Marquis of Clanricarde's Memoirs, from October 23, 1641, to August 30, 1643, mentioned in Mr. Hardy's valuable Report on the Carte and Carew Papers, and which has long been supposed to be lost. This work was actually presented to Mr. Dixon for himself, who as soon as he discovered its contents, and that it belonged to the same set of state papers, thought proper to restore it to the series from which he considered it unfit that it should be separated. I need scarcely say that it is of great value."

This statement is calculated to create an erroneous impression, owing doubtless to a misapprehension on the part of Mr. Dixon, who in fact asked for the manuscript; the directors, however, declined to give it, except to the British authorities; and instructed the librarian to embody their views in a letter, which was forwarded to Mr. Dixon on the 14th of December, 1866. The following paragraph from that epistle clearly defines their position: "The Diary of Clanricarde be-

ing a gift, they [the directors] did not feel authorized to part with it to any private person, but, as it appears to be also official in its character, and a part of the Irish state papers, I am directed to add it to the manuscript letters, and return the whole to the Master of the Rolls, in whose office you will be able to consult it."

Within a few weeks the following memorials have also been presented to the library: An excellent oil painting of *Stenton*, "Logan's Country Seat," by Edmund Lewis; a characteristic portrait of Dr. Franklin; and an admirable likeness of the Duke of Brunswick, who first sold soldiers to George III. Underneath the latter, in very appropriate propinquity, lies a thirteen-inch mortar shell, which was fired from the right batteries of General Washington's second parallel, during the siege of Yorktown, in October, 1781. It was exhumed three years since, under the direction of the gallant Brigadier-General Isaac J. Wistar.

So much matter has crowded upon my attention in the review of the history of the Library Company of Philadelphia, that this sketch has outrun my intention. If, however, I have really succeeded in awakening an interest in this venerable institution, the following words of one whose accurate learning is proverbial will be readily appreciated: "No library I have ever seen, not even the Bodleian, has left such traces on my imagination as the Old Philadelphia, which I want to see again."




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