

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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## OLD LANDMARKS IN PHILADELPHIA.



"TO ARMS, MY FRIENDS! TO ARMS!" (SEE PAGE 154.)

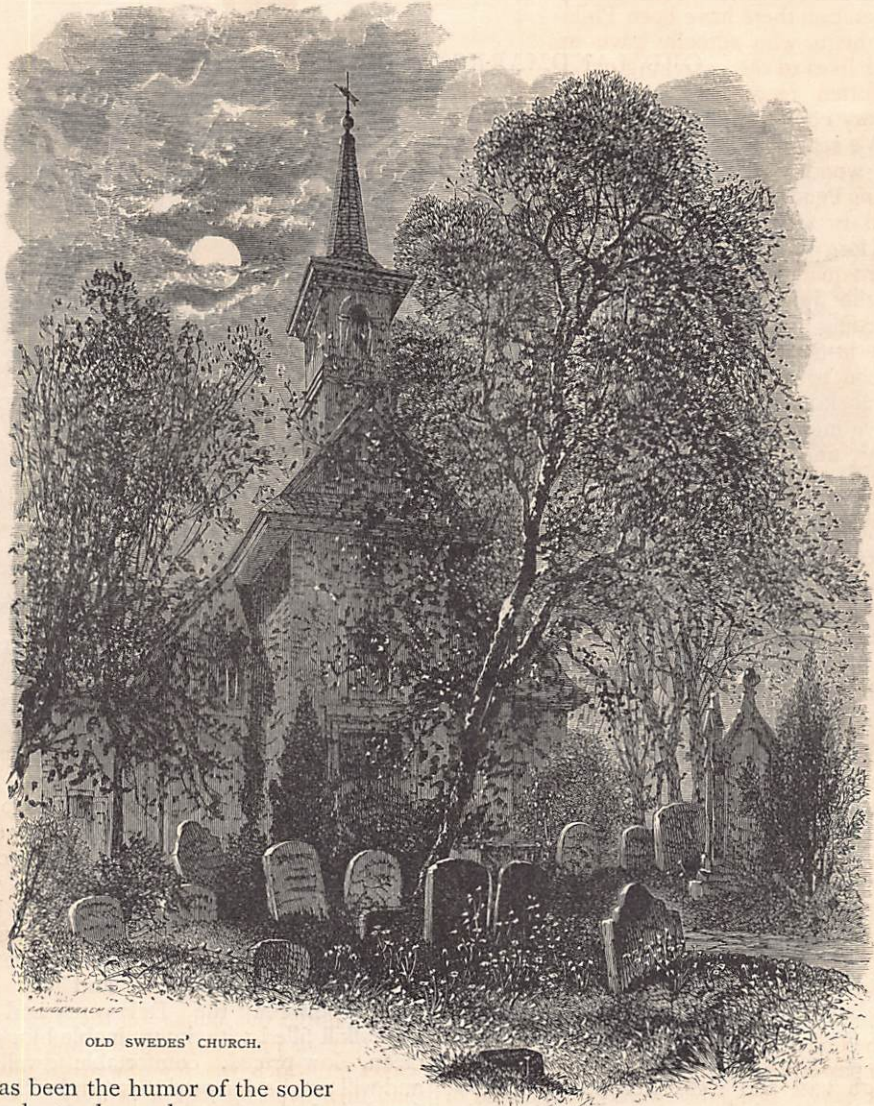
THE city of the Friends, as she opens her gates to entertain the world this summer, finds she has but a sober display of household goods and gods to make. As her guests complain, in her two centuries and a half of leisurely life she has accumulated fewer showy churches, theaters, or monuments than her Western sisters, who were born but yesterday. Her religion has not uttered itself in massive piles of carved stone and stained glass, but in unpretentious, though vast and well-managed charities— asylums, hospitals and training schools. She has naturally neglected to provide a variety of public amusements for a population noted through the States for their domestic and sober habits, and forgotten to build monuments to great dead men in her anxiety to make of herself a comfortable home for obscure living ones. I fancy the laborer

or skilled mechanic, who may chance to find his way to the Centennial, from a dingy close in the Cowgate, or a court in London, or an old street in Stockholm, or even the well-to-do citizen of New York, who has been condemned to live in a boarding-house or costly flat, will examine with keen eyes her enormous cheap markets, and the level space between the Delaware and the Schuylkill filled with interminable blocks of clean, low-priced, comfortable dwellings, and will not be disposed to quarrel with them for their lack of architectural beauty. A house with gas, abundance of water, plenty of sleeping-rooms, a cozy little parlor and a touch here and there of white marble, and pretty paint and paper, which offers itself to a day-laborer at two hundred dollars a year, rises to levels with which historic monuments or artistic rules have nothing to do.



The artist, however, soon finds out that, hidden behind all her modern comfort, there are in Philadelphia more quaint customs, and prejudices, and old buildings, cobwebbed and gray, and legended with historic memories, than in any other American city.

fully of God or the Bible, you are liable (though not likely) to be fined under a still binding law of the Proprietary rule. Another commands all Philadelphians to "better dispose themselves for the worship of God, according to their understandings, by abstaining



OLD SWEDES' CHURCH.

It has been the humor of the sober Friends to leave house, custom, and legend unaltered.

Thousands of lots of city property are bought and sold to-day subject to the whimsical fancy of some old Quaker, dead two centuries ago. The prevailing peculiarities of pronunciation are the same as those of Charles the Second's day. If you speak disrespect-

from common labor on the first day of the week, according to the good example of the primitive Christians, and for the ease of creation." Your lawyer will carry his brief in a green bag, such as the benchers of the Inner Temple used when Penn emigrated: your



baker cuts a tally at your door every morning, just as the old English baker did long before Penn ever heard of America. In the Franklin library, itself a relic of the past, is carefully preserved every moldering page and manuscript which holds a fragment of the history of the city. And in every generation there have been Philadelphians who actually gave up their lives to the searching out of forgotten records to make this history complete.

We set out to find "the pleasant woods of Wicacoa," where young Penn, after his first landing, used to take his morning walk, and lose ourselves in the swarming negro quarters of Lombard street, or the junk shops and sailor boarding-houses of Christian. We turn in the direction of the great pigeon roost in the wilderness of hemlocks which the Indians called Moya-menzing, or the unclean place, and run against the grisly walls of the great city prison, aptly christened by the same name. Making our way into a street given up to Italians, and through a vague atmosphere of grease and plaster-of-Paris and past hordes of organ-grinders, we find ourselves at last on the wharves, shut out from the river and the farther shore by countless masts.

Here the oldest authentic legend of Philadelphia meets us, and it is assuredly not one of brotherly love. Not far from Front and Christian streets, half a century before the coming of the first white men under Peter Minuit, there was a cave under the bank, where a band of robber Indians had concealed themselves. They conducted themselves like white brigands: robbed and murdered all the other Lennapi who passed that way, and hid their booty in their cave. Being discovered, after a year or two, the den was blocked up, and they were smoked to death inside; but, in their death agonies, they were heard pounding their wampum to dust, that it should not fall into the hands of their enemies. The place was long called Puttalasutti, or Robbers' Cave; the Swedes, after they came, retaining the tradition.

Just here, too, about two hundred years ago, there stood on the edge of the gloomy, unbroken forest a little log block-house;



STATUE OF ALEXANDER WILSON, AT PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.

while along the banks of the two rivers, and at their junction, were the low huts and caves in which the few Swedish pioneers had then lived for half a century. At Passäjungh was the Commander, Sven Schute's hut of white-nut wood, and at "Manäjungh on the Skörkihl," we hear of a fine little fort of logs filled in with sand and stones.

One morning in May, a barkentine laden with peltry and grain pushed off from this shore, at Wicacoa, while all the little colony were gathered on the bank, calling out for



God's help to it on its long and dreadful journey. It was an event which might not occur again for years. The ship would not reach England for three months; and there was no communication between that country and Sweden. But the settlers had written a letter, and sent it out, as did Noah the dove, over the waste of waters, praying, if it by any chance should reach their own country, that a man of God should be sent to them. "For we," said they, "are deserted in regard to our holy religion; are as sheep without the shepherd; as chickens without the hen; as sick without a physician."

It was ten years after the first letter was dispatched before the man of God came in answer to its prayer. Sunday after Sunday the Swedes gathered in the little block-house, from a circuit of fifteen miles, while a feeble old man, Anders Bengtsson, sat and read the Postilla to them. At last, on June 24, 1697, three missionaries, sent by Charles XI. personally, arrived, and were received, as the old record states, "with astonishment and tears of joy." They proceeded to build the little church, which now stands banked in by sunken grave-stones just above the busy wharf. When it was finished, Quakers, Swedes, and Indians came to wonder at the "magnificent structure"; it was for a long time the most important in the little hamlet, which, before the coming of the missionaries, had passed into the proprietorship of Penn. The carvings inside, the bell and the communion service came from Sweden: gifts from the King "to his faithful subjects in the far western wilderness." The slate-stones over the older graves, it is supposed, were cut in the mother country, and sent out. In this little yard are buried the long-forgotten Bengtssons, Peterssens and Bondes, some of them mighty hunters when the deer came close up to the edge of the little settlement, and the cry of panthers or bark of wolves could be heard nightly. Here, too, sleeps Sven Schute, whom Queen Christina called her "brave and fearless Lieutenant," and his descendants, once lords of all

the land on which Philadelphia was built. There are none of the name now living: even their grave-stones have sunk out of



sight, and their dust lies far beneath that of succeeding generations.

There are many old legends connected with the church, some of them full of dramatic interest. The missionaries sent out from Sweden were chosen for their piety and force of character as fitted for the desperate adventure; their labors and privations were great, but, when they returned, if they ever did return, they were rewarded, as are Danish missionaries now who have served a term of years in Greenland, by



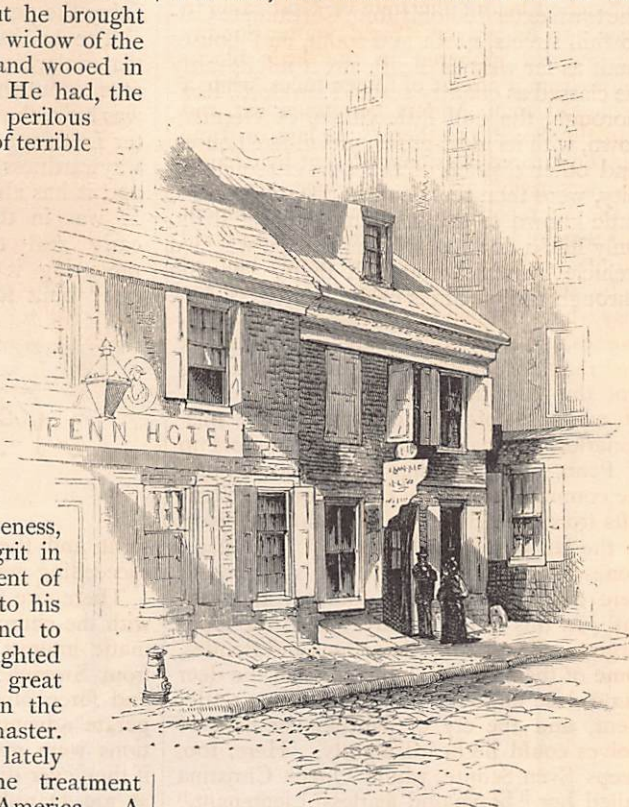
S. E. PROSPECT OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA IN 1720, BY PETER COOPER, PAINTER.



high promotion and a pension for life. One of the men who never did return, was the Provost Sandin, who died, leaving a young wife and child without a dollar for their support, or any chance of return home. The great botanist, Kalm, sent by the University of Upsala to examine the flora of North America, arrived a year after, and was received with great honor in the little metropolis of Philadelphia. He suddenly disappeared and was absent for several months, buried, as was supposed, in the depths of the wilderness in the service of science. When he emerged, he brought with him many strange plants, among them the laurel, to which Linnæus gave his name (*Kalmia*). But he brought also a fair rosy young wife, the widow of the Provost, whom he had found and wooed in some solitary Jersey hamlet. He had, the old record states, "a most perilous voyage home to Sweden, full of terrible dangers of storms and pyrates, but landed safely," having discovered in the New World something better than laurels.

Another naturalist, whose face was a familiar one in the dusky pews of the little church in the beginning of this century, was Wilson the ornithologist. It is easy to understand why the tough, hard-working Scotchman was attracted to his Swedish neighbor, the priest Collin. The men were alike in their simplicity, genuineness, and the foundation of hard grit in their natures. The development of Wilson's higher powers is due to his life in this neighborhood, and to the friends who were keen-sighted enough to see the material for great and enduring work hidden in the half-starved, ill-taught schoolmaster. His native town, Paisley, has lately made tardy amends for the treatment which drove the weaver to America. A statue of Wilson, by Mossman, was erected in 1874, and placed in the most commanding position of the town. It was paid for by small individual subscriptions, mostly from artisans. But Wilson is buried in the graveyard of the church at Wicacoa, in which he asked that he should be laid to rest, as it was "a silent, shady place, where the birds would be apt to come and sing over his grave." English sparrows have built their nests above it this year, and twitter and chirp over their friend all day long.

Here, too, is buried an obscure woman, who made no bruit in her life and, as far as we know, was gifted with neither brilliant intellect, nor fortune, nor beauty, who yet comes closer to us and lays upon us a more human hand than all the generations of the dead. She was Hannah, the wife of Wilson's friend, Nicholas Collin, the last of the Swedish missionaries, who for forty-six years served his Master zealously in this parish, through great straits of poverty, disease, and sore tribulations of body and soul. She is buried just below the little altar where he knelt every Sunday, and the old man, who, it is said, was undemonstrative and of but



PENN'S HOUSE, LÆTITIA COURT.

dull speech in his daily life, wrote over her, in his anguish of soul, how that the stone was placed there by her husband "in Memory of her piety, neatness and œconomy, and of the gentleness of the Affection with which she sustained him through many trying Years; and of his Grief for her, which shall not cease until he shall meet her in the land of the living."

Leaving this old church, the last relic of the first Swedish settlers, we set out in search of

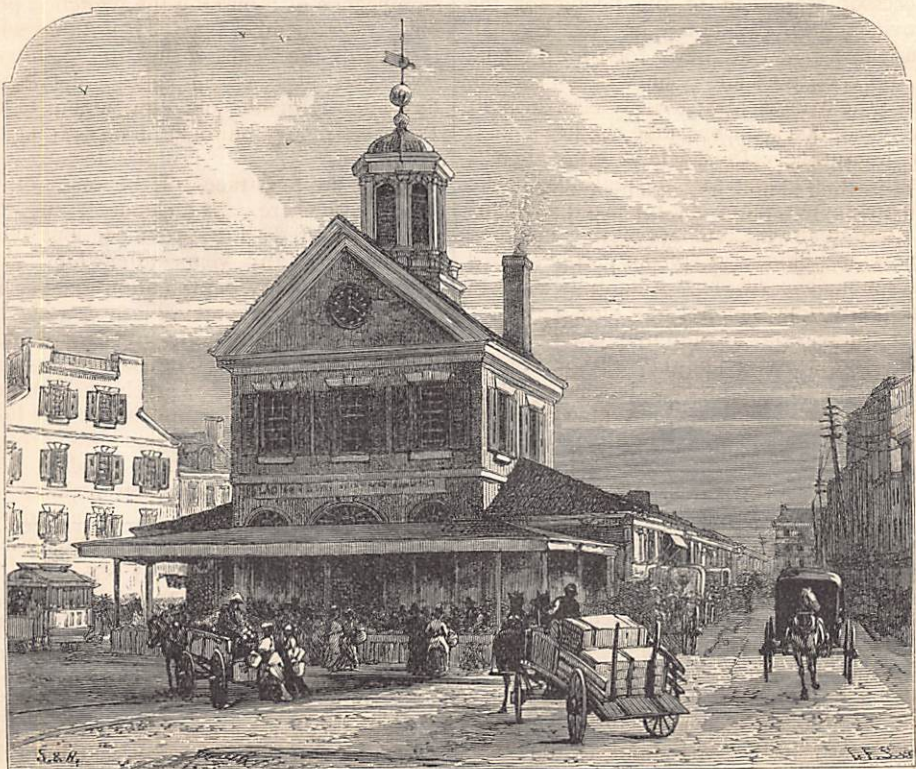


traces of Penn, who followed them just half a century later. The town from the coming of the Quakers until after the Revolution consisted of but four streets, running parallel with the Delaware. A curious old map, discovered in London, shows what was the extent of these streets in 1720, and that the buildings described as "the great housen" in old records were in reality little two-storied structures, inferior to those now occupied by small dealers and artisans. Back of these four streets the forest then lay, drained by muddy creeks, which cut the town into three or four parts before emptying into the Delaware. As late as 1776, the town extended only from Christian to Calowhill streets, north and south, and houses built as far west as Tenth street might fairly be classed as country seats. Frankford, Roxborough, the dull little village of Germantown, with its moss-grown prison-like houses, and other districts of the now consolidated city, were then reckoned as distant hamlets, little known to the inhabitants of the town, only half-a-dozen of whom owned a wheeled vehicle by which to reach them. Passing through the precincts of the "old town," we

find many of its houses of black and red English brick still remaining, a few entire, with the hipped roofs and finer outline which give them even in their dilapidated squalor a picturesque dignity beside their flat-sided, flat-topped modern neighbors.

Our steps are bent, however, toward "the pleasant hill," where the Proprietor reserved a lot for himself, and ordered his house to be built. It was the first brick house in the province, and is, we are told, still standing. He directed that it should "be pitched in the middle of the platt of the towne, facing the harbour." But the "towne" itself was then in reality far off,—Penn wishing to enjoy the peace of the country.

The bricks, wooden carvings, and other material were sent from England, "with servants to put them in place." After the house was built, the Proprietor gave it to his daughter Lætitia, a pretty little maiden, whose gay waywardness amused the sober Quakers, and it has always been called by her name. It was in the days of his first visit and early zeal that he lived in this house, preferring it to the "great and stately pile" built for him at Pennsbury. As we



OLD MARKET-HOUSE, CORNER SECOND AND PINE STREETS.





FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE.

saunter toward it through the early spring sunshine, we recall all the old stories we have heard of the "fair mansion of the Proprietor," in which he held a royal sway over the province. There was in front, we are told, a sweep of forest land to the Delaware, forming a noble natural park, where deer ranged at will. The Indians landed from their canoes at the shore; from the door of the house the news of the death of Charles II. and the proclamation of his successor was read to the people of the province. To this house his wife Hannah must have taken her baby John for the sake of the cool, pure air. She was a cheerful, pale little woman, always richly clad in paduasoy and fine lawn, but none the less a notable housewife. In England, after Penn's death, she was for years the real ruler of the province; but, while she managed its affairs of state, removing and appointing her governors and officers at will and with shrewd discretion, she ruled as watchfully as ever over brew-house, looms, and kitchen.

We hurry on to find the old house,—through the unnoticed crowds on Chestnut street, under towering blocks of shipping-houses, stumbling over aggressive boot-blacks, and stalls of bananas and oranges.

"Where is Lætitia court?" we ask.

"Between Chestnut and Market, Second and Front—turn to the north," is the reply.

Vanish lordly park, quiet river, and fair mansion! The sweep of forest is now a dark, dirty alley running between the backs of great importing-houses, with vans of cotton bales lumbering through it; and the once famous Lætitia house is a 16x12 lager-beer saloon, No. 10 by city marking. The Dutch owner, in honor of the Centennial, has painted the front a flaming red, embla-

zoned "1682" on the sides, and dubbed it the William Penn Hotel.\* The door is painted with the usual foaming pots of beer; above it is a red and yellow gas-lamp, and still higher a portrait of the Proprietor, probably executed by the saloon-keeper himself, who apparently supposed Penn to have gained distinction as a Church of England divine, as he has clothed him in a surplice and dean's shovel hat. Only the roof, black and crusted with age, seems to cover with significance of mourning the wretched present. We remember to have heard that when the last of the Penns visited this country a few years ago, a company of gentlemen, descendants of the old companions of the Proprietor, gave him a banquet in this house.

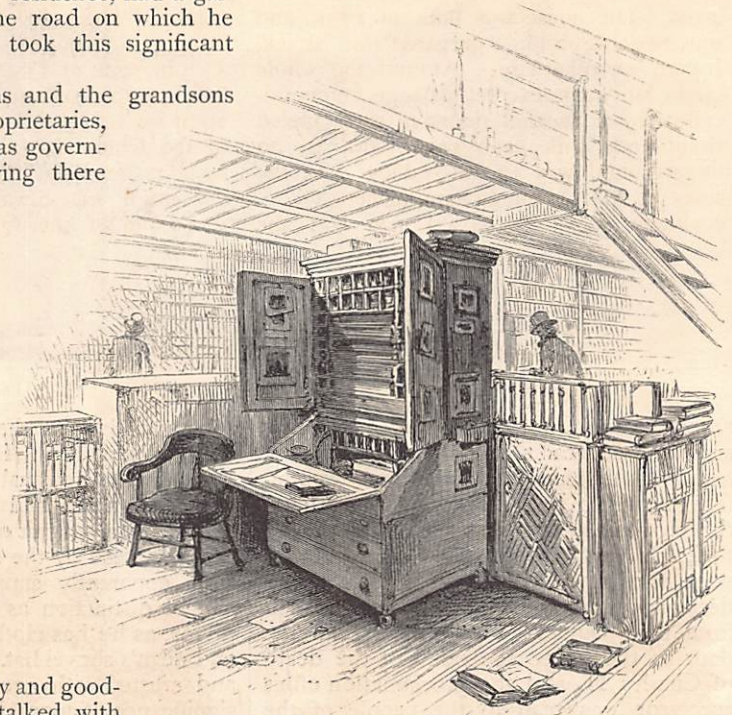
There are few traces of the reign of the Penns elsewhere. John, son of the Proprietor, visited his province, but soon returned. Many years after him came Thomas, a quiet, unpretentious man. He was met with a sort of royal welcome. Eight hundred mounted gentlemen escorted him into the town. The bells were rung, and guns were fired. The chiefs and kings of the Five Nations came in to pay homage. The little fire-engine was brought out and pumped vigorously all day, as an appropriate effervescence of popular excitement. Thomas was so astonished and overcome, that his hands trembled as he tried to drink to the people. So little money had ever reached him from his dominion, that he probably never realized his sovereignty. He presently began to inquire alertly into his right and dues, so that he "fell into uncommon disesteem,

\* Some authorities claim that the true Lætitia house is the one at the corner of the alley. The two are side by side, as shown in the cut on page 149.



and, after a few years' residence, had a gallows built near by the road on which he was to travel." He took this significant hint and went home.

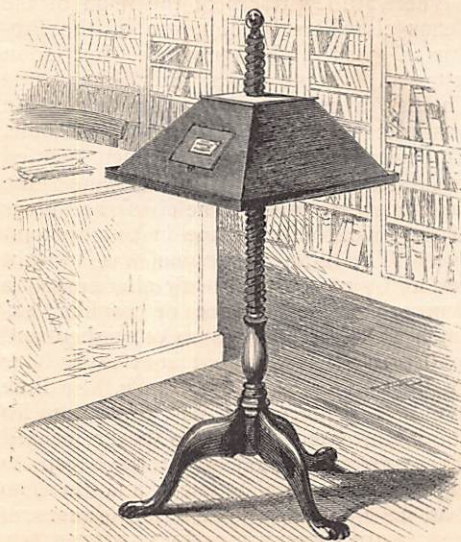
Others of the sons and the grandsons of Penn, when Proprietaries, came to the province as governors, sometimes marrying there and building costly houses, but invariably returning to England to die. The most noticeable among them was Richard, who was here during the Revolutionary War, a good fellow, much fonder of a joke than of an argument, and of discussing terrapin than politics. Naturally, he took sides with the Crown, but the most zealous patriot bore no grudge against this jolly and good-natured Tory. He talked with Hancock after he signed the Declaration, and when the New Englander called out dramatically, "Gentlemen, we must all hang together now," replied, with a shrug, "Yes, or you'll all hang sepa-



PENN'S DESK IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

rately." His brother John, Governor in 1776, was a gruff, silent man, unpopular with both parties. He was the owner of Lansdown, now included in the park. In the Zoölogical Gardens the curious visitor may find a queer little house, now devoted to snakes and white mice, built by another of the Penns, in which to indulge his solitary humors.

Near the Germantown intersection, the country seat of James Logan, Stenton, "a palace in its day," according to old Watson, is still standing, and bears some traces of its ancient state. Logan was Penn's secretary, a man of learning and high principle. He had a theory that hereditary wealth was injurious to children, and, therefore, at his death bequeathed to his family but a moderate estate, leaving the residue of his property to the public: including the Loganian library, a rare and costly collection at any time, but invaluable then, when books were luxuries only for the wealthy. Doctors in law and medicine find in it now a treasure-house of authorities, which no other American library possesses. Stenton was the seat of a sober but large hospitality, and was the resort of the Colonial Governors,



OLD READING STAND IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.



not only of Pennsylvania, but of other provinces. The house was built in 1731, and was, we are told, "prepared for attack, Indian or otherwise. Around the whole upper story ran a secret passage, communicating by concealed doors in the paneled wood-work with each room, and by an underground way to the stables." In the sides of the chimneys were places of concealment for treasure. Logan was the

he came over to play the prince in the colony. The sober Quakers, however, had little patience with princely debauchees, and, in spite of Logan, arrested the young fellow for a drunken affray at an inn, whereupon he left the Society and incontinently turned Churchman, in which faith the descendants of Penn have ever since remained.

Stenton was always the center of the social life of the Quakers, and we have



STENTON.

especial friend of the Indians, who came in large deputations to visit him, and encamped on the great lawn.

The far-famed

Mingo chief, who was driven by Cresaps's cruelties to become the scourge of the whites, was, by the way, the namesake of the good Quaker, and, in his youth, was one of these savage guests at Stenton. It was to Logan's guardianship that Penn intrusted his province and his children, depending on him to control his heir William in his wild courses when

some curious glimpses of the men and women at its feasts, which do not accord at all with our present ideas of the Friends. The wealthier women set off their beauty by white satin petticoats, worked in flowers, pearl satin gowns or peach-colored satin cloaks; their white necks were covered with delicate lawn, and they wore gold chains and seals engraven with their arms. We give a portrait of Mrs. Emlen, one of the Logan family, a famous Quaker beauty. There are odd fragments of love stories to be found, too, which throw a warm light over the decaying old house; for instance, of how pretty Hannah Logan's lover goes fishing with her in the Wissahickon all the long summer day, and writes in his diary that



when they "came home there was so large a company for tea, that Hannah and I were set at a side table, and there we supped—on nectar and ambrosia."

Religious belief possessed men in that early day with a physical force which is, to say the least, not common now. There is



NICHOLAS WALN.

a story of Nicholas Waln, who was educated at great cost as a lawyer, and who, after some years of practice in the courts, was so convinced (or convicted) of the departure from integrity necessarily entailed by the profession, that he fell into a dangerous illness through stress of body and mind. When he rose from his bed he was a changed man, went into the meeting, and became a weighty and powerful preacher.

The atmosphere in that earlier time was gray with superstition. Many a witch and sorcerer in the first century of the life of the little village walked its streets openly; young men were put to trial for the study of books on magic and necromancy; the Pro-

vincial Assembly passed solemn acts "against all conjuration or dealing with accursed spirits." Diviners, usually from Germany, took up their abode in the town, and found constant employment in seeking for treasures buried by the pirates, casting horoscopes, and the like. One conjurer, living at a much later day, in School-house lane, had painted on the outer wall of his house the significant defiance:

"Lass Neider neiden,  
Lass Hasser hassen;  
Was Gott mir giebt,  
Muss man mir lassen."

Several good specimens of the houses built at that period by the English and Hollanders are still to be found in Germantown; the oldest of these is the Johnson house, at the corner of Main and Johnson streets, at whose raising it is said Penn was present, during his first visit. These houses are usually unaltered on the outside, except by the removal of the projecting stoop on the second story, built as a vantage-ground in case of an expected attack from the Indians, who, by the way, never came. The interiors have long since lost the look of antiquity.

One of the oldest houses of that date in Philadelphia proper stands on Front street, a few doors above Dock. It is now used as a workingman's coffee-house, and a flag floats from the hipped roof which shelters the crumbling wood and glazed black bricks. It was a house of note in its day, occupied by one generation after another of the ruling Quakers. To it the Friends conducted Franklin on his return from England. War had not yet been declared; it was the imminent moment before conflict; the town blazed with angry passions on every side, but the torpid, peace-loving Tory Quakers still held the province back from taking decisive action with her sisters. Radicals and Tories alike waited breathlessly for Franklin and his first words of counsel. The Friends in a body met him as he landed, and, without a word, in solemn procession escorted him to this hipped-roofed house. Entering, they all seated themselves, still silent, waiting for the Spirit of God first to speak through some of them, when, as we are told, Franklin stood up and cried out with power: "To arms, my friends! to arms!"

The advent of Franklin into the city on the day when, a shabby lad of seventeen, he walked up High street munching his roll, really marks the date of the birth of intel-



lectual life of Philadelphia. There is not an effort for her improvement, mental or practical, which cannot be traced to its origin in the teeming brain of the energetic printer. Schools, universities, free churches,



MRS. EMLÉN.

public libraries, drainage, fire and military companies, street lamps and street sweeping—every reform, from the broad policy of the statesman to the smallest detail, bears somewhere the bold scrawl, *Franklin fecit*. The wisdom and scholarship of that day were wholly drawn from books. Franklin dealt directly with the great natural forces, physical and human; out of the unlikely material of his fellow-apprentices he made the philosophic Junto; with the petty politics of the drowsy town, he studied statecraft; a kite and a key under his keen eyes told the secret of the lightnings which had been kept for ages. Nothing was too insignificant for the life-giving glance of these keen eyes. He sees a seed adhering to the straws on his wife's besom, plants, tends it, and gives to the country the before unknown broom-corn and a new source of industry. He observes a green twig on a basket lying on the wharf, thrown from an Amsterdam brig, plants and tends that, and presently Pollard willows grow wild by every stream. He is the foremost typical American in our history; moral rather than religious; a domestic man; faithful to his wife, yet cultivating Platonic friendships with other women; never losing his cool self-control,

yet with a keen, fine sense of fun; testing one minute a high metaphysical problem, and the next a counterfeit dollar; always master of the present moment, whether it demanded the making of cases, rollers and ink, which he had no money to buy, or the construction of a new government from the ruins of the old.

The friends of Franklin come closer to him, perhaps, in the old Philadelphia library than anywhere else. In 1729 the "Junto" met in a chamber of a little house in Pewter-platter Alley, and there the young tradesmen and mechanics brought their books to loan to each other. Franklin proposed a small annual subscription to increase the stock, and out of this feeble beginning grew the first public library in the country. You turn out of the crowds of Chestnut street, and close beside the State-House find the quaint old building guarded by a dilapidated effigy of its founder. As you enter and the faded green doors swing noiselessly together, centuries seem to close behind you and bar you in from the glare and hurry of the modern world. The silence is absolute; the dusky recesses are filled with moth-eaten folios fingered by scholars dead generations ago. The great Minerva which presided over the deliberations of the Continental Congress looks down on you; the pale sunshine glimmers through the skylight; in a dark corridor you find a curious cabinet, the gift of the Hon. John Penn in 1737; the librarian, a descendant of Penn's secretary, sits writing at



OLD MILK TAVERN, PHILADELPHIA.  
(From which the city was supplied with milk.)

the Proprietor's own desk; Penn's clock measures the slow day as it passes, and, after a few hours, you are not at all certain whether the day belongs to the time of Penn or to yours. If there be any event of past history which





THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY, FIFTH ST., BELOW CHESTNUT.

has died out of remembrance elsewhere, come to this library, and you can unearth it; it is the Vatican of forgotten pamphlets, broadsides, and manuscripts.

At the corner of Fifth and Arch streets is another library, which also bears signs within and without that it belongs to a past generation. The house was used as a church by the "fighting Quakers," or that small minority of Friends who were read out of meeting for taking part in the war of the Revolution; and the library was intended to be absolutely free for the use of apprentices only. In the days when the 'prentice wore his leather apron, and was held as an upper servant in the household, this was a wise provision for his education, of which he made full and frequent use. An order signed by his master or mistress was the only guarantee required when he took out the books. As the system of 'prentices died out, this noble charity has fallen into partial disuse and neglect, and comparatively few of the members of trades-unions or working-women probably even know of its existence. Upon its wall is inscribed the curious le-

gend: "By general subscription for the Free Quakers. Erected in the year of our Lord 1783. In the year of the Empire 8."

One of the first and wisest charities of the Quakers was the Alms-house for their own poor, which stood on the south side of Walnut street, above Third. The oldest part of the buildings was erected in 1712,



BUST OF MINERVA—FORMERLY IN THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, NOW IN THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

and remained until this spring, while the more modern frontage on Walnut street long ago gave place to costly business houses.



We started in search of this first alms-house one sunny afternoon last fall, having just seen its successor on the other side of the Schuylkill,—a vast marble village, with its four thousand inhabitants. But few of the most

Surely it was here that Evangeline came when the pestilence fell on the city; when

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church.

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted

Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco."

The old woman came to the door. "Yes, this is the old alms-house," she said, adding quickly, "and it was in this room that Evangeline found Gabriel." The old true lovers were more real even to her than all the actual paupers who had lived and died in the Alms-house.

[Since this brief record of the old houses was put in type, the practical Quakers of Philadelphia, regardless of all sentimental or other associations with this ancient building, have leveled it, and are filling up the space with solid offices. We doubt whether the lover of Evangeline who visits the Centennial will find a leaf of ivy left to keep her memory green.]

The first Quaker pest-house disappeared years ago, but the original Pennsylvania Hospital stands on Eighth and Pine streets, forming a small wing of the present building. It was projected by Franklin and two physicians, brothers, named Bond. On the corner-stone is Franklin's inscription: "In the year of Christ MDCCLV., GEORGE the Second happily reigning (for he sought the happiness of his people). Philadelphia flourishing (for its inhabitants were public-spirited). This Building, By the Bounty of the Government and of many private persons, was piously founded for the Relief of the Sick and Miserable. May the God of Mercies Bless the Undertaking!"



CABINET GIVEN BY JOHN PENN TO THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

knowing modern Philadelphians had ever heard of this "home of the homeless," of which Longfellow tells us that

"Then in the suburbs it stood in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket,  
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord, 'The poor ye always have with you.'"

Down Fourth street to Willing's Alley, a street and court, built up with massive piles of brown-stone and marble, until the sky was well-nigh shut out; through a low wooden door and past shops, still deeper into the mass of stone, bricks, and mortar; and we found a wide, quaint old garden spread out before us, in the full sunshine, overgrown with vines, crimsoned with dahlias and chrysanthemums, and fragrant with thyme and sage, and such herbs as old people love; and here in the midst a little, blackened, gabled house, hidden in ivy. A gray old pensioner sat in her quiet rooms within, knitting, her kettle on the hob. We looked in through the ivy.



APPRENTICES' LIBRARY, CORNER ARCH AND FIFTH STS.



No means were spared to insure the blessing; subscriptions were zealously raised in all classes of society, special appeal being made to "wealthy widows and godly single women." Benjamin West, a number of years afterward, sent, as his contribution, his picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," from the exhibition of which the Hospital received a steady income for many years. In the insane ward of this building, Stephen Girard's wife lingered out her last years, and here his only child was born and died; the child that, it may be, made the old man's heart tender to other children yet unborn.

On Chestnut street, above Third, stands the ancient hall built by the Honorable Society of Carpenters, and still used by them. One of their members showed it to us, pointing with pride to the library. "These books," he said, "for more than a hundred years have helped many an honest young fellow along. It was one of the founders that started the library, with half a dozen books, he being but a poor man. The other day, a story was told in the Society of how this old man, when he died, asked to be buried by the door of his shop, 'as the boys would turn out honest work if they knew his eye was on them.' So some

yard, surrounded by great factories. There were nine inches of snow on it, and we scraped it away on our knees, just for the



GENERAL CHARLES LEE.

sake of that half-dozen books given a hundred and fifty years ago. The day before, it was announced at the meeting that a member of this Society had died who we knew was worth millions, and yet none of us asked a question about him. It's not the money," he moralized, "that keeps men's memory alive in the world; it's the help they give to other men!" The old carpenter had other ghostly stories to tell of how the first Colonial Congress met every year in the ancient hall, and held counsel over the nation which they had called into being.

The first Congress of colonial delegates found, on reaching Philadelphia, that the State-House was already occupied by the Provincial Assembly, and accepted the offer by the Society of Carpenters of their hall. They assembled on the morning of September 5th, 1774, at the London Coffee-house, where most of them were quartered, and walked in solemn procession up the street, into this little hall, the Quakers watching them gloomily. The venerable Peyton Randolph was chosen chairman, and Charles Thomson, surnamed Truth, was summoned from his wedding festivities, to act as secretary. Here on these wooden benches along the wall sat the radical Adamses, Gadsden, and McKean, with his stern, high-featured face and superb dress; in front of them Richard



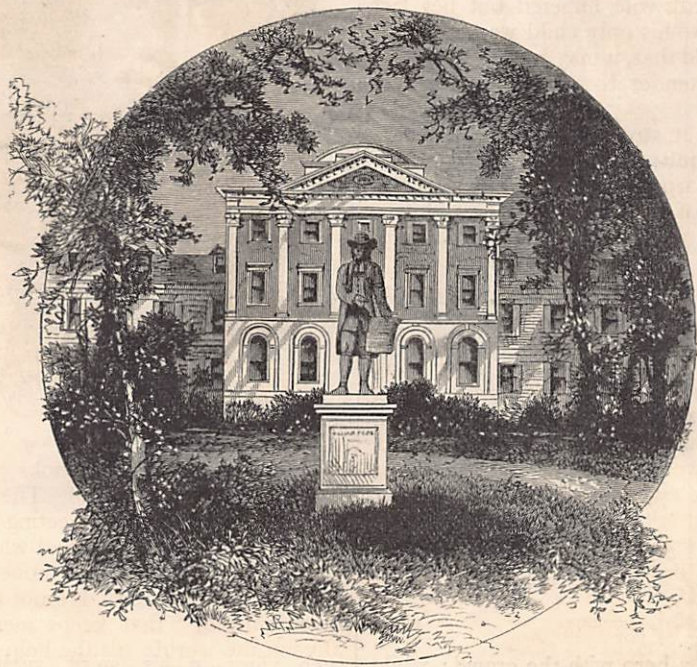
QUAKER ALMS-HOUSE.

of us old fellows went to look for that man's grave, and there it was up-town, in a back-



Henry Lee, his arm in a sling, his brilliant eyes keenly scanning his neighbor, Duane of New York, "sensible, squint-eyed, and artful," as he whispers a temporizing policy; here is John Jay, with his boyish, beaming face, and Stephen Hopkins, trembling with palsy. That tall, lank man, with the little round face "no bigger than an apple, but beaming with sense and wit," is Rodney of Delaware; and the heavily built, awkward

keen observer of all signs of the popular temper, and was a guest at the state banquet given by the leaders of the Province to the Honorable Congress at the State-House. This pretty, delicate youth was John André, on his way to join his regiment under Carleton in Canada. Not long before, Honora Sneyd, his first and last love, had jilted him, to marry Maria Edgeworth's father, with whom she sat down to write diluted science



PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL, CORNER EIGHTH AND PINE STREETS.

soldier on the back seat, slow and weighty in look and speech, is Colonel Washington, just from the House of Burgesses. Another Virginian is speaking; he is unknown to all except his colleagues,—a tall, raw-boned, coarsely dressed man, with black unpowdered hair, high, swarthy features, and brilliant eyes. His words electrify the house. He seemed not to speak like mortal man, says one who heard him. The boldest radical shrank back that day as Patrick Henry grasped the future which lay before them. "It is not compromise which is to be our work," he cried. "An entire new Government must be founded. From this day I am no longer a Virginian. I am an American!"

A few days after the Congress met, a boyish-looking Lieutenant in the British service was noticed as an attendant at all sessions to which he could gain admittance. He put up at the Indian Queen Inn, was a

for luckless youngsters to the end of her days. Another of this lady's discarded lovers revenged himself on the coming generation by that moral monstrosity, "Sandford and Merton." André ("cher Jean" to all his friends) in his despair, entered the army. But by the time he reached Philadelphia, he certainly was much more concerned about the condition of the country than for his own broken heart. There were always indications of stouter stuff in "cher Jean" than was shown in the namby-pamby verses and clever sketches which won the popular fancy.

Another English officer, Charles Lee, was in town at this time: a middle-aged, aggressive, strident man, with a certain share of florid, coarse good looks, who talked at the coffee-house and inns of public affairs with such hot zeal for the colonies and foul-mouthed abuse of his own country, that he

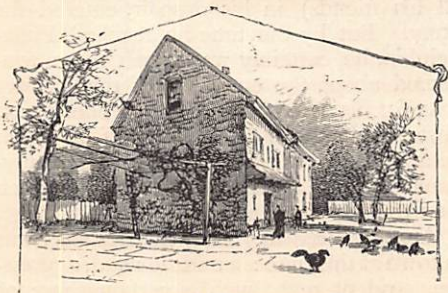




CHEW MANSION.

soon became a hero with the crowd; while the conservative Quakers kept him at arm's length. Much gossip was bandied about concerning his eccentric, headstrong course in Portugal, Poland, and Russia. His life had been a series of brilliant dashes. The Indians in the New York wilderness, a few

such vigor in his spirit, such fierceness in love, and persistence in hate, that wherever he might be, a tribe of followers waited for him. Let him but blow his whistle, like Rhoderick Dhu, and clansmen rose in every bush. But, blow he never so loudly, the Quakers turned the cold shoulder on him. Washington, who had much Quaker phlegm and self-control in his nature, met him here, and, we can imagine, had as little relish as they for this flamboyant, honest fellow. In a few days, André continued his journey on horseback to Boston, passing through New Haven very near the time when a merchant of that place, Benedict Arnold, went into bankruptcy, and entered the American army to rid himself of the rumors of his dishonesty. The half-pay officer, Lee, fumed on his way all winter, writing petitions to the English Government to establish colonies in the wilderness as far West as Ohio and Illinois, although he knew that the ministry had resolved to limit the



BIRTHPLACE OF RITTENHOUSE.

weeks before, had formally adopted him into the tribes as Boiling Water, or The Man whose spirit is never asleep. There was



settlements by the bar of the Alleghany Mountains; writing fiery broadsides in favor of the colonies, demolishing the Tory Doctor, Myles Cooper, and anybody else who differed with him.

The Continental Congress adjourned, meeting in May of the next year in the State House. From this time the history of the country takes this old building as its central point of interest. It is in itself probably the most solid and characteristic specimen of the architecture of that date in the country. It was built slowly, as the province could command funds. The bills yet preserved of expenses in the building give a curious

grave and six companies so long, that a gallant lad, the Chevalier de Mauduit, with Colonel Laurens, crept up to fire it with a wisp of straw. They escaped under a shower of balls, while a young man who had followed them fell dead at the first shot. A cannon planted in front of the old Johnson house riddled the hall door, which is still preserved. The battle, as everybody knows, was lost by the drunkenness of General Stephens, at whom Washington swore heartily. Whatever the recording angel may have done with that oath, frail human nature rather relishes it from our immaculate hero. There are private lawns and gardens in



THE MESCHIANZA

insight into the different values of labor in that day and ours. The carpenters received 4s. per day; laborers, 2s. 6d.; bricklayers, 10s. 6d. per thousand. Speaker Andrew Hamilton was the architect, and his labor appears to have been one of love. The State-House when finished was used, not only by the Provincial Assembly, but as a grand banquetting house.

About many of the old houses in the village of Germantown hang pathetic legends of that one eventful day in its history when the battle was fought. Chief among these is the Chew House, held by Colonel Mus-

Germantown wherein scores of the rebels and their oppressors sleep peacefully side by side. In one of these a deep pit was dug, into which dead Americans were flung headlong; and old Watson tells us of how a British officer, passing, called out indignantly: "Not with their faces up, to cast dirt on them! They also are mothers' sons!"

A quaint old house at the corner of Main street and West Walnut Lane, belonging to the Haines family, was used as a hospital and amputating-room. There is a story of how General Bird, an English officer, as he lay dying there, looked at some women



whose husbands had fought against him, and cried: "Pray for me; I have a wife and four little children!"

The old Wistar house (built 1744) was



OLD WISTAR HOUSE.

occupied by some of the British officers before the battle, chief among whom was General Agnew, "a cheerful, heartsome young man," according to tradition. As he went out to join the troops, he passed the old servant, Justina, at work in the garden, and bade her go hide in the cellar until the fighting was over. Justina, however, continued her work with true Dutch phlegm, unmoved by the war of artillery or skirmishing troops outside, and had not finished hoeing her cabbages, when the gate was flung open, and Agnew was carried in mortally wounded to die. A decoration which the gallant young fellow wore on his breast had offered a mark for a villager hidden behind a tree. The house, though much altered, is a good specimen of the old style of Germantown dwellings, and contains much quaint furniture belonging to Count Zinzendorf and Franklin. There is a quaint room, filled with relics of early times, the one into which the heartsome young officer was borne. His life's blood still stains the floor.

During the occupation of Philadelphia by the British army, the Tory ladies of the city zealously assisted the British officers to pay homage to Sir William Howe in a magnificent regatta, tournament, and ball, called the Meschianza, the accounts of which glitter through the old records like a fragment of the Arabian Nights. The English officers (André being stage manager of the gorgeous spectacle) appeared as

knights, and the Philadelphia Tory belles as Turkish princesses. The young men of Philadelphia, we are glad to learn, were, as a rule, in the rebel army; and their fathers accompanied perforce their wayward daughters. Tories as they might be, they could not be blind to the desperate strait of the country which gave them bread, or deaf to the cries of their starving neighbors in the State-House and Walnut street prison.

On the south side of Market street, on the lots numbered 526, 528, and 530, stood at that time the mansion or "message" occupied by the aforesaid prince of good fellows, Richard Penn. There he and Mrs. Polly Masters, his wife, held high and jolly state until 1778, when it became the head-quarters of General Howe.

After the Meschianza, the scene suddenly shifted. The British army left the city in the night so silently that some of the jolly officers knew nothing of it until their Quaker hostesses bade them awake if they did not wish to fall into the hands of the rebels, who were marching into town. Richard Penn's house was then occupied by Benedict Arnold while in command. This was the bankrupt of New Haven, who speedily made himself hated by the keen-sighted populace that recognized him as a vulgar adventurer, by his affectation of pomp and military display. He married a Philadelphian, and for a little while the young couple dazzled the town



OLD WASHINGTON HOUSE—FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF RICHARD PENN.

with their spendthrift folly. It has been the habit to paint Arnold as one of the most picturesque figures of the Revolution, but he was in fact but a commonplace swindler,



a coarse-grained, uncultured fellow, who fell, tempted by coarse appetites and tawdry display. If he had continued an apprentice in a drug-shop, he would probably have

dogs, his house having but one room, marked by chalk lines into kitchen, chamber, and stable. He came back to Philadelphia four years later and died suddenly, asking, with



BURNING BENEDICT ARNOLD IN EFFIGY—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

robbed the till: as he was in a position of national trust, he stole from the commissary, plundered the city, and betrayed his country; the magnitude of the treachery does not give it dignity. The British Government treated his infamy as a sort of bastard heroism, and have cared tenderly for his descendants until the present time; but the mob of Philadelphians, that knew him best, burned him in effigy, with a congratulatory letter from the devil in his hand,—and cleared the town of his offspring; suiting the punishment to the quality of the man, rather than to that of the offense.

After its evacuation by the British, the town suffered from the occupancy of General Charles Lee, gout, dogs, grievances, and all. He had grown stouter since we saw him last, and more abusive as to tongue. He was possessed, as by mania, with his hatred for Washington; the Philadelphia loyalists asserted that his misfortunes at Monmouth C. H., and Baskingridge, had been planned by him to disgrace the American cause. Be this true or not, one feels a vicious desire to take sides with the fiery, uncontrollable old fellow in his hopeless struggle with his phlegmatic chief. It was the angry water dashing against a wall of rock. In Philadelphia he struck right and left against the "earwigs about Washington, as about any other sceptered calf, hog, or ass," against his friends, against women. After his court-martial, Lee returned to his plantation in Virginia, and literally kenneled with his slaves and

his last breath, to be buried in Christ Church yard, "out of the way of the Presbyterians, who were too d—d bad company."

Christ Church was founded in 1695. The present building was commenced in 1727. The antipathy between its people and the Friends began early. In 1703 we hear of an address from them to Lord Cornbury, Governor of Jersey, praying that Queen Anne would extend his rule over them, which proceeding Penn treated as treason, bringing it before the Lords of Trade. The service of



FRANKLIN'S GRAVE, CORNER FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS.





CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

plate now in use in the Church was a gift from Anne.

We enter the vacant church in the evening, and, as we pass through the dusky aisles, the empty pews fill again with many a courtly figure, once familiar here, and the silence is broken by clanking swords and spur. There is the heavy-built, stolid Lord Howe, and his wiry brother; Cornwallis; Arnold with his coarse swagger, and André's gentle, clear-cut face. The sage Franklin dropped in now and then to listen, half amused; De Chastellux, coming from the

silent Quaker meeting into this "handsome church with its handsome preacher, and boxes filled with pretty women chanting melodiously, found it more like a little paradise than the road to it." Here the Orleans princes worshiped before undertaking their perilous journey with pack-saddles and arms into the Western wilderness. Those farther seats were once filled with the slight figure of Madison, the Lees, and Patrick Henry. Yonder stood the pew in which Washington knelt. We see now the picture which old McKoy draws, the great yellow state coach



drawn up in front of the door, the June sunshine, the outriders, the pawing black horses, the waiting crowd; the organ has ceased, the worshipers within remain motionless until the President has passed out; still uncov-

There is an account of his trial by himself, which opens a curious insight into the manners and habits of the day.

Another house of interest is that of John Bartram, a poor boy like Rittenhouse, the



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH.

ered, he leads Lady Washington with great respect to the coach, and, when they are gone, the crowd, Sunday as it is, breathe deep to keep from cheering.

An historic interest attaches to an old house on Dock street, tenanted by the smith, Pat Lyon. Lyon had two claims to distinction his locks and his honesty; it was his ill-fortune to make a lock for the Bank of Pennsylvania, which was picked and the bank robbed. Upon the presumption that Lyon's locks were so good nobody but himself could open them, he was thrown into prison and there kept for a long time.



TREE PLANTED BY BARTRAM.

astronomer, and self-taught, the one whom Linnæus pronounced "the greatest living botanist in the world." The house stands near the Schuylkill, on the Gray's Ferry Road. Some of the trees planted by Bartram remain, but the botanic garden which he constructed untaught, making journeys on foot to every zone for plants, has gone to ruin. When Charles Kingsley visited Philadelphia, a few years ago, his first request of his host was to take him to this old garden.

Washington, during his Presidency, occupied the house which we have mentioned as the property of Richard Penn, and used by Howe as head-quarters. After the retreat of the British, it was bought by Robert Morris, and given up to Washington, as the fittest dwelling in the city for the President of



the new nation. There are many accounts of simple but stately little court held there. The men who gathered around the quiet table of the President at his state dinners in this old house were the Fathers of the Republic, the bold experimenters upon whom the

cent, proper, but rather wooden figure-head of the new nation. There can be no doubt, from contemporary records, that, on the contrary, he exerted a tremendous personal magnetism.

He was a clumsy, slow, heavy man;



PAT LYON.

eyes of the civilized world were turned; Mirabeau pronounced them a company of demigods; and William Pitt declared that in all the rise of master states no convened body of men had equaled them in honorable aim, force of sagacity, or solidity of reasoning. The women, whose dazzling beauty has given them renown, possessed also the lost art of stately reserve, which gives to even their memory a fine, intangible charm. The social life of the Republic never has attained in any later day to the height of the little circle which gathered from all parts of the country at the President's reception in this plain house.

It has become lately a habit with many of us to look upon Washington as a magnifi-

but with a sad sincerity of great purpose, in every word and action. "There was an indescribable something in Washington," says one of his contemporaries, "which awed every man who came in contact with him." We have many pictures of this brilliant court of Philadelphia, but none which please us so much as the story of a girl-friend of lovely Nelly Custis, who spent a night in the President's mansion. "When ten o'clock came, Mrs. Washington retired, and her granddaughter accompanied her, and read a chapter and psalm from the old family Bible. All then knelt together in prayer, and when Mrs. Washington's maid had prepared her for bed, Nelly sang a soothing hymn, and, leaning over her, re-



ceived from her some words of counsel and her kiss and blessing."

One other picture let us borrow from an eye-witness. It is of the inauguration of Adams in the State-House. He entered in a full suit of fine gray cloth, almost unnoticed; every eye was fixed on Washington; the people knew it was to be the last public appearance of their idol. "He wore," says the old chronicler, "a full suit of black velvet, his hair powdered and in a bag, diamond knee-buckles, and a light sword with gray scabbard." Beside him was the new Vice-President, Jefferson, gaunt, ungainly, square-shouldered, with foxy hair and brick-red skin, dressed in blue coat, small-clothes, and vest of crimson; near by was the pale, reflective face of Madison; the burly, bustling Knox. Adams read his inaugural and

left the room; the crowd cheered, but did not move. Jefferson, after some courteous parley, took precedence of Washington, and went out; still the people remained motionless, until Washington descended from the platform and left the hall, going down the street to the Indian Queen, to pay his respects to the new President. The immense concourse followed him as one man, but in silence. After he had gone in, a smothered sound went up from the multitudes like thunder, "for he was passing away from them," says the narrator, "to be seen of them no more." The door opened, and he stood on the threshold looking at the people. "No man ever saw him so deeply moved. The tears rolled over his cheeks;" then he bowed slowly and low, and the door closed between him and his people.\*



WASHINGTON'S STATE COACH.

TRUANT MADGE.

THE shadows lie sleeping on field and hill;  
The cows came home an hour ago;  
The bees are hived, and the nests are  
still:—

Where can the child be lingering so?

Oh, where can the little laggard stay?  
So swift of foot as she ever has been!  
It is not so far, by the meadow way,  
To the lane where the blackberry vines  
begin.

Her mother stands in the door-way there,  
Shading her eyes from the setting sun,  
And up and down, with an anxious air,  
Looks for a trace of the truant one.

Has she wandered on where the swamp-  
flowers blow

In the darkling wood and lost her way?  
Has she slipped in the treacherous bog  
below

That hides under mosses green and gay?

Nay, timorous mother, spare your fears!  
Your little maiden is safe the while.  
No marsh-bird screams in her startled ears;  
No forest mazes her feet beguile.

She is only standing amid the rye,  
There at the end of the clover-plain,  
And pulling a daisy-star, to try  
Whether her love loves back again:

And Will bends over the bars beside,—  
Two heads are better than one, forsooth!—  
Leaning and looking, eager-eyed,  
To see if the daisy tells the truth!

\* Some of the cuts in this article are from "A Century After; Picturesque Glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. Allen, Lane & Scott, and J. W. Lauderbach, Philadelphia."