OLD PHILADELPHIA.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

THERE is a curious bit of history concerning the city of Philadelphia, dating back to the time when it was no city at all, but an absolute wilderness, traveled only by the bear and wolf, and the Lenni-Lennappé, who built their mud lodges in fishing season between the two rivers. It is that, twenty years before Penn was born, the great Swede, Gustavus Adolphus, conceived the idea of a city of brotherly love in this very wilderness, made a plan for it, and signed a contract pledging himself to found and support it. There was very little brotherly love in the world about him just then. Catholic and Protestant, all over Europe, had clutched in what threatened to be a death-grip to both; and that other unending struggle between poor and rich was going on just as fiercely as to-day. In the little harbor of Rochelle, Richelieu, with all the power of the papacy to back him, was scuttling ships and besieging the starving Huguenot paupers within; yonder, in Paris, Marie de Medicis still defied the king with her splendid court; while in the fields outside, French paupers, old men, and women soon to be mothers, were harnessed to the plow. In London, Charles had just been crowned: "in appearance stately, like unto a pillar of jewels," the lovely, silly little girl whom he had married sitting ablaze with diamonds in the palace gate, laughing at him, his crown, and his religion, while just in sight English paupers were hung for stealing a loaf of bread. In Germany, Wallenstein, with his bilious, gloomy face, surrounded by astrologers and the pomp of an Eastern prince, made swift fierce marches over the country, burning towns and villages, and leaving death and famine behind him. In a word, while in the courts of the civilized world there were diamonds, beauty, such learning as was to be had, and a chance for a man of force and nimble brain to show the stuff that was in him, for the poor there was nothing but hunger of soul and body. It is easy to understand how Gustavus, whose nature was heroic and generous, just as his body was healthy and gigantic, turned, disgusted, from this real world to his Utopia, the city which he meant to build, "where every man should have enough to eat, and toleration to worship God as he chose." The fancy became a hobby with him. There was no place nearer on which he could found his colony than the shores of the Delaware—the "terrible wilderness, *Terra Magellanicæ*, peopled by wild beasts and cannibals." In 1626 he issued an *octroi* to Usselinx empowering a trading company to emigrate to this land, which

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

was as dreadful a suburb of the world to the Swedes then as Franklin's polar sea is now to us.

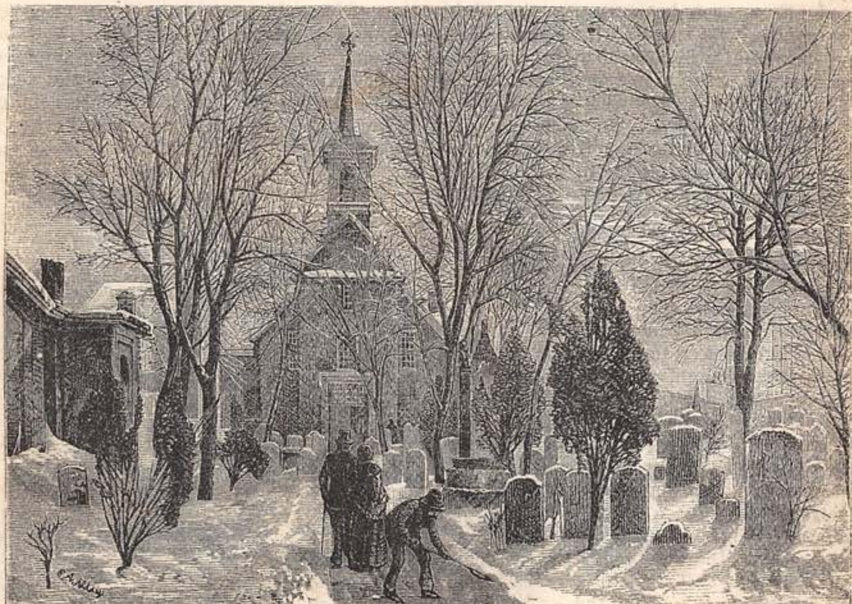
It is curious to note how all the freedom, the justice, the higher purposes, which America has ever aimed to embody are clearly prophesied in this *octroi* of Gustavus. He commands that the emigrants shall "found a state absolutely free, an asylum for the oppressed of every creed, where every man should enjoy the fruits of his own labor." The land was "to be fairly bought from the wild peoples," and the colonists were enjoined to instruct them in the truths of Christ's religion. No slavery of any kind was to be permitted, the king adding, shrewdly, "for the Swedes are industrious and intelligent citizens, whereas slaves cost much, labor with reluctance, and soon perish." There is no prophetic afflatus, after all, like common-sense.

Before the expedition set out, however, the Polish campaign began, followed by the Thirty Years' War, and Gustavus died, his dream unfulfilled. Christina, a child of eleven, and the Chancellor Oxenstiern sent out the expedition in the name of Gustavus in 1637, and during the two centuries that followed, the zeal and high purpose of the dead king seem to have lingered with and affected both the emigrants and the government in its dealings with them. Convicts or persons of dissolute character were forbidden to emigrate to "New Sweden," and the settlers who came appear to have carried the memory of the great Gustavus along with them as a sacred idea, which made their lives in their caves at Wicaco exceptionally honest, just, and chaste. Even at the great distance, and impoverished as was the Swedish government, it maintained its position as foster-mother of the settlement until forty-five years ago, building churches and supplying them with ministers at no slight cost. The little far-off colonies at Wicaco and Christina Creek were spoken of in Stockholm as "the jewel of the Swedish crown." Some of the most learned men in the kingdom adventured the long journey (three times as long as from New York to Australia now) to preach to this insignificant settlement or to bring back an account of it. Every sovereign, even Christina in her mad flights, and Charles XII. through his terrible campaigns, kept the same affectionate watch over it. This favorite idea of Gustavus became an heir-loom. There is no telling when an idea of one of these strong-willed, genuine men will die out in the world: it is so apt to go echoing like a sledge-hammer blow from generation to generation.

OLD SWEDES' HOUSES, CHRISTIAN STREET, BETWEEN FRONT AND WATER STREETS.

The Swedes meanwhile occupied a narrow strip of ground along the rivers on the edge of the forest, now known as Southwark, in Philadelphia. It begins below South Street, and runs down to the Neck. If you explore it, you will find yourself bewildered by ship stores, junk shops, and salty, tarry smells, while a bulwark of the dirty hulls of steamers and ships walls you in from the river. The Swedes found, instead, green banks on the edge of a gloomy, unbroken wilderness, with hemlocks and nut trees nodding atop: they dug caves in them and lived there for a year or two, building, when the time seemed ripe for such a bold move, log-huts, calked with mud and lighted by holes cut in the wall. There the Swansons, Keens, Bengtsens, Kocks, and Rambos lived "in great quiet and great idleness," as Campanius reports, taking life much more easily, perhaps, than do their wealthier descendants nowadays. They barely worked the ground enough to furnish the winter's food, dressed in skins, and were content. They were a kindly though hot-tempered folk, too; gave their open hand to the English, who asked leave to settle on the land, and shut it against the Dutch, who claimed the land as a right. The little dark hut swarmed with babies and "Swans," or young men, whom Penn, when he came, declared to be more sober and industrious than those of other nations; they knew just about as much as Sir Walter taught his boy—could fish, hunt, and tell the truth. There was among them all a touching loyalty to the country and religion of their forefathers. Nothing can be more pathetic than the letters which they sent to old Sweden by every chance voyager to Europe, setting forth that they were in a strange and heathen land, far away from their own dear fatherland, and begging "that godly men might be sent to them to instruct their children, and help themselves to lead lives well-

THE FIRST CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA.


OLD SWEDES' CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

pleasing to God." It was six years before the letter was answered by the arrival of Rudman and Bjork, the first clergymen sent out by the Swedish king. They wrote home that they "found a block-house in use as a church, and but three books among the colonists: yet these for sixty years had been so carefully cherished and loaned from house to house that every child could read." They report a thorough good fellowship existing between the Swedes and Indians—a friendship which had been established half a century before Penn's famous treaty, of whose good effects such boasts are made. John Campanius, who came with Printz in 1642, translated Luther's catechism into the Delaware tongue, freely rendering "Give us our daily bread" into "Give us always plenty of venison and corn." Immediately after the arrival of Rudman and Bjork, Gloria Dei Church, known now in Philadelphia as Old Swedes', was built. It stood upon a green bank of the quiet river, Swan Swanson's being the only hut near by. On Sunday mornings the men came tramping on foot beside the women's horses from Kingsessing, Passajungh, and even far-away Matzongh, hanging their muddied outer leggings or skirts of wolf-skin on the branches of the trees before they went in. Now and then a pirogue brought a chance worshiper up the lonely river, or a solitary Indian stood in the doorway, half believing and wholly afraid. Now the little church is crowded out of sight on the wharves of one of the world's great harbors, and its feeble *Te Deum* is often silenced by the cannon of incoming steamers. The church itself was built in a fervor of pious zeal, carpenters and masons giving their work, and the good pastor selling or pawning the best articles out of his house when money did not come in fast enough, and carrying the hod every day himself. The main body of the building is unaltered to the present day; the tablets in the chancel record the sacrifices and sufferings of the early missionaries who sleep below; and the chubby gilt cherubs in the choir, sent out from Sweden, still sustain the open Bible, with the significant inscription, "The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light." Wilson, the ornithologist, lies buried in its grave-yard. He was teaching a little school at Kingsessing when, obtaining some rare specimens of birds from Bartram, the botanist, he formed the idea of making a collection of American birds, and started on his first exploring tour through the wilderness of Western New York.

We have many glimpses in old Swedish records of that first society in Philadelphia: histories of tedious squabbles with the Dutch; the rare book by Campanius on the wonders of Nye Swerige, published in Stockholm; and the pictorial maps of Lindström, wherein are a plenty of wild beasts, gigantic rattlesnakes, and shads as long as a ship. There are mildewed old manuscript records of the first courts of justice; their "fynes of wampum and beaver," and the decree of flogging, which an Indian laid on with hearty good-will; orders of the court for "y[e] setting of 52 wolfe pitts, to restrain y[e] dayly spoyle and damadge wh. y[e] woolves commit on y[e] people;" and a "fyne imposed on oele oelssen" for falling upon the magistrate and giving him a sound thrashing. Upon Oele's public statement that he was a poor man with a large charge of children,

WILSON SCHOOL-HOUSE AT KINGSESSING.

the fine was remitted, on condition that he should humbly and publicly submit himself to the pummeled magistrate. This practice, by-the-way, of remission of punishment when the criminal publicly humiliated himself was continued until long after 1776 in Philadelphia.

THE DUNKER MEETING-HOUSE, GERMANTOWN.

We have glimpses, too, in these first days, of a certain fair and haughty Dame Armgart Papegoija, the daughter of Governor Printz, who drove away her husband, took her maiden name, and lived in great poverty and pride on the island of Tinicum, descending now and then on the Swedes at Wicaco, keen and chilly as an east wind. A brick from her house at Tinicum in the National Museum is all the trace now left of her in the world. Before the coming of Rudman and Bjork there were some buccaneers of clergymen let loose among the honest folk: Fabritius, who was a wild, quarrelsome fellow, even in the pulpit, but who, in his old age and blindness, settled down to the "pickling of shadds" to earn his bread, and was led up and down from church to church to tell what he knew of the truth; and before him Lokenius, "whose only fault," says good Acrelius, "was a love of liquor." Even in his sober moments, however, the pastor apparently took the reins into his own hands, as, when a layman ran away with his wife, he followed them, not to regain his lost love, but to break into their chest; returning, he applied for a divorce, to be granted in ten days, declaring his family affairs required him to marry in that time; and the court declining to be convinced, he quietly married himself, and kept his wife, too, in the teeth of court and public opinion.

THE PENN SEAL.

After all, it was the same human nature, going through the same great processes, playing the same small tricks in the huts and wolf tracks as now in the streets of Philadelphia, when she takes her place as hostess of the world.

The old people complained that the girls looked askance at the "Swans" over their prayer-books, and that the young men only came to church that they might race in sight of their sweethearts. Men of intelligence and force came to the front, as now. Among these was Swan Swanson, from whose three sons Penn, when he came, bought the land to lay out his town of Philadelphia, and whose descendants on the female side are still to be found in the city. Otto Kock, another prominent Swede, and Andrew Bengtsen founded long lines of modern Coxes and Banksons. There is much mention, too, in the old records, of a big burly mill-wright, Olof Stillé, of Techoherassi, who "was much reverenced by the Indians in spite of his great black beard." He served as magistrate, and engineered the difficulties with the Dutch with wisdom and discretion, but seems to have had a weak side toward the lads and their love-making, for we find him slyly helping off runaway couples, and shielding disorderly

LANDING OF WILLIAM PENN AT PHILADELPHIA.

desperate adventure, and nothing more whimsical than their prim regard to details. We might have expected from Penn, a young man of courtly breeding and strong individuality, the frame of government which he provided, which is conceived with keen intelligence and a broad justice, but hardly the minute directions as to the marks to be put on hogs yet unborn. The city was laid out by Thomas Holme, straight-lined, square, magnificent on paper, from river to river, from Cedar Street to Vine. In reality, it was a gloomy forest, drained by creeks which crept through a jungle of undergrowth. The new-comers huddled down in the corner by the Delaware near to the kindly Swedes, and in that corner the town remained for nearly a hundred years.

old Fabritius for marrying them. This Olof was the great-grandfather of Charles Stillé, provost of the Pennsylvania University.

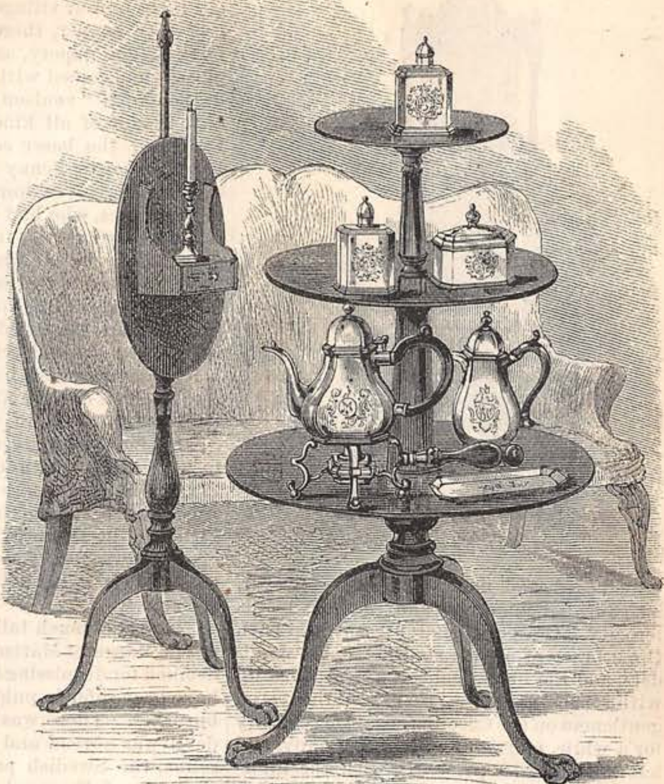
English families of the laboring class began to find their way to New Sweden, and dug their caves or built log-huts in Delaware County or along the river as far as Kensington. People who had the courage, grit, and religious enthusiasm to leave England and venture into the wilderness to defend their faith would be likely to improve their new chances to the farthest limit. We are not surprised, therefore, to find their immediate descendants taking a leading part in the Revolution, or, still later, in trade. Among these were General Thomas Mifflin, the Sharplesses, and many Germantown families.

The pioneers of Penn's settlement arrived in 1682. The Proprietor himself landed the next October on the gravelly shore in front of Andrew Bengtsen's door. Twenty-three ships followed, filled for the most part with Quakers of all classes—educated gentlemen, mechanics, and servants or slaves. Nothing can be more admirable than the lofty faith with which these people entered on their

Houses of English brick lined with black, or of gray "glimmer" (mortar mixed with broken stone and mica), slowly took the place of the first caves and cabins, in contrast with which they doubtless seemed like palaces. They were in reality, as a rule, small, inconvenient, two-story dwellings, built close along the river's edge, or at long intervals on the muddy roads which served as streets. Pennsbury, the manor-house of the Proprietor, above Bristol, was the most imposing building in the province. It cost him £5000, and in its shape and appointments showed that young Penn had inherited some of his father the old admiral's appreciation of state and dignity.

There was from the beginning, however, a singular simplicity and lack of self-assertion, not only in the houses of the new colonists, but in all their habits and ways. We find this characteristic, which grew out of the century of Quaker rule, marking the social life of the city to-day. Neither new-comers, nor "rings," nor all the universal nervous strain of the present can budge Philadelphia out of her slow, steady pace, her inborn hatred of brag. Her solidly

wealthy men hide their luxury in unpretentious brick dwellings. It is a rule of etiquette with the best lawyer, artist, milliner, or caterer to step back into a shady corner and keep carefully out of the newspapers. Owing to this very abhorrence of puffery or advertising, Penn's colony never received the credit which history owed to it. The Swedes and Friends did not, like the Puritans, shake the forests with their hymns of lofty cheer, nor din the ears of succeeding generations with tales of the persecution from which they fled, but they quietly made their little village the only home of religious liberty then in the New World.



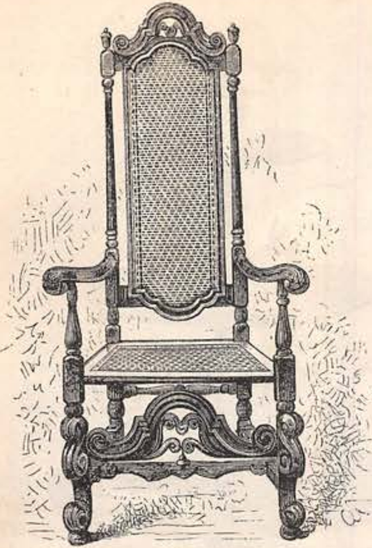
PENN RELICS.

Thither Edward Shippen fled when he had been whipped for his faith in Boston; there Baptists and Presbyterians prayed and preached in the same little building, and Swedish Lutherans and English Episcopalians exchanged pulpits, or preached in the Provincial Hall; forty Germans, led by a nobleman from Transylvania, formed an ascetic band, called the Society of the Woman of the Wilderness, and lived as hermits in the hills of the Wissahickon; and over all the calm, ruddy Englishman, Penn, held firm but generous control.*

There was very little stir of any sort in the village. We find a curious account of it written by one Gabriel Thomas soon after his landing. There were thirty carts in it—the only vehicles excepting Penn's calash. Laboring-men were paid three times as much as in England, Gabriel himself having to pay two shillings for a pair of boots. Women's wages he writes down as "most exorbitant—from £5 to £10 per annum." They had the game in their own hands, as "a wench, if not paid enough, will take land and turn farmer. There are no begars nor olde maydes, neither Lawyers nor Doctors, with lycense to kill and make mischeef."

Gabriel and his fellows were wont to assemble at the Blue Anchor Tavern to gossip; and the news, brought once in six months, had a flavor of mystery and dramatic horror lacking to the telegrams in the daily paper of a country town nowadays. The village lay on the edge of an impregnable wilderness stretching to the Pacific Ocean; on the other side was the river, an open highway to the sea, where Kidd and other pirates raged to and fro—a highway so open that several of their ships, bearing the black flag, were used to winter as near the town as Cohocksink Creek, the pirates themselves, having their allies in the town, and in but scant disguise, frequenting undisturbed the lower class of houses, and storing away their plunder in certain dens along the river. Chief among these was the famous Teach, or Drummond, known as Blackbeard. Kidd, it was said, had intervals of humanity:

* The only portrait of William Penn known for a long period was that representing him in armor. The one which heads this article was discovered lately in an old family mansion of the Penns at Darlington, in Durham, England. A copy was brought to this country by Mr. John Jay Smith, and is now in Independence Hall. It was painted when Penn was about thirty-eight.



PENN'S CHAIR.

Blackbeard had none. He was, however, an educated man, gay and reckless in his ferocity. Old portraits represent him with three brace of pistols slung over his shoulders, and the black mane of a beard tied up with scarlet ribbons. He played the *rôle* of gentleman on the Carolina coast successfully for a while, married into a good family, and left his fair wife presently with the information that she was one of fourteen! Tradition gives as the first known ancestor of one or two of the proudest of Virginian and Carolinian families members of Blackbeard's gang. A visit from the bold buccaneer, cutlass, red ribbons, and all, sent a quake of terror through the town of Philadelphia on many a winter's day; and there was public rejoicing when news came that his ship of forty guns, the *Queen Anne's Revenge*, had been captured by Maynard, of Virginia, the pirate's head cut off and carried home in triumph as a grim figure-head on the conquering vessel. The skull was made into a punch-bowl, bound with silver, and used for years in the Raleigh Tavern, at Williamsburg, Virginia.

At long intervals came to the settlement men of means, cadets of respectable families driven by persecution from England, or emigrants from the Barbadoes, bringing their slaves and household goods with them. Of these were Nicholas Waln, Samuel Carpenter, Robert Turner, and Thomas Budd. Honest Gabriel writes home with delight of their "big housen and orchards." The Quakers were "good providers" then as now. The bins and pantries of their plain houses were filled with substantial fare, not forgetting wine from the Proprietor's vineyards. When James Logan, in the old slate-roof house, or Samuel Carpenter, or any of the three or four village magnates, bade the others to supper, there was much setting forth of fine napery, and glittering pewter plates emblazoned with the family arms and heaped with "venison and smoakt hams," with liquor of all kinds to wash it down. People of the baser sort gathered in the Blue Anchor or Penny Pot house, and talked of the arrival of Jonathan Dickinson and his comrades, who had been wrecked on the savage Florida coast, and wandered for a year among the cannibals. The story went that the lives of the party had been spared for the sake of Dickinson's baby, and we may be sure the child—a laughing, ruddy boy of two—was closely watched when his black nurse carried him abroad. Or they tried to spell out the Almynack just printed by William Bradford, wherein the date of Noah's flood was given as "3979 years before ye Almynack, and ye rule of ye Lord Penn as 5 years before ye Almynack." This was the "first practice of ye Mystery of Printing" in the province, and Penn commanded Bradford peremptorily to let it be the last, "as a danger to the printer and to the country."

There was much talk, too, of the Swedish witch, Margaret Mattson, and Penn was condemned for dismissing her on trial. It would have been safer in public opinion to hang or burn her. There was little doubt that the devil was abroad and close at hand. Hesselius, the Swedish priest (the cousin, by-the-way, of Emanuel Swedenborg), writes home to the bishop of certain miraculous occurrences not to be doubted but by the profane: of rain which fell for fifteen days on a black oak-tree, while all the rest of the forest was dry; of a wicked captain of a ship, who, coming up the Delaware on his way home from the Barbadoes, was seized by the devil and thrown into the river, in full sight of the people. "God grant," cries good Hesselius, "that these things forebode us no evil!"

With us, news from all nations crowding in every hour keeps spiritual agencies very much in the background of both our thought and talk. But to the people of this solitary little village on the edge of an unexplored continent, without newspapers, telegraphs, and with little friction of any sort with other human beings, God and the devil and witches were real every-day matters. The more ignorant of Penn's followers were daily seized by the spirit and their bodies shaken (whence their name of Quakers). There are some cynical stories by two Labadists, who visited the godly settlement, of how "fat women of the low sort professed to be prophetesses, and at the inn table would eat and quake and preach, and then fall to gorging themselves again." But who wants to go back two centuries to find the familiar hum-

bugging of to-day hiding under shad-bellied coat or muslin coif? There are other figures which better suit the dignity of the dusky past. There is old Robert Barrow, who, at the age of eighty, was driven by the spirit from his home in Cheshire across the sea to the wilderness to preach. He prayed, with tears, to be suffered to die in old England, but "durst not disobey the heavenly call," and embarked to share Dickinson's terrible shipwreck. There is Jane Fenn too, whose story, more pathetic than Evangeline's, has, oddly enough, never been made the theme of song or novel. Jane was a sickly, pretty girl of sixteen, the daughter of a poor Welsh farmer, when the word of the Lord came to her to go preach His Gospel in Penn's settlement. She embarked without a penny, was sold on her arrival as a redemptionist, and imprisoned to compel a double term of slavery. "In the Friends' meeting one day, after her release, when she saw David Lloyd and his wife come in, she was told by the spirit that these were the people to whom she was sent. They, seeing the wan, poorly clad stranger sitting there, were miraculously *tendered* toward her. After the meeting was over they walked to her and she to them, and they joined hands, without a word being spoken, and she went with them to their own house." Jane Fenn became afterward a noted preacher, going to and fro along the coast and to the Indian tribes. She was, we are told, "of a tender spirit, but weighty and awful in prayer."

In the upper class of Friends, composed of Penn's family, when he was in this country, his secretary, James Logan, Thomas Lloyd, the first colonial Governor, and their half dozen educated associates, there was, it is likely, very little religious enthusiasm of this kind. But this society seems to have

JAMES LOGAN.

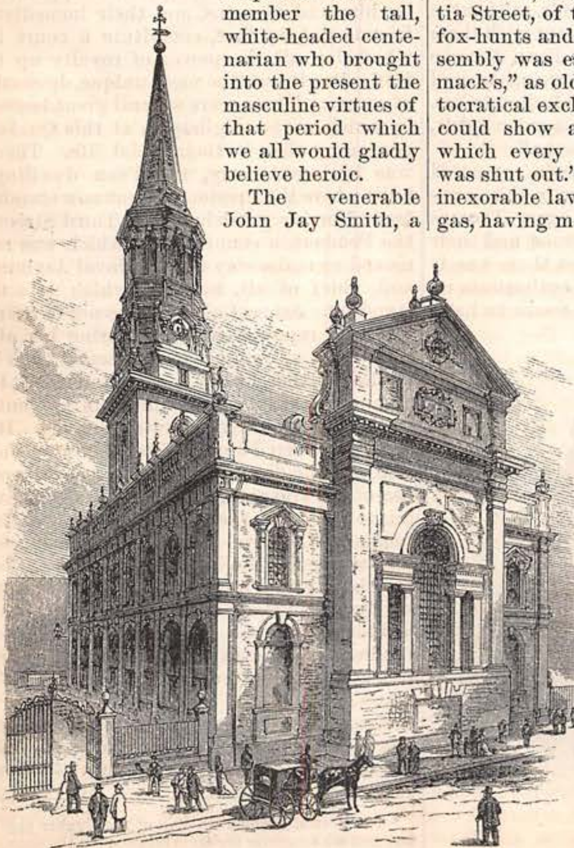
DEBORAH LOGAN.

possessed other traits quite as rare and admirable: high culture for the times, a perfect simplicity, and that repose which can belong only to the men or women who never have doubted their own social position. Penn, the Governors of Pennsylvania appointed by him and his sons, and their immediate friends did, in fact, constitute a court in which lay all the power of royalty up to 1776. But it was the most unique, domestic of courts. There were several great houses in which we have glimpses of this Quaker governing class in their social life. There was Springettsberry, the Penn dwelling, built where the Preston Retreat now stands; Isaac Norris's great house on Third Street; the Pemberton country-seat, which was removed to make way for the Naval Asylum; and, chief of all, Stenton, which is still standing. James Logan, the owner of Stenton, who represented Penn during his absence, was a young man descended from a noble Scottish family, grave and mild in manner, of scholarly attainments not only in the European but Oriental tongues. He stood between Penn and his debts on one side, and the dissatisfied, grasping public on the other, and served both faithfully, leaving to the latter the splendid bequest of the Loganian Library—as a sign, let us hope, of forgiveness for the long worry and vexation they had caused him. One of the pleasantest figures in those sunny rooms of Stenton is that of Deborah Logan, the compiler of the Penn and Logan correspondence—a very fair and gracious woman in youth and old age.*

Among the frequent guests of James Logan were William Allen, whose family fell out of notice through Tory proclivities dur-

* The portraits which we give of the Quaker dignitary and his daughter are from originals in the possession of Mr. John Jay Smith, of Germantown.

ing the Revolution, Isaac Norris, Speaker of Assembly, the three Pembertons, and a young man of twenty, Charles Thomson, then teacher of the Friends' Academy. It was known to the older Quakers that Charles came to this country from Ireland, poor and friendless, at the age of eleven, and by some means gained entrance to a country school in Maryland. Books were so scarce in those days that a single lexicon served the whole school. One of the boys bringing an old volume of the *Spectator* to class one day, Thomson read it with delight, and learning that the other volumes were for sale at a second-hand book-stall in Philadelphia, saved his wages until he had enough to buy them, walked to the city, and brought them home under his arm. This Charles Thomson became afterward the Perpetual Secretary of the Continental Congress. It was the custom to call upon him to verify disputed points, by saying, "Let us have Truth, or Thomson," his word being considered equal to any man's oath; the Indians also received him formally into the tribe as Weh-wo-la-ent, or the Man who speaks Truth. He lived until 1824. Many Philadelphians still remember the tall, white-headed centenarian who brought into the present the masculine virtues of that period which we all would gladly believe heroic.



CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

The venerable John Jay Smith, a descendant of James Logan's, in a MS. volume written for his children, has given his remembrances of the sober stateliness of social life at Stenton.

He says: "The Quaker rulers carried out their principles with indomitable firmness. What they accomplished here could only have been done by able and earnest men. The men and women who met at Stenton talked no scandal and spoke not of money. With their departure, stately respect for others has given way to more familiarity of address, which, I can not but think, has not improved the tone of social life; nor can I think the sordid present, with its enlarged commercial interests, much improvement on the preceding *régime*."

The successful growth of the little town attracted to it during the first half of the last century several men, not followers of Penn, possessed of much solid wealth. Their dwellings were more showy than those of the Friends, their religion, tastes, habits, all different. The social life of the two classes was at every point widely distinct. We begin to hear now of clubs among the young men, of Mrs. Ball's school for the teaching of French, dancing, and the spinet, in Letitia Street, of teachers of sword exercise, of fox-hunts and races. The City Dancing Assembly was established—a "miniature Almack's," as old Watson assures us, "of aristocratical exclusiveness, whose members all could show ancestral bearings, and from which every mechanic, however wealthy, was shut out." He tells us, rejoicing in the inexorable law of gentility, how Miss Hillegas, having married an extensive goldsmith on High Street, was stricken from the roll, and leaves us to picture the poor exile, whose husband dealt in jewelry, peering at the other women, whose husbands dealt in dry-goods, on their way to the enchanted room, wretched that such difference should be 'twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

We have been thus prolix in noting the planting and first growth of each class in the new settlement, because these classes have never been thoroughly united. There were first the Swedes, then the Quakers, then the "aristocratical exclusives" of Christ Church and the Assembly, and afterward the new-comers at and after the time of the Revolution; and the lines of demarkation are still strongly

drawn between them. Hence it is that social life in Philadelphia is noted for a certain formal conventionalism, a want of *esprit de corps*, a provincial lack of metropolitan breadth of feeling, unknown to any other city of its size.

WILLIAM KEITH'S HOUSE.

In every other regard there is an absolute change of manners and habits. The dame of fashion in Philadelphia during the earlier part of the last century lived most probably on Market Street below Third. There and on the river-front the merchants had their dwellings and shops, usually under the same roof. Many of these merchants opened a shipping trade to the West Indies and England, and from small ventures grew colossal fortunes almost as rapidly as Whittington's. Our "dame of high degree" had no carpet on her floors; her dress at home was chintz, the brocade or satin being kept for state evening wear, while thin muslins were left solely to the children. She had but little jewelry; but she followed afar off the reports of English fashions, curled her hair down on her neck, or heaped it four feet high with oil and toupee, straw or flowers. She rode on horseback or went in a sedan-chair to pay visits. Her gardener and confidential servants she had held for many years. Her kitchen swarmed with slaves and white redemptionists. Once or twice a year Messrs. Willing and Morris and other shippers advertised a consignment of blacks for sale from the Barbary coast; and every incoming vessel brought emigrants, Irish or Palatines, whom the captain kept nailed under the hatchways until they were sold to some of the towns-people. Many strange stories, tragical enough, have come down to us concerning these white slaves and their treatment. One was with Franklin, a fellow-'prentice in Kermer's shop; he was an Englishman named Webb, belonging to a family of birth and property, who while at Oxford had become involved in debt, and been caught up in the fields by a "crimp," brought to America, and sold. About this time, too, James Annesley, afterward Lord Altham, was sold at the block in High Street to a Dutch farmer. His adventures formed the groundwork of *Roderick Random*, and later for Charles Reade's *Wandering Heir*. When there was any difficulty in managing these slaves, white or black, their mistress in town sent them up to the jail on High Street for as many lashes as she judged fitting.

When her husband received a visit from a friend from England, or the smaller neighboring town of New York, he usually gave him a lunch in the warehouse of crackers, sprats, wine, and brandy, which having provoked an appetite, he was brought home to a state dinner, where our fashionable lady, being also a notable housekeeper, would set forth "ducks, hams, venison, twenty sorts of tarts, syllabubs, wine, and brandy." In all probability they with their guest were invited out to supper (for Philadelphia hospitality is of ancient and sturdy growth), and ate again "turtle, sweetmeats, pies, and drank brandy, porter, and sherries." There are many MS. journals kept by well-fed guests still existing which testify to the zeal with which the hostesses catered for them, wine and brandy regularly punctuating every hour of the day, as commas a sentence.

The guest was taken out, very probably, to see the wonders of the growing town, which, be it remembered, was then the metropolis of the country; but as there were but eight four-wheeled carriages in all Pennsylvania, it is most likely that he had to ride on horseback or pick his way on foot along the clayey streets. Indeed, if the Governor's coach, or the landau just imported by Charles Willing, the great merchant, hap-

THE LÆTITIA COTTAGE.

pened to come dashing along, his hosts, no doubt, were glad of the chance to show him these boasted splendors of the town. Another matter of public gratulation was the pavement just laid on Second Street between High (Market) and Chestnut. The other streets were bogged with mud, a narrow footway in some places laid at one side. The town extended no farther west than Fourth Street until after the Revolution. At Fourth and High streets was the great pond to which the boys went to fish; between Fourth and the Schuylkill lay the Governor's woods, where the girls picked wild strawberries in the spring or walked with their lovers in summer evenings. Our traveler was, no doubt, taken first to see the Town-house which stood at Second and High streets, with the pillory on one side and the Friends' meeting-house on the other. Its window-frames were lead, the panes diamond-shaped. Here the Colonial Assembly sat the year round to fight James Logan and the Proprietaries; from the balcony the Governors sent by Penn addressed the people on their arrival. The stranger, no doubt, heard much gossip of these Governors, of Sir William Keith's intrigues and debts and lying promises, and of how Governor Evans, in order to try the fighting qualities of the Quakers, had forged letters from the Governor of Maryland, stating that French privateers were on the coast ravaging all the colonies, and afterward caused the town bell to be rung, and rode up and down with a drawn sword, crying that the river was full of pirates, and calling upon Friends to arm. Only four Friends repaired, sword in hand, to the hall; the others threw their plate, etc., down wells or buried them, and fled for their lives across the Schuylkill. Some of these bags of buried coin were dug up as late as 1874. The visitor was told, too, of bloody elections which took place on the Town-hall steps, the Norris and Allen partisans beating each other back with clubs. From these steps, too, Whitefield preached on being refused admission to the churches, and could be heard, Franklin declares, as far as the Delaware.

The new State-house was the next place to be visited, and the stranger was shown how thoroughly honest and solid was the work upon it, and upon the half-finished Christ Church. Dr. John Kearsley had been the architect of both. The State-house yard next to Walnut Street was then but half its present depth, and on the Sixth Street side was a long shed under which the Indians coming to town on business took shelter. There was no bell for about twenty years after the building was in use; one was imported from England in 1752, and having been cracked on the first attempt to ring it, was recast. Isaac Norris, it is said, suggested the strangely prophetic motto, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof."

There were some other houses sure to be shown to the stranger—the Lætitia Cottage, the first brick building in Philadelphia, given by Penn to his daughter, and his own dwelling when in town. The visitor to the Centennial who wishes to follow the steps of our long-ago guest will find the little building still standing in Letitia Street.

When that first traveler saw it, however, it stood alone, with an open frontage to the river, surrounded by orchards and sunny sweeps of grass. The old slate-roof house, also occupied by the Penns, had been opened as a fashionable boarding-house. Its projecting wings, like bastions, gave it an air of imposing stateliness, but within it was full of queer little nooks of rooms and crooked passages. There was a great wooden structure on Fourth Street below Arch, called the New Building, erected for Whitefield by his friends, or, rather, as young Franklin, the printer, who was an intimate friend of the great preacher, declared, "It

was for the use of any preacher of any religious persuasion who wished to say something to the people, so that if the Mufti of Constantinople were to send a missionary to preach Mohammedanism, he would find a pulpit at his service." The shrewd young mechanic and some of his comrades were, however, determined to give nothing to Whitefield for his orphan house in Georgia when they went to hear his sermon in its behalf. "At first," says Franklin, "I concluded to give him the coppers in my pocket, but after listening a little longer determined to add the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pockets, gold and all." Young Hopkinson, who had gone with him, had taken the precaution to leave his money at home, but applied to a neighbor to lend him some. "At any other time, Friend Hopkinson," said the calm Quaker, "I will loan to thee freely. But now thee is out of thy senses." Very probably the phlegmatic neighbor had precisely the same opinion of Francis Hopkinson and the other impulsive radical, Ben Franklin, when, some years later, they stood in the State-house to sign away "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." The house built for Whitefield was afterward, at Franklin's instance, converted into a public academy, and was the original University of Pennsylvania.

A BIT OF OLD PHILADELPHIA.

There were certain country-seats to which the casual visitor was sure to be led, in order to impress him with the solid wealth of the new settlement. Among these were the Carpenter mansion, which stood at Seventh and Chestnut streets, quite out of town, surrounded by magnificent grounds; Governor Hamilton's great house at Bush Hill; Wilton, the estate of Joseph Turner, in the Neck; the Wharton house, in Southwark—all of which became historic in the war of the Revolution, the larger being taken as hospitals. Sir William Keith, when in town, used Shippen's house, but lived most of the time at Graeme Park, in Montgomery. Lady Keith, who reigned for a while in the great house, lived afterward for years in miserable poverty, hidden in an obscure house in the town, where she died. Gossips even then did not lack material for significant nods and whispers. At Graeme Park Keith's daughter, the noted Mrs. Ferguson, brought her beauty and wit to bear upon the American officers, offering sometimes, it was hinted, more substantial bribes of place and money.

Our guest, however, visited Penn's town long before the word Revolution had been whispered. The mere fact that he was from Old England insured him a certain social homage. When he had seen all the fine houses, including Charles Willing's great mansion and Clarke Hall, the grounds of which sloped down to Third Street (where was then a wide creek up which a schooner could sail), he was led by his entertainer to Pegg Mullin's famous chop-house to eat a rump-steak red-hot, where he was sure to meet the Governor or some of the city gentry. This was a more select resort than the London Coffee-house, outside of which vendues of horses, cattle, and slaves were held. Or he was taken out to Bartram's botanic garden, the first in America, and shown the ground which the old Quaker had drained, leveled, or raised to imitate the condition of different zones, and planted with trees and flowers gathered by himself in thousands of journeys through the wilderness, as far west as Ontario and south as Florida. Or, if it was winter, he was taken to the Schuylkill to see the skating matches, the gentlemen dressed in red coat and buckskin tights; or perhaps to the plebeian Queen Anne's Place, where mechanics and their wives took "rides" on a whirligig or on wooden horses. If he had a mind for further explorations, there was the Tunker Church, or the Monastery, an oblong stone building in the depths of the wilderness about the Wissahickon, whose purpose and

BEN FRANKLIN.

er, ribbon, and paper. Why should her accomplishments be hidden from a possible suitor? But there was no such airy, touch-and-go talk as we hear nowadays, wherein art, science, religion, and politics are brought to the bar and dismissed in a twenty-minutes' call. The lovely Miss Dolly or Peggy of that day was wooed and won through the formal barriers of profound respect, and, even when a wife, was treated with a stately courtesy which has invested her in our eyes with a dignity which it is not at all certain she possessed. It is difficult for us to believe that these courtly beaux and belles talked little else than gossip, and that in very faulty grammar. It is certain, however, that while the society of the little colonial capital loyally imitated the far-off fashions and manners of the mother country, it caught none of the filthiness which then stained every grade of English social life. The visitor from London found the little community here full of reverence for that unknown sty of abominations, Caroline's court, while they were themselves exceptionally modest, chaste, and God-fearing.

If the guest's taste led him outside of the petty matters of dancing assemblies and social tittle-tattle to the larger interests of the town, he, no doubt, heard at every turn discussion of the young printer, Franklin, who, at work in his shop from dawn until night, going about High Street in his leather apron, was yet already recognized as a leader in the town. People were quite willing that he should bring the tremendous force of his common-sense to bear on the politics of the province, its education, the lightnings of heaven, the properest way to sweep the street, or the best kind of stove for their houses or lamps for the crossings. Added to this common-sense, which actually took on itself the nature of a divine afflatus, the young man had a keen, fine humor of his own and strong personal magnetism. The old respectabilities of the town shivered and shook their heads, but followed him as sheep the bell-wether, made him Clerk of Assembly, postmaster, agent to England to conduct their fight with the Proprietaries, looked on with half-hearted assent as he established his junto or philosophic club, founded the first subscription library in the country, the first fire-company in the province, the first militia regiment, and the acad-

inmates were objects of mysterious awe to the common people. It is probable they were a branch of the society at Ephratah, who at that time were good Latinists and versed in the humanities, and went about wrapped in mystical abstraction and white gowns and cowls, but who in later times turned to making money, and betook themselves to pig-raising and the breeches and coats of ordinary people.

If our visitor had the good luck to be bidden to the City Dancing Assembly at night, his invitation was printed on the back of a playing-card; he saw his hostess set off in full dress on horseback, escorted by slaves with torches. When he arrived, one of the six married managers drew partner and place for him by lot, and he could not change either all evening.

After dancing minuets for two or three hours, a supper of tea, chocolate, and rusk was served. Each gentleman drank tea with his partner next day, at which interview her mother was present. The young lady played upon the spinet, and we may be sure her filigree-work was in sight, or landscapes made of countless bits of feath-

emy, just as, nearly half a century later, they stood back while he, with two or three other Philadelphia radicals, united with Virginians and New Englanders in signing the paper which gave freedom to the country and immortality to the town. Franklin lived in a little house on High Street, which was made an object of wonder to the towns-people by the lightning-rod fastened to the chimney. This rod was attached to a chime of bells in his chamber, that rang violently during storms, to Mrs. Franklin's great terror. The good woman was a faithful helper to the young mechanic —cooked, scrubbed, sewed, and ate contentedly the fare of bread, milk, and vegetables which his economy prescribed. There is a pretty story of how he came down to breakfast one day to find a china bowl and silver spoon in place of the usual twopenny porringer, and how she quietly assured him that her husband deserved china and silver as well as his neighbors.

BIRTH-PLACE OF BENJAMIN WEST.

We can readily believe, however, that "good society" did not hold her opinion. Although the town was to a certain extent impregnated by Franklin's dominant intellect, he found its mental atmosphere somewhat heavy and clammy, and breathed more freely in London and Paris among scholars and statesmen who did not understand how to measure him by his leather apron. It is certain he never was in a hurry to shorten his long years of exile.

The recollections of Graydon, a captain in the American service, give us glimpses of Philadelphia from another outlook than that of Franklin's. Graydon's mother kept a fashionable boarding-house in the old slate-roof house, and the boy saw society in its would-be genteel aspect, his mother's lodgers numbering many titled adventurers and British officers, who drank, diced, and swore gallantly, and treated all "mohairs," or colonial civil dignitaries, with an open contempt, which, as Graydon remarks, no doubt did much to nourish the growing discontent with the mother country. Mrs. Graydon, a pretty widow, was "Desdemona" to these young blades, and "Desdy's" son was early inaugurated into the drinking clubs which were then the mode. The theatre, too, just opened over a sail-maker's shop in Pine Street, was a fashionable place of resort. The players waited every morning at the houses of persons of distinction to solicit their patronage. The play began at six in the afternoon, but ladies sent their black slaves to hold their seats as early as four.

About the time of their advent the orderly Quaker city was agitated by a gratuitous bit of theatricals in the scare given by the Paxton Boys. After the massacre of the Indians at Lancaster, this band of ruffians threatened to follow a small number of Delawares who had taken shelter with the Friends in Philadelphia. The good Quakers proved themselves true grit, but were no doubt terribly frightened. The Indians were shut up in the barracks, and the militia, with part of a British regiment, called out for their defense. A half dozen butcher boys galloping in from Germantown terrified the town. Every householder that night was ordered to affix a candle over his door, to help the military to take better aim. The Paxton Boys came no nearer than Germantown, where a few words from sensible Ben Franklin dispersed them; but their name remained a terror to children for two generations. The Indians died by the score, and were buried in pits in the old Potter's Field, now Washington Square.

Before the quarrel with the mother country a little matter made a stir upon the surface of Philadelphia society. Occasionally

THE ELOPEMENT.

a wedding would startle the community into life. The groom and bride, if Quakers, "passed the meeting" twice. Each time, in the houses of wealthy Friends, from one to two hundred guests dined and supped. For two or three days punch and cake were dealt out, says Watson, and all gentlemen who called kissed the bride—sometimes two hundred in a day. For two weeks the wedded couple entertained large parties in state in their own house, sending out punch, cakes, and meats to the neighborhood, even to strangers.

Now and then a caricature by Dove, the ill-conditioned satirical teacher, would be handed about, or the boys from his school would be seen escorting a delinquent pupil through the streets with bell, book, and lighted candles; or the privateer *Britannia*, owned in Philadelphia, would put into port, Captain Macpherson reporting a French sloop captured; or two hot-headed young British officers would go out in the woods, where Kensington now stands, to fight a duel—all of which events made a little bruit and talk. When the printer, Franklin, took his natural son Billy, with him one rainy day out to "the commons," and going under a cow-shed (near the place where Thirteenth Street now crosses Ridge Road), sent up a kite in the midst of a thunder-storm, it was not a matter to excite attention in the dancing assembly or Friends' meeting; nor would any body in either have cared to know that a spark passed from the key at the end of the string to his finger. Probably when the story came back to town from Paris, it had acquired more interest, though the ladies appreciated Franklin more highly years afterward, when they heard that he had succeeded in inducing Queen Charlotte to promise to wear in public the silk gown spun and woven in Philadelphia, and sent as a specimen of the manufactures of the colony.

The funeral of a well-known citizen made a solemn silence through the town; and the failure of a man in business produced as deep a gloom. The dwelling of the unfortunate merchant was darkened, his family put on mourning, and their friends wore sorrowful faces, and received condolences as for a public calamity.

The simplicity and meagreness of this social condition belonged, our readers must remember, to the days before the Revolution. When Philadelphia became the capital of the new republic, the Congress and Washington's court attracted into it whatever elements of splendor or state the country possessed. Men of mark and brilliant women then crowded the "houses of the Pennsylvania lords," as Adams calls them; but before 1773 the town, although the largest in the colonies, was isolated, as were the others, and its customs and habits of thought were those of a village.

About the middle of the century young West had an obscure lodging in Strawberry Alley, and painted portraits at a guinea a head—painted signs too, for a few shillings, when portraits and guineas were not to be had—"The Cask of Beer," or "The Jolly Fiddlers." A picture of St. Ignatius, after Murillo, having been captured on a Spanish brigantine by the *Britannia*, fell into the possession of Governor Hamilton at Bush Hill. West copied it, and humored some of his portly patrons by painting them in the attitude of the saint. Mad Anthony Wayne, then a handsome, gallant, showily dressed young fellow, was often seen on the streets with the mild-mannered, apple-cheeked Quaker lad. He brought as many of his fashionable friends as he could persuade to sit for their portraits to the hungry young artist, and it is hinted not only made

a military man of him, but introduced him to charming Miss Betty Shewell, with whom West, in his orderly proper way, fell in love. Miss Shewell's brother, however, being a man with an income, had no mind that his pretty sister should marry a man who had none, and whose occupation was held to be not half so genteel as that of a tailor. He therefore locked Miss Betty up in her room, just about the time that one of the Allens, who was sending a ship laden with grain to the starving Italians, offered Benjamin a passage on her to Leghorn. But love laughed at locksmiths then as now. The Quaker Romeo and his Juliet saw each other, though one was in the garden and the other in the window, and vowed eternal faith. West promised to win fame and money, and his sweetheart promised to come to him to the ends of the earth as soon as he should send her word he had enough of the latter necessary to keep them from starvation. The remainder of the story Bishop White told to Dr. Swift, of Easton, Pennsylvania. West, as we all know, succeeded rapidly in winning both the fame and money, and as soon as he was established first favorite at Hampton Court, sent to Miss Shewell to claim her part of the promise. Her brother was still inexorable, and did not consider a painter, though he were George's Own, a fit match for the daughter of a blue-blooded Philadelphia family. He locked Miss Betty up again in her chamber. The story went out through the town. Popular sympathy was with the lovers; Stephen Shewell was denounced as a tyrant; and many glances of pity and encouragement were cast at the high latticed window behind which was the fair captive maiden. The ship was in the harbor, ready to sail, in which West had arranged that his bride should come to him, under the escort of his father. The day arrived for her departure. At this crisis Dr. Franklin appeared as the good angel, and proved himself quite as competent to direct a love affair as the lightning or the draught in a stove. With Bishop White, then a lad of eighteen, and Francis Hopkinson, he went to the ship's captain, and arranged with him to delay starting until night, but to be ready to weigh anchor at a moment's warning. Old Mr. West was then taken on board, and at midnight Franklin, young White, and Hopkinson repaired to Stephen Shewell's house, fastened a rope-ladder to Miss Betty's window, held it while she descended, and conducted her safely to the ship, which set sail as soon as she was on board. The lovers were married when she landed, and lived long and happily together. But Stephen Shewell never forgave his sister, nor did she or her husband ever return to this country.

The story is romantic enough for fiction, but bears every weight of authority. Dr. Swift states that when he rallied the venerable bishop on his part as knight-errant to this modern Dolorida, he replied that he had done right, adding, with warmth, that "if it were to do over again, I should act in precisely the same way. God meant them to come together."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

A New England Sketch.

I.

IN a chamber in a country tavern, fifty years ago, *the* doctor, whose professional circuit covered Horseshoe Cove and all the precincts thereof within a ten-mile radius, stood carefully and kindly regarding a stranger patient whom fate had thrown into his hands. Bending over the bed, the doctor asked, "What is your name?"

The person thus addressed, if not unconscious, was, as to his perceptions, in a torpid condition. The doctor was not unfeeling—few doctors are; but they see too much of sickness and sorrow to betray any outward and unprofessional manifestation of concern. Maladies and pains are their daily study. Naturally the doctor comes to regard disease as a common enough condition of humanity. The chief interest in a case is that various symptoms indicate the exhibition of different remedies. So the doctor asked the question as a formal preliminary to other inquiries of more importance, if the young stranger could speak. He watched and waited for the answer with a strictly professional and placid countenance.

Not so placid, but, in its way, professional too, was the aspect of Mrs. Wallis, the landlady, fat and fifty, in whose face curiosity, thrift, and some womanly mercy were blended. Deep considerations were at work in her not very expanded mind. "What *is* in his sachel? If there is nothing, who will pay? Will he live or die? Is his sickness *catching?*" The doctor does not think of *his* fee. The landlady must think of her reckoning, for why else should she serve the public? And Mrs. Wallis had a fair share of human inquisitiveness, of female impatience of silence, and of volubility of tongue. Like all free talkers, she was careless what she said or who it harmed. She *must* talk. The chamber was silent, but ominous sounds came from below. Her ear caught the subdued rattle of glasses. She more than suspected that her husband was at one of his old tricks—the serving of impecunious customers with drinks under the specious plea that his own was to be included, and all to be *charged.*

Mrs. Wallis's suspicions imparted a shrewish expression to her features as she listened with all her ears *to* the rattle of glass be-

OLD PHILADELPHIA.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CORRIDOR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.

It is a curious study to note in these records of the last century, especially in Westcott's invaluable *History of Philadelphia*, which is a most vivid panorama of the past, drawn with a Flemish minuteness and accuracy, how the disagreement with the mother country, beginning with a murmur of discontent in the outer business circles, angry talk in counting-rooms and club-houses, scarce heard in domestic life, rose suddenly into the storm that racked the little colony to its foundations, and brought ruin and death close to every home and every woman and child. The Pennsylvania Assembly acted tardily in resenting the passage of the Stamp Act. Massachusetts and Virginia flamed with indignation for months before the placid Quaker town saw fit to join them. When, however, the *Royal Charlotte*, having on board the stamped papers, hove in sight, all the ships in the Philadelphia harbor dropped their flags to half-mast, and all the bells were tolled as for the death of Liberty. Committees waited daily on Hughes, the stamp agent, demanding his resignation; but he wisely kept himself in bed, as at the point of death, and so shunted the popular abuse on to Franklin in England, who was his friend, and, it was supposed, the friend of the Stamp Act. The newspapers came out next day in mourning for their own approaching demise, Bradford's *Journal* bearing a death's-head and coffin, and the words, "The *Pennsylvania Journal* departed this life October 31, 1765, of a stamp in her vitals. Aged twenty-three years."

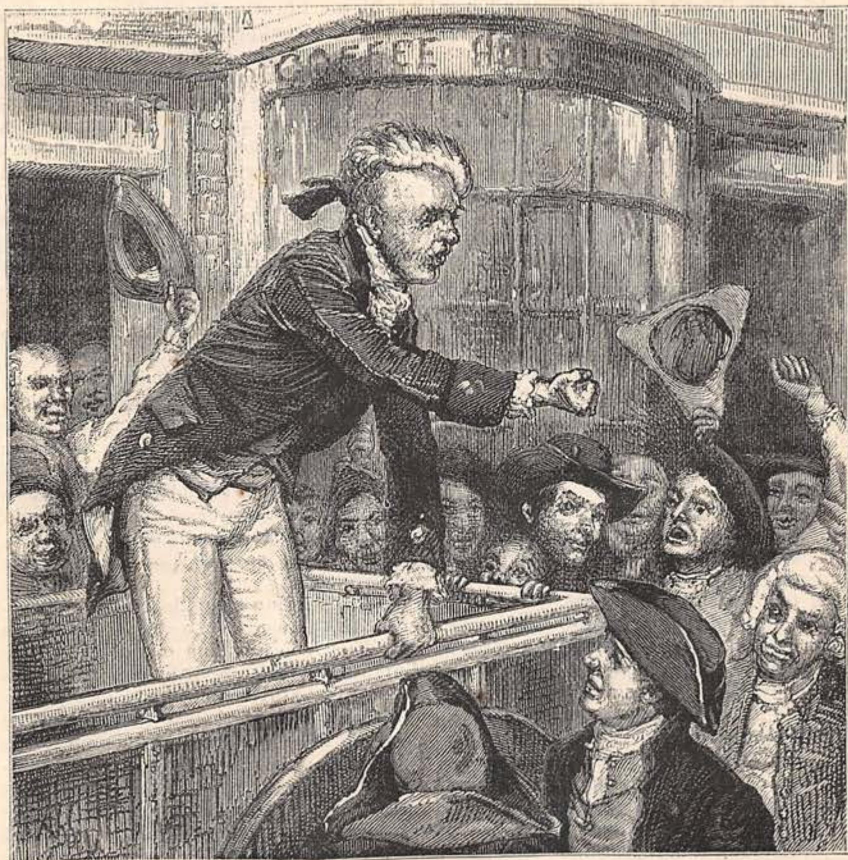
The history of Philadelphia for the next three years is the history of an exceptionally temperate, prudent community, slowly rousing into a temperate, prudent resistance to injustice. If they were more tardy than any other colony in this resistance, it must be remembered that the injustice touched them less keenly. They had always been ruled, in effect, not by England, but by the Penns and the Governors appointed by the Penns; and although there was an incessant squabble going on between the Province and the Proprietaries, the rule had been easy and just, and Philadelphia knew that it had been so. There can be no doubt that her leading men were drawn with extreme reluctance into the violent separation from the mother country. The Quakers threw their full dead-weight of inertia against the revolutionary movements of Massachusetts and Virginia radicals, for which we can scarcely blame them. They had come here to find not only religious liberty, but a chance to rise socially and politically, and had gained all they sought. They were firmly seated on the soil, and were the ruling power. They were asked now to engage in a bloody war, which their principles forbade, to give up an authority which they had used with wisdom and justice, and to give it up into the hands of people alien to themselves in belief, habits, and educa-

tion. Men who were not Friends, but were associated with the proprietary government, and the great shipping merchants, to whom a prolonged war with Great Britain threatened ruin, were, from evident reasons, anxious to temporize, to use all placable means before resorting to the sword, when, indeed, they did not openly take sides, as was often the case, with the mother country.

Apart from these, there were, however, enough men of force of character and broad political apprehension to carry Philadelphia, at least nominally, to the side of the Whigs; and soon after, when she became the chief point of the struggle (simply because she was the most central and important town of the colonies), the sudden influx of the leaders of the Revolution—officers and men who crowded into the capital to make money or to spend it—pushed the Quaker class and Tory families temporarily to the wall. During the time when Philadelphia claims historic importance, her old rulers, with few exceptions, yielded their place to strangers.

There are innumerable musty old stories yet extant as to which of the long-dead Philadelphia worthies were rebels and which loyal to King George, and dark whispers still go about of how the grandmother of one family heard through a thin partition the grandfather of another in the dead of night selling his soul to the British; or of how that English gold bought certain men high in the Province, and French gold paid for the zeal for liberty of many more who now are reverenced as the foster-fathers of the republic. But age does not make scandal more savory. And we certainly shall not meddle with the tainted gossip of past generations. It would be hard measure to the Philadelphia of 1876, when she cordially bids all the world to help her pay honor to her country, to lay upon her all the shortcomings of the Philadelphia of 1776.

The beginning of the struggle in old Philadelphia produced very much the same effect as did the opening of our civil war in towns upon the border of the North and South. There were the same hot newspaper discussions, couched, however, in Johnsonian periods, the wit pointed by quotations from Homer and Horace; even ladies



CARTED THROUGH THE STREETS.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

in the captain's garden, where great demijohns of the finest Madeira and sherry awaited the toil-worn warriors.

People of the baser sort took very much the same means of venting their emotions that they did in 1861. Gentlemen only suspected of Tory proclivities received mysterious boxes with halters significantly coiled within. Gentlemen who dragged their Tory opinions offensively before the public were tarred and carted through the streets, the first of these being the eminent physician Kearsley. Young Graydon details his disgust as the hooting rabble of men, boys, and dogs brought the cart, to the tune of the "Rogue's March," in front of the Coffee-house, and he saw the good old doctor standing on it, foaming with rage, his wig awry and disheveled. He called for a bowl of punch, and drained it to the dregs. The tar was omitted in his case, but so vehement was his mortification that he became insane, and died in confinement soon after.

The next victim to the zeal of the populace was Mr. Isaac Hunt, the attorney, who had been flinging off poetic squibs against the Whigs. He is reported to have been a pattern of meekness in his cart and tarry coat, rising at every halt to thank the crowd that they treated him no worse. Hunt, who had married a Miss Shewell, sister of West's wife, escaped with his family to England, and there remained. Leigh Hunt was their son; and eighty years later we find a pathetic little story, in one of the poet's letters, of how he was cordially greeted one night by the American minister and his wife at a state ball in London, and forgot for the moment the royalty and rank about him while his thoughts went back, with the touching incoherence of a dream, to a poor little chamber where once dwelt an exiled refugee and his wife; and he fancied, though they had been long dead, that they could see this American recognition of their son, and receive it as compensation for their own wrongs.

contributed to this fervid literature by poems, in which the "empyreal heavens" were summoned to assuage the "dreadful strife in soft Sylvania's breast," while rougher Tory poets declared how "Liberty, the goddess bright, in candid strains" denounced "Faction, the fiend begot in hell." Parson Duché, of St. Peter's, from his stately house (built in imitation of one of the wings of Lambeth Palace) rushed into print occasionally in his usual flimsy, inflammatory style, which reminded his readers of his Tamoc Caspipina letters, in which he had settled the problem of Junius, and all other problems, social, political, and religious. This was the same Philister of a parson, by-the-way, who a few years later undertook to settle the problem of the Revolution by a letter to Washington, advising him to play traitor and "negotiate for America at the head of his army," for which advice he was exiled until near the close of his life, returning a broken-down invalid.

The Farmer's Letters of the Marylander, John Dickinson, also appeared in Philadelphia at this commencement of the struggle, and roused the people of other Provinces at least to a clear understanding of their rights.

Besides this newspaper struggle, there was (just as in our later civil war) a domestic feud in almost every family, the graver members soberly counseling patience, the young fellows rushing to arms. Even the Quaker lads doffed their shad-bellied coats, put on uniforms and cockades, and formed a company called the Quaker Blues. There was a body of mechanics and trades-people who wore Indian dress, painted their faces, and paraded with whoops. The gallants of the Dancing Assembly made up another company, and drilled night and morning through the muddy streets, their sweethearts admiringly watching them from the stoops, and ragged boys jeering at the "silk-stocking gentry." The drill always ended

The impending struggle began to interfere with the usual current of every man's life. The ladies coming out of the chilly churches (each followed by a negro carrying her foot-stove) stopped to gossip only with adherents of their own party. The Northern Liberties, a wood given up to the fights and horse-play of Kensington butchers and Southwark ship-joiners, echoed with their Whig and Tory battle-cries. Even the cowherd who had been wont to stand at the corner of Dock and Second streets every night and morning, and sound his horn loud-

ly through the quiet town to assemble the cows and lead them out to pasture, found his occupation gone; the streets were in a perpetual din with drums and ear-piercing fifes. News, be it remembered, came but slowly from the sister Provinces.* Twice a week the stage-coach left the Indian Queen Inn for New York (as per advertisement), travelers thus making the long and perilous journey in three days. Once a week John Perkins rode post to Baltimore, carrying the mail and packages, and engaging to bring back the like and led-horses. In July, 1775, a Postmaster-General was appointed, who was authorized to establish a line of mail-riders from Falmouth, New England, to Savannah, Georgia, each to pass over twenty-five miles. Benjamin Franklin was the first Postmaster-General, at a salary of $1000, his two clerks thinking themselves well paid at $340 each.

There were in 1774 but five little weekly newspapers in Philadelphia—two German and three English.

The sidewalks of the little town now began to fill with the men who have assumed for us heroic proportions. What if some of them were commonplace? It were a foolish, ungracious thing to look too closely at their faults or littlenesses, or to listen to hackneyed talk as to how men can be forced by circumstances into greatness. Who wants to bring St. Simeon Stylites down from his pillar only to discover that he is a little five-foot man, like ourselves, hungry not for meat, but popular applause? It costs us something to know that Washington and Hancock squabbled as to who should first pay a morning call. Let us believe they were all giants in the land in those days. Let us give them all the benefit of their pillars: the benefit is for ourselves, after all.

It can be said justly, however, that even the men with small natural ability, whom the exigencies of the times forced to the front and made historic, usually possessed strong individuality of character. They were the sons or grandsons of pioneers; they had never undergone the flattening varnishing process of so-called society. Social life, with its crude mixture of culture, aristocratic tendencies, vulgarity, and savagery, drew out the rougher features of a man's character, just as frontier and California life nowadays makes possible the Pike, Kit Carson, or Ralston.

There were any number of "eccentrics" going up and down High Street in those days. One of the favorites of the populace was General Chris Ludwick, a Dutch baker of Germantown, who had saved a comfortable little fortune before the commencement of the struggle. Half of this property he offered to the service of his country, swearing at the same time never to shave until her freedom was accomplished. Washington gave him charge of the ovens for the army, and we may be sure Baker-General Ludwick, with his great grizzled beard and big voice, was a well-known and not unheroic figure in the camp. He died, an old man of eighty, in 1801, leaving his entire fortune for the education of the poor, and is buried in St. Michael's Lutheran Church yard of Germantown.

Perhaps no man attracted as much homage from the crowd as Judge Thomas M'Kean, then Delegate to Congress, and afterward Chief Justice. He was one of the first of that old stock of Pennsylvanians, of which one or two aged specimens yet remain, of abnormal size and strength in both mind and body. Judge M'Kean was over six feet, erect, even in old age, as a pine-tree, and noted for the exceptional stateliness of his carriage. He always wore an immense cocked hat and a scarlet gown upon the bench, and, when he became Chief Justice, surrounded himself with all the state and solemn pomp which belong to the judiciary of England. The sheriff, tip-staves, etc., says David Paul Brown, swelled the retinue of Judge M'Kean as he passed in procession through the streets to open court. Thomas M'Kean is acknowledged to have been an able lawyer and a patriot of inflexible integrity, but it was hinted by jealous compatriots that his stately and grim reserve was assumed to hide his lack of early good-breeding. He fought for the Declaration, signed it, and suffered for the signing with his usual indomitable firmness, being in 1777 hunted like a fox through the State, compelled to remove his family five times, and hide them at last in a little log-house in the wilderness. Many anecdotes remain of the great jurist, both as Chief Justice and Governor, which forcibly illustrate the change of manners since then. One day, when a mob had assembled outside of the Supreme Court, he sent for the sheriff and commanded him to suppress the riot.

"I can not do it," replied the trembling official.

"Why do you not summon your *posse*?" thundered the scowling Chief Justice.

* In the Pennsylvania Historical Society is preserved the original dispatch, sent by riders from Watertown, Massachusetts, to Philadelphia, giving the news of the encounter at Lexington, April 19, 1775. This dispatch, prepared by J. Palmer, one of the Committee of Safety in Watertown, was sent to Worcester the same day. On the 20th, at 11 o'clock A.M., it reached Brookline; Norwich, at 4 P.M.; New London, at 7 P.M.; Lyme, at 1 A.M. on the 21st; Saybrook, at 4 A.M.; Killingsworth, at 7 A.M.; East Guilford, at 8 A.M.; Brandford, at noon; New Haven, during the same day; Fairfield, at 8 A.M. on the 22d (where another dispatch from Woodstock, announcing the Concord fight, was added); New York city, at 4 P.M., April 23; New Brunswick, New Jersey, at 2 A.M., April 24; Princeton, at 6 A.M.; Trenton, at 9 A.M., whence the news was forwarded to the Committee of Philadelphia. At every stage of its progress the dispatch was indorsed by the Committees of Safety of the various towns respectively.

THOMAS M'KEAN.

"I have summoned them, but they are ineffectual."

"Then, Sir, why do you not summon *me?*"

The sheriff, stunned for a moment, gasped out, "I do summon you, Sir."

Whereupon the gigantic Chief Justice, scarlet gown, cocked hat, and all, swooped down on the mob like an eagle on a flock of sheep, and catching two of the ringleaders by the throat, quelled the riot.

Another story is of an effort made by the Philadelphians, when he was Governor, to prevent his nomination of Tilghman as Chief Justice. A committee was sent of Duane, Lieper, and others, who announced themselves as representing the sovereign people, the great democracy of Philadelphia, and declaring that they could never approve this nomination. The Governor listened with his usual haughty courtesy, and bowing profoundly, replied, "Inform your constituents that I bow with submission to the great democracy of Philadelphia; but, by God! William Tilghman *shall* be Chief Justice of Pennsylvania." And he was.

M'Kean's daughter, a woman of great beauty, married the Marquis de Yroja, a Spanish grandee of bluest blood, but whose pride of bearing, we are told, never equaled that of his plebeian father-in-law.

Another most prominent figure in the crowded streets during the war was that of Robert Morris, then a middle-aged man, and co-partner with Thomas Willing, first president of the United States Bank. Mr. Willing was a man of great reserve of manner and laconic in speech; he was suspected of disaffection toward the contemplated republic, while Robert Morris, affable and simple in his address, was known as its earnest friend and supporter. It is certain, however, that the vast sums pledged by the great financier for the support of the government were frequently supplied by the firm: Mr. Willing, if a silent, must have been a consenting partner. Robert Morris on one occasion used his personal credit to the extent

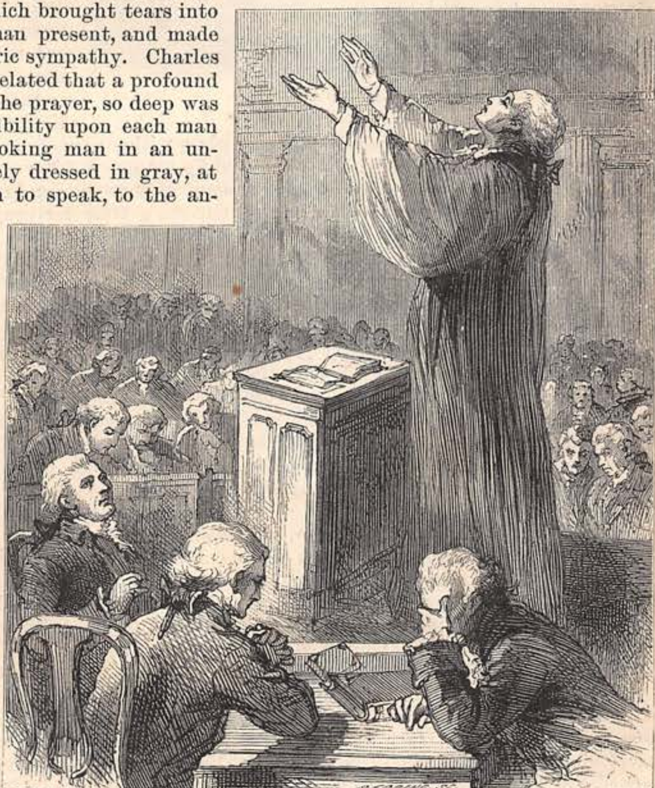
THE MORRIS MANSION.

of $1,400,000 for the country. His house was at the corner of Sixth and Market streets, where he exercised for many years a splendid hospitality. He was, like M'Kean, a man of large, commanding presence, his eyes gray and uncommonly brilliant; he wore his loose gray hair unpowdered, and dressed plainly in a full suit of light broadcloth, in lieu of the velvets and lace donned by more pretentious men.

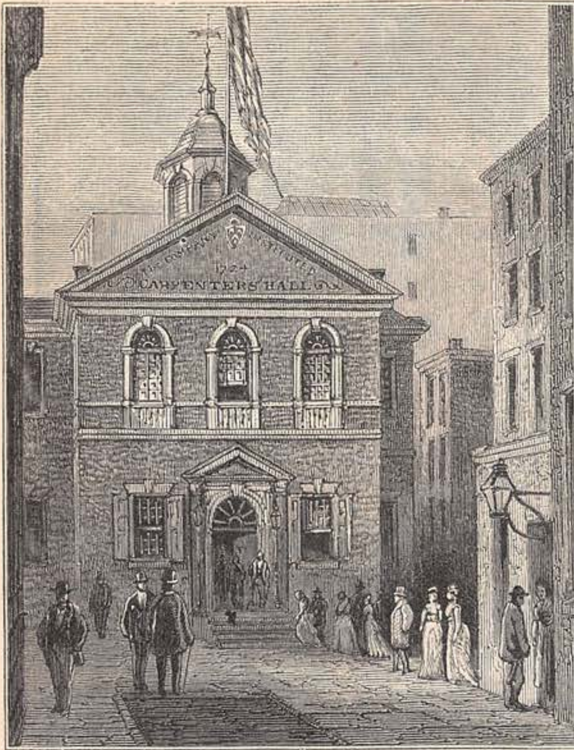
In September, 1774, the delegates from eleven Provinces assembled in Carpenters' Hall, the State-house being occupied by the Assembly. The venerable Peyton Randolph was chosen president, and the Man of Truth, Charles Thomson, secretary. There was much hesitation as to whether the Congress should be opened with prayer, or what form of prayer would suit Quakers, Churchmen, and Presbyterians. Mr. Duché was finally chosen to open the session, and, in full canonicals, read the usual petitions and the thirty-fifth Psalm. The news of the cannonade of Boston had just reached the Assembly. "It seemed," writes John Adams, in a letter to his wife dated September 18, 1774, "as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning." When its sublime invocation of God's help in extremity had been read, Mr. Duché broke into an extemporaneous prayer, which brought tears into the eyes of every man present, and made them one by an electric sympathy. Charles Thomson afterward related that a profound silence ensued after the prayer, so deep was the sense of responsibility upon each man present. A grave-looking man in an unpowdered wig, coarsely dressed in gray, at last arose and began to speak, to the annoyance of the secretary, who regretted that a country parson, as he supposed, should have mistaken the occasion for a display of his ability. "But an unusual force of argument and a singular impassioned eloquence soon electrified the house, and an excited whisper passed from man to man, Who is it? There were but few present who knew Patrick Henry."

The members of the Congress were entertained by the gentlemen of the city at a grand banquet in the State-house, at innumerable stately feasts at private houses, and finally by the Assembly in a public dinner, where the first toast was the king, and the next Mr. Hancock. John Hancock comes early to the front as a most noticeable figure against the background of this blurred and confused time, not only from the steadiness of his loyalty when so many paused irresolute, but from a certain dramatic instinct in the man which lifted him to the height of every occasion as on a pedestal. He was about thirty-nine at this period, but looked older, being enfeebled by the gout; was tall, thin, and dressed with a scrupulous eye to effect. A visitor describes his morning costume at home as a red velvet cap with a band of fine linen, a blue damask gown, white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, scarlet shoes, and white silk stockings with jeweled clasps. It is likely that Hancock in mind or body was never found *en déshabillé*, and his dramatic exclamation two years after, as he signed the Declaration, and the dramatic boldness of the signature itself, were due, not to a fervor of loyalty nor to vanity, but to a keen æsthetic sense of the fit expression of each passing moment.

Young Colonel Washington, from Virginia, also a delegate to the First Congress,



OPENING PRAYER OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.



CARPENTERS' HALL.

was totally lacking in any such apprehension of stage effect. It was wholly owing to the simplicity and sad sobriety of his manner that he made (in an artist's view) so magnificent a figure-head for the new republic. His steady, slow habit of motion, his taciturnity and grave, unsmiling reserve, belonged, his contemporaries tell us, to his previous life in the backwoods as surveyor and soldier. The pretty young girls of Philadelphia complained that the Virginian colonel listened to their lively sallies without a smile; but the simple, sorrowful gravity appears to us to befit the leader of a revolution which was as yet a bloody experiment better than courtly grimaces and a fluent tongue.

The great radical, Thomas Jefferson, was more popular with the Philadelphians than Washington; his opinions might jar against their prejudices, but they found his sharply lined character more human than the unmitigated propriety of the young colonel. Jefferson was at that time a young man of thirty-three, of large build, loosely jointed; his mass of reddish hair was drawn back from a high-featured face lighted with steady blue eyes. He spoke even then with marked calmness and deliberation.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, in his MS. journal, gives an incident of the day (June 15, 1775) upon which Colonel Washington was elected by Congress to the command of the army. Dr. Rush, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, John Langdon, and Thomas Jefferson gave a dinner to him that evening in an inn of fashionable resort somewhere upon the Gray's Ferry Road. After dinner was over Jefferson rose, and, with a few significant words, proposed the health of "George Washington, Commander-in-chief of the American armies." Washington had bowed and opened his lips to make the customary courteous reply, but as his new title was given to him for the first time, he lost color, a solemn awe crept into his face. "At that moment he suddenly realized, as we did," says Dr. Rush, "the awful responsibility of our undertaking, and all the insuperable difficulties which lay before us. The shock was great. The guests had all risen and held their glasses to their lips ready to drink. Each one slowly replaced his glass without touching a drop, and thoughtfully sat down. For some moments the solemn silence was unbroken." It was, of a surety, a time for prayer rather than the drinking of toasts.

If it was hard for the Americans to realize the tremendous difficulty of the task they had undertaken, it was still more difficult for the average British officer to comprehend that they were in earnest in the undertaking. The manner and language of these officers to such prisoners as they took were very much the same as that used nowadays by English subalterns in India to natives of high caste, and, we might add, the effect now is precisely similar. Young Graydon, who was taken prisoner while in Colonel Cadwallader's regiment, gives us a comical instance of this. Immediately after the surrender of his company, a British officer rode up at full gallop, crying out, "What! taking prisoners? Kill them! Kill every man of them!" "My back," says Graydon, "was toward him as he spoke; and turning quickly, I bowed, saying, 'Sir, I put myself under your protection.' No man was ever more effectually rebuked." He returned a courteous answer, and ordered Graydon to be properly cared for.

Old Philadelphia during the sessions of

the Continental Congress presented probably a more picturesque appearance than at any other time of her history. A dense background of forest threw her few busy streets into strong relief; the river was crowded with shipping; the half-drilled troops of the new army passed down High Street from time to time, drum and fife stirring the long-sobered air; the vague electric excitement of impending war was abroad, and gave new meaning to ordinary greetings, to even the boys' play; there was, too, every change and variety of costume, as in a shifting panorama. The Episcopalians and modish gentlemen of other churches appeared with toupees powdered, satin knee-breeches, velvet coats, and lace ruffles; fine ladies wore hoops, high-tossing feathers, lawn aprons, deep lace frills depending from the elbow, and patches of every shape on the face. A bevy of Quakers, in their sad drab paduasoy gowns, passed them, perhaps, on their staid way to the Yearly Meeting to give in their testimony against slavery, indorsing John Woolman; or a stray monk from Ephrata, in his white cowl and gown; or an Indian, with his load of peltry; or some countrymen from Bucks County, with tow trowsers and pleated hempen coats and leathern aprons; or a gang of idle Barbary slaves, with their gay turbans and slouching walk. It was such a scene that presented itself to the Massachusetts and Virginia delegates, and gave to the little town, in their unused eyes, the air of a capital city. John Adams writes in his diary of how he went to the Methodist and other dissenting meetings.

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH.

The first Methodist congregation, by-the-way, in Philadelphia consisted of three men and their wives and a certain John Hood, who met in a sail-loft in Dock Street. The Wesleys sent over Pillmore, who preached from the State-house steps, carrying his library and wardrobe in his saddle-bags, and aided by Captain Webb, a one-eyed British barrack-master, whose stentorian tones sounded through the streets like a trumpet calling to battle. St. George's Church was the first owned by this sect, in Fourth Street, a dreary place, Watson states, with no floor and a leaky stove-pipe. The British, during Howe's occupancy, took it as a cavalry school. John Hood's "wonderful sweet voice in singing" is so often noted in these old records that we seem to catch an echo of its soft music even now.

The first synagogue in the city, built in 1747, was in a small house in Stirling Alley, between Cherry and Race streets. The congregation were descendants of those Jews banished by Isabella and Ferdinand from Spain.

The first Presbyterian church was founded in 1698. The "New Lights," disciples of Whitefield, built a house at Third and Arch streets. Their pastor during the Revolution was the famous Gilbert Tennant, thought by the common people to be a saint of God. The story went that, being overtaken by a thunder-storm, he went into an inn, when the lightning came down the chimney, melting his silver knee-buckles, but leaving him unharmed.

The first Baptist church originated in a joke. A wild young fellow named Keach arrived from London in 1686, and passed himself for a minister. He was invited to preach, and the house was filled to hear the English divine. When in the midst of his sermon he was suddenly wrenched with remorse, and with tears confessed his trick. He went at once to a Baptist minister at Rhode Island, was baptized, ordained, and returned to Philadelphia to preach in all sincerity.

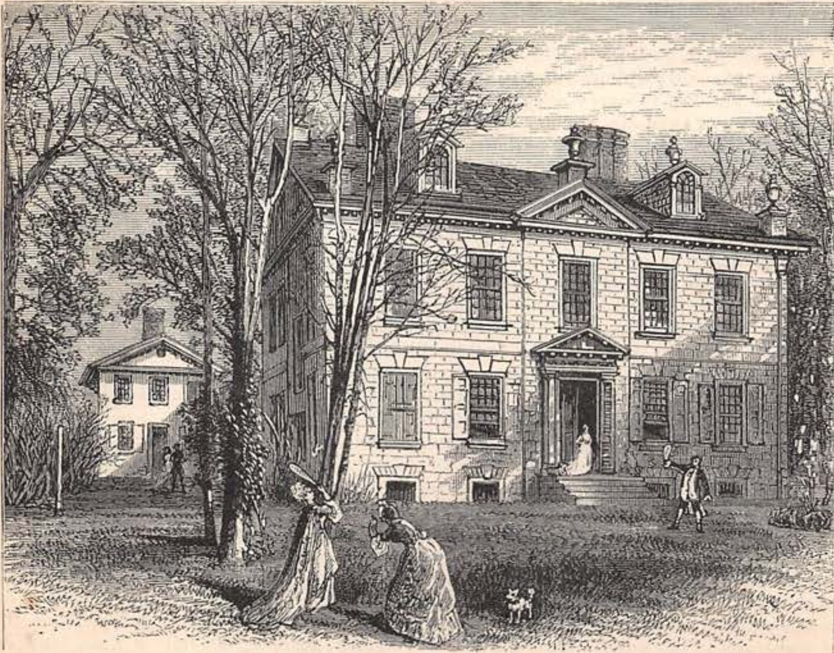
The first Roman Catholic chapel was built in 1729, when Miss M'Gauley, an Irish lady, brought over a colony as tenants, and settled on the road leading from Frankford to Newtown. Penn complained that it was a subject of offense against him in England that he suffered the scandal of the mass in his Province, but he made no effort to stop it.

All these churches had increased and were in a flourishing condition at the time of the Revolution. It was an easy matter then, too, to distinguish the members of each by their dress, just as the costumes of laboring-men and their wealthier neighbors marked the difference of caste so strongly as to delight the eye of an artist, however offensive it may have been to a reformer. There were, it is true, few artists to note effects of either costume or faces. West, Copley, and C. W. Peale have left portraits of the wives and daughters of the wealthy lawyers and merchants—the Wallaces, M'Calls, Chews, and Lardners—but beyond these there is no sign of art or any appreciation of it.

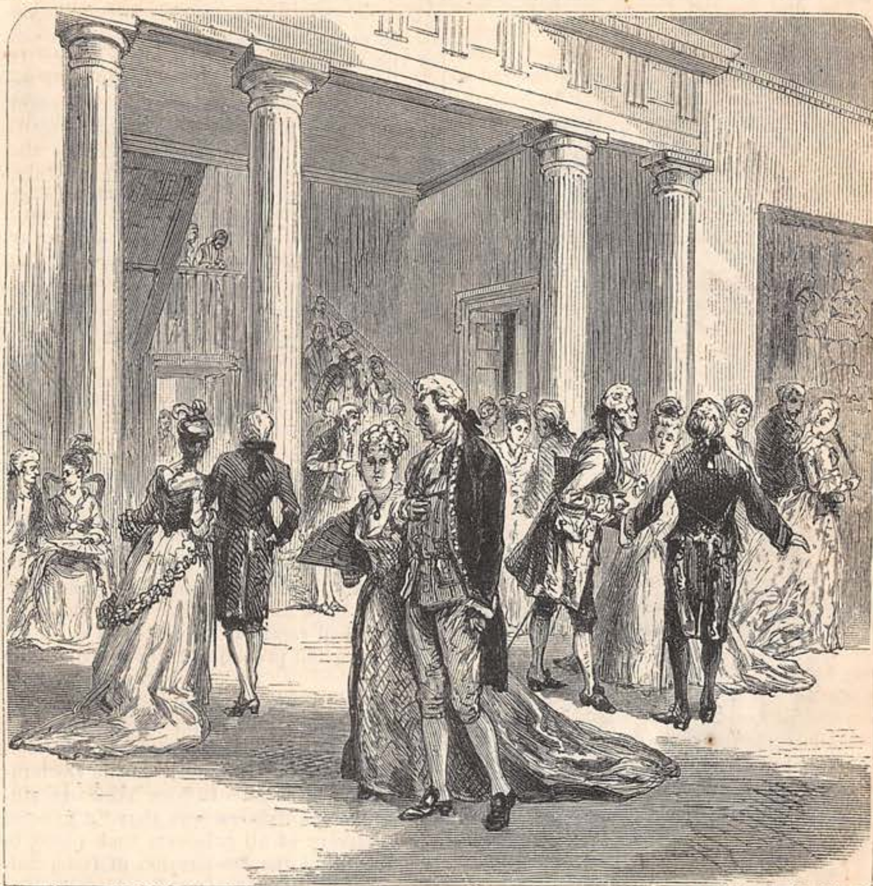
A few spacious and costly dwelling-houses were built about this time, of which one or two are still standing. Of these is the Chew House, built in 1763, about which the battle of Germantown raged furiously during a whole day. Another noteworthy house was built by Mr. Masters on Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth. Here Richard Penn lived, and proved himself to be the prince of all good fellows, and after him General Howe, during his possession of the town. Robert Morris then bought it, and lived in it when Philadelphia was made the seat of government, but surrendered it to the President, as being the fittest for his use in town. Lansdown, which now forms part of Fairmount Park, was the estate of John Penn when Governor and Proprietary. It passed into the hands of William Bingham, a wealthy merchant from New Jersey, whose wife, a Miss Willing, was the leader of fashion during the reign of the Republican Court. It became the property of her daughter, Lady Ashburton, and belonged to the Baring family until it was bought as an addition to the Park.

In 1775, however, few houses were built, and fewer entertainments given. "We are all learning economy," wrote Franklin. "Instead of half a dozen courses to dinner, gentlemen content themselves with two."

A universal gloom overcame the community, who were being led, it is to be feared



THE CHEW HOUSE, GERMANTOWN.



RECEPTION IN CHEW HOUSE A CENTURY AGO.

against their will, to higher levels of thought and action.

As the summer of 1775 approached, the public excitement deepened. The Whigs had it all their own way. Some of the leading Tories joined the British forces, or, if they remained, found themselves compelled to carefully hide their disaffection. There were five battalions of city troops. There was perpetual turmoil of drilling, mass-meetings, and processions to welcome delegates to Congress or popular leaders. The Quakers, in a body, sent in a remonstrance to the Assembly, protesting that they would not bear arms or supply munitions of war, but were promptly instructed to serve or be taxed. Privateers were manned and sent out. Paul Jones was lieutenant on the *Alfred*, and gave the first American flag to the wind. It bore thirteen red and blue stripes, with a rattlesnake on the field, and the motto, "Don't tread on me." In this patriotic fervor the silenced Tories solaced themselves by composing odes and essays, which were flaunted to the light when the English held the town, two years later. One of these poems is a fair specimen of the offerings to the Muse of those days. It adjures Britannia thus:

> "O goddess! hear our hearty prayers!
> Confound the villains by the ears,
> Disperse the plebeians, try the peers,
> And execute the Congress."

Pamphlets and broadsides were issued—the first, *Common-Sense*, by Thomas Paine, spurred on by Dr. Rush.

In spite of all this patriotic heat, however, when the other Provinces, in the spring of 1776, charged their delegates to Congress to declare the colonies independent, the Assembly at Philadelphia still temporized, and found her comfort, if not her strength, lay in sitting still. It was in vain that Franklin argued or Thomas M'Kean issued his bold manifestoes, appealing to Almighty God to witness that the Declaration was the only measure left to preserve liberty. The "Farmer," John Dickinson, hesitated and trembled; Robert Morris, Willing, and Humphreys op-

HOISTING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE "ALFRED."

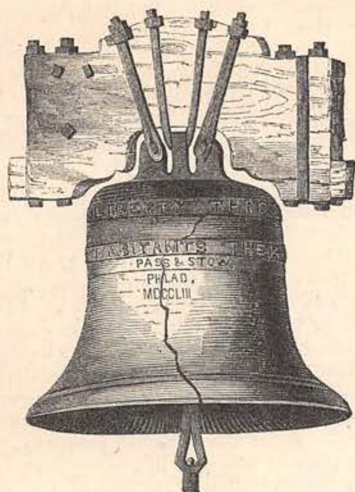
posed the measure strenuously. On July 2 the resolution passed. "A greater question," says Adams, "perhaps never was decided among men." The Declaration was signed by John Hancock and Charles Thomson on the 4th of July. There is much matter for doubt as to when the other signatures were affixed. Jefferson states that it was signed by all the members present on the 4th, while Chief Justice M'Kean asserts that this was done on August 2. It is certain that many of the signers, among whom were Dr. Rush, George Ross, Charles Carroll, Samuel Chase, and Robert Morris, were not members of Congress on July 4, and, according to Jefferson, they signed when admitted.

The Declaration was written by Jefferson, as he himself stated in a letter to Dr. Mease, in his lodging-house, at the southwest corner of Market and Seventh streets. The house is still standing, and is occupied by a tailor, who shows his patriotism by calling his shop the "Temple of Liberty Clothing Store." The instrument was signed, as our readers know, in the east room of the State-house, on the lower floor. It appeared in the next day's paper (side by side with an advertisement of a negro child for sale who had had measles and small-pox), but was not officially given to the people until noonday on the 8th of July, when it was read to a large concourse of people in the State-house yard by John Nixon, deputed to the task by the Sheriff of Philadelphia, who had received it from the committee. The stage on which the reader stood was a rough wooden platform on the line of the eastern walk, about half-way between Fifth and Sixth streets. Deborah Logan, who lived in the neighborhood, states that she heard from the garden every word of the instrument read, and thought the voice was Charles Thomson's. In spite of all evidence in favor of Nixon, we choose to believe her. The Man of Truth should have first made known those words to humanity. Cheers rent the welkin, a *feu de joie* was fired, the chimes of Christ Church rang through all the bright summer day, and the old bell gave at last to the world the message it had received a quarter of a century before, and proclaimed liberty to all the world.

The daily papers—little thin sheets a few inches square—give us for weeks afterward accounts of the rejoicing and wild enthusiasm of the other Provinces as the Declaration reached them. In New York one singular effect produced was that "a general jail delivery of all prisoners took place, in pursuance of the Declaration of Independence by the Hon. Congress."

During the ensuing months the same mouldy papers, gray now with their hundred years, give us curious hints of the

JOHN HANCOCK.



LIBERTY BELL.

times and manners of those days of extremity. The privateers arrived from time to time with their prizes in the harbor; all balls or dancing assemblies were interdicted; an appeal is made by Dr. T. Young to the "merciful ladies of Philadelphia for old sheets and shirts, as his supply of lint and linen is exhausted, and without them he can not return to the field of battle." The benevolent citizens are informed on another day that the prisoners are sorely in need of necessaries of life, and that "the cart will make its usual evening round for the collection of broken victuals and old clothes for their use."

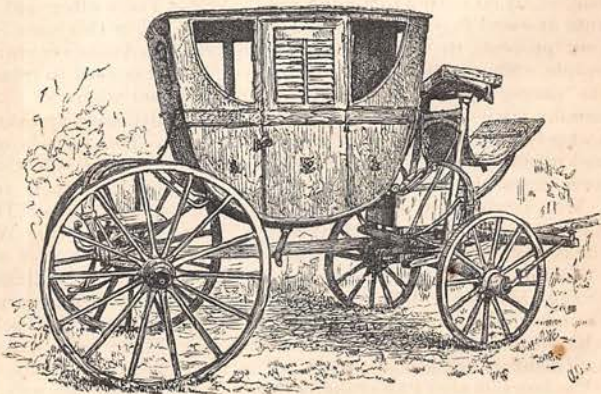
Farther on we read with grim satisfaction a proclamation from the committee that "as an order from the Hon'ble Congress had fixed the price of salt at 7*s.* 6*d.* per bushel, and as Stephen Shewell" (jailer of the charming Betty) "has been convicted of selling it for 12*s.* per bushel, and pleaded guilty, the Committee of Safety do declare and hold up said Stephen Shewell as an enemy to his country, and preclude him from all trade or association with the inhabitants thereof." *Vale*, Stephen!

When General Howe advanced, threatening the city, the schools were closed and shops shut by order of the Committee of Safety. Congress decamped with flying feet to Baltimore, leaving Washington and Robert Morris with absolute powers as far as the town was concerned. The exultant Whigs vented a good deal of their patriotism in nagging the Quakers, breaking their windows, and compelling them to receive the Continental money, of which the wary Friends were justly suspicious. Finally, the Committee of Safety exiled half a dozen of the leading Friends, with a Tory fencing master, Pike, to the wilds of Western Virginia. Young Graydon, himself a prisoner on parole of the British, met the cavalcade at Reading, and declares that he found them quite a jolly party, Pike, in his scarlet coat, playing caterer at every inn, and humored in his frisky good humor by his drab-coated comrades, who dearly loved a savory meal. But the truth is that the exile to these men, many of whom were poor, and who left their families unprovided for, was bitterly cruel and unjust.

Washington, to incite confidence, marched the whole Continental army through Philadelphia. Officers were instructed, in the order of the day, to make the appearance and discipline of the troops as decent as circumstances would permit; and the soldiers were especially enjoined, when a quickstep was played, not to dance or kick each other, as was their habit.

During this year the ravages of small-pox were added to the terrors of war; more than two thousand soldiers were buried in the Potters' Field, now known as Washington Square. There is a still older pathetic story connected with this little grove of trees, of how a young girl, a daughter of one of the most prominent families, in some sudden insanity of grief, killed herself, and was therefore refused burial in any churchyard. She was laid among the outcasts in Potters' Field, and for generations thereafter her kinsfolk were buried beside her, "for love to bear her company," says the old historian.

In September, 1777, a detachment of the royal army marched into the town. Such



THE CHEW COACH.

A TORY BELLE OF 1777.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR ANDRÉ.]

preparation as was possible had been made. The bells of the State-house and Christ Church had been sunk in the Delaware to keep them from falling into the hands of the captors as booty. Deborah Logan, who watched the entry of the royalists, declares that "the contrast between them and our own poor ragged, barefooted troops caused a feeling of despair." The Tory families received them with joy. Many of their leading men who had fled from the town returned now in triumph in the suit of Cornwallis and Howe. The battle of Germantown soon followed. There were few of the killed or wounded who were not known in Philadelphia. The British commanders took effectual means to remind the inhabitants at every turn, by every possible stringent pressure, that they were a conquered people. The scarcity of provisions reduced the poorer classes to extreme want; the prisons were filled with American officers and privates (a few months ago the friends and neighbors of the rejoicing Tories), who were literally reduced to starvation.

War, famine, and death hovered over the miserable town like attendant Furies. But the British officers made the summer one of unbridled gayety, and the Tory belles welcomed them with delight. One or two of the officers had brought their young wives, who were provided with the latest finery and fashions of George's court. The modish young ladies of Philadelphia raised their towering head-dresses still higher, devised masquerade costumes, flaunted and flirted with these knights-errant actually within sight and hearing of the horrors of a battle-field, or the prison bars behind which their old friends looked out. It was like nothing so much as the fluttering of the gaudy butterflies over the graves in Potters' Field.

The student of old-time manners or of human nature itself can find abundant material in the gossip remaining to us concerning the occupancy of this town by Sir William Howe. There is the dark background of misery and blood; there is the brief brilliance of Tory splendor; there are dramatic figures of every type whom history has limned boldly for us — the weak, vacillating Howe, sentimental, gentle André, the coarse, quondam apothecary Arnold. The story of the gayety of the splendid company, read with the remembrance of the death and disaster which followed, is one of the most sharply lined of tragedies.

Major John André was chief promoter of the revels. The officers formed clubs, gave brilliant dinners and dances, and were feasted in turn by their partisans in town. Balls were given at the City Tavern, cricket clubs were established, and cock-fighting became a fashionable amusement.

As in New York, a theatre was opened by the officers for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the royal army, André being stage-manager, scene-painter, and general utility man. The theatre was the dimly lighted upper room of a sail-maker's shop, and was crowded by "the rank and fashion of the city." The plays were light comedies, and not always of the cleaner kind. The officers wrote and smiled at jests in play and prologue which would bring a blush nowadays to even the cheeks of the friends of *opéra bouffe*. One scene, painted by the unfortunate artist, is described by Charles Durang as drawn with much spirit. It was a woodland glade, and on the back was scrawled "J. André" in black paint. Years afterward a trashy play was presented in this same Southwark theatre, founded on André's capture and death; and this scene was used to represent the pass on the Hudson where he was arrested by the three militia-men and carried to his execution.

The records of the day, too, are full of glowing reflections of the grand *fête* given by the officers to Sir William Howe on his resignation—"The most splendid pageant," says admiring Watson, "ever witnessed in this country, if we except the procession of trades in Philadelphia in 1788." This *fête* was a tilt, tournament, and ball, and was dubbed the Mischianza, meaning a medley. There is an account by André of its long-faded splendors, and one or two others, in manuscript, written by aged women, who in their youth had formed part of the specta-

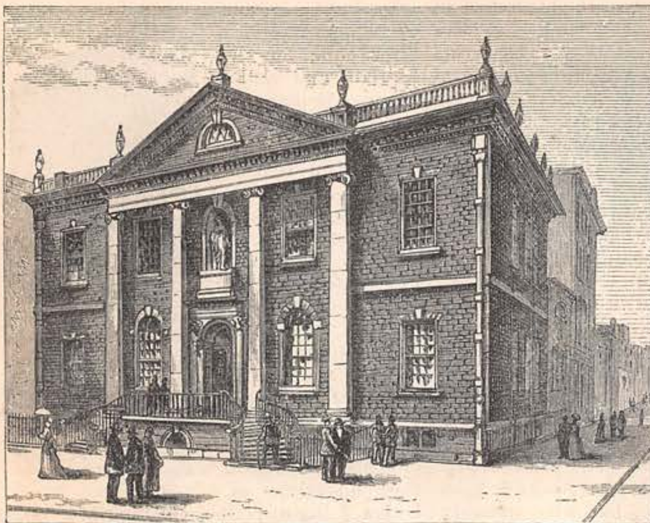
cle. To have been one of the princesses in this court of a night was apparently to have a life-long patent of nobility. The guests embarked at four in the afternoon at Green Street wharf, they tell us, in a grand regatta of three divisions: galleys for Lord Howe and his brother, Sir Henry Clinton, and other general officers with the ladies, flat-boats lined with cloth, and barges, which, says André in his account, "light skimming, stretched their oary wings." Other boats with bands of music completed the procession. The seven Ladies of the Blended Rose wore a flowing white silk robe, open in front to the waist, pink spangled sash, white shoes and stockings, also spangled, hair towering a yard high, filled with feathers and jewelry. The seven Ladies of the Burning Mountain wore black and red Turkish dresses, a brilliant mixture of satin, spangles, scarlet, and jewels. The wharves and river were crowded with what André deemed enthusiastic spectators, but who probably were just such a rabble as would assemble on the banks of the Delaware now to look at young women in masquerade dress on exhibition in the river in the middle of the afternoon. The harbor was filled with shipping, men-of-war and transports, which formed in line, their flags flying, and saluted with a tremendous cannonade. As the glittering procession drew up at Market Street wharf, the bands played "God Save the King," which, says André, was answered by three mighty cheers from the shore. The boats floated down the river, the air thus charged with loyalty, and landed below Old Swedes' Church, in front of the Wharton country-seat, which had been chosen as the scene of the revels. All the bands of the army moved in front, all the vessels in the harbor fired salutes, light horse and grenadiers formed an avenue for the knights and ladies to pass through, followed by their magnificent *cortége.* Then followed a tournament, Lord Cathcart appearing as chief knight of the Blended Rose. Major André defended the claims to beauty of Miss Chew, and twelve other valiant knights appeared in honor of the other princesses. There were heralds, gage of battle, defiance, the shivering of lances, firing of pistols, clashing of swords; and then the marshal rushed in, declaring that the fair damsels of the Blended Rose and Burning Mountain were content with the valor of their knights. The warriors sheathed their swords, and the stately procession, the music going before, marched through pavilion after pavilion, the walls of which were hung with mirrors, flowers, and banners, and painted by the indefatigable André in imitation of Sienna marble and wreaths of roses. More pavilions, hundreds of feet long, with canvas walls painted in imitation of palaces; tea and lemonade; knights kneeling to receive the favors of their ladies; fire-works, Fame, Chinese fountains, and banners blazing against the sky and going out in powder and ill-smelling smoke; four drawing-rooms furnished with borrowed luxury from houses in the city; a ball. At midnight another brilliant sham pavilion, a thousand wax tapers, twelve hundred dishes, and twenty-four black slaves in Oriental dresses, with silver collars and bracelets, bending to the ground. After the banquet, dancing until morning.

LORD CATHCART.—[FROM A SILHOUETTE BY MAJOR ANDRÉ.]

Ticket for the Meschianza

While the Mischianza was at its height, a body of Whig infantry attacked the abatis at the north of the city. The long roll sounded along the whole range of the encampments, and was answered by the guns in the redoubt and from the men-of-war and transports in the river. The knights assured the ladies that the firing was in honor of the celebration, and they danced on.

When we remember that these were adult men and women who dubbed themselves knights and ladies of Blended Rose and Burning Mountain, and for twelve solid hours carried on the clumsy trickery of sham tournaments, sham palace, and a pageant of which nothing was real but the thunder of cannon and death waiting without, the Mischianza becomes not a magnificent specta-



THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

cle, but one of the most significant historical events of the Revolution. It was the last formal effort to assume the manners of a court and of a social life to which the country and the people themselves were in character and purpose alien and unsuited. While the Tory belles of Philadelphia were paying homage to Sir William Howe, the most learned men and brilliant women in Europe were crowding about a hearty, shrewd, strong old man, whose gray hair fell loosely on his shoulders, and whose keen, kindly eyes looked out through spectacles. They saluted him as first of philosophers and statesmen, and recognized him as embodying the true meaning of the thought, work, and social life in the new republic.

In precisely one month after the Mischianza the British evacuated Philadelphia, and their reign there was ended. "The splendid-farce," says Paine, "was in reality an ovation to Howe for thirteen colonies wretchedly lost and a three months' campaign of disgraces and defeats." In three years from the night of the tournament its actors were widely scattered. Some of the "princesses" had married Englishmen and left the country. One of them had married the vulgar spendthrift Arnold, and was exiled with him forever from her home; and André had ended his life on the gallows.

With the fading of that glittering spectacle we shall end our hurried series of glimpses into life in Old Philadelphia. Its condition during the term of years in which it was the national capital and was controlled by Washington's simple, high-bred court is familiar to the most careless reader. It would be a hackneyed story, too, to insist upon the chief boast of Philadelphia in the succession of profound and eloquent jurists and counselors who have made her bar famous and given stamina and high breeding to her society during the century just gone.

The old acerbities and social contests of the days of the Revolution are over. The old Whig names belong now to men most eager to hold out welcoming hands to their ancient British foes; the descendants of Tories are foremost in 1876 in urging the claims of the republic for the respect and homage of the world; the Quakers are calm, moderate, and slow of speech as of old. But when the stranger who visits Philadelphia this year shall look for some sign of her title to the City of Brotherly Love, and find it in her magnificent asylums, her hospitals, her innumerable humane, practical methods of helping men to help themselves, he will discover that the Friends are, in the great essentials, still the governing class of the powerful city of Penn.

TO A VIOLIN.

What wondrous power from heaven upon thee wrought?
What prisoned Ariel within thee broods?
Marvel of human skill and human thought,
Light as a dry leaf in the winter woods!

Thou mystic thing, all beautiful! What mind
Conceived thee, what intelligence began
And out of chaos thy rare shape designed,
Thou delicate and perfect work of man!

Across my hands thou liest mute and still;
Thou wilt not breathe to me thy secret fine;
Thy matchless tones the eager air shall thrill
To no entreaty or command of mine;

But comes thy master, lo! thou yieldest all:
Passion and pathos, rapture and despair;
To the soul's need thy searching voice doth call
In language exquisite beyond compare,

Till into speech articulate at last
Thou seem'st to break, and thy charmed listener hears
Thee wake the echoes of the vanished past,
Touching the source of gladness and of tears;

And with bowed head he lets the sweet wave roll
Across him, swayed by that weird power of thine,
And reverence and wonder fill his soul
That man's creation should be so divine.

Celia Thaxter.