OLD-TIME LIFE IN A QUAKER TOWN.

DAME ELIZABETH SHIPLEY had a dream.

She was living at the time—which was in the year of grace 1730—at Ridley Township, near the good town of Philadelphia. Her husband, William, who was of honest, plodding English country folk, was not one that a dream would lie upon; for such natures as his are of hard, dry substance, in which flowers of imagination do not bloom freely, and from which the dews of night pass readily in the open daylight. But Elizabeth's dream lay upon her mind the next day, and she told it to her husband. It was thus: She was travelling on horseback, along a high-road, and after a time she came to a wild and turbulent stream, which she forded with difficulty; beyond this stream she mounted a long and steep hill-side; when she arrived at its summit a great view of surpassing beauty spread out before her. The hill whereon she stood melted away in the distance into a broad savannah, treeless and covered with luxuriant grass. On either side of the hill ran a stream—upon one, the wild water-course which she had just crossed; upon the other, a snake-like river that wound sluggishly along in the sunlight. Then for the first time she saw that a guide accompanied her, and she spoke to him.

"Friend, what country is this that thou hast taken me to?"

"Elizabeth Shipley," answered he, "beneath thee lieth a new land and a fruitful, and it is the design of Divine Providence that thou shouldst enter in thereto, thou and thy people, and ye shall be enriched even unto the seventh generation. Therefore, leave the place where now thou dwellest, and enter into and take possession of this land, even as the children of Israel took possession of the land of Canaan." He finished speaking, and as she turned to look, he vanished, and she awoke.

William Shipley bade his wife think no more of her dreams, for if one pulls up blue beans after they have sprouted, one's pot is like to go empty. So, meeting with no encouragement, after some days the sharpness of her dream became dulled against the hard things of every-day life.

A year passed, and Elizabeth received a Divine call to go and preach at a meeting of the Society of Friends held in that peninsula that lies between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays. It was in the spring-time, when the meadows were clad with bright green, when the woodlands were soft with tender leaves unfolding timidly in the generous warmth of the sun, when the birds sang, when the cocks crowed lustily, when the wren chattered under the eaves, and all the air was burdened with the sweetness of the apple blossoms, among which the bees swarmed with drowsy hum. So she set forth on her journey, jogging southward along the old King's Road. She passed many streams of sweet water untainted with lime, where the little fish darted here and there as her old gray farm horse went splashing across their pebbly reaches. After a journey of sixteen or eighteen miles she came to a roaring stream that cut through tree-covered highlands, and came raging and rushing down over great rocks and bowlders. The cawing of crows in the woods, and a solitary eagle that went sailing through the air, was all the life that broke the solitude of the place. As she hesitated on the bank before entering the rough-looking ford, marked at each end by a sapling pole to which a red rag was fastened, the whole scene seemed strangely familiar to her. After she had crossed the stream she began ascending a hill up which the highway led, that feeling strong upon her which one has at times of having lived through such a scene before. At the top of the hill she came to a clearing in the forest where an old Swede had built him a hut, and begun to till the land. Here the woods unfolded like a curtain, and beneath her she saw the hill melt away into level meadows that spread far to a great river sparkling in the sunlight away in the distance. Upon one hand ran a sluggish river curving through the meadows; on the other, the brawling stream she had just crossed. She sat in silence looking at the scene, while the little barefoot Swedish children gathered at the door of the hut, looking with blue-eyed wonder at the stranger; then clasping her hands, she cried aloud, "Behold, it is the land of my vision, and here will I pitch my tent!"

Over the wooded hill-sides and across the grassy savannahs which Dame Ship-

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ley saw first in her dream and afterward in the reality, now spreads a busy and populous city, of which she and her husband were the chief founders. The smoke from factory chimneys streaks the air with black ribbons of vapor; on the breeze come the clatter, the rattle, and the hammering of the great ship-yards that now lie along the banks of the slow-running, snake-like river that she saw in her dream; while beside the other brawling stream stand cotton, woollen, paper, flour, and powder mills. Everywhere is the busy excitement and teeming rush of close population. That was the sower, that the seed, and this the fruit that grew from it—the city of Wilmington, the metropolis of Delaware.

But there was a settlement older by a hundred years than the one that Elizabeth Shipley and her husband helped to build up. It was the mother of the modern town, and then stood some little distance from the site of the proposed Quaker village. It was a settlement of queer old-fashioned Swedes, a collection of steep-roofed little houses, forming the old village of Christianaham.

It was in the autumn of the year 1637 when the good ships *Key of Calmar* and *The Griffin* sailed from Gottenburg, in Sweden, arriving in the Delaware—then called the South River—in the spring of the following year. The promontory on which they landed they named Paradise Point.

The chief of this little expedition bore a name well known in the annals of the New Netherlands — Peter Minuit, first Governor of the Dutch West India Company's Provinces in the Americas, also first Governor of the Swedish colonies in this country; for he had had a disagreement with the honorable company, and had offered his services to Gustavus Adolphus, which offer had been gladly accepted by the Swedish monarch.

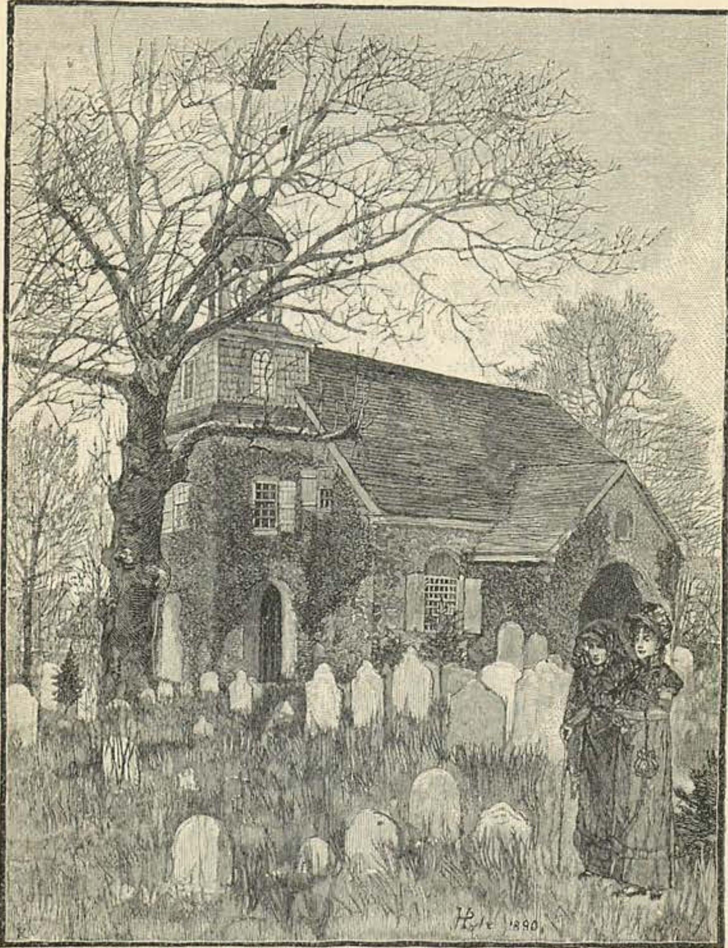
Paradise Point was thought to be an unlucky spot for implanting a new colony; for it was here that, some years previously, De Vries and his infant settlement of Dutchmen had been cut off, and had perished to a man by the hands of the Indians. Accordingly, the adventurers directed their course further northward along the broad river that stretched out before them. The next day they came to a tributary river that opened into the Delaware, and sailing up the stream for a couple of miles, they came to a promontory of fast land, "where was fine anchorage for ships." And here they built a fort of mud and logs, and then erected a few temporary dwellings, calling the place Christianaham. The river they named the Christiana, or Christeen, in honor of their infant queen.

The Swedish provinces had but three Governors before they passed under another rule. The one succeeding Peter Minuit was Johan Printz, a lieutenant-colonel in the Swedish army. He was a man of great stature, and was said to weigh nearly five hundred pounds; a fierce man, quick to take a passion, and slow in forgiving. From his mustached lips great military oaths rolled like bullets on a drum-head, much to the terror of his family and the household servants. As his seat of government he took the island of Tinicum, lying in the Delaware River some distance below the settlement of Wicacoe, now a part of the city of Philadelphia, and here he built himself "a fine house, with gardens and lawns, which he called Printz Hall." The great, dark, rambling building stood there as late as the year 1823, a nucleus for superstitious stories and thrilling traditions that had accumulated for nearly two hundred years.

Him succeeded Johan Claudii Rising, the last of the Swedish rulers, who once more removed the seat of government to the town of Christianaham.

Early in the time of the Swedish rule the Dutchmen from New Amsterdam had come intruding with a claim to prior settlement. A message dated Thursday, 6th of May, 1638, came to Peter Minuit, saying, "I, William Kieft, Director-General of the New Netherlands, residing in the island of Manhattan in the Fort Amsterdam, under the government that appertains to the high and mighty States-General of the United Netherlands and to the West India Company privileged by the Senate - Chamber in Amsterdam, make known to thee, Peter Minuit, who stylest thyself Commander in the service of her Majesty the Queen of Sweden, that the whole South River of the New Netherlands, both the upper and the lower, has been our property for many years, occupied by our forts, and sealed by our blood," etc. (alluding to the massacre of De Vries in 1632). To this protest against the Swe-

dish settlement of the country Peter Minuit made no answer, but went on building forts, while the Swedes raised their pigs and chickens in peace and prosperity.



OLD SWEDES CHURCH, WILMINGTON.

The matter did not rest here, however, and in Johan Printz's time the Dutch built a fort on the South River and victualled it, in spite of the deep oaths of the gigantic Swede. Then came Johan Claudii Rising, bringing with him fierce discord, that raged during all his short rule, and ended only in his defeat by the doughty Peter Stuyvesant.

The Dutch, however, did not hold these provinces long. A few years and they, together with the New Netherlands, were taken possession of by England. They were afterward granted to William Penn as a portion of the Province of Pennsylvania, the State of Delaware being known as the lower county of Newcastle. In the year 1682 Penn visited this country, and upon his landing at Newcastle, a delegation of Swedes headed by Captain Lassé Cock waited upon Penn to congratulate him upon his safe arrival. They came as a distinct people, and the address was read in the Swedish language, while the simple folk stood around, smoothing down their hair with the palms of their hands, and thinking what a wise man their Captain Lassé was.

Such were the people of the old town of Christianaham, from which the city of Wilmington really grew.

When Dame Elizabeth Shipley and her

husband William came to settle in this new land to which she had been so mysteriously directed, they found there an enterprising Quaker, Joshua Willing, who had married the daughter of a rich Swedish proprietor, and who had laid out a portion of his farm, lying along the banks of the Christeen River, in town lots, which vacant cow-paths he had dignified by the name of Willingstown. He lived at the time in a little steep-roofed Swedish farm-house, which remained standing till within five or six years of the present time. When this little house, the first building in Wilmington, was torn down, an old Swedish prayer-book and a pair of heavily bowed "barnacles" were found behind the wainscoting. The early name of the town was soon changed to its present title, Wilmington, in honor of the earl of that name.

The shrewd eye of William Shipley saw directly the capabilities of the spot to which his wife's vision had directed her for the establishment of a town. On one side was a broad smoothly flowing river, suitable for commerce; on the other, a stream having a fall of one hundred and twenty feet in four miles—an almost limitless mill-power. So he settled in the locality himself, building "a fine large house of real English bricks," which is yet standing, and also persuaded several other Quaker families of good position to join him. From the time of its settlement Wilmington was essentially a Quaker community. It was founded by English Quakers; it was peopled by English Quakers; and as Quakers marry and intermarry almost exclusively among themselves—for to marry otherwise means, or did mean, expulsion from the society—traditions, manners, customs, and peculiarities of old English life have been handed down from generation to generation, as carefully preserved as an old quilted petticoat in lavender. Broader contact with the world and the world's people has rubbed away much of the bloom of quaintness during the last two generations; but the chronicles of the old town, redolent of local flavor, still preserve in a series of sketches the queer life of the old settlement. Even yet many old-fashioned customs are extant in the modern city, such, for instance, as the "curb-stone markets."

The country people from the neighborhood bring their produce to town in carts, dearborns, and market-wagons, which stand with their tail-boards to the pavement, while a row of benches placed along the curb displays their wares: butter as yellow as gold and as sweet as a nut, milk, eggs, sausage, scrapple, vegetables, and poultry, all fresh from the farm. Up and down, in front of this array of benches, the town-folk crowd and jostle, inspecting the marketing, and driving shrewd bargains with the country people. Rain or shine, on every Saturday and Wednesday, the line of farm wagons stands along the pavement. In the hottest day of summer, when the sun beats down on straw hats and shirt sleeves, in the coldest day of winter, when the snow drifts in blinding sheets up the street, these good folk come to town to turn an honest penny. In summer-time the wagons stand on the east side of the street, to avoid as much as possible the morning sun, for market is over by noon; in winter they shift to the west side, so as to gain the warmth as soon as possible. On market-days the itinerant vender of patent medicines and the auctioneer of cheap goods do a thriving business at the principal street corners.

During the spring and early summer the markets are gay with flowers, sometimes ranged tier on tier in a gaudy tableau of color and fragrance newly transported from the greenhouse, sometimes tied in homely nosegays of homely flowers—daffodils, lilacs, and pinks, pied and plain. Around these stands gather a group of feminine folk, and in many a market-basket butter and eggs contest the place with a bouquet, or jostle against a flower-pot in which blooms some sweet blossom, or are decked with a bunch of the water-lilies which barefoot boys offer at every corner. Then in the season come the fruits in their natural order, free from forcing-houses, from the early strawberry of spring to the apples of late autumn, each with a freshness and ripeness only too rarely found in our larger cities.

It has been only a few years since the old town bellman was a dignitary of considerable importance as he walked along the stony streets ringing his bell, its measured rhythmical clang-te-clang, clang-te-clang, keeping time with the tap of his club-foot on the cobble-stones. At the street corners he would stop, while passers-by would halt, the windows of neigh-

boring houses be thrown up, and the business of life arrested for a moment to listen to him, while he would speak in loud measured voice his announcement. For instance: "Will be held—at the Town Hall—this evening—at eight o'clock—a meeting—*for* the advancement—of the temperance movement—all the ladies and gentlemen—*of* the town—are respectfully invited to attend." (Clang-te-clang, clang-te-clang, clang-te-clang.)

Another well-known voice was that of an old negro peddler of lime, who used to drive around in an open wagon dragged by a horse as old and decrepit-looking as its master; and as he passed along the hilly streets, under the shade of the maples, he used to sing in his high-pitched, quavering voice,

Oh, John, oh, John, wha hev yew ben?

Oh, I'm so glad fo' t' see

yew a-gin. Oh, John, oh, John,

wha hev yew ben? Oh, I'm so glad

fo' t' see yew a-gin. Any lime—lime!

There is but little about the Wilmington of the present day that is different from other towns where the Quaker element predominates, but one hundred years ago it was the oddest, the quaintest, the coziest, the homeliest old town one could find in the country-side.

Nothing of the Swedish life remains now but an old church built long before good Dame Shipley ever dreamed of the "hill between two valleys," while Philadelphia town was in its tenderest infancy, and while Governor Rising's fort at Christianaham was a favorite playground for the children of that town, between which and the crumbling fort the church was built. The building was formally consecrated on Trinity-Sunday, in the month of May, 1699, hence its name Trinity Church. The building was begun in 1698, and the papers of contract, still extant, are curious, not only in phraseology, but as showing in the receipt the price of skilled labor at the time.

"These indentures were drawn up and concluded by and betwixt Hance Pietterson, Jan Stalcop, and Charles Springher, of ye County of Newcastle & Cristeen Creek, of ye one parte, and Joseph Yard, Mazon and Brick layer of Philadelphia Toune, of ye other party, witnesseth as followeth. It is agreed, and I, Joseph Yard, do obledge and engage myself and my heirs (that is, with ye help of God,) to laye all ye stones and brick work of a church, wh. is to bee built in and upon ye churchyard at Cristeen," etc.

A year later follows the receipt, a portion of which is as follows: "I, Joseph Yard, Mazon and Brick layer, receiued of ye Reuerend Minister Ericus Biork eighty and six pounds in silluer money, and for my mortar Laborer ye Neger five pounds four shill. and 6 pense." The church which it cost ninety-one pounds to build, and which it took one year to complete, has lasted for nearly two hundred years in as perfect condition as when first erected. Some of the Swedes who were too poor to contribute ready money assisted in the erection of the church, and tradition speaks of the women carrying mortar in their aprons to assist the men. Some additions were made to the building in 1762, but it stands now essentially the original church. Over one of the porticoes the word "Immanuel" was built in the wall with iron letters, and in the west end, over the large door, letters of the same character form the inscription:

1698
SI. DE. PRO. NOBIS. QUIS. CONTRA. NOS.
SUB. IMP. REG. D. G. REX.
WILL. III.
PROPR. WILL. PENN. VICEGUB. WILL.
MAGNIF. REG. SUEC. NUNC. GLOR. MEMOR.
CAROL. XI.
NUNC. ABLEG.
E. T. B.
W. S.
P L*

The old church stands on a little rise of ground looking down upon the railroad

* "If God be with us who can be against us?" Under the reign of William III. by the grace of God King. William Penn Proprietary. William (Monkham) Vice-Governor. In memory of the great King Charles XI. of glorious memory. Delegated minister E. T. Biorck. Whilley Silsby Hayherst Subscriber.

GOING TO CHURCH.

that runs around the foot of the grave-yard. It seems, as it were, to draw itself together from contact with the surrounding houses, that crowd up to the very edge of the church-yard. Around it lie many ancient graves, some even dating back before the building of the church. It is here, undoubtedly, that old Peter Minuit lies buried, for the church is built upon the site of the old grave-yard of Christianaham, and it was there that the old Governor died.

In the old times the church stood outside the borders of the town of Wilmington, in an open meadow that sloped gently down to the banks of the Christiana River. It was then a favorite place of resort for the towns-people.

A chronicler has carefully embalmed an account of those bucolic days, when the swallows built under the rafters, and swept in breezy flight from end to end of the church over the heads of the congregation, while the Rev. Dr. Girelius monotoned his lengthy sermon, under seven heads. "We were sure," says the narrator, "to meet a large number of the neighbors' cows hastening toward the church at the ringing of the bell. This practice had been kept up *from time immemorial.* The attraction was good pasture on opening the gate. Once our cow left her companions and followed grandfather to his pew door." Speaking of the church in the old days, the narrative continues: "A brief statement of the mode of conveyance may not prove uninteresting. Many crossed the Delaware River from Jersey in boats; others from the Christiana and the Neck landed on the Rocks [where the Swedes first landed]; canoes and bateaux were used, though very unsafe. In win-

AT EVENING.

ter rough sleighs, sleds on runners, and jumpers were common, as the snows were deep and lasting. Some went on horseback, with one behind, plunging through the snow. There was no fire in the church, even while they were listening to a long sermon, and there was but one service each week. These religiously disposed people highly valued the privilege of hearing the Gospel preached, and they never allowed the weather to be a hinderance. In summer an old-fashioned chair, with one horse, was in use, and once upon a time there was but one of these. A rough wagon would be geared up on Sunday morning for the use of the family, but riders on horseback were most numerous, and many walked."

Old Joel Zane, "a respectable Friend," lived near the Christiana River, at a spot now occupied by a railroad dépôt. He predicted that things would always remain just as when he lived. "And so be it," said Joel, and called the place "Amen Corner," for he did not like the idea of change; and as Amen Corner it was known for many a year. Just beyond Amen Corner was a beautiful square, a town common, sloping gently down to the river's brink, where the shipping was the busiest, and where a row of noble walnut-trees stood, with staples driven into their trunks to fasten boats to. It was covered with a carpet of rich grass, and shaded by weeping-willows and Lombardy poplar-trees. Here, in a soft summer evening, while the dusk settled apace, the towns-people would sit on benches, enjoying the balmy air and a view of the shipping, while the young folks would shout in many-pitched voices as they played at "prisoner's base," or "old witch by the way-side." The annual fairs, the event of the year, second in importance not even to the king's birthday, were held here. They are thus described by the historian already quoted:*

"At these fairs there was always a large assemblage, a joyous mingling of lookers-on and performers. The musical instruments were the violin, bugle, flute, fife, bagpipe, and banjo. There was dancing, too, and many a sober one took a peep at the Swedish lads and lasses dancing hypsey-saw. Fair-days were merry days, and moonlight nights were chosen. About the year 1765 the country people were supplied with spring and fall goods at these fairs, held in the town, and attended by young and old. Some went to buy, others for fun and frolic. On a fine day young men came by hundreds, with a lass alongside. Their shirt sleeves were nicely plaited and crimped as high as the elbow, above which they were tied with a colored tape or ribbon, called sleeve-strings. Their coats were tied behind the saddle. They wore their soled shoes for dancing, and two pairs of stockings,

* Ferris. *History of the Original Settlements on the Delaware.*

the inside ones white, and the outer ones blue yarn, the top rolled neatly below the breeches' knee-band to show the white, and guard them from the dirt of the horses' feet. Boots were not worn at the time: a man booted and covered with an umbrella would have been exposed to scoffs. At those fairs stalls were erected in the streets. From the upper market down, dry-goods of every variety were displayed, and everything good in season was there, feasting not being the least part of the attraction. There were plenty of customers who saved money to make purchases at the fairs."

Speaking of the advent of that useful article the umbrella, mentioned above, the chronicler goes on to say: "The first green silk umbrella seen was brought by Captain Bennett from Lisbon for his wife; the second by John Ferris for his wife Lydia, by the same captain; and the third by my father from the West Indies. I remember being so much ashamed of it that I only held it a few moments over my head while walking by his side one day in the year 1770. Somewhere about the year 1787 or 89 my mother received from a friend in the West Indies a present of two umbrellas—one large green silk one for herself, and a smaller sized red one for me. My schoolmates came to see it, and it was hoisted with the greatest care, and exhibited to many who had never seen the like. It was a topic of conversation among the young, and this elegant present was viewed as an emblem of pride."

In the last century Wilmington was eminently a commercial town. Its pre-eminence in this respect has since passed away, and it is now a manufacturing cen-

THE UMBRELLA—A CURIOUS PRESENT.

tre of the first importance. But in those days many of the prominent citizens were boat-owners, and their docks and their warehouses stood along the Christiana within easy distance of their houses. Along the Brandywine River, the brawling stream which Dame Shipley crossed, beside which flour mills, once the greatest in the country, were subsequently located, the price of grain was all the topic of interest. Along the Christiana it was the Irish and the West India trade. The arrival of the ships was looked forward to with the most intense interest, as bringing the town not only the latest foreign news, but many luxuries then only to be procured in the Old World. Sometimes an immigrant ship would move slowly up the Christiana, laboriously towed by two row-boats ahead, to which lines were attached. "It was amusing," says the chronicle, "to see the people land in the sun, some without bonnets, and often wrapped in red and blue cloaks. In those days there was an odd custom in practice called *chairing the captain*, if his treatment on the voyage had gained their good feeling, and if he would submit to the lofty honor. Two long poles were fastened under an arm-chair, where he was seated; four stout men took each an end of the pole on his shoulder, bearing the chair, and paraded the streets, men, women, and children following in a long procession, cheering and shouting, 'Hurrah! hurrah for Captain ——!'"

Some of the stories handed down border so closely upon the legendary that one hesitates to place the entire reliance upon them which a historical narrative deserves. Such, for instance, is the story of the boat *Friday*, built by Isaac Harvey, which runs thus: Isaac laid the keel of the brig on a Friday; that night his wife had an ill dream, and strongly urged him to tear it up, and begin the ship anew on Saturday (seventh day, in the Quaker vernacular). But Isaac was a hard-headed, matter-of-fact man, and placed no faith in a woman's dreams. It is these little things in life that breed strife in a family, and strife was bred in this; but altercation only made Isaac more fixed in his own way, so that, out of pure perversity, he not only fitted the brig out on Friday, but he named her the *Friday*, and sent her out under command of a good captain on Friday. On that Friday week, in the midst of a gale that piped and roared and thundered as if the Dutchman and his demon crew were loose, a homeward-bound vessel, running before the gale, saw the hulk of a brig pitching heavily in the trough of the sea, while her crew ran about the deck, cutting loose the wreck of the masts that dragged and bumped alongside. As the homeward-bound vessel darted past down the slippery side of a great wave, a wail went up from the doomed brig, and under her counter they saw, painted in white letters,

FRIDAY
of
WILMINGTON.

The oncoming wave rose like a wall between the vessels, and when they lifted on the crest of the next, nothing was to be seen but a few floating timbers. When Mrs. Harvey heard the news she folded her hands and remarked: "I told thee so, Isaac. This is all thy sixth-day doings. Now thee sees the consequence. *Thee never had the vessel insured.*"

During the Revolution in France numbers of the *émigrés* settled in and around Wilmington, forming a society entirely of themselves, visiting among each other, dining with each other, and associating but little with the community in the midst of which they had established themselves. Whether there was something that suited them in the hilly streets of the queer old-fashioned town, or whether it was that the strict conservatism of the Quaker folks was congenial to them, certain it is that there were few if any such communities of these people outside of England. They kept their manners, customs, and language intact while they remained in this country. Along the mill-race banks of the Brandywine on the Wilmington side they built their bath-houses, and on every Monday morning their French servants washed the linen on benches in the clear water there. Among these French refugees were names famous and noble. The Duponts de Nemours, whose parent, the famous Pierre Samuel, now lies buried at the family estates near Wilmington; General Anne Louis de Toussard, who served along with Lafayette in the war of the Revolution; la Marquise de Sourci and her son; Doctor Didie, a noted French physician of the time; M. Garesché; M. Bauduy—were among the members of the French society of this period. Stories concern-

ing the lives and habits of these people have been handed down in the chronicles of the town to the present day. General De Toussard found his house damp after he had settled in it, and so had canvas stretched on frames and set into the walls. Many of his guests, notably M. Bauduy, had been friends and patrons of the artists that flourished in the times of Louis XVI.; and so, after dinner, when the wine warmed them generously, perhaps, they would amuse themselves by painting figures, still-life, or landscapes on the conveniently canvassed walls; and so those walls became a gallery of extempore art.

M. Michel Martel was another French refugee, formerly of wealth and position in his own country. He was a linguist of considerable note, being proficient in fifteen different languages. Through this proficiency he gained an easy and comfortable living both in Boston and New York. At length he heard news of some of his friends in Wilmington, and of the pleasant little settlement there; so he determined to resign the more lucrative business in the larger cities, and to enjoy the society of his friends with the modest income that he could realize by teaching in Wilmington; but not long after his arrival in that town he had a stroke of paralysis, from which he recovered but slowly, and then only with impaired faculties and an entire loss of knowledge of any language but French. His compatriots were too poor to render him any material assistance; and although many friends came forward to help him, they could not be expected to maintain him for his life. Charity is only too apt to wane with loss of interest, so that in time poor old M. Martel found himself in the county almshouse—a great white building standing near the spot where Dame Shipley first saw "the hill between the valleys." M. Martel had once been a teacher of languages to Theodosia Burr, and on intimate terms with her father. To the lady he had dedicated several of the works, chiefly translations, which he had written after coming to this country.

The Marquise de Sourci's life in this country was even more sorrowful than that of M. Martel. She was reared in France with every luxury; she left there with scarcely money enough to transport her and her boy across the ocean, and she arrived in Wilmington in a totally destitute condition. Being infirm and deformed from childhood, she had not the strength, even if she had had the experience, to struggle for her living in a strange land and among strange people. Her countrymen came forward to her assistance, until her son took her support into his own hands. The boy had a considerable talent for contriving ingenious toys and knickknacks. A dwarf gourd grew in the garden of the little stone house in which they lived; he shaped the fruit into little globe boxes, carved figures upon them, varnished them, and peddled them about the streets. Finding these sold rapidly, he contrived toy boats and other playthings, which he sold to the school-children. Among other things, he invented a grasshopper of wood and whalebone, which he caused to hop across the ice on the Christiana Creek, when it was frozen over, to the vast amusement of a crowd of men and boys who stood spectators on the banks. The following year, with his own hands, he built himself a boat, by means of which he transported sand and gravel, for building purposes, across from New Jersey. During one of these expeditions a storm arose, and the following day young De Sourci's boat was found floating bottom upward down the river. His body was never recovered. His mother did not survive his loss very long, and now lies buried in the old Swedes Church yard.

Few of those French families remained in this country permanently. The Duponts still live along the Brandywine, where are the great gunpowder-works belonging to them. M. Garesché, who married the daughter of M. Bauduy, also established powder-works near the Christiana, but no direct descendant of the family remains of late years. Such of the others as were able seem to have returned to their native land upon the re-establishment of the old dynasty. For some years the Dupont family have been nearly the only remains of the French *émigrés* in Wilmington.

Besides the French refugees there were other political aliens who found their way to this peaceful old town, the tranquillity and quietude of which shielded them from the storms of life without. In the year 1797 Archibald Hamilton Rowan, a noted Irish patriot, who had been imprisoned in his own country on account of his efforts as an agitator, established himself as a calico printer and dyer on the banks of

WILLIAM COBBETT'S SCHOOL.

the Brandywine, in an old barley mill that stood at the ford where Elizabeth Shipley crossed the stream on her first memorable visit.

William Cobbett, also, the well-known "Peter Porcupine," taught school for a while in an old house standing in a part of the town called Quaker Hill (so named not only on account of the numerous Quaker families who lived there, but also on account of the old Friends' meeting-house and school-house that stand on the windy summit of the hill). Cobbett's straight, soldierly figure and military tread, and his strongly marked face, were well known in the town, and long remembered by his scholars. A man of such distinguishing characteristics, of note enough to be included in Bulwer's *Historical Characters*, where he figures as the Man of Contention, merits more than a passing mention. His life was one battle, in which his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. A most voluminous political writer, he heaped invective, sarcasm, satire, and reproach upon his opponents without stint. His literary existence was, he tells us, touched to life by Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, for which he spent his last threepence in the face of starvation, and which he read under a hay-stack, so absorbed that hunger and thirst alike were forgotten. He came to America in 1792, and settled at first in Wilmington, whence he afterward removed to Philadelphia, where he started *Peter Porcupine's Gazette*, shooting, as he says, his quills at every game. He attacked the Democracy, then first come into power at the waning of Washington's popularity and the succession of Jefferson to the Presidential chair. Against this party he wrote his most clever if somewhat scurrilous fable of "Democracy among the Pots." But attacks against a party did not seem to satiate his bellicose nature, so he picked out Dr. Rush, who had risen to great repute by his system of purging and bleeding for the cure of the yellow fever, and descended upon him with the swoop of a hawk. The doctor sued him for slander, and the satirical

journalist was fined $5000. Soon after this he sailed for England, where he started *The Porcupine* in advocacy of Pitt's administration. In 1817 he was again exiled to America, under the "Six Acts," but returned in 1819, when those acts were repealed. In this second return from America to England he took with him the bones of Tom Paine; "for which riddance," says one of his critics, "America owes Cobbett's memory no little respect." The London *Times*, in its critical notice of a new edition of Cobbett's collected writings, says, "The general characteristics of his style were perspicuity unequalled and unexampled, a homely, muscular vigor, a purity always simple, and a raciness often elegant."

Wilmington lay on the outskirts of the Battle of Brandywine. The importance of its flour mills, and its location as the key that opened the door to the province of Pennsylvania, rendered it a point of position desired by both parties during the Revolutionary war. General Washington made a considerable stay here, and he and his staff officers were entertained by a worthy Friend, Joseph Tatnall, who alone dared to grind corn for the famishing patriot army.

Several small naval engagements occurred in the Delaware River and Bay during the time that the British occupied Philadelphia, and just previous to the occupation of that town. In one of these fights, off the coast at Cape May, the American sloop of war *Randolph* was victorious. A travelling artist, who gained a precarious living by painting tavern signs, was at that time in Wilmington, and painted for John Marshall, who kept an inn, the Sign of the Ship—an ideal pic-

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SIGN.

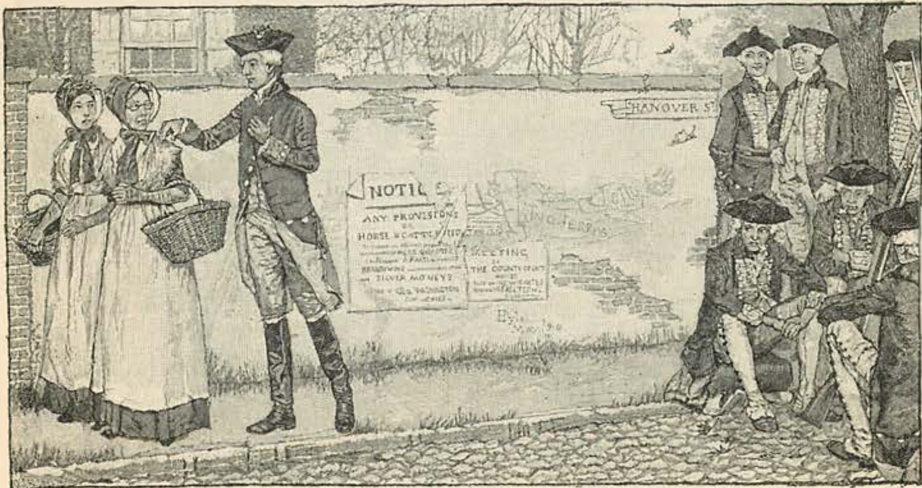
ture of the battle, in which the little American sloop was annihilating two British three-deckers in the most imposing manner. The narrator says: "When the English fleet lay opposite this town, the sailors passing to and fro were much annoyed by the sign, and always made some harsh remark as they passed. One day two sailors, dressed in petticoat trousers, carrying a bag up the street, arrested the attention of a young girl who was a great observer of the daily events, and who watched their doings. They stopped at the foot of the post, emptied their budget, took out an axe and other tools, ran up the post and drew down the sign, and split the hateful painting to atoms, and, hewing down the post, left not a vestige of its former glory."

John Marshall watched them from the porch of the tavern, not daring to interfere. "'Tis a vast pity," said he, pointing to the wreck of the sign as he spoke—"'tis a vast pity that you did not have pluck enough to beat the little *Randolph*, for then I would not have had a handsome sign hacked to pieces in that way."

The day after the battle the British entered Wilmington before the dawn, and stacked their muskets along the stony streets in the moonlight. Governor McKinley was at that time in the town, and was awakened by the noise of the enemy entering the streets. The morning following the capture of the town was market morning, and as the contending forces had foraged upon the farms in the vicinity, there was a great scarcity of provisions. Two ladies, bent on marketing errands, met in the street, which was filled with soldiers lounging near their stacked arms, and expressing their indignation at seeing the redcoats pervading their peaceful streets in this manner, blamed the constable of the town for permitting it. An officer who was standing near stepped forward, and, tapping the elder dame upon the shoulder, said: "Do you know, madam, that you are all prisoners? I advise you to go quietly home, so you may avoid being locked up yourselves." And they went.

The great events of the world are like mountains, their magnitude only to be seen as we are removed from them. No doubt the builders of the Parthenon were more pleased with the goodness of the mid-day meal which their wives brought them than with the magnificence of the temple they were erecting. No doubt Shakspeare thought more of the acting qualities of *King Lear* than he did of the echoes it would send down through the hollow depths of futurity. The little events of every-day life are like the stones in a mosaic, each going to make up the whole picture.

So in this paper the aim has been to chronicle, not the great events that affect the destiny of a nation, but rather the homely every-day life of the last century.



THE BRITISH IN WILMINGTON.