



THE GREEN TREE INN

built 1748, still standing, no longer a tavern, Germantown Avenue above High Street, Germantown.

Tales of Old Taverns

An Address

Delivered by

Fred. Perry Powers

before

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Tales of Old Taverns

By Fred. Perry Powers

IN the play called "Eastward Hoe!" compounded 306 years ago by Ben Johnson, George Chapman and John Marston, the stage direction says, "Enter Sea Gull (who is a mariner and fresh from the New World) Spendall and Scape-Thrift in the Blewe Anchor Tavern, with a drawer," who, of course, is a person who draws. Sea Gull tells Scape-thrift what sort of a world the new one is:—

I tell thee that gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us, and for as much red copper as I can bring, I will have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping pans are pure gold, and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massie gold; and all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold, and for rubies and diamonds they go forth on holy days and gather them up by the seashore to hang on their children's coats.

The simple truth about America being thus disclosed to wondering Britons, at the Blewe Anchor, nothing could be more appropriate than that the Blue Anchor should be the gateway to this land of incalculable wealth and opportunity, and accordingly we find that the first tavern in Philadelphia was the Blue Anchor on Dock street, or originally at the mouth of Dock Creek. The existing Blue Anchor has painted on it the date of 1682. It is, however, the third of the name, I believe, and is a full square from the original spot, but it is the lineal descendant of the house of public entertainment at which William Penn disembarked from the barge which brought him up from Chester, according to a tradition cherished by Watson and scouted by Scharf and Westcott.

Correction:—

On the plate of the Seven Stars Tavern, opposite page
198, Plymouth Rock should read Plymouth Creek.

Possibly another reason for the name given to this house was that, according to the minutes of the Council, 23d of 1st month, 1683, it was "Ordered, That the seal of Philadelphia be the anchor."

Col. William Bradford's London Coffee House, Front and High streets, never was an inn, I think, but in its decline it was a place of liquid refreshment. In its days of distinction and influence, the commercial and political life of Philadelphia centred here as at a Merchants' Exchange, which it was often called. From it Capt. Graydon watched Washington and his army pass down Front street to Chestnut on the way to meet Howe. John Pemberton, a Friend, being the owner of it, on the 8th of 7th month, 1780, he leased it to Gifford Dally, making every effort to provide that it should be a force for morality and social uplift. In the lease Dally—

covenants and agrees and promises that he will exert his endeavors as a Christian to preserve decency and order in said house, and to discourage the profanation of the sacred name of God Almighty by cursing, swearing &c., and that the house on the first day of the week shall always be kept closed from public use.

No cards, dice, backgammon or any other unlawful game was to be tolerated.

The Pennsylvania Journal of January 31, 1760, contained this :

Notice is hereby given that I, John Cisty, being employed by a number of gentlemen, intend to ride as a Messenger between Baltimore town in Maryland and Philadelphia, once a Fortnight during the Winter and once a Week in the Summer. Any Gentlemen having letters to send, then by leaving them at the London Coffee House, may depend they shall be called for by their humble servant,

JOHN CISTY.

Among the eccentric signs on Philadelphia taverns, Watson, the annalist, mentions "The Quiet Woman," the sign depicting a woman with her head cut off. The jest seems to have been regarded as in bad taste and public sentiment compelled its removal. I have found the origin of this sign, and it was no merry jest. The Quiet Woman was Marie Antoinette after the guillotine had done its work.

In his Travels, 1797, the Duke de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt tells us :

Half way from Chester to Wilmington stands an inn where the stage generally stops. It was kept about three years ago by an Englishman, a dissenter, who in the spirit of a demagogue had a sign painted representing a decapitated female, the head lying by the side of the bleeding trunk, underneath which was this inscription : "The Guillotined Queen of France."

No authority possessed the power of compelling him to take down this horrible sign, at the sight of which everybody revolted; and as it was the only inn, within five miles either way, it could not be abandoned. However, that which the laws could not effect, the public voice accomplished. The horror excited by this infamous picture was so general and so loudly proclaimed that the brutal inn-keeper was obliged to change his sign; or at least to alter it. He was unwilling, however, to relinquish the idea entirely. The female still remained without a head, but erect, without any trace of blood, or implements of execution and the inscription was altered to : "The Silent Woman." Such was the public reparation which this man partially made, but he continued to be despised; his inn was, however, still frequented because, as I have before observed, it was the only one. Since that period other taverns have been established; another inn-keeper has succeeded the dissenter and has changed the sign of "The Silent Woman" for that of "The Practical Farmer."

Evidently the dissenter and demagogue removed to Philadelphia and took his sign with him. Scharf and Westcott say that the house was on the east side of Second street, about a block below Greenwich, three or four blocks below Washington avenue, that it had been kept by a Frenchman named Lutier and known as The Purple and Blue, from the sign which showed a bunch of purple grapes on a blue ground, and one Douglas took the house from him and set up the sign of The Quiet Woman.

The amount of sympathy expressed in this vicinity for the French Revolutionists is incredible. Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton says in his "Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton,"

Upon the occasion of Genet's dinner [Genet being the French Minister] one of the taverns showed a painting of the gory body of Marie Antoinette, and the sheets covering it were decorated with the tri-color.

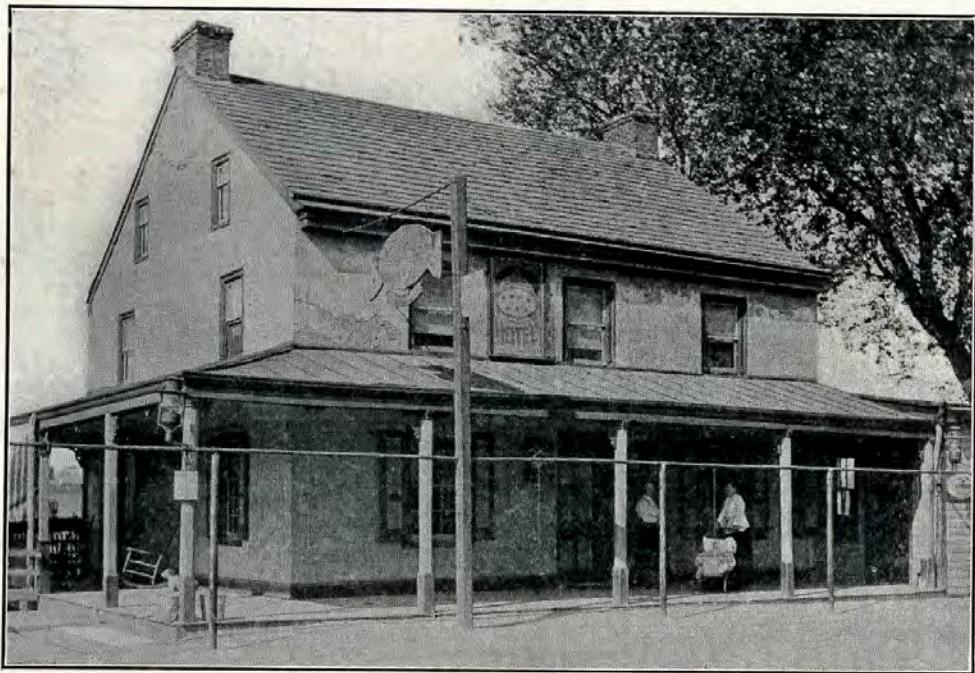
The entertainment of voluntary and involuntary guests was singularly combined at one time in Philadelphia, for on Oct. 7, 1729, the City Council resolved that,

The keeping of a Tavern in the Prison being under the Consideration of the Board, they are of opinion that the same is a great nuisance, and ought to be suppressed, and that the Removal thereof be recommended to the Magistracy.

Most of our tavern signs were borrowed from England. Watson mentions a 2-story brick house on the west side of Sixth above Catherine, the sign of which showed a mansion with four steps on which were inscribed:—

1. King—I govern all.
2. General—I fight for all.
3. Minister—I pray for all.
4. Laborer—And I pay for all.

A writer on English taverns says:



THE SEVEN STARS

Ridge Road at Plymouth Rock west of Harmonsburg.



THE CROSS KEYS

built about 1744. A mile above Doylestown, on the Road to Easton.

In the year 1807 an annotator of Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature* says: I remember many years ago passing through a court in Rosemary lane, where I observed an ancient sign over the door of an alehouse, which was called The Four Alls. There was the figure of a King, and on a label, "I rule all." The figure of a Priest, motto, "I pray for all," a Soldier, "I fight for all," and a Yeoman, "I pay for all." About two years ago I passed through the same thoroughfare, and looking up for my curious sign, I was amazed to see a painted board occupy its place with these words inscribed: "The Four Awls."

Watson or his continuator says that on the west side of Thirteenth street, below Walnut, there had stood a frame tavern painted blue. On the sign over the door was the following verse:

I, William McDermott, lives here;
I sells good porter, ale and beer;
I've made my sign a little wider
To let you know I sell good cider.

But in Sevenoaks, Kent, England, there was a sign, whose spelling carries us back to very early English:

I, John Stubbs, liveth here,
Sells good brandy, gin and beer;
I made my borde a little whyder
To lette you knowe I sell good syder.

Of course the stages started from the taverns. Generally it was the tavern keeper who operated the stage line. The Pennsylvania Journal of May 24, 1759, contained the following advertisement:

Philadelphia stage waggon and New York stage boats performs their stages twice a week.

John Butler with his waggon sets out on Mondays from his House at the Sign of the Death of the Fox, in Strawberry ally, and drives the same day to Trenton Ferry, when Francis Holman meets him and proceeds

on Tuesday to Brunswick, and the passengers and goods being shifted into the waggon of Isaac Fitzrandolph, he takes them to the New Blazing Star to Jacob Fitzrandolph's the same day, where Rubin Fitzrandolph with a boat well fitted will receive them and take them to New York that night, John Butler returning to Philadelphia on Tuesday with the passengers and goods delivered to him by Francis Holman, will again set out for Trenton Ferry on Thursday and Francis Holman &c., will carry his passengers and goods with the same expedition as above to New York.

It is not quite clear how many days the traveler was in the care of the various members of the Fitzrandolph family, but it seems to have been two, and it took three days to reach New York by this expeditious and variegated route.

Butler's stage was started in November, 1756, and previous to that there had been stages from Trenton or Bordentown to Brunswick or Perth Amboy, and one from Crooked Billet to Amboy by way of Bordentown. Butler's sign is explained by the fact that he had been kennel keeper for a club of fox hunters. When the spread of the city northward obliged them to move their kennels to New Jersey they set their old keeper up in a tavern.

In the streets of Cobham Mr. Pickwick discovered an inscription of the great value of which he entertained no doubt, though the sceptical Mr. Blotton declared it to be nothing but "Bill Stumps his mark," and he had the deposition of Bill Stumps to that effect. In Strawberry street—to which dignity Strawberry alley has been advanced—I have not even found an inscription to identify The Death of the Fox. But I have found there a little old building which might very well be the house from which John Butler was wont to set out for Trenton Ferry twice a week. The house is apparently old, it was certainly built before the street was widened, and it looks just like the original part of The Blue Bell in Darby, or the old end of the Perkiomen Bridge Hotel.

Stage travel had troubles of its own. Poulson's American Daily Advertiser of Feb. 12, 1816, says:

A stage between this city and Trenton took fire and was entirely consumed. It was occasioned by a passenger putting a hot brick on the floor of the stage to keep his feet warm, and, what is most extraordinary, it burnt with such rapidity that the passengers, six in number, with difficulty made their escape.

If we disregard the mere fancy regarding The Death of the Fox no Eighteenth Century tavern exists in Philadelphia except the Black Horse on Second street, below Callowhill, though there is a Sorrel Horse on Fourth street, and an Eagle near by, of the same style with great yards for wagons. The Black Horse goes back to 1785 at least. William J. Buck wrote:

Even at late as 1845 it was a common thing to see teamsters and farmers take their beds along and lodge on the floors. About the period spoken of the writer has thus frequently seen as many as one hundred lie down respectively at the Red Lion and Black Horse on North Second street.

Distinguished visitors were entertained—and exhibited—at the taverns. Scharf and Westcott tell us that two live porpoises were exhibited at the Black Horse in 1805, and an elephant at the George (the St. George and the Dragon) in 1806. The following year the learned African horse Spotee, which had a tail like an elephant's, was exhibited at the Black Horse. This wonderful animal was represented to have a knowledge of arithmetic, and to add, subtract and divide, tell the number of buttons on a coat, etc. At the same tavern there were exhibited that year two royal tigers from Surat in Asia, and a living sea-dog taken on the Delaware river near Trenton.

When Bradford established his printing office at the corner of Black Horse alley, there was a Black Horse tavern

on Second, between High and Chestnut. The fact that proprietors took their signs with them when they moved makes the identification of some of these old places difficult.

If a lady will open her fan upon the map so that the pivot rests upon Crooked Billet street, which preserves the memory of the tavern that first entertained a runaway printer's apprentice from Boston, named Benjamin Franklin, the outside sticks may well enough represent the river which Henry Hudson called the South River, to distinguish it from another which he called the North River, and which is still so known to the dwellers on Manhattan in spite of the efforts of geographers to name it the Hudson. He entered each river hoping that it was the Northwest Passage to India. The other sticks will represent the radiating highways, beginning with the trail made by the moccasined feet of the Indian, beaten into the King's Path by the heavy shoes of the white man, and widened by his clumsy carts into Front street and the Bristol road, and then the Middle or Oxford road, the Old York road, the Easton road, the part from the Bucks county line to Willow Grove being first known as the Governor's road, because it was opened to enable Sir William Keith to drive to Philadelphia with a coach and six horses from his manor house, since known as Graeme Park, and still standing; the Limekiln road, made to connect the limekilns with the city; the North Wales road, the portion south of Spring House having since become a section of the Bethlehem pike; the Skippack road, made to connect the Skippack region with the flour mills of the Wissahickon; the road to Germantown and Reading, the Ridge or Manitawney road, the Gulph road, leading from both directions to the Gulph Mills; the Old Lancaster road, followed in part, and diverged from in part, by the Lancaster turnpike; the West Chester road, and then back again to the Indian trail or the King's Path, the part near the city being called the Darby road, or more comprehensively, the Chester road, the portion lying inside the present city being now known as Woodland avenue,

from the name given to the fine Hamilton estate, now a cemetery.

At frequent intervals on these roads there came to be houses of public entertainment where elections were held, whose large rooms served for the neighborhood's merry-makings and around which homes were built, the villages being known by the tavern sign in which they had conquered the wilderness, until the village felt it was large enough to have a name of its own, and the Crooked Billet became Hattboro, and the Turk's Head became West Chester, the place where the Widow Jenkins kept a tavern becoming Jenkintown, and the cross roads where Doyle had an inn becoming Doylestown, while many hamlets never outgrew the tavern sign, and we have the King of Prussia, the Wheat Sheaf, the Bird-in-Hand, and a score of like names on the map.

As the pioneers moved about the country they could secure entertainment at private houses. The beginnings of commerce demanded houses of entertainment. Speaking of the period when Benjamin West was born, 1738, John Galt says: (1816)

In the houses of the principal families, the patricians of the country, unlimited hospitality formed a part of their regular economy. It was the custom among those who resided near the highways, after supper and the last religious exercises of the evening, to make a large fire in the hall, and to set out a table with refreshments for such travelers as might have occasion to pass during the night; and when the families assembled in the morning they seldom found that their tables had been unvisited.

I have not seen elsewhere mention of this practice, but William Hartley, of Charlestown, Chester county, in 1740 petitioned for a license to sell liquor because his house is

continually infested with travelers who call for and demand necessaries, and that he has been at great charges

in supplying them with bedding and their horses with proper provender without any payment.

Keeping a tavern was within the abilities of women and of men, aged or infirm, who might become public charges. In 1735 Robert Richardson, of Tredyffrin, Chester county, petitioned for a license because he is incapable, by reason of lameness in his arms, and has to support two ancient helpless women, his mother and his mother-in-law, besides wife and children.

In 1741 John Hawley petitioned for a renewal of his license in Newtown, Chester county, because, among other things, he and his wife are between sixty and seventy years of age,

and hope you will not allow Francis Elliot, a young man (that hath a good trade, being a wheel wright, house carpenter and joyner, having a wife and one child, and hath two or three apprentices and one journeyman) to obtain your grant for keeping a public house in Newtown.

The people of the town backed up Hawley lest he should become a public charge.

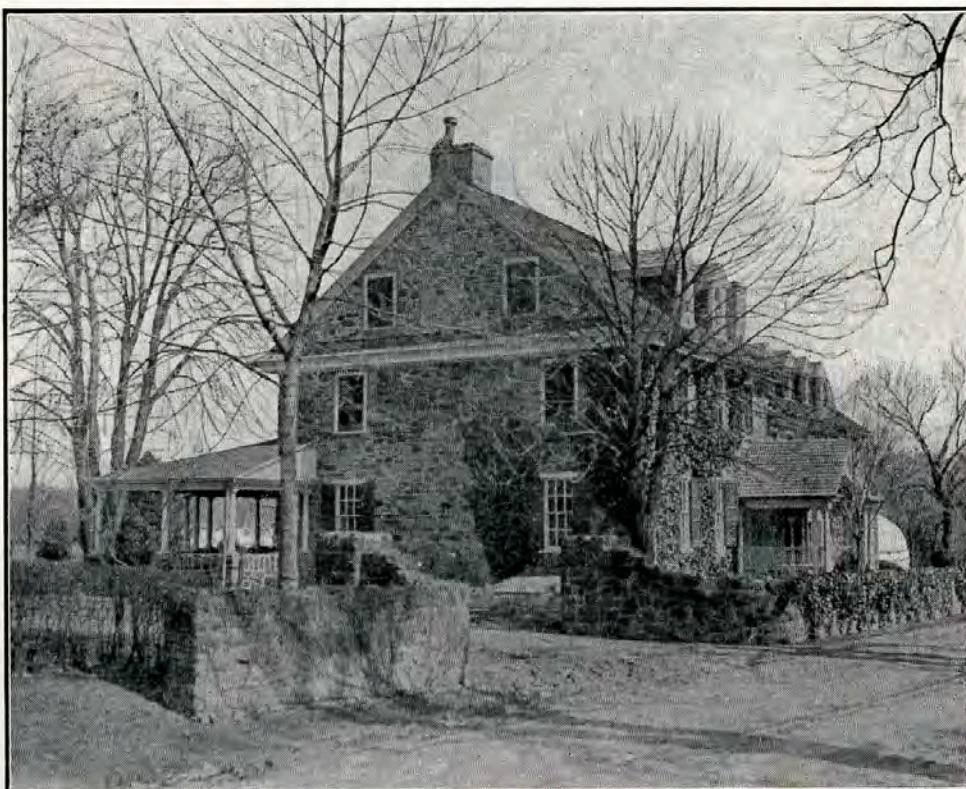
On the Bristol road we reach Frankford. A member of the family which for three generations occupied the Jolly Post, or The Jolly Post Boy, demolished 1911, after existing since 1680, writes to me:

It was advertised as a noted inn about 1768, and, of course, being the principal hotel during the Revolutionary period, there are numerous legends attached to it. There was a deal of fighting around it. Capt. Allan McLane made it a rendezvous for his dragoons. It was from The Jolly Post that he set out to fire the British palisades on the night of the Mischianza. When the army marched to Yorktown it stopped there long enough to prepare and eat its morning meal. When, in 1881, the regulars marched over the same route as did



THE JOLLY POST

Frankford Avenue above Orthodox Street. Built, 1680. Demolished, 1911.



SORREL HORSE TAVERN

Old Lancaster Road, half a mile east of Ithansville. Now a Summer Residence.

the patriots one hundred years before, they made a similar stop. Gen. Hancock commanded. Their itinerary was a replica of that of the Revolutionary army.

It was at a tavern in Frankford—and therefore I presume at the Jolly Post Boy—where Capt. Graydon with his drummer and fifer sought recruits in 1776. At the bar he found some young men who manifested a persistent disposition to ridicule the captain and his attendants, and finally it became incumbent upon him to thrash two or three of them, whereupon they became obsequious and though they did not enlist, they offered to join his outfit and do what they could to get others to enlist.

Colonel Simcoe, of the Queen's Rangers, American loyalists in the British service, describes the capture of an American guard at the Jolly Post. He says:

After making a circuit and nearly attaining the rear of the Jolly Post, the public house where the guard was kept, we fell in with a patrol; this was cut off from the house; it luckily did not fire, but ran toward the wood. The infantry crossed the fields immediately in the rear of the house, and a disposition was formed for attacking it in case, as it well might have been, it should be defended; the cavalry made a circuit to the road in the rear, and the post was completely surprised. An officer and twenty men were taken prisoners, two or three of whom were slightly wounded in an attempt to escape.

After the war Simcoe became the first lieutenant governor of Upper Canada. There the Duke de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt visited him, and reports him as extremely bitter toward the Americans. There is now an armed Canadian vessel on the lakes bearing his name.

Miss Blakiston's paper on Lower Dublin, just issued by the City History Society, says that a ball in honor of Lafayette was given in the Washington Hotel, Holmesburg, in 1824.

Atkinson's Casket, wherein are very properly embalmed many historical remains, said in 1830:

Washington Inn, Holmesburg, was celebrated during the Revolution as a Hospital for the sick and wounded American soldiers. It was at that time occupied as a private family mansion by the patriotic owner who was himself devoted to the cause of liberty and joined the army with the rank of Major. The headquarters of Washington were, by desire of its worthy proprietor, established in this mansion, and continued at intervals during the operations within its immediate neighborhood. At the close of the war the proprietor of this establishment converted it into a public house under the name of the Washington Inn, by which it has ever since been designated.

A little beyond the Washington Inn we reach a bridge of which the Casket, in the same year, published a cut with a description saying it was built in 1697-8. A few years ago a Boston newspaper said that a bridge at Ipswich was the first stone-arch bridge built in America. Pennsylvania has Massachusetts beaten to a frazzle. That bridge was built in 1764, when this bridge was sixty-six years old. William Penn wrote from Pennsbury, 22nd of 6th month, 1700, to "urge the justices about the bridge at Pennepecka and Poquessin forthwith for a carriage or I cannot come down." This is the bridge at Pennepecka, and the bridge at Poquesing may have been the unquestionably old bridge which was removed less than eight years ago. Probably we had two stone-arch bridges in 1700.

May 4, 1773, Sarah Eve, who died three weeks before she was to have been married to Dr. Benjamin Rush, drove to a friend's estate near Bristol, and in her journey she writes:

We are now on Penne Pack Bridge; you will say I am but a poor traveller when I tell you it is the best bridge I ever went over, although it has but three arches.

The lion, probably because a national emblem, was a common sign in England, and the red variety prevailed. Goldsmith referred to one in Drury lane—

Where the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay.

There was a Golden Lion in Philadelphia, but being none too well painted, and suffering from exposure to a climate uncongenial to lions, it came to be popularly known as The Yellow Cat. No beast was more common in the Pennsylvania woods than the Red Lion. The Red Lion in Lionville, Chester county, was a log house, and stood till 1900 or later. It was very near the Uwchlan Friends' meeting house, and when it was licensed in 1740 the Friends protested—

That it being but a few perches from our meeting house, where persons intoxicated with strong liquor may come and be very annoyous, and troublesome, where also our youth may be induced by ill company to that which may be very corrupt and injurious to them, etc.

This Red Lion is mentioned in Christopher Marshall's journal, and Alexander Hamilton wrote to General Washington, from Philadelphia, Sept. 22, 1777, regarding the misfortune near the Paoli—"The loss, it is said, was not great; and our troops were re-assembling fast at the Red Lion."

But the one important Red Lion is that of 1730, on the Bristol road, on the Bucks county side of Poquessing creek. When John Adams and the other Massachusetts delegates to the First Continental Congress in 1774, were approaching this city they stopped for dinner at the Red Lion, as Mr. Adams records in his diary. On another occasion he mentions stopping there for dinner, and on a third occasion he records that he "oated" there, and dined at Bristol, but I presume it was only his horse that "oated" there.

Col. Simcoe writes in his journal:

Near the end of October (1777) the Queen's Rangers were directed to patrol beyond Frankfort, four miles from Philadelphia; it was the day that Colonel Donop made his unfortunate attempt on Red Bank; they advanced as far as the Red Lion, which several of the rebel officers had left a few minutes before.

Count William de Deuxponts, commander of a French regiment, entered in his diary of the march to Yorktown:

On the 2nd we encamped at Red Lion Tavern.
On the 3d of September we marched to Philadelphia.

Henry Wansey, an English traveler in 1794, started on his trip to New York from The Indian Queen, 15 South Fourth street, at 3 A. M., and reached The Red Lion at sunrise.

At the ferry landing in Bristol is the Delaware tavern or hotel, built in 1765. Its ante-bellum sign, a portrait of George III, was not taken down till a Continental regiment riddled it with bullets, which perhaps explains why there is no sign or name on or about the house now. Charles Bessonette, or Benezet, proprietor of the house, started a line of stage coaches in 1773, the first to run through from Philadelphia to New York, or rather to Paulus Hook, or Jersey City. The trip was made in two days, and the fare was four dollars for inside and twenty shillings for outside passengers.

In 1766 another line of "stage waggons" had been put on between this city and New York, making the trip in two days—in summer—and having springs under the seats. The great speed and ease of motion of these vehicles led them to be known as "flying machines." Bessonette's or Benezet's may have been more luxuriously appointed, or language may have been growing ornate, for they were called "stage coaches."

The Marquis de Chastellux said of this house:

The inn I alighted at is kept by a Mr. Benezet, of

French extraction and of a very respectable Quaker family; but he is a deserter from their communion. He is of the Church of England, and has retained none of the acknowledged principles of his brethren, except that of making you pay dearer than other people; in other respects his inn is handsome, the windows look upon the Delaware, and the view from them is superior.

This was in 1780. In 1794 the prices were low enough, but not much attention was paid to comfort. Mr. Wansey wrote:

At Bristol no one would get them any breakfast, but they found their way to the cupboard and ate bread and butter till the kettle and tea things were brought. But the landlord collected a quarter apiece.

Quarters for quarters was the usual rate of exchange at the taverns about that period.

The sign of the anchor was usually employed to catch the attention of seafaring men, as the Wagon, the Harrow, the Plow, the Bull, the Horse, the Lamb and the Hog—for there was a Hog Tavern in Buttonwood street, though the Boar's Head would have sounded so much more interesting—were designed to attract the favorable consideration of the farmers. But occasionally the Anchor is found far inland and the Anchor Hotel on the Middle or Oxford road, in Wrightstown township, is mentioned in Davis's History as one of the oldest houses in Bucks county. It was built in or soon after 1724.

In Richboro, on the same road, are a White Bear and a Black Bear, both greatly modernized and without signs. The old part of the Black Bear is the rear, or what you might call the kitchen wing. There the gentlemen of Bucks county gave a dinner to Secretary Ingham on the occasion of his retirement from Jackson's Cabinet.

The Brick Hotel in Newtown was once a Red Lion, and according to tradition, it was the headquarters of Nathanael Greene after the affair at Trenton.

The Old Rising Sun stood on the Germantown road about 500 feet above the point where that road and the Old York road diverge. There was a New Rising Sun in the angle of the two roads, and, if I understand Townsend Ward, the two existed at the same time. The old one was built by Mary Davis about 1764, according to Mrs. Mears. Mary married Anthony Neus, or Nece, or Nice, who died and the house was often called the Widow Nice's. Robert Morton's diary records, Dec. 8, 1777, that the Hessians "set fire to the house on Germantown road called the Rising Sun." This was when Howe was returning from his futile movement to Chestnut Hill. That movement was rendered futile because information of it was conveyed to General Washington by Lydia Darrach. There are several versions of the Darrach story, and over at the University of Pennsylvania there is a professor who says it is a myth. But Elias Boudinot says in his Recollections:

I dined at a small post at the Rising Sun, about three miles from the city. After dinner, a little, poor-looking, insignificant old woman came in and solicited leave to go into the country to buy some flour. While we were asking some questions she walked up to me and put into my hands a dirty old needlebook, with various small pockets in it. Surprised at this, I told her to return; she should have an answer. On opening the needlebook, I could not find anything till I got to the last pocket, where I found a piece of paper rolled up into the shape of a pipe-shank. On unrolling it I found information that General Howe was coming out the next morning, with 5,000 men, 13 pieces of cannon, baggage wagons, and 11 boats on wagon wheels. On comparing this with other information I found it true, and immediately rode post to headquarters.

As you go up the York road from the Rising Sun, before you reach Chelten avenue, you come in the vicinity of Black Rock, to a bridge built in 1793. In the parapet of that

bridge is the 7-mile stone of the old series, before the turnpike company set out stones numbered from a different starting point, and giving the distances both to Philadelphia and to Rising Sun. The mile stone is mentioned as one of the landmarks in Washington's orders to the New Jersey and Maryland militia for their part in the attack on Germantown.

Further up the road in Ogontz, which used to be Shoemakertown, from the Widow Shoemaker's mill, which stands close to the bridge, is the Cheltenham bridge over Tacony creek, built 1798.

Bogart's tavern, at one time Jamison's, was one of the most important stations on the York road. It is in Buckingham at the intersection of the Durham road, and has received additions on the ground as well as a mansard roof in modern times. In traveling in 1772 Elizabeth Drinker notes that "We came to the Widow Jemmison's, where we supped and lodged." A traveler whose name has not been preserved records in the following year:

Durham Rd

Aug. 15, 1773, Sunday—Left Philadelphia about 7 o'clock morning, arrived at Abington, $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine, the roads but Indifferent. (12 miles). House kept by Paul, tolerable, breakfast pretty good. [Paul's was the Wagon, afterwards the Red Lion, at Willow Grove a few rods north of the present Mineral Springs Hotel.] Left Abington about 11 o'clock A. M., arrived at Jamison's $\frac{1}{4}$ past 3 P. M., great part of the road hilly & rough. The House at Jamison's (15 miles) neat and clean. Dinner very indifferent. Claret, so-called, very bad. At five o'clock P. M., left Jamison's, and at 8 P. M., arriv'd at Wilson's. [This was at the sign of the Harrow in Nockamixon township.] Road indifferent. Supper at Wilson's very good. Wine Lisbon, good. Spirits very good, no Candles in the House, the People dirty, the House swarming with Buggs—no sleep, 13 miles.

In Bogart's house—the Widow Jamison married Bogart,

a man is rather a convenience in running a tavern—met the committee of safety of Bucks county. The minutes show that on July 21, 1775—

The members appointed at the last meeting to dispose of the money collected for the relief of the poor of Boston, reported that they had paid the same into the hands of Samuel Adams, one of the Delegates at the Continental Congress for the province of Massachusetts.

Thomas Meredith, having been reported to have uttered “expressions inimicable to the Cause and Liberty of America in general, and especially of the inhabitants of the town of Boston,” he, one month later, made his retraction in these terms:

Whereas, I have spoken injuriously of the distressed people of the town of Boston, and disrespectfully of the measures prosecuting for the redress of American grievances; I do hereby declare that I am heartily sorry for what I have done, voluntarily renouncing my former principles, and promise for the future to render my conduct inexceptionable to my Countrymen by strictly adhering to the measures of the Congress.

THOMAS MEREDITH.

July 10, 1776—

Resolved that where it shall appear to the Collector of Arms that any person or persons have been in possession of good Fire-arms and do not deliver them, or satisfy the Collectors where they are, the said Collectors, or any of them, cite such person or persons to appear before this Committee at their next meeting and satisfy this Board how the said arms have been disposed of.

General Greene's headquarters are said to have been in this house at one time, and when the army was on its march from Coryell's Ferry, New Hope, to Germantown, July 31, 1777, Lieut. McMichael, of the 13th Pennsylvania, noted in his diary: “We passed Bogart's tavern and camped at

the Cross Roads [now Hartsville] in Warwick Township at 7 P. M."

This side of Bogart's near Hatboro, the York road crosses the Pennypack on a bridge in which is set the date stone "1780," but the county history says the bridge was built in 1824, and not quite on the site of its predecessor, and the date stone was transplanted from the older bridge.

The York road crossed the Little Neshaminy on a stone bridge when the Continental army camped there in August, 1777, and Washington occupied a house, now standing, but that bridge was removed very many years ago.

As you go up the Easton road to Doylestown you cross the Little Neshaminy on a more modern bridge, and a couple of miles this side of Doylestown you cross the Big Neshaminy on a bridge erected in 1800, and one of the handsomest bridges around here.

The efforts of the unlearned at the primeval art of picture-writing led to astonishing results. The authority on English taverns I have already quoted, says that The Goat and Compasses was a corruption of God Encompaseth Us, and Praise-God Barebones preferred drinking his tankard of ale at the God Encompaseth Us, rather than frequent a house retaining its old and heathenish title. This sign has survived to modern times, for in DeMorgan's novel, Christopher Vance says: "And young Cripps he says to me, civil like, that he'd seen me at the private bar at the Goat and Compasses." I presume that Praise-God Barebones would have regarded the Cross Keys—plainly a Papal emblem—as an old and heathenish title. The sign occurs many times among Pennsylvania taverns when the Catholic population was small in the city, and still scantier in the rural districts. On the Ridge road near the Perkiomen is a farm house which was once the Cross Keys Tavern, and the road opposite it is still the Cross Keys road. Just north of Doylestown is a Cross Keys Tavern, or Hotel, which, since I got my picture of the sign has substituted

"boarding house" for "hotel" and taken the sign down from its post and will attach it to the building.

Taverns were of every variety, and so were travelers. The Marquis de Chastellux found Courtheath's tavern in northern New Jersey poorly equipped for food and worse for drink. He says:

The bill they presented to me the next morning amounted, nevertheless, to sixteen dollars. I observed to Mr. Courtheath that if he made me pay for being waited on by his pretty sisters, it was by much too little; but if only for lodgings and supper it was a great deal.

His translator adds the foot-note:

Traveling in America was wonderfully expensive during the war, even after the abolition of paper money and when all payments were made in specie; you could not remain at an inn, even the most indifferent, one night, with a servant and two horses, living in the most moderate way under from five to eight dollars.

But the Prince de Broglie understood how to get the best of everything, and at the same time inspire the most amiable feelings. He wrote:

I enjoyed talking with my hosts. We took our dinner together without ceremony, and when my hostess was pretty I kissed her, without apparently shocking her husband. These little attentions and the amiability I displayed in discussing politics with my host, resulted generally in my being given the best room in the house. I also succeeded in procuring, what was still rarer, fresh sheets which had not already been used by some other traveler, and I showed such an aversion for sleeping with any one that I was assured no new comer would rouse me in the night.

As we go out the North Wales road, which is the Bethlehem road as far as Spring House, we pass the Black Horse in Flourtown, which recalls the time when Flourtown was a

Chicago wheat pit on a small scale, and buyers and sellers dickered—and liquored—at the public houses.

Further out we pass Edge's mill, a building now just two hundred years old, according to Mr. John Conard, and mentioned as a landmark for the guidance of Smallwood's and Forman's militia in the advance on Germantown, in Washington's orders.

The Spring House on the North Wales road claims to go back to 1719. It was burned about twenty years ago, but was rebuilt in the old walls with some additional space, I presume, and certainly with the addition of a mansard roof. The New Jersey Gazette, February 18, 1778, published this item of war news:

On Saturday last (Feb. 15) a considerable body of British light infantry, accompanied by a body of light horse, made an excursion into the country as high as a place called the Spring House Tavern, Gwynedd township, Philadelphia county, about sixteen miles from Philadelphia, where they made prisoners of a Major Wright, of the Pennsylvania militia, and a number of persons in the Civil Department, such as Magistrates, Assessors, Constables, etc., who were pointed out by the Tories inhabiting that neighborhood. The Enemy went in three divisions, a part of them through Germantown, where they broke many windows, seized all the leather, stockings, etc, and returned to Philadelphia on the evening of the same day, after having committed many other acts of licentiousness and cruelty on the persons of those they term Rebels.

Under date of March 29, 1778, Gen. Lacey wrote to Gen. Washington:

I had the pleasure to be with Gen. McIntosh on the 23d inst. at the Spring House tavern in Philadelphia county when the general, several field officers and myself were of the opinion that if the inhabitants who live near the enemy's lines, or between ours and them,

on this side of the Schuylkill, were to move back into the country it would be of the utmost utility to the public cause.

This was the reconcentrado policy which infuriated us when Weyler practiced it in Cuba, and which we immediately thereafter practiced in the Philippines. Washington replied:

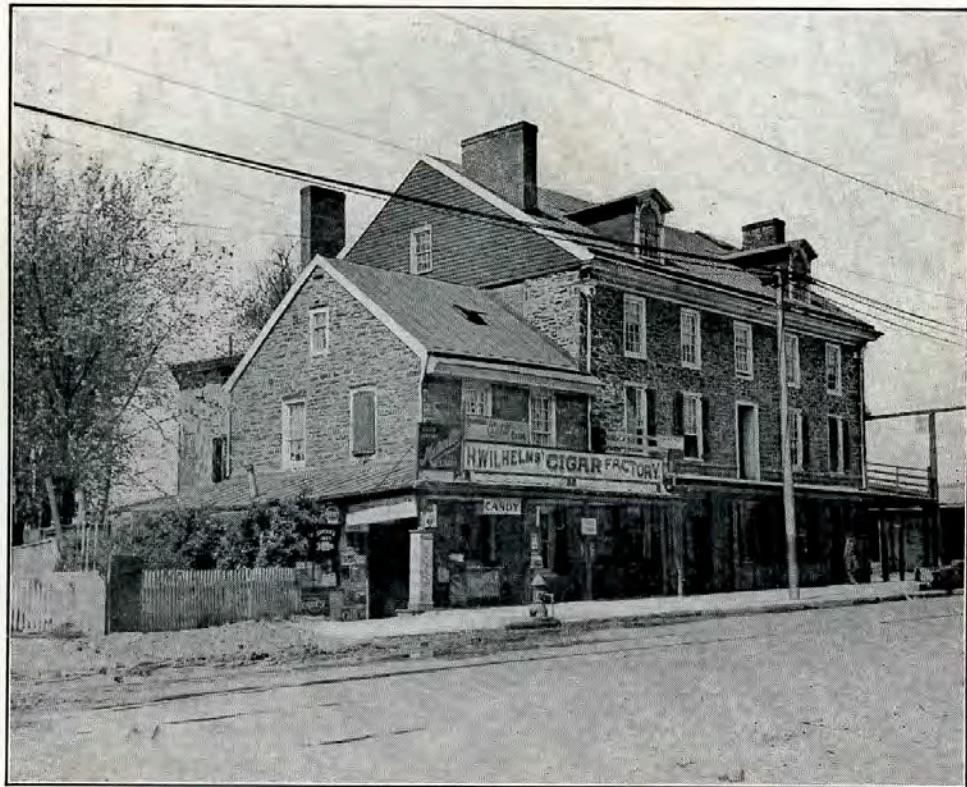
In answer to your plan of removing all the inhabitants in the vicinity of the enemy's line, with a view of stopping the communication between the city and country, I have to observe that the measure is rather desirable than practicable.

Alexander Wilson, ornithologist, stopped at the Spring House on his pedestrian tour to Niagara Falls in October, 1804. In "The Foresters" he gives this sketch of his experiences:

Mile after mile passed unperceived away,
 Till in the west the day began to close,
 And Spring House tavern furnished us repose.
 Here two long rows of market folk were seen,
 Ranged front to front, the table placed between,
 Where bags of meat and bone and crusts of bread
 And hunks of bacon all around were spread;
 One pint of beer from lip to lip went round,
 And scarce a bone the hungry house-dog found;
 Torrents of Dutch from every quarter came,
 Pigs, calves and sauer-kraut the important theme,
 While we, on future plans revolving deep,
 Discharged our bill and straight retired to sleep.

A couple of miles further up the road is a building of which Howard M. Jenkins says:

It is a tradition that a part of Lacey's men had been posted at the tavern (now William M. Jenkins's store, then belonging to Jacob Wentz, of Worcester) on the turnpike above the meeting house, and that as



THE BLUE BELL

on Woodland Avenue near Cobb's Creek. The two-story part, built 1766. The three-story part, 1801.



WHITE HORSE TAVERN

Swedes' Ford Road, or Old Lancaster Road, Planebrook. No longer a tavern.

they were carelessly marching away with their muskets laid in the baggage wagon for greater ease of movement, a detachment of British surprised and captured them.

The tavern was the middle part of the present structure. The incident recalled by Jenkins is probably the one thus recorded by Capt. Montresor of the British army, in his journal:

Sunday 26th [April, 1778]—The 2 troops of the 17th Dragoons returned and surprised a Post of 50 men of the Rebels at North Wales meeting house, killed 12, took 6 prisoners, the rest fled. Brought in 2 waggons loaded with camp equipage.

In the Pennsylvania Journal for 1761, there is a notification that Jacob Colman intended to run "a stage with an awning three times a week from the King of Prussia Inn to the George Inn [St. George and the Dragon] southwest corner of Second and Arch streets, Philadelphia." Lossing supposes this was the King of Prussia near Valley Forge, but Colman was the proprietor of our own lamented King of Prussia, torn down in 1910.

Jacob Hiltzheimer's journal records:

March 6, 1770—To-day James Delancey, Esq., of New York, and Timothy Matlack had a great cock-fight at Joseph Richardson's on Germantown road.

I have not been able to locate Richardson's house. Matlack, afterward secretary of the Council of Pennsylvania, was reared a Quaker and it is deplorable that he should have engaged in cock-fighting. Timothy was an all-around sport. Watson records that he was passionately fond of both cock-fighting and horse-racing. Evidently he became a Free Quaker many years before the Revolution rent the Society.

Dr. Keyser says of the General Wayne Hotel:

This hotel has had a continuous license for over one hundred and fifty years. It was at one time known

as Cox's tavern, when it was a famous resort for military companies. The place has the unique distinction of having been the headquarters in which soldiers were enlisted for every war in which the country has been engaged.

The Washington Hotel goes back to about 1740, and its wagon yard was once a great market place.

The Mermaid is the only hotel in Germantown which preserves its ancient appearance. Although the building has not been materially changed, its decorations recall the lament of Miss Tozier in writing of modern English taverns:

Their picturesque charms are quite ruined now by the ever-present brewer's advertisement, which invariably disfigures the quaint architecture.

Parties driving to Chestnut Hill for the day were in the habit of stopping here for a meal.

Daniel and Sarah Pastorius built the Green Tree in 1748, and their initials and the date are in the gable. He was a saddler, and the first name of the house was The Saddler's Arms. After his death his widow ran the house. She married Charles Macknett, who died soon, and she conducted the house for many years thereafter as the Widow Macknett's and later it became the Green Tree. Robert Morton came out here to see the battlefield October 5, 1777, and records in his diary:

The greatest slaughter of the Americans was at and near to Chew's place. Most of the killed and wounded that lay there were taken off before I got there, but three lay in the field at that time opposite to Chew's place. The Americans were down as far as Mrs. Mackenett's Tavern.

The first term of court in Montgomery county was held in the barn of the Barley Sheaf tavern on the Germantown and Reading road, according to the county history, but Congressman Wanger thinks it was another sheaf of barley. The



THE GENERAL WAYNE

on the Lancaster Road next to the Old Merion Meeting House. Built, 1704.



THE BLACK HORSE

Old Lancaster Road, corner of County Line Road. Demolished 1911.

barn and house on the Germantown road, exist, and are now farm buildings.

Beyond this is the home of Rittenhouse, and Charles Collins, historian of the Norriton Presbyterian Church, says the box bush in front of it, the biggest and finest I ever saw, was brought from London by Benjamin Franklin to his friend, David Rittenhouse.

Near by is the Norriton Presbyterian Church, the oldest place of worship in this vicinity, except, probably, two Friends' meeting houses.

A bridge built in 1792 carries the Germantown and Reading road over Skippack creek.

The Broad Axe stands at a very important intersection, that of the Skippack road with the road to Matson's Ford. Down the Skippack road past the Broad Axe marched the divisions of Greene and Stephen to the attack on Germantown. Washington's army turned that corner Dec. 11, 1777, on its way from Whitemarsh to Valley Forge, and in the following May, Grant and his English troops turned that corner in their effort to get between Lafayette and Matson's Ford. The local tradition is that the noise of the marching past his house aroused a resident near Farmar's mill, who, looking out, saw English soldiers and started on a run across the fields for Lafayette's position. When his breath gave out he got another man to run the rest of the way and warn Lafayette of his danger. But the Marquis de Chastellux was escorted over Barren Hill by Lafayette himself, and his story is that two officers left Lafayette's camp on some errand into New Jersey, and encountering two British columns, one of which had come through Germantown, and one around by way of Frankford, they turned back and told the Marquis what was going on. Sir William Howe had invited a dinner company for that night to meet his guest and prisoner, but Lafayette was back in Valley Forge.

Well into the last century the only public conveyance from Germantown to Philadelphia was the Bethlehem stage and a lumbering concern from the Broad Axe that made a

daily trip. A writer in *The Pennsylvania Magazine* says that:

So late as just before the introduction of the railroad in 1832, Mr. Henry Chancellor moved to Germantown, unaware of its great isolation. Having occasion to go to the city, he mounted the outside of the Broad Axe coach early in the day; what was his mortification to find that the vehicle stopped at The Rising Sun, about half way, to give the passengers breakfast.

At an earlier date, however, the means of transportation were much better. Robinson's Almanac of 1802 says the stage for Chestnut Hill leaves Mann's Inn in summer at 6, 7 and 9 A. M., and 3, 4 and 6 P. M.; in winter once a day. The stage for Germantown leaves Hay's Inn at 8 and 5 o'clock in summer and 9 and 3 in winter.

A few miles further up the Skippack road, just this side of Centre Square, is the house which was once Abraham Wentz's tavern, built 1762, and for a long time a place of voting. Unlike all the other houses in the vicinity, it is built of brick. In Poulson's Advertiser, April 18, 1808, it is mentioned that resolutions proposing James Ross of Pittsburgh for Governor were adopted "at a large and respectable meeting held at the Brick house in Wilpain [Whitpain] township, Montgomery county." The walls are of common red brick with black-ended headers, and the present owner of the property told me that the red brick were made on the spot, while the black-ended brick were imported. This suggests a reconciliation of the common tradition of churches and houses built of imported brick, with the fact that brick can be made almost anywhere and was made here at a very early date. Peculiar brick, like the black-headed, so commonly used in old buildings, may have been imported long after common red brick were made all over this region. In his *History of Pennsylvania*, Howard M. Jenkins cites evidence that brick were imported after their local manufacture began. But the same sort of brick would not have

been imported long after it had been found possible to manufacture them on the spot.

Between the Broad Axe and the Brick House is the Blue Bell, which had previously been a White Horse. Over the front door is a blue bell sawed out of boards—a bell in shape, but in the flat.

The Leverington Hotel, as Levering's tavern, is mentioned in the orders to the Pennsylvania militia for the attack on Germantown. It is on the Ridge road in Roxborough; within the last five or six years it has been modernized out of all resemblance to its primitive form, but the old building is all there. The name is a little curious. Levering's tavern gave the name to Leverington and the village has since given its name to the hotel.

Near it stood, until two or three years ago, the house of Andrew Wood in the barn of which a British detachment caught a small party of American cavalry and all or most of the latter were killed. A shaft has been erected to their memory in the Roxborough burying yard. Wood's house was used as a church for many years, and the barn was fitted up for the Sunday school. Now there is a church building there.

The Seven Stars Hotel, which goes back to 1720, is on the Ridge road at Plymouth creek. The Seven Stars is not an uncommon sign, and might be supposed to refer to the sweet influences of Pleiades which the Voice out of the Whirlwind derisively asked Job if he could bind. But in England the sign was The Leg and Seven Stars, which a learned writer explains to be merely an orthographical deviation from the League and the Seven Stars or Seven Provinces. He does not deem it necessary to explain this allusion, and I have not been able to find the phrase. But I suppose it carries us back to William the Silent and the Union of Utrecht, which combined the seven northern provinces of Holland and formed the beginning of the Dutch Republic. Events in Holland excited keen interest in England, and we must also remember that Hollanders were very early settlers

in this region. A tavern keeper in Philadelphia with more knowledge of astronomy than of history, had a Moon and Seven Stars.

Over Plymouth Creek, close to the Seven Stars is a bridge built in 1796.

The writer I have cited surmises that the Axe and Bottle covers no allusion to axing for the bottle, but is merely an inversion of the Battleaxe. The Tun and Lute, he observes, seems quite emblematical of the pleasures arising from the association of wine and music. In our own day this not unfamiliar association would be represented by Beer and Meyerbeer, or Tannheuser and Anheuser.

In settling the estate of Charles Norris the site of Norristown was sold at auction at Thompson's tavern on the Ridge road, now the Jeffersonville Hotel, in 1771. It is a local tradition that one of the outposts of the Valley Forge encampment was stationed here. Christopher Marshall's diary, shortly after the British army passed over the Ridge road into Philadelphia, says:

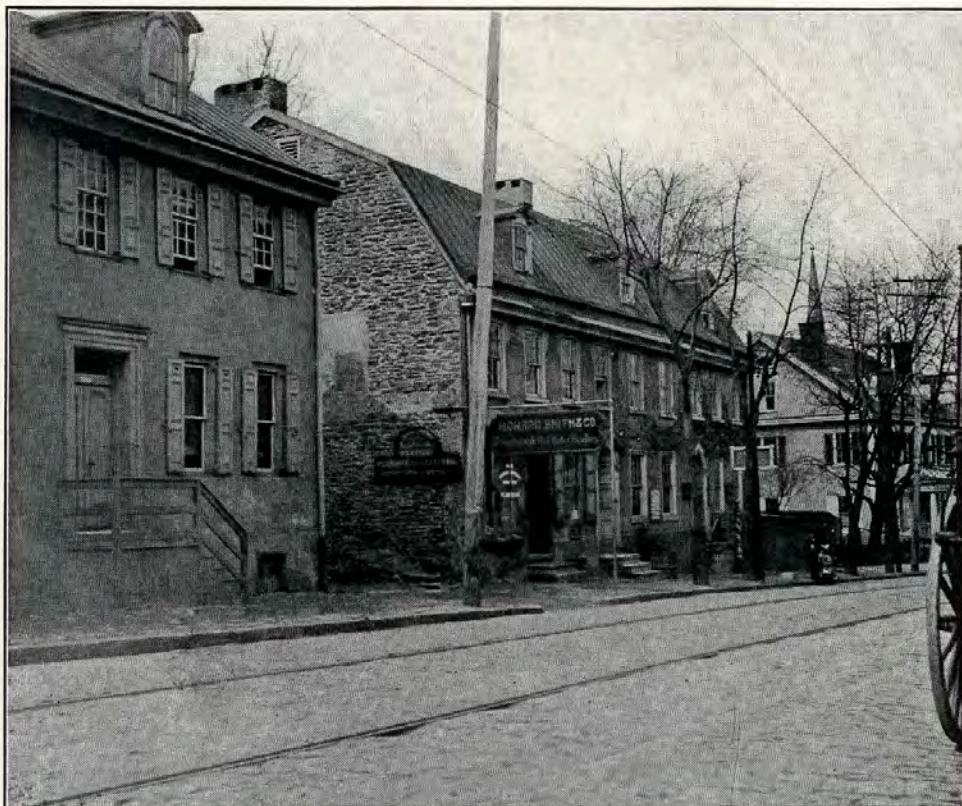
In my son's letter are many instances of the wanton cruelty they [the British] exercised in his neighborhood, amongst which is the burning of the house where Col. Reed did live, the house where Thompson kept tavern, with everything in it, all the hay at Col. Bull's, fifteen hundred bushels of wheat, with other grain, his powder mill and iron works; destroyed all the fences for some miles, with the Indian corn and buckwheat, emptied feather beds, destroyed furniture, cut books to pieces at Col. Bayard's, etc.

The two-story part of the Perkiomen Bridge Hotel goes back to 1701 or 1702. Close to it is the bridge over the Perkiomen, the inscription on which states that it was "Founded in the year of our Lord, 1798," and finished in the following year.

The Bird-in-Hand, no longer a tavern, on the Gulph road was passed by Washington's army going from Gulph



THE CROOKED BILLET, HATBORO



KING OF PRUSSIA

Germantown Avenue above School House Lane. Built about 1740.
Became a Tavern 1763. Demolished 1910.

Mills to Valley Forge. The sign was probably like that of a tavern of the same name in the city—on one side a sportsman holding a dead bird, on the other side two birds in a bush, with the appropriate proverb.

The milestones on the Gulph road bear the Penn arms. On the edge of the tenth stone is the date, 1770. Watson mentions a report, for which he does not vouch, that the milestones on the Haverford road bore the Penn Arms. I have found three of them. The bridge over Gulph creek close to the Bird-in-Hand bears the curious date of "1789, the second year of the Foederal Union"—the second year after the preparation of the Constitution by the convention.

About three miles further west, half way between the Gulph and Valley Forge, is the King of Prussia with the same sign—in design at least—which it displayed a century and a half ago.

September 9, 1776, the committee of safety directed the payment to William Stadleman of 135 pounds, 13s 3d for dieting sundry troops on their march to camp. Stadleman kept the Black Horse at the intersection of the Old Lancaster road and the county line, or what is now City avenue, Dec. 11, 1777, Cornwallis marched out of Philadelphia on a foraging expedition and encountered an outpost of Potter's militia at the Black Horse, and the fighting continued from there nearly to the Gulph. Montresor's journal of March 20, 1778, says:

40 Jagers made an excursion mounted and surprised a party of Rebels of 60 men at the Black Horse on the Lancaster road, killed 2 and took an officer and 10, the rest fled.

[The Black Horse has been demolished since this paper was read.]

Washington probably spent the night of September 14, 1777, in the General Wayne, which goes back to 1704, or further than any other tavern about here, since the disappear-

ance of The Jolly Post Boy, except the tavern at Perkiomen Bridge.

The Sorrel Horse is on the Old Lancaster road half a mile east of Radnor Friends' meeting in Ithansville. Christopher Marshall's journal of Dec. 12, 1777, says:

News of the day is that Howe came out again from Philadelphia with his army [this was the foraging-expedition of Cornwallis already mentioned] crossed Schuylkill at Middle Ferry, marched up Lancaster road to the Sorrel Horse, thirteen miles from the city, and there rested yesterday.

The Journal of the Return of the Pennsylvania Exiles says of April 29, 1778:

About three o'clock we passed the picket guard, at the sign of the Sorrel Horse, at Radnor, where Colonel Livingston commanded; we showed him our papers, which he said were quite sufficient. He invited us to come into his house, but we acknowledged his civility and pursued our journey.

In the afternoon of September 15, 1777, while the army was pressing up the Old Lancaster road to the Admiral Warren and the White Horse, Washington stopped at The Buck, now a boarding house in Haverford, to write a long letter to the President of Congress.

I was once corrected for speaking of the "Admiral" Warren tavern. But an act of the legislature in 1809 authorized a turnpike to start from the Lancaster turnpike between the 23d milestone and the Admiral Warren Tavern. In 1828 Watson with Horatio Gates Jones dined at the Paoli, and he says that near there there was another sign of Colonial times, the Admiral Warren, a name formerly very popular on the American station. He says it was the proprietor of the Admiral Warren, whom he names, and who, with all his sons and daughters came to disreputable ends, who guided the British to Wayne's camp near the Paoli. Watson says that the boys used to shout "Paoli"

after this man as he passed along the streets of Philadelphia. Major Andre's diary speaks of The Admiral Warren. Admiral Warren commanded the British fleet in American waters for many years. He received a land grant from New York on account of his services at the capture of Louisburg, married into the Delancey family and had aspirations to be appointed governor of the Jerseys, but did not attain his ambition.

The Admiral Warren and the White Horse, between which the Old Lancaster road and the Swedesford road were identical, indicate the position where Washington and Howe would have engaged on Sept. 16, 1777, but for a deluge of rain that lasted eighteen hours, and is mentioned in every document of the period, which soaked all the American ammunition and damaged much of the English. Smallwood had 1,500 Maryland militia at the White Horse at the time Wayne was being driven from his camp near the Paoli, but he either lacked information or was unable to get his men into action.

The Paoli was named for Pascal Paoli who led the Corsicans against the French and Genoese between 1755 and 1769. In 1738 he and his father had been obliged to flee to Naples when Baron von Neuhoff, who had been crowned Theodore I, was driven out by the Genoese. It was this Baron von Neuhoff who died in London soon after being released from the debtor's prison, who was buried in the church yard of St. Anne Soho, and for whom Walpole composed this epitaph:

Near this place is interred
Theodore King of Corsica,
Who died in this parish
December xith MDCCCLVI
Immediately after leaving
The King's Bench Prison
By the Benefit of the Act of Insolvency.
In consequence of which
He registered his Kingdom of Corsica

For the use of his Creditors.

The Grave, great Teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and Beggars, Galley-slaves and Kings;
But Theodore this moral learned ere dead.
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living Head:
Bestowed a Kingdom and denied him Bread.

Julius F. Sachse reproduces as a picture of the Spread Eagle Tavern on the Lancaster road, which, I presume it was, an illustration in Isaac Weld's Travels, 1795, where it is given as a picture of "an American stage waggon."

At the height of its prosperity the Lancaster turnpike had sixty-two inns between the Schuylkill and Lancaster—one to each mile—and there were eleven between the 13th and 18th mile stones. Julius F. Sachse has preserved the toast of the teamsters, which included the eleven names:

Here's to the Sorrel Horse,
That kicked the Unicorn, that made the Eagle fly;
That scared the Lamb from under the Stage,
For drinking the Spring-house dry;
That Drove the Ball into the Bear,
And chased Jackson all the way to Paoli.

On a road from Chester to Downington, at the intersection of a road to West Chester, and a little south of Glenloch station on the Main Line, is the Boot. Capt. Montresor of Sir William Howe's staff, noted Sept. 16, 1777:

This Head Quarters is at the sign of the Boot, in the township of Goshen, and within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of the Township of W. Whiteland. The Boot is within 5 miles of Downingtown.

It has had about as many patches as an old boot is entitled to, but the end wall looks like a part of the original construction. Christopher Marshall's journal mentions entertainment at The Hat.

Near the home of Anthony Wayne is The Leopard, no longer a tavern, whose proprietor was Caleb Parry, lieuten-



Illustration from Isaac Weld's Travels, 1795. Probably showing the Spread Eagle Hotel on the Old Lancaster Road near Stratford.

ant-colonel in Atlee's Pennsylvania regiment, killed at the battle of Long Island, and the first Pennsylvanian of prominence to lose his life in the Revolution. The Leopard was undoubtedly the proper name of a tavern in Philadelphia which was commonly known as The Spotted Cat.

At Old Square, a little north of Newtown Square on the West Chester road, is a farm house which Sachse says Benjamin West's father kept as a tavern, where Benjamin spent his boyhood and began dabbling in colors, for after a thorough discussion of the subject in open meeting the Friends consented that Benjamin's father should allow his little son to cultivate his artistic instincts. I do not know Sachse's authority for this. It was not John Galt. Until very recently the local historians guarded the sources of their information as jealously as an angler guards the knowledge of the pool where the trout bite as fast as you can pull them in. Galt mentions no town except Springfield in connection with West's childhood. If Sachse is right it was here that Benjamin cut locks of hair from the cat's back to make brushes of, and here that the Indians taught him how to make red and yellow pigments, and his doting mother made blue for him from indigo.

The Turk's Head in this vicinity is alleged to commemorate the patriotic achievements of Khouli Khan, who freed Persia from the Turks and Afghans and became Shah. At that time our sympathies were always with the revolutionists. Not stable government, but free government excited our interest. But in all probability The Turk's Head was simply The Saracen's Head of the English taverns, which is a souvenir of the Crusades. The Turk's Head around which West Chester has grown up is still flourishing, but it is larger than it was a century and a quarter ago.

Joseph J. Lewis's History of Chester County, published in a newspaper in 1824, told the story of the war over the removal of the county seat from Chester. The removal seems to have been a real estate speculation by thrifty politicians, not unmixed with graft. Charges of graft at the pre-

sent day are true, but nearly all comparisons between the present and the past are false. The commissioners contracted for land near Turk's Head and began building. The law authorizing the removal of the county seat was repealed in the spring—1786, I think—but there were the unfinished buildings. Men from the southern part of the county got a cannon, selected Major Harper to command, and started for Turk's Head to demolish them. Colonel Hannum, promoter of the removal, got together men and arms, boarded up the windows of the court house and made loopholes for muskets. The non-removalists passed the night at the Green Tree, which can hardly be the one in West Chester, but rather one near the town—appeared at Turk's Head early in the morning and planted their cannon. An armistice followed. A party of the besiegers under a flag of truce visited the fortified court house to observe how well it was prepared to stand an attack and the result was that the siege was raised, the cannon was dragged back to Chester and the effusion of blood was averted.

Between Kennett Square and Chadd's Ford is Welch's tavern, or the Anvil, now a row of tenements. On the morning of Sept. 11, 1777, a party of American scouts, who ought to have been out on the road looking for Knyphausen's advance, were in the tap room when the British and Hessian skirmishers appeared. They made no effort to get their horses, tied in front of the house, but sprang from the back windows and ran for the tall timber.

Max von Eeling's history of the Hessians says:

On the morning of Sept. 11, Knyphausen marched off to the right with his column and proceeded on the road to the Welz tavern directly toward the Chad's Ford. Here toward 10 o'clock he encountered 600 riflemen who fired from the cover of the woods, but were soon driven to a height in their rear by the Queen's Rangers, but at this place they were reinforced and the skirmish now grew very hot.



THE RED LION

Bristol Road at Poquessing Creek. Built 1730.



MERMAID INN

Germantown Avenue and Mermaid Lane. One of the oldest taverns in Germantown

A mile north of The Anvil is a Red Lion, where the king of beasts has been deposed from the swinging sign and assigned to the duty usually performed by a barnyard fowl from the top of the barn of showing which way the wind blows. The new sign before the door, the production of a rank amateur, shows a dog and a rabbit. The degradation of tavern signs could go no further.

Few signs were commoner in old times than the Blue Bell. It was almost as common as it is in these days of telephones. The color was a favorite—for we have Blue Balls and Blue Anchors—and the bell was held in great veneration in early times on account of its association with worship. The author of Tavern Anecdotes says that the Ring of Bells. Five Bells and Eight Bells allude to the practice of playing on a number of bells. But Eight Bells is plainly a maritime emblem, designed to suggest to the passing sea-farer that it is time for his watch to turn in. The bell was far from being the only tavern sign of sacred associations. Among English tavern signs were The Bible, The Roly Rood, The Simon the Tanner, the David and Harp, and the Samson and Lion. This last was the very last survivor of the old tavern signs in Philadelphia. It might, of course, suggest that strong drink is raging, but as Samson was a total abstainer I cannot think the sign felicitous. I have myself seen—on the outside—of the screen door of a Chicago saloon, a picture of Daniel in the Lions' den, and I have also seen—from the street—an effort to give a classical touch to the business of liquid refreshment by putting over the saloon door the motto—“In vino veritas.”

The Blue Bell on the Darby road, now Woodland avenue, was passed by Washington's army on its way to meet Howe coming up from the Head of Elk. It is the 2-story part that was built in 1766; the 3-story part was built in 1801. November 17 or 18, 1777, Cornwallis marched from Philadelphia to Chester and crossed the river to attack Red Bank. A picket of Potter's militia fired on the column and retreated into The Blue Bell. Some accounts say they fired

from the windows. The Grenadiers rushed in and, according to Capt. Montresor's journal, bayoneted every man. But the diary of Robert Morton says that after five militia men had been killed, the British officers stopped the slaughter, and the others—about thirty in number—were taken prisoners. The report of the affair made by Major John Clark to General Washington was even less sanguinary:

They [the British] surprised the guard at the Blue Bell, and took a few prisoners, three of ours wounded and three of the enemy killed, including a Scotch officer.

From The Blue Bell Anthony Wayne wrote to his wife a letter that is extremely touching in its severe self-restraint, for he had been long absent from his young family, and knew that he was about to go into battle:

Blue Bell, 26th August, 1777.

My Dear Girl—I am peremptorily forbid by His Excellency to leave the army—my case is hard—I am obliged to do the duty of three General Officers—but if it was not the case—as a Gen'l Officer I could not Obtain leave of Absence.

I must, therefore, in the most pressing Manner Request you to meet me to-morrow evening at Naaman's creek—pray bring Mr. Robinson with my Little Son & Daughter along—It may probably happen that we may stay in that neighborhod for a day or two—my best love and compliments to all friends.

I am, Dear Polly,
Yours,
ANTH'NY WAYNE.

Let us deal gently with what may seem the excessive prominence of the tavern in the social and political life of a past era. The tavern, the club and even the saloon, stand for a good deal besides excessive alcoholic stimulation. The highest praise ever bestowed upon a house of public entertainment came from Dr. Johnson, whose excesses were in the

direction of the cup which cheers and not inebriates, and whose record at one sitting, I believe, was seventeen cups of tea. It was he who declared that "a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity." "There is nothing," he said, "which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

Woman has never needed the tavern as man has, because her life has always had more of human intercourse in it. Her kitchen is a chemical laboratory; her children are more companionable than the tools or the beasts with which her husband works, and in towns there is always the back fence over which there may be conversation with friends—or enemies—even when the mouth is full of clothespins. Man, toiling alone in the field with only the sluggish ox or the opinionated mule for society, or working in an office or shop, where the nature of the employment forbids, or its necessary noise prevents, conversation, seeks companionship, where the victim of wrong seeks justice—at the bar.

Therefore let not the W. C. T. U. be too bitter against Shenstone for writing on the window of a tavern:

Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where e'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.