J ohn Fanning Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia in the Olden Time*, published in 1830, like most works of local history, gave different kinds of pleasure to different kinds of readers. Some were gratified that the book confirmed their own recollections of the past; others took a perverse satisfaction from the author's minor inaccuracies, omissions or misinterpretations, which they believed they could correct; but in practically all of its readers the *Annals* evoked a flow of memory about persons, places, and events of more than fifty years before. One of those to whom the book gave special pleasure was Jacob Mordecai of Richmond, Virginia, a retired merchant and schoolmaster whose early life had been spent in Philadelphia before and during the Revolution, and who visited Philadelphia in 1834 after an absence of half a century.

Mordecai was born in Philadelphia on April 11, 1762, the son of Moses and Elizabeth (Whitlock) Mordecai. The elder Mordecai, a native of Bonn, Germany, had settled in the city about 1760; he was a small merchant and broker there, and signed the Nonimpor-
tation Agreement of 1765. He gave his sons a fair education, putting Jacob into the counting house of David Franks.\(^1\)

In 1784 Mordecai married Judith Myers, daughter of Myer Myers, a silversmith of New York. Soon afterwards he moved with his young family to Virginia, where he stayed for a few years in Richmond and Petersburg, and then about 1790 moved on to Warrenton, North Carolina, where he opened a store. Though his business was at least modestly prosperous, Mordecai did not find trade congenial; in 1809 he suffered a heavy financial loss. His instincts were those of a scholar, for which he acquired a reputation in Warrenton. At the suggestion of some of the townspeople, he opened a school, the Warrenton Female Academy, which proved eminently successful. In 1818 Mordecai sold it and moved to a small country place called “Spring Farm,” near Richmond,\(^2\) which he cultivated for about fifteen years before moving into Richmond, where he died on September 4, 1838.

Four years earlier, accompanied by his sons Samuel and Alfred, Mordecai had paid a visit to his native place. He described his arrival as follows.

My first visit to Philadelphia was in 1834 after an absence of 50 years, in company with two of my sons; the one a merchant in Petersburg, Va., the other a Captain in the U.S. Ordnance Corps. In nearing Fort Mifflin & Red Bank I gave way to feelings of all I had witnessed in days of former years. An elderly member of the Society of Friends near me observed, “Friend, thou seemest familiar with passed events. I will point to thee a statue erected near the spot where Count Donop fell by order of the Prince of Hesse Cassel,” & he did so. It was unknown to all within hearing.

We reached the wharf & landed later than usual. It was the month of

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October. On reaching Front Street I observed, "This house at the corner was in my young days a beer house." "Well, Sir, it is a beer house still." "It was called the Kouli Khan." "Well, Sir, it is the K. K. still," was the unexpected reply. On our way to the Mansion House, I thought Chestnut was much narrower than formerly. My excursions through the old part of the city filled me with gloom. Every house was familiar. I could state who once occupied many. [In] very many of them not a being did I know. I was in a city of the dead. It required more than one visit to remove the gloom. My last visit made me acquainted with the sons of those who were once my companions.

One of those whom Jacob Mordecai met in Philadelphia was John Vaughan, librarian of the American Philosophical Society, a man who took the liveliest interest in American history and cultural institutions. On hearing his visitor reminisce about old Philadelphia, Vaughan showed him a copy of Watson's *Annals*, and urged him to write down his own recollections. This Mordecai did in the ensuing months, jotting down brief notes on scraps of paper of every size and shape, and keying most of them to Watson's pages. In the spring of 1836 he sent them to Vaughan.

After a delay of many Months I return Mr. Watson's Annals. He deserves well of his native city. The work has revived many pleasing recollections and the garrulity of age is discovered in the caperings [?] of the memories which I take the liberty of returning with the book you so kindly committed to my care. If any thing they contain shall interest the indefatigable author of the Annals I shall indeed be much gratified. A long & painful illness, from which I am but now recovering, must plead my apology for the imperfect manner in which my recollections are clothed.

Vaughan showed the notes to J. Francis Fisher, already recognized as one of the city's most interested and accomplished amateurs of history. Fisher suggested that Vaughan procure an interleaved copy of Watson's *Annals*, copy Mordecai's notes onto the appropriate pages "in a small neat hand & very close lines," and then go on to collect similar recollections from other elderly citizens—Bishop White, Peter S. DuPonceau, and Joseph P. Norris, for

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3 Mordecai's account of the battle of Brandywine and its aftermath (p. 681) was written by an amanuensis either from his memoranda or from dictation, but was corrected by him. He must also have dictated—or had someone write up from notes—the account of his school and of the schoolboy regiment, which is quoted in Cohen, *Records*, 26-28.
example—which could be inserted into the volume in the same way. Vaughan seems not to have adopted either of these excellent suggestions. He laid Mordecai’s notes aside in the Hall of the American Philosophical Society, where he lived; he never accessioned them or apparently even placed them among the Library’s manuscripts. They remained unnoticed and unidentified until 1971.

Though in no sense of equal importance to the *Annals*, Mordecai’s notes add welcome details to Watson’s compilation. Historians of Philadelphia should be grateful for the vivid description of the burial of prisoners of war during the occupation winter, for the accounts of how propaganda was made out of General Mercer’s body and from the friendly treatment accorded the first Hessian prisoners of war. On the other hand, readers should remember that Mordecai was describing persons and places and recounting episodes fifty to seventy years in the past; his memory was not always accurate, he sometimes telescoped events, and his genuine recollections were colored by what he had read in maturity about the years of his boyhood. He assures us, for example, that he had “a perfect recollection” of the alarm occasioned by the march of the Paxton Boys, which happened when he was less than three years old; and it was probably Ebenezer Kinnersley, but certainly not Benjamin Franklin, whom he heard lecture at the College on the electric eel.

Spelling, punctuation, and capitalization of these notes have been modernized and most abbreviations have been expanded, as they would have been if the manuscript had been prepared for the printer. Despite the best efforts of several persons, some words in Mordecai’s difficult hand remain undecipherable. In the interest of clarity a few words have been inserted between brackets, and a few errors have been corrected in the same manner. Aside from this, explanatory or confirmatory footnotes have not been added to what is essentially a footnote on Watson. Where Mordecai has put a page reference to Watson at the head of his note, that reference has been kept; otherwise, wherever possible, an appropriate reference has been inserted in brackets.

*American Philosophical Society Library*

Whitfield J. Bell, Jr.
**Notes by Jacob Mordecai, 1836**

151. In this house [Slate-Roof House] lived Mrs. Yard, the mother of James Yard, once a merchant of some note. She kept a fashionable boarding house.

171. In days before the Revolution coats were lined through and as they faded were turned, and the old button holes were fine drawn by the tailor and wore them single breasted. Bath coating bound with worsted binding was much worn; even beaver hats were turned & new cocked. Boys as well as men wore cocked hats.

174. The dresses of young men were generally of fine broad cloth, either light blue, crimson, parsons gray, &c., lined with silk of a different colour. Black sattin or silk stockinet breeches with paste knee buckles. Vests with skirts & pocket flaps of white silk embroidered down the front & round the skirts & pocket flaps. White silk stockings, short quartered pumps with fancy shoe buckles. Hair dressed by a barber, stiff with pomatum & powder, cued behind. Cocked hats. Toupes secured with long black pins. Curls on each side secured in like manner. This was after the French Alliance, when more gaiety prevailed in the dress of men & women than was ever known before or since. Cambrick or lace ruffles at the wrist & frills to the shirt bosoms.

The best broad cloths cost from a guinea to 7 dollars per yard. Coat sleeves worn tight, as were breeches & boots.

177. **Millinery.** Captain Sparks' wife & daughters, 2d Street below Market, opposite William Savery's, very fashionable. The Captain commanded a ship in the London trade & twice a year brought the fashions & ready made articles.

179. Before the War nankeens [cloth of firm texture and great durability, originally brought from China. It was made of a species of cotton that was naturally brownish yellow.] [were] a guinea a piece; green tea a guinea per pound.

180. The writer remembers a new suit of blue broad cloth—coat single-breasted, large yellow buttons, tight sleeves, long skirts, pocket flaps, hat lined through with blue [illegible]; vest, long skirts, pocket flaps, breeches just covering the knees, with large knee buckles. A cocked hat made by Isaac Parrish opposite Church Alley
in 2d Street. The family tailor Michael Graaf [of] 2d Street near Race Street. The window shutters of many shops were hung with strong hook & eye hinges, one half raised up & hooked to the [illegible] house; the other half let down suspended by an iron chain on each side the window frame. On this half hatters would place blocks, hats &c. Opposite Isaac Parrish lived Benjamin Hooten, both Friends & hatters. These window shutters were very common and goods placed on them.

199. In 1774 [1784?] I went from Philadelphia to New York with Bernard Gratz. We started from the Cross Keys, corner of Chestnut & Third Street. The stage drawn by two horses, the driver’s name Thomson. He had one wooden leg. Time 2½ days in the month of April. Price I had nothing to do with.

200. I remember when every piece of glass in Christ Church [in] 2d Street was fixed in lead, panes very small, windows opened in the middle on out side of the window frame. Governor Penn’s pew was on the lowest floor on the north side, cushioned etc in a neat manner with curtains. The pew was large & square. Rectors [were] either Jacob Duché or William White; both preached there, & sometimes Mr. [Thomas] Coombe. The sextons were Jemmy Stokes & Jacob [blank]—the latter a good voice. Stokes was a very short man, a stay maker, deformed in person. His wife [was] very tall & erect. I remember Parson Peters, who lived in 2d Street near Christ Church.

“The large house (now Gibbs’) at the N. E. corner of Arch & 4th Street” was built by Henry Keppele, well finished with painted walls plain colour.

Andrew McGee, 2d Street, corner of [blank] Alley, was a famous caller of ballads, Robin Hood, etc. Old Mary was a distinguished ballad singer, seldom quite sober but always neat & clean. She was a prime sales woman for Andrew McGee.

David Shaffer built two large houses on 2d Street opposite Elfreth’s Alley. He was a sugar baker. Next was Morris’ brewery.

201. A noted sign was the Golden Fleece, a gilt lamb suspended half way across the pavements in 2d Street near Carter’s Alley, denoting the residence of George Bartram, a fashionable retail store of that day. Another retail store of note was William Bronson’s, [in] 2d between Chestnut and Market Streets. Miss Duncan was a
fashionable milliner [in] Chestnut between Front Street & 2d Street. I have no recollection of any stores or shops on Chestnut above 3d Street & very few there. Andrew Tybout, hatter, & Joseph Anthony’s store stood above 2d Street. Joseph Simpson, women’s stuff [and] shoemaker, Anne Powel, confectioner and cake maker, Christopher Marshall’s apothecary shop were on Chestnut Street. A few bakers’ shops all below 3d Street. On the south side was Israel Pemberton’s house & garden, James Pemberton, Samuel Pleasants. Opposite lived Tench Francis & then stood the Bank of North America. Among the subscribers to the Bank of Pennsylvania in 1780 (See Annals, p. 413): Isaac Moses, an enterprising merchant, living at that time in Melchior’s large buildings on 2d Street opposite Clifton’s Alley, was a contributor in specie of £5,000. In one of these houses his family lived, the next he occupied as a wholesale store.

[201]. Except on Market Street from the water to the Sign of the Black Bear there were but a few straggling shops beyond 3d Street, and those only on Race & Vine Streets, none on Arch, Walnut or any streets below it. Race & Vine Streets [were] occupied principally by German carders, coopers, stocking weavers & taverns. Country people attended the grand market days; at those taverns a sort of market was held every Tuesday & Friday evening whilst the chimes of bells [of] Christ Church merrily played Nancy Dawson.

Peter Paris kept a large tavern [on the] southeast corner of Race & Front Street. Rudolph Bonner also kept a good tavern on Race above Third Street. He had a gallant son, colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment, killed at the battle of Long Island.

Edward Penington lived on this street above Fourth, out of town in that day. His dwelling house, a very large brick building, was [the] largest house on [illegible], Street nearer to Fourth Street. I went to school with his son Isaac to Joseph Stiles.

[205]. [Torn] Collins most conspicuous. He lived in 2d Street nearly opposite Christ Church. John Hancock was an inmate of his family. Collins was a smart, active, tall man.

Isaac Zane, importer & retailer of hardware on 2d Street below Market. A high flight of steps led to the door of entrance. There were others of the name in the same business.

Joseph Crukshank, bookseller in Market Street above Hugh
Roberts’ hardware store. I called at his house [in] Church Alley. He had gone to the country. He knew my father Moses Mordecai, the only bill of exchange broker before the Revolution. His great patrons were among the Society of Friends. I made this call last October at the age of 73 & 6 months. Friend Joseph must be very aged—near 90, I should suppose.

Penrose’s ship yard [was in] Southwark, below Willing & Morris’ wharf. Here the British had a water battery.

Phillips’ large rope walk was low down Front Street near Swedes’ Church.

Bowyer Brooks had a large boat yard & shops on Water Street opposite Rush’s smithery.

Before the Revolution Thomas Forrest (afterwards Colonel) was a cabinet maker. His shop [was] on Front Street near Race. His mother lived at the corner, where the street was so steep that boys chose it for running their sleds to the river’s brink. This was the case at Arch & Vine Streets also.

Benjamin Flower was a hatter in Front near Market Street. He was also a Colonel in the army.

It was a general custom for wives & widows to attend at auction stores, then called vendues, and purchase goods for their shop supplies. Benches were placed in rows in front of the vendue shelves. There a preference was always given to female purchasers, to occupy the front seats. Goods were passed along, every body being seated. In busy seasons vendues were held morning & afternoons. The city Vendue Master was Thomas Lawrence; after the peace of 1783 General Arthur St. Clair was appointed; he farmed it out. The Vendue Store [was] in Front Street next door to William Sansom’s. There was but one City Vendue. In the Northern Liberties there were several, all on 2d Street above Vine. They were wooden buildings, seldom open but on vendue days. The Vendue Masters were Footman & Jeyes, William Sitgreaves, and some others not remembered. In the Southern Liberties but one is remembered, on Front below Spruce Street.

The largest range of black smiths’ shops was on Front & Water Streets, entrance on the latter street, which stood greatly below the site on Front Street. The owner, William or Joseph Rush, lived in Front Street on the opposite side of the way near Coats’ Alley. The house was [a] large brick building.
Coats’ Brick Kiln. The proprietor lived in Coats’ Alley. He was a powerful though lame man, owned black slaves. I have repeatedly seen them with iron collars on their necks, with projecting hacks to prevent their escape in the woods—no rarity in those days in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. Coats’ Alley led from 2d to Front Street between Race & Vine. Coats lived on [the] north side of the Alley not far from 2d Street. His house was, I think, a single storey.

[212] Water Street north of Arch Street to Race Street on the east side. [Here] resided Samuel Shoemaker in a 3 storied brick house. When alderman & mayor, his magisterial business was done in a one storied brick house opposite, ascended by a few steps, where he kept his store, being an importer of English goods & owner of a wharf.

Abel James [also lived here] in a large house, part projecting out further than the adjoining buildings, which was the store of James & Drinker. This house during the War was occupied by Clement Biddle, as merchant of the State prize goods sold in the stores on the wharf back of the house. General Wilkinson was married in this house to a sister of Colonel Clement Biddle. She was very pretty. A few doors north lived Andrew Hodge, an extensive baker of ship & pilot bread. Above this house to Race Street were interspersed pump makers’ & coopers’ shops. From Shoemaker’s to the corner of Arch Street were some brick houses of different stories. A biscuit baker occupied one with a plank fence extending to the corner, which was a brick building. Parrish’s wharf was at the end of Race Street.

From Race to Vine Street east side, [there were] but few buildings; none recollected but Michael Bright’s house, a very good one, with an excellent wharf. He was a biscuit baker. On each side were boat & ship yards, coopers’ & block makers’ shops. Bowyer Brooks was an extensive boat builder. When the War commenced the new row gallies lay in the dock in this part of Water Street. They were named after the advocates of the American Cause in the British Parliament—Effingham, Chatham, Camden, Barre. These gallies carried one large gun running out at the bow, where was a projecting prow with a strong iron.

From Vine Street north but few wharfs, all open slips, where stood floats & shallows anchored. Boys rode horses to water. Famous swimming ground. On the junction of Water Street and the ship
yards at Kensington stood Leib's new brick house. His tan yard extended to the river, which flowed up to the back yard.

The houses [on the] west side of Water Street from Vine to Arch Street. The houses were several storeys high, with few exceptions occupied as sailors' boarding houses & slop shops, all having projecting signs, one having a sailor stropping a block. Motto:

Brother Sailor, please to Stop
And lend a hand to strop my Block.

On the west side from Vine Street to Callow Hill Street but few houses. A very good one at the corner of Vine Street.

Water Street from Arch Street to Market Street east side. At the corner lived Furman & [blank in original], a strong store building on Arch Street. They were Barbadoes merchants, being in that trade. Then a row of cooper shops & single storied wooden houses to the Widow Rawle's large brick house, next to which was a tavern kept by William Milner at the ferry house & stairs of Thomas Cooper's ferry alley leading to the ferry, with a remarkable large stone hollowed out by the water dripping from the house, forming a compleat basin. Good buildings & wharves with strong brick lumber houses. In one lived Doctor Chovet, of whom more hereafter. Then the Cliffords, Isaac Hazelhurst, Joseph Carson, John & Peter Chevalier, Samuel Purviance. In this street lived General Roberdeau. Doctor Chovet lived with him. At the northeast corner was a large brick house.*

On the west side the houses were of wood & brick, several stories high, occupied by tobacconists, boarding houses & slop shops.

Water Street from Market to Chestnut. On this street lived Judge Allen; the Caldwell's, distinguished Irish merchants, owners of a wharf & ship; Thomas Pryor; & a wealthy citizen known as Beau Simms. They all occupied large houses; indeed the whole of Water Street to the Draw Bridge can be judged by the specimen that yet remains of ancient buildings. From the Draw Bridge south the

* [On another slip of paper] Water Street. East side [occupied by] very respectable residents, none more so in the city then. They lived in excellent houses with their families. I can enumerate some: Michael Bright, Andrew Hodge, Abel James, Samuel Shoemaker, Widow Rawle, Dr. Chovet, Gen. Roberdeau, J. & Peter Chevalier, Isaac Hazelhurst, Caldwell's, Judge Allen, Joseph Simms.
street [was] wider & cleaner, [with] good buildings. On the wharf below the bridge Levi Hollingsworth had his flour & tobacco stores; Stocker & other distinguished merchants had their stores; Rees Meredith; Willing & Morris. This was the last store & wharf. I will curtail my views.

On Front Street from the Draw Bridge to Walnut Street lived with their families Captain Cox, Joshua Fisher, Mordecai Lewis, the elder John Shields, Conyngham & Nesbitt, James Mease & other distinguished citizens. Pat Byrnes' famous tavern—sign of Game Cock—stood at the corner. From thence to Chestnut Street Doctor Rush, Abraham Usher, Enoch Story. In 2d Street Doctor Cadwalader [in error for his son John] [lived] in a fine large house. Below Pine Street Mr. Plumstead, W. Simms the elder, Dominick Joyce [lived] opposite the New Market, north side. He was a Lisbon merchant.

On Arch near Front Street lived William Fisher of the Society of Friends. He was an importing merchant, often an alderman & mayor of the city, dwelling a large brick house. . . .

Fourth Street from Race to Walnut: Occupied by leading families interspersed with respectable mechanicks. Stores & shops very few beyond Second Street. Jeremiah Warder [is the] only importer remembered on 3rd Street. He lived nearly opposite Church Alley not far from Market Street.

On Chestnut Street at the corner of 6th Judge Lawrence built a 3-storied house, the last on Chestnut Street, except a large one, standing off the street, occupied as the Flying Camp Hospital; afterwards the residence of Count de Luzerne, French Minister. The first that came out after the French Alliance was the Sieur Gerard. He by invitation occupied part of General Arnold's quarters in Arch Street in the house built & once occupied by Samuel Shoemaker, who, misled by Joseph Galloway, took a wrong political course, as did Tench Coxe, Rev. Jacob Duché, &c. With Gerard came out John Holker as Consul General, Monsr. Orter [Otto] & perhaps others. These were of more note than the low swarms that followed. On Walnut Street. No buildings beyond the New Jail. Potters field, now [Washington] Square, was the receptacle of sailors, the destitute whose remains are walked over. Trenches for receiving
dead soldiers of camp-fever were dug from street to street; [they were] buried after a little while in a blanket, sheet or nothing; as they happen to die, they were laid tier upon tier. Beyond this to Schuylkill [it was] all commons.

Spruce Street. No buildings beyond Hospital & Bettering House. The Jews' burying ground had a park enclosed with a brick wall. It was the place where the British before the War shot soldiers for capital offences. I have seen some so served belonging to the 18th or Royal Irish Horse stationed at the Barracks north of Poole's bridge, enclosed with buildings of brick on 3 sides & a high wooden fence on 2d Street.

Common sewers leading to the river commenced [at the] corner of 4th & Market Street, guarded by strong post & rails. I have seen the whole of Market Street from 4th to above the Black Bear Tavern covered with deep water after summer showers, the pavement all inclined planes from the porches to the gutters.

At the corner (northwest) of Market & 4th Street in a wooden building Bernard & Michael Gratz did an extensive wholesale grocery business trading to the West. The senior partner used to visit Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh) and remain a long time, forwarding deer skins by waggons to Philadelphia, where the leather breeches makers, a numerous class, would call to make their purchases. The skins were in the hair & made up in packs. They conducted a tobacco factory with a Scotchman named Mathison. They had a large mustard mill & factory near Frankford. Their landed estate, in company with Colonel George Croghan, William Murray of Michilimackinack, Major Trent of Trenton & others, included an immense body of western lands. Their claims included the present states of Ohio & Illinois & the Wabash Country.

223. At the old ferry, Arch Street wharf, on Tuesday & Friday afternoons butchers assembled to get supplies of veals from the Jerseys brought over in wherrys.

Mrs. Austin occupied this ferry house many years. William Milner [kept] the new ferry south of Arch Street.

Porter Brewery. The first was erected by Robert Hare, an Englishman. It was a large brick building near Callowhill. It was burned down. I saw the fire. This was before the War. Mr. Hare married the daughter of Samuel Powel [Robert Hare married Margaret
Willing, Powell's sister-in-law], who lived in 3d Street in a house large for that day, between Bingham's lot, now the Mansion House, and Judge Chew's.

[237]. Before the War a man named [Thomas] Pike was all the fashion. He was fencing master, riding master, dancing master. During the War McDowel was the fashionable dancing master; lived in Carter's Alley back of Christopher Marshall's.

238. A famous race horse called Selah was the favourite. These races and the reviews of the British troops quartered at the Barracks, elsewhere mentioned, took place near the Centre House.

241. Doctors Foulke & John Redman, son of the Widow R—in Market Street, were in my day the most celebrated skaters in cutting cyphers & figures, except George Heyl.

Jonathan Mifflin, not Governor Mifflin [as the Annals has it]. I remember George Heyl as the Prince of Skaters.

[259]. Public Executions. Capital punishment [took place] on the Commons between Market & Chestnut Streets beyond the Centre House. Public executioner [was] disguised in dress & face blackened. The culprit [was] taken from the prison in a cart having three wheels, the odd one under the front part of the cart body. This machine was kept in the State House yard. The last culprit tried and condemned before Judge Chew & Judge Lawrence & I think, Judge Atlee, was a desperate young man for burglary. He was called Bill Bayley. He was defended by Miers Fisher, his assigned counsel. He entered a window from an adjoining house. All depended on the positive proof that this window was secured by having a shutter fastened by a bolt. The proof being positive, his fate was decided & his life paid the forfeit. He was, though young in years, an old offender.

At the end of the Market in Third Street stood a platform ascended by a moveable ladder. On this platform was the whipping post & pillory. The culprit, covered with a loose blanket, received punishment on his bare back in presence of the High Sheriff. I speak of times when the jail stood at the corner of Market & 2d Street. The punishment [was] always at noon on Saturdays, being market day.

260. Some years after, similar acts [of criminal offense] were committed: a watchman living in an alley opposite the Lutheran
Church [in] 4th Street was killed. The names of the young bucks, who were all committed to the old Market Prison by Judge Chew, I have forgotten. There was a post mortem examination. Great mobs & excitement. They were sons of the wealthy. I have forgotten the result of the trials. The family of the poor watchman was liberally provided for [by] the families of the young men. His funeral was attended by a great concourse of citizens.

268. Benjamin Chew had been Attorney General of the Province; he succeeded William Allen as Chief Justice. His associates were John Lawrence, who built the house [on the] corner of Chestnut & 6th Streets, of mineral spring fame. The other judge was William Atlee. They were all grave but not shining characters. Joseph Galloway was of the ordinary size, rather dark complexioned, a busy, restless politician, a Whig in the outset, a deserter with Jacob Duché to the British when they overran the Jerseys & were at Trenton. I could name many others from my personal knowledge who accompanied Lord Cornwallis when he entered the city and some who left it with Sir William Howe and went to England—but let them all pass. John Dickinson was a tall, thin, pale & handsome man. He married the daughter of Mr. Norris. Of this [illegible] band of lawyers Mr. Rawle was not one. He had not returned from England.

James Wilson was a fine portly person. His manner was dignified. He mouthed & paused much. He was of counsel for the Proprietors in their attempts to obtain from the Pennsylvania Assembly compensation for their property. Mr. [William] Lewis was thin & tall & an inveterate smoker of cigars when pleading and at all other times. He had a prominent nose, an easy but rather a placid fluency, monotonous manner, but he always commanded attention & was a popular advocate. George Ross was a good person, resided in Lancaster but attended the Philadelphia bar. He was a good speaker & always in good practice. Jonathan Sergeant was a good republican, rather short & stout, an easy fluent speaker & the dread of evil doers. He was Attorney General in trying times when McKean was Chief Justice. He was a powerful advocate.

All that is said of William Bradford is true to the letter. He was tall, thin, pale & a pleasing speaker. He opened an office (his first) in Chestnut near Front Street. After his marriage to Miss Boudinot
he lived in Arch Street opposite to Johnny Riddle, the eccentric tailor. Who does not remember Johnny? Mr. Bradford was brought forward by Mr. Reed. He had a large practice. The seat of justice before the War was in an open room in the State House right hand. William Shea was cryer; Mr. Burd prothonotary.

The old Court House on 2d Street has witnessed much forensic talents when Masters presided & Edward Shippen was Judge of Common Pleas.

John Ross built two large houses in Chestnut Street opposite Norris' Garden between 4th & 5th Streets. His son-in-law Mr. Gurney (who had been a Captain in the British Army) lived in one, Ross in the other. They were ascended by a goodly flight of steps & iron railing, not common in that day. In Revolutionary days Blair McClanaghan lived in one & Colonel Walter Stewart in the other. McClanaghan had been a distiller of cordials [in] 2d Street [at the] corner of Carter's Alley. Blair fitted out a small vessel in the early days of the Revolution. She fell in with a Jamaica ship loaded with sugar &c., called the Lady Juno, and made him rich. Stewart, his countryman & son-in-law, both Irishmen, lived with Conyngham & Nesbitt as a clerk. He was young & very handsome, rose to be colonel in the Continental Army. These houses yet stand, I think, with the lower storey planked out to the sidewalk & occupied as stores. To ascertain many houses I once knew I looked to the 2d stories & recognized many old acquaintances.

[277]. The first Pennsylvania regiment marched, as was said, for Canada, a fine body of men, well clothed. Regimentals brown short coats faced with red; commander Colonel Magaw, a neat officer-looking man, every inch a soldier; he defended Fort Washington on the North River.

Colonel Isaac Melchior of Philadelphia marched with General Arnold through the wilderness to Quebec. He was afterwards a quarter-master in the army.

Colonel Nicola was Town Major of Philadelphia.

Colonel William Henry was Lieutenant of Police of the city after the British left it. He kept his office at Ephraim Bonham's in Arch near Front Street.

278. At the commencement of the Revolution there were many volunteer companies. Those conspicuous were Captain John (after-
wards General) Cadwalader; their uniform green short coats faced with white, white vests & breeches, black knee bands & epaulet, dashes of cloth buttoned at the sides, extending to the calves of the legs & white silk stockings. They were known as the Silk Stocking Company & composed of the wealthy young men of the City.

David Sproat's company of bucktails [were] dressed as described in the Annals.

William Sample, a Scotch merchant living [in] South Front Street, had a handsome company of light infantry.

[Blank] Clarkson's company composed of the pupils of several schools. The writer belonged to this company. Our muster ground [was] in the 4th Street, where Hugh James was building two houses, the first before you cross to the Catholic chapel on 4th Street. There was an open common north to the Schuylkill woods beyond the Hospital. Uniform dark jersey faced with white dimity; under clothes white dimity.

[Blank] company of Academy boys. Place of muster [was] the Academy yard on 4th Street. Dress nankeen faced with white.

Michael Leib's company of German school boys in Cherry Alley. Muster at the Lutheran Church. Dress nankeen faced with blue.

All these companies had firing pieces etc, were well trained & on field days were on the left of the 5 battalions commanded by Colonel Andrew Bayard—dress brown faced with red. The other militia battalions were commanded by Colonel Nixon, Colonel Meredith, the Northern Liberties battalion by Colonel Will, Colonel Wilbert, and a Colonel Somebody at Spring Garden.

The militia were well officered; the regiments with handsome standards & colours, drums & fifes. Plunket Fleeson made the devices & George Ritter the colours; emblems [were] taken from the impression on the first Continental money, motto the same—Sun emerging from a cloud, shedding its rays on a ship in a storm; Rattle snake's head erect ready to strike; Beaver cutting down a large tree, etc.

There were four troops of horse, two commanded by Captain John Dunlop (the printer), Captain Nisbet (these officers not [illegible]), Colonel Richard Beach [Bache], Daniel Roberdeau & Killop. Others forgotten after an absence of half a century from the city of my nativity & the turmoils of a long & active life. When I speak of the
civil occupations of any it is in the spirit of good feeling. It shows the primitive pursuits of those who were the bone & sinew of the Revolution.

Andrew Geyer was a bookbinder & Alexander Boyd an auctioneer [in] Northern Liberties.

There was a beautiful light infantry company, light blue & buff, commanded by one of the Society of Friends living in Market Street near the Meeting House. He was a silversmith, name not recollected, but since popt into my head—Daniel Humphreys.

Captain Murray commanded a troop of horse. He was a very handsome & fine [form?].

After the return from the Jersey campaign and the fighting over at Trenton & Princeton, this Philadelphia militia marched into town & were dismissed before the doors of their respective commanders. Mine [was] Colonel Andrew Bayard, who lived in 2d near Arch Street, east side extended from Arch Street to the first alley south. To this battalion belonged Captain C. W. Peale & Captain Barker: the one lived in Arch Street, the latter in 3d Street, corner Burgess Alley.

C. W. Peale moved to Market near 4th Street south side. He painted & exhibited (gratis) the likenesses half lengths of generals & members of Congress and a good full-length portrait of Washington, with his arm leaning on his horse, large as life—a representation of the General at the battle of Princeton painted for the chamber of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania. He had not then commenced his Museum, which he afterwards did in a house in the southern part of the city.

[289]. In Front Street near Dock Street the pavement was lower than the middle and there was a flight of several steps to the draw bridge [on the] north side, but the south side was level with the bridge. The north side of the Dock to 2d Street opposite to Vannest's & Bonsal's & Loxley's were stables & lumber houses. On the draw bridge was a large brick fish house with a steeple & bell. I remember Vannests' Pole & Battery [?]. The sons of Van [sic] & Bonsal were lawyers. There was a bridge to the Dock over 2d Street. It commenced below Sharp Delaney's apothecary's shop.

Facing 294. From this [Court House] balcony the Governors were proclaimed. They attended in person. The last of the Penns
was Richard. He landed at Market Street wharf, his carriage of English build [illegible] wheels. The usual body, painted green with large medallions on the door & panels, was highly varnished. On the box between the coachman’s legs sat a beautiful spotted dog. The coachman John Thomson afterwards kept the Indian Queen [in] 4th Street. Penn lived with Mrs. Masters [in] Market near 6th Street. In the corner house lived Joseph Galloway. Robert Morris, when financier, lived in Mrs. Masters’ house, then the French Minister Marbois. He gave a grand entertainment. The house took fire after all had retired. The night Saturday [was] so cold that the internal heat did not prevent the water glazing the front walls with ice. In assisting at the pump on the opposite side of the street, the skin adhered to the pump handle.

I often attended at the old Friends Meeting House, now no longer there, 2d & Market Street.

Richard Penn, I think, landed from the London Packet, Captain Budden. He was lowered in an arm chair from the ship to the boat.

In 1774 an attempt was made to extend the Market from 3d to 4th Street. Before the pillars were completed to receive the roof, the whole was levelled in a night by those residents on Market Street opposed to extending the building. It was finally given up. Men of wealth lived on that part of the street. Adam Kepple, a great wine merchant, John Gibson, mayor, Reuben Haines, brewer, old Caspar Wistar, merchant, Owen Jones, treasurer, were of the number who lived there.

The bells of Christ Church on market eve Tuesdays & Fridays played Nancy Dawson. The bells were muffled & played Roslin Castle for distinguished or wealthy citizens. Funerals were always on foot, the clergy preceding the corpse. I have seen Jacob Duché, William White & Thomas Coombe at the head of distinguished families, the corpse borne on a bier, pall bearers walking at the side and a procession two & two. The largest funeral I remember was Mrs. John Cadwalader’s [died February 15, 1776] from the residence in Second Street below Dock Street [to St. Peter’s].

Parson Duché was a handsome man of haughty deportment. Parson White, the present bishop, married about this time the daughter of Mrs. Harrison living in Front Street. The only young man who wore spectacles in that day that I remember was her son Joseph.
Richard Wistar, father of the late Dr. Caspar Wistar, lived in Market near 3rd Street. He was a tall & very corpulent man, wore his watch in the breast of his waistcoat, it being too inconvenient to reach the fob in his breeches. [He] owned glass works in the Jerseys; retailed at his dwelling green bottles, ticklers, etc. Shops in those days had sliding counters closed on Sundays & forming a private passage to the parlour or sitting room. This was very common.

Importers on Market Street were Jonathan Roberts, hardware, old Caspar Wistar, his son Daniel, who failed & kept close till the Revolution commenced; John Steinmetz, whose store door you ascended by a flight of steps. He lived just below the Conestoga Waggon.

316. St. Paul’s Church was converted into a hospital by the British. It was filled with the wounded of both armies after the battle of German Town. Large pits were dug in the yard near the church, in which the dead were thrown wrapt in the clothes in which they died, without coffins. After many showers arms & legs projected above the ground.

350. Near this old tavern [State House Inn] were some houses of humble appearance occupied by aged Africans, where with other schoolboys I oft purchased tarts & molasses buns. It was a famous resort. Nothing of the present day that I have met with can compare with the pastryl of those humble & respectable Africans.

The Commons were here & there dotted with gardens, where meat & cakes were sold, more especially to the south of Walnut Street.

Spring Garden had its resorts on Sunday afternoons for good wine & salt pretzels by way of provocative.

359. Parson Duché did not write his letter to General Washington till he deserted his post [of] Chaplain to Congress & fled with Joseph Galloway to the British, then at Trenton, in 1776. From that place his letter (as published) was dated. He [Watson] tampers with Washington indeed! Friend Watson, blot out the calumny.

361. Contractors under the royal government for supplying the King’s troops in North America [were] Nesbitt, Drummond & Franks, two Scotsmen & a Jew. Their agent David Franks lived many years in 2d Street north of Christ Church, then in 2d Street [at the] corner of Lodge Alley in a house of James Logan’s. He was
contractor for the famous raft ships, whose cargo of lumber was placed as the ships were building. The last I saw was launched at Kensington. He was appointed by Congress Commissary of British prisoners. He was father of Mrs. Andrew Hamilton and Miss Rebecca Franks, to whom General Charles Lee addressed his famous letter after his suspension for the affair at Monmouth. At Mr. Franks' I first saw Lieutenant André (afterwards the unfortunate Major). He was captured at Chamblee when that post & St. Johns were taken by General Montgomery. Both officers & soldiers were sent to Philadelphia.

368. Fort Wilson. The writer, then aged 17, with his companion Samuel Sitgreaves, were both by accident forced into the house. I have a perfect recollection of all that passed & the cause as then currently reported. Take my version for what it is worth.

James Wilson, then an eminent lawyer, in a speech delivered in the State House Yard, a place noted for speaking on most exciting subjects, was said to have reflected on the Spring Garden battalion of militia. There had been a battalion muster on the day of the attack; their intention was well known. Sitgreaves & I were at Bob Bell's noted book store on 3d Street, a little south of Wilson's, on the opposite side. We crossed over, seeing General Mifflin & others on the flat stone at Wilson's door. A sudden report that they [militia] were coming caused a rush into the house. The door of entrance was on 3d Street. We were carried into the passage. The door was shut & secured & General M. & others stationed at the banisters at the head of the stairs, with arms pointed at the door. Captain Campbell & others were at the windows on that street. The Germans came down Walnut from 4th Street (this is certain). They drew up in a line & did not extend quite to the corner. A firing commenced on the house & was returned. Campbell in going to the middle window, levelling his piece, received his death wound [in?] his foot or his back, within a short distance of door leading to the passage where I stood. The doors were not forced, though [illegible] approached, when the siege was raised by the appearance of General Joseph Reed, President of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania, at the head of a detachment of the City Troop [who] arrived, invited by David Lennox & composed of the gentlemen mentioned. Allen McLane had just arrived from the army on a visit to his father, a leather breeches maker living in Walnut Street
a few doors from 3d Street, just below Wilson’s house. At the opposite corner lived Andrew Hamilton, a great martyr, &c., & then confined to his bed with the gout. The distinguished citizens were all doubtless in the house. Many I remember to have seen. Mr. Beck probably came there, as I did; he was a lad living with Mr. Shoap [?] at the corner of Market & 5th Street. There were none killed on 3d Street. The firing was all on Walnut Street & some in the yard. There was no dead at the front door. Lennox rode without a coat. The door was not forced, but opened by the besieged. Patrols were out & so was Carlile & his gang of City Watch. The night was quiet. Centinels at a late hour were placed at Meredith’s tan yard at the foot of Pemberton’s garden on 3d Street. McLane was a neat small man in regimentals blue & red. Here form of Wilson’s Rooms: [sketch].

Those collected in Wilson’s house, where he was in person, were the patriots of the day and all distinguished characters. I saw nothing of General Arnold. This man married Peggy Shippen, whose father had been Colonial Secretary under John & Richard Penn. He lived in 4th Street opposite Willing’s Alley, in which house Arnold was married. Mr. S. was afterward Judge Edward Shippen. [The Secretary was Peggy’s uncle Joseph.]

Gouverneur Morris was thrown from a phaeton nearly opposite Andrew Hamilton’s door in 3d Street. He was riding to church with Mrs. Paca, wife of the Governor of Maryland. I saw the accident from Mr. H’s door. He was carried to a tavern back of the City Tavern & near Carter’s Alley. His leg was taken off by Doctor Hutchinson, and all passed in a very short time. I was with some of young Doctor Bond’s students when the leg was brought down stairs. They ran pins into the marrow. I could never eat my dinner. Mr. Morris was a tall, handsome, graceful man. Hutchinson, likely face, of the common height, but very corpulent & facetious.

From the end of Andrew Hamilton’s lot, corner of Walnut & 3d Street, there stood Meredith’s tan yard & Pemberton’s garden, considerably below the level of 3d Street. Israel Pemberton’s house stood near the corner on Chestnut Street. The garden was much admired. Walks [were] gravelled & rolled, the fence low enough to afford a view of the whole. At the foot of this descending garden, much lower than 3d Street, was the tan yard.

[369]. Mr. Wilson had resided at Carlisle, Penn. He & Mr. Lewis
were of counsel for Carlisle & Roberts, William Hamilton of the Woodlands, David Franks & others; McKean, presiding judge; Jonathan Sergeant, attorney general. He had removed from New Jersey, lived in Arch Street opposite Quakers’ burial ground. The trial of Carlisle & Roberts was in the commencement hall of the Arch Street Academy. They were executed on a Saturday; [they] followed the cart containing the coffins on foot. Carlisle’s crime was attending the gate at the Front Street redoubt. He was placed there by Joseph Galloway, the Superintendent of Police during the Occupancy of the city by the British. Carlisle’s remains were carried in the cart down Arch Street to his family’s residence in Front Street a little north of Elfreth’s Alley. He was a carpenter & had a boardyard & shop at the corner of that alley on Front Street, ascended by a high flight of steps. He was a worthy respectable aged man; left a widow and one child, a son named Abraham. He was of the Society of Friends. I remember them. Roberts lived in Chester County. He acted as a guide to Howe’s army. He was a wealthy miller. Carlisle’s station at the redoubt gate was to protect the country people from the rudeness of the soldiers on duty.

Favourable mention is made in the proceedings of Friends of Isaac Moses, a Whig of that day, who resided in the neighborhood in a large house on the bank side of Front Street, where the steps lead to Water Street & Shoemaker’s Wharf. The house belonged to a West Indian gentleman long remembered as Beau Stiles. Moses was instrumental in securing the furniture for Mr. Carlisle’s widow.

371. The first Wigglesworth was named John. [There lived in] the same house a seller of toys & Barlow pen knives, then all the rage with school boys. He was short, thick & square as a box.

372. Daniel Offley’s anchor shop I have often seen in full blast & suspended anchor forging nail. The men like the Cyclops. Entrance to the shop on Water Street; best view from Front Street at the windows.

374. The house [Fort St. David] well described. It was a handsome building. On the opposite side of the road was a tavern—sign, a key; inscription, The Key of Fort St. David. Above the Fish House & near the foot of the hill leading to Vanderveer’s mill was a tavern noted for goodness of its metheglin, a liquor much drunk in that day.
390. This [First Presbyterian Church] was enclosed with a brick wall, back of the buildings on Third Street, & extended almost to the back of Joseph Fox's house on 3d Street. The front of this house retired from the line of the street.

394. The present Roman Chapel on South 4th Street was almost a solitary building in my boyish days. The street [was] dirty & unpaved. The priest was the Reverend Mr. Farmer.

400. Two of the most substantial comfortable looking houses stood near the Quakers' alms house with their old fashioned half doors.

403. The City Tavern was kept by George Montague. At this house in the large front room up stairs was exhibited in January 1777 the corpse of General Mercer, who was killed at the battle of Prince Town. As the British passed him in their retreat from the field, they laid their bayonets into him as he lay perhaps dead. The breast & abdomen were perforated, riddled with the spots which at the time it was shown had turned of [to] a yellow gum. The weather was intense cold. The cruelty of the act induced those in authority to send the body to Philadelphia to be thus exhibited that all might believe who chose to witness it. Israel Jacobs was appointed to attend at the tavern and did superintend the exhibition till the funeral. Jacobs was an old landlord, a staunch Whig, noted for good cheer as host of the Black Horse, where gay bucks held their clubs. As a brewer of punch & maker of beef steaks, he stood superior. He was a sort of Doctor Slop in rotundity, told a variety of good stories, knew every body who travelled in those days. From the Black Horse in the Alley he removed to the large house in 3d Street near Arch, & hung out the Bunch of Grapes. He was followed by every body who could get in. General Charles Lee with his suite of dogs & aides & his new light Man, as he termed one of his aides, Major Edwards (as thin as a lath), all quartered there on their way from Cambridge to South Carolina, where he repulsed General Clinton at Fort Moultrie. Israel had a small but delightful family, an interesting wife, a Portugueze Jewess, who bore on her arms marks of the Inquisition. She was the Widow Machado when Jacobs married her. They had a daughter, lively & interesting, and I remember her when a beautiful girl. When Jacobs had the care of General Mercer's remains, he had retired from the Bunch of Grapes
& kept a boarding house [in] 2d near Market Street. He lived to
the age of 90, I believe, and died like Toby Filpot in his old wicker
chair surrounded by his family, who supposed he was dozing, as age
rendered necessary and frequent with him. He was a jolly old gent
all the days of his life. I knew him from my early boyhood to 1825.

Just below the Bunch of Grapes Samuel Burge, a Friend, had a
distillery, the only one kept by a Friend. Of brewers they were many.
William Rawle, I think, married Peggy Burge, the daughter of the
distiller. His house was a large brick building, 3rd Street opposite
John Mackay.

Henry Pratt commenced business as a retailer of queens ware in
a single storied brick building next the alley of the Bunch [of]
Grapes Tavern. His modesty & talents have verily met their reward.

405. The George Inn in the years 1773 to 1778 was kept by a
Welsh man named Davis Hugh Davis (a Friend), stout & rough.
He kept up the appendage to St. George & the Dragon—a Basket
standing [on?] a Keg. He was noted for good wine, & clubs held
meetings there. It was a good market & livery stable. The latter
extended to an alley leading to a large low brick building occupied
by Captain Joseph Stiles, a famous teacher of boys, of whom he
had seldom less than 100. He was a great disciplinarian, had been
sailing master & gunner in the British Navy, came to anchor, &
made a Quaker lady & followed their customs. I was his pupil for
2 or 3 years. William Rawle (the venerable), Isaac Penington,
George Fox, Samuel Shoemaker, John Head, the father of mine
host of the Mansion House, were there also.

A large clock stood against the wall & an open stove at one end.
The clock could be heard to tick when he was at his seat. Three
sticks of a candle size were suspended from a cross post in the centre
of the room. To obtain leave to go out the scholar stood up & pointed
a finger; a scowl from the master, & away went the boy & sticks.
He had a muster roll which was called morning & afternoon. Absence
without a good excuse [was] punished by the application of a lignum
vitae ferule forcibly applied to the palm of the hand, more merciful
than other pedagogues, who laid on the collected ends of the fingers.
For great offences the rods [were] of birch, & certain was the punish-
ment when preceded by the dread invocation, “May my right arm
fall from my shoulder blade.” In the hot afternoons of those sultry
summers he was the guardian of health—on a bench in the yard facing his seat was placed a boy, a pail of water & two tin cups; an assistant boy kept up the supply. Thus all were watered in turn. He was famous for making fishing tackle deep-seas, fly feathers etc. His operations for fastening the hooks & other light work was carried on during school hours, 8 till 12 & 2 to 5, after taking his rounds whilst the boys were writing. A monitor sat at his side on a lower desk to hear the boy, who stood in front, read, each having an Esop's Fable. He knew them by heart, as well he might, & so did many of his boys. He was an excellent reader & his boys too. A singing or bad tone was soon corrected. He was a mathematician & boys improved in all he professed to teach, of which grammar formed no part, except to commit what Dilworth's spelling book contained. Thus, except grammar, we were brought to read, spell, write & cypher well & correctly. He had an improved method of collecting his dues. The boy who brought his quarter money was entitled to a holiday afternoon, & the monitors, who [were] principally taken from well qualified boys, had at stated times a half day's play & a right to select a school fellow as his companion. He was a politician, & before the War election tickets were written in the classical [?] schools. My last was Samuel Rhoads & William Dewees, the one mayor, the other sheriff. Rhoads lived in Front Street, Dewees in Race Street, when the troubles, as they were called, began. The plain garb & birch were laid aside & the worthy old man was appointed a Superintendent of Cannon & Cartridges. The Work House in 3d Street was converted into a military deposit. Joseph Jewell was his assistant & Captain Loxley thought the two others of equal rank with himself. Both Jewel & Stiles bungled in firing away Captain Jewel's arm on the first anniversary of American Independence. Jewel was rewarded with the appointment of Provost Marshal or Keeper of the New Jail (Walnut Street Prison), where prisoners of war were confined. I must confer some more on this Arch Street ground.

Opposite to this School Alley lived Philip, the celebrated bleeder. Below him was Doctor Kearsley's shop. This gentleman was the object of popular fury at the commencement of the Revolution. He was placed on a pole & thus carried by his shop to I know not where. I never saw or heard of him after that day. He was not tarred &
feathered, and was the only victim that I remember, an evidence of great forbearance in those days of excitement. Many, however, were carried to the Coffee House porch in Front Street & made to retract their sayings & kneel, ask pardon & forgiveness. At the corner of Arch & 2d Streets lived in an old fashioned house Mr. Hollingshead, a worthy & well known silversmith. The house yet stands. Between 2d & Front Street Samuel Shoemaker built for that day a large & fine house. He removed to it. In War times after the British retired, Benedict Arnold took up his head quarters there & on the arrival of the Sieur Gerard, the first French minister to the U.S., he invited him to reside in that house with him. Mr. Holker & Monsr. Otto, the first (Holker) being Consul General, kept his office on the opposite side of the street.

Nearest [next] above in a house at the corner of an alley lived Charles Willson Peale, captain of the ward militia. He afterwards removed to Market near 4th Street south side. In this house was exhibited the half length portraits of members of Congress & generals &c. painted by him, good likenesses; and there he painted & exhibited for the Executive Council of Pennsylvania a picture representing Washington at the Battle of Princeton with his arm on the mane of his white horse, both large as life. Near Front Street lived Ephraim Bonham, a good soap boiler & politician; the former he declined and in the room where soap had been sold Colonel William Henry, the first appointed Lieutenant of the City Police, kept his office. At the foot of Arch Street below Water Street north side was the ferry house & stairs of Samuel Cooper's ferry. The boats were wherrys with long pointed bows, having the keel & two supporting pieces on each side shod with iron. They thus stood with a level keel when dragged with their passengers from the water on the floating ice.

Samuel Emlen built a three storied house, the largest on Arch above* 6th Street. It was above* Budden's wharf in [?] Town. I saw this philanthropist assist a lad to load an overturned cart with wood in a fall of snow. This occurred in this street opposite the Widow Baynton's, corner [of] Moravian Alley. The only house above 6th Street north side was a tavern with a fence on Arch Street and the large enclosure, post & rail. Sign: a Fox Chase.

* By above in both cases is meant between 5th & 6th Streets.
Taverns. The Golden Swan. Paint it & gild it & let it swing & let the swan float peacefully landward. It will be money's worth to you, Mine Host of the old Golden Swan. Thou knowest not the tale that belongs thereto.

Awake, Mike Kreider! and tell thy story, that how in the fall of 1776 a party of Hessian Grenadiers of a regiment of General De-Heister, with coats of blue & faced with buff, under clothes of yellow, gaiters of black reaching to their knee bands, cap of brass, sugar loaf form, with the Landgraff's of Hesse Cassel's lion in front, long mustaches stiff with black ball paste, were taken in the act of digging potatoes in a rebel's field near Elizabeth Town, New Jersey. Tell how General W[ashington] sent them to Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia. They were the first of the dreaded invincibles its people had ever seen. Were they sent to prison, Mike? No. They were civilly sent to my Golden Swan House (with a small rebel guard to protect them). They were six in number, mostly good-looking soldiers. I was told to lodge & feed them well & send for Stuffle, Hans, Fritz & Yuckle. All came. Tabac, beer & brandy-wine flowed freely. They were at home surrounded by Landsmen, Kinder & Weiber looking on. They walked the town, asked where lived the rebel men who eat Hessians. The story was discovered, the fear that was to make desperate [men] fight or be taken & cooked with sour crout was all a lie. I fed them well & in due time they were sent neat & clean to their regiment. What then? They told their story. Deserters came to us by pairs & dozens. The Golden Swan overflowed with custom. All came to gaze & question. My neighbour Peter Miller, the famed old scrivener, & Hilary Baker, the young scribe, swore it made Mike Kreider's fortune. The Golden Swan for ever.

410. The old theatre [in] Southwark beyond the City bounds was a long two storey building, the lower storey of brick, where the door of entrance led by a long passage, not well lighted, to the pit, which opened by a door on one side, the left; the other was the west wall of the passage. British band formed the orchestra, 12 Regimental [illegible] centinels stood near the stage. Boxes one on each side. The managers Hallam & Henry, actors all stars: Woolrey [Woolls?], Morris. The first play I saw when a boy was the Beaux Stratagem. Morris played Sarah; afterpiece, Taming the Shrew.
Play bills always in red letters. After the War of the Revolution I saw the same managers with the addition of Wignell & Harper; old Morris & his wife still with them—the interval near 25 years.  

414. The Masonic Lodge in Lodge Alley was the building where many respectable but suspected citizens were confined on the approach of the British Army from Head of Elk. Some, if not all, were sent to Winchester, Virginia.  

Mrs. Seward kept a boarding house in Lodge Alley opposite the 2 large houses.  

On the opposite corner of Masons’ Alley on 2d Street lived old Doctor Thomas Bond. His dress & Doctor John Redman’s in day of my boyhood [were] large powdered bush wigs, scarlet cloaks & gold headed canes. Doctor Redman lived in 2d Street next door to the Meeting House. Other physicians of that early day were: 2 Doctor Shippens; the elder lived in Market Street near 4th, [his] shop in 4th Street. Doctor George Glentworth, Front Street opposite City Vendue Store. Dr. Cadwalader Evans, Arch near Front Street. Dr. John Morgan. Doctor Cadwalader [actually John Cadwalader], 2d near Dock Street, a large house afterwards the quarters of Gen. Knyphausen of the Hessian army.  

Drs. Physick, Rush & others of later celebrity were students in the days of which I write. Dr. P’s father lived in 3d near Arch Street. He held an office under the Proprietary; [he was a] very neat small man, wore a chestnut or brown coloured coat with gold basket buttons, large slashed coat sleeves with buttons [torn].  

437. Mead & cakes were sold at many gardens having summer houses on the Commons in Southwark. They abounded with company on Sunday afternoons.  

Opposite the State House [in] Chestnut Street stood some large trees. There lived in some humble wooden sheds a few orderly black women whose apple & cranberry tarts & beautiful pastry exceeds any thing now to be met with.  

Near Spring Gardens in summer time excellent wine was sold, & pretzels to give a zest to the liquor.  

447. I well remember assemblies of Indians in the East Wing of the State House. They made & sold baskets of various sizes. The splits were mostly dyed. The last I remember reached the whole
south side of the room, squaws & children sitting on the floor. This was before the Revolution.

455. I have a perfect recollection of the alarm occasioned by the cry, "the Paxton Boys are coming!" It was a false alarm. I was then a small school boy.

464. I remember Benjamin Kite, an usher in Joseph Stiles' school, where I was a pupil.

493. I have often heard Nicholas Waln preach. He was an eloquent speaker.

513. I heard Franklin lecture on electricity: subject, the electric eel, then swimming in a trough. It was called Torpedo. Place: Philadelphia Academy in 4th Street in the large room where commencements were held. Admission by tickets, price not recollected.

I afterwards (many years) saw him on the House balcony [in] 2nd & Market Streets. Heard him proclaimed President of the Executive Council. He walked to his residence at the residence of Mr. R. Bache, Market near 4th Street.

514. This house of Franklin's [at Race and Second Streets] was long occupied by Peter Paris. It was resorted to by Germans attending the Market; having but little spare room, the stables were on the opposite side of Race Street below the first corner house.

519. I heard Whitefield preach from the balcony of this Court House in 2d Street to an audience extending on both sides of the Market to Letitia Court, & again at the Baptist or Methodist Meeting House, a large building in 4th Street near Vine Street. He was a poorly man, wore [a] gown & wig white with powder & bushy. Doctor Tennant lived in Cherry Alley. This was, I presume, the last visit of Whitefield.

544. Charles Thomson when Secretary [of Congress] had rooms in a house [on the] southeast corner of Market & 4th Streets occupied by Captain Thomas Whitlock. The house is yet standing, where he entertained Members of Congress. The pavements on both sides had a very considerable slope from the houses to the gutter. There were common sewers at each corner of Market & 4th Street defended by strong rail enclosures. In heavy summer showers I have seen Market Street at this place completely inundated for hours, especially when the tide was high, filling the sewer from the wharf
to this corner. Samuel Garrigues was many times Clerk of the Market, then extending from Front to 3d Street. From 2d to Front Street was called the Jersey Market. Markets were held on Tuesday & Friday mornings by the country people in the tavern yards. They were principally German farmers.

582. During the winter of 1779 & 1780 wood was brought in waggons from the Jersey shore. The path for many weeks could not be distinguished from roads on terra firma covered with mud. Oxen were roasted whole & booths erected on the ice. Skaters exhibited their skill. Dr. Foulke & young Redman were the most graceful high Dutch skaters. Slays came on the ice from Bristol with market men. In this year the British marched with cannon on the ice from New York to Staten Island to reinforce that post.

In January 1784, I crossed all the rivers on horse back from Fredericksburg, Va., to Philadelphia. The rivers [were] deeply covered with snow. I remember the sultry days mentioned. On reaching the Potomack at Alexandria the melting of the snow presented a complete sheet of water on the ice. In the night of Wednesday the wind changed and another body of ice was formed, on which I crossed with several others & our horses on the ice after breakfast on Thursday morning. Ice smooth as glass. My companion fell & broke his collar bone.

602. I had the small pox when a small boy; took it in the natural way. The room was kept very warm & in addition a blanket was hung inside of the chamber door to exclude air. I was deeply marked but prevented from scarring my face by having my hands muffled. My eyes were closed for several days. Old Dr. John Redman attended me.

Plants & medicinal herbs could always be bought at Friends Alms House.

[610]. Thomas Say of the Society of Friends lived in 2d near Arch Street west side. He sickened and lay apparently dead, was placed in his coffin ready for interment. He thus lay several days for the attendance of friends, connexions who resided in New Jersey. The day was announced, a numerous attendance of people, every door thrown open to receive attendants on the funeral, as was then the prevailing custom, when his resuscitation was announced. He lived many years thereafter. I have often seen him.
Reports of his having seen some going to everlasting happiness & others a different course induced him to publish a denial of all such things & promising at his death all things should be made known & requesting a suspension till then of anything that should be said. I read his statement as here related.

680. Carpenters’ Hall. To this place the delegates to the first Continental Congress were conducted from Frankford, as elsewhere mentioned. Peyton Randolph of Virginia was the first president. He died & was buried in Philadelphia, either in Christ Church burying ground [in] 2d Street or the Baptist Burying Ground, next to Doctor Redman’s [in] 2d Street. The City Library was kept in Carpenters’ Hall. Caleb Carmalt at one time was, I think, Librarian. Among the things collected in an adjoining room was the hand of a mummy black as ebony, hard as a board. [The mummy’s hand is still to be seen at the Library Company of Philadelphia, which received it as a gift from Benjamin West in November, 1767.] There was also the skin of an immense snake rolled up, long as the room, very broad & beautifully variegated colours.

681. In the fall of 1776 General Mifflin made an excursion to Lancaster & York Town to excite the militia to march to Washington’s aid. He mounted pulpits on Sunday and, being an elegant & very popular patriot, succeeded in sending a large body of militia to Philadelphia. They were quartered on the inhabitants for a few days & were then marched to camp. Those men & the City militia contributed to the success which attended the battles of Trenton & Princeton.

681. When Sir William Howe landed at the Head of Elk much alarm prevailed in Philadelphia; the Committee of Safety were actively engaged in apprehending citizens supposed to be attached to the royal cause; many peaceable & respectable citizens, more especially of the Society of Friends, were apprehended without proof of guilt & confined in the Masons’ Lodge, & as the enemy made their approaches they were finally sent to the town of Winchester in Virginia. They protested in strong terms to this highhanded measure but without redress. Their names & persons are familiar to me, but I shall avoid specifying them. The American Army marched through the city & crossed the Schuylkill at Grey’s Ferry on their way to Brandywine. General du Coudray, a French officer of dis-
tinction, was drowned in crossing the floating bridge at Grey's Ferry. In the fall of 1776 prior to the battle of Trenton, General Israel Putnam commanded the few troops that were in the city of Philadelphia. Some slight works were erected between the Delaware & Schuylkill as a protection to the army on its approach to the city from the North—a party of British light horse were plainly seen on the Jersey shore from the wharves of Philadelphia. These works were abandoned on the landing of the British army at the Head of Elk. That army sustained heavy losses in their cavalry & horses of every description by turning them into the fields grazing on green food, after being long confined on shipboard. This loss was repaired by scouring the country.

After the Battle of Brandywine, it was expected that the enemy would make their approaches by the way of Chester, Darby, &c. They however crossed the Schuylkill at Swedesford; Sir William Howe took possession of Germantown & Chestnut Hill, between which places his army was encamped. On the 28th October [September] 1777 Lord Cornwallis marched into the city of Philadelphia at the head of the British & Hessian Grenadiers, the flower of the British Army. They entered in front of the old Barracks on Second Street. He led the van accompanied by an American citizen [Phineas Bond, Jr.] whose name I shall not mention, but whom I saw riding on Lord Cornwallis's left hand. The troops conducted themselves with great order, & many citizens of all parties lined the pavement, it being a beautiful day. The troops were remarkably neat & looked like a body of Invincibles, more especially the Hessian troops with their brass caps & brass hilted swords, for each of this corps carried side arms. The Honourable Lieutenant Colonel Monckton commanded the British Grenadiers. They marched up Spruce Street & took possession of the Bettering House, where they quartered. The Hessian Grenadiers were stationed at the Barracks in Second Street. On that afternoon General Cleveland of the British artillery erected a battery on the Delaware below Penrose's ship yards to prevent the approach of the American naval force stationed at Fort Mifflin. On the next morning the frigate Delaware approached the city & fired on this battery.

She passed it a short distance, backed, bringing her broadside to bear on the British works, & grounded, & in a very short time
struck her colours. The crew were landed near the Swedes' Church & marched to the New Jail. Great order was preserved in the city & no acts of violence committed. Sentries were at night placed at the corner of every square. None were permitted to pass after an early hour without having the countersign. John Dunlop's printing office in Market near Second Street was the main guard house.

The battle of Germantown commenced on Saturday morning the [4th] day of October. The firing was heard distinctly in the city about 8 o'clock. Colonel Monckton* at the head of the British Grenadiers marched at a half trot. I followed them until they reached the Barracks, whence the Hessian Grenadiers had been just marched out, smoking their pipes & marching at a steady pace on their way to Germantown. They were soon passed by the British Grenadiers, who took the Fourth Street road & were out of sight long before the Hessians were out of view. These troops, though slow, were invincible in battle & hard to beat. The result of the battle was soon known in the city, & waggon loads of the wounded of both armies were brought in & lodged in different meeting houses & churches, which were converted into hospitals, more especially in the southern part of the city. Pits were dug in front of some of those meeting houses, where the dead were promiscuously thrown, & legs & arms were seen protruding after heavy showers of rain. The American prisoners were principally lodged in the New Jail under the direction of Captain Cunningham, the British Provost Marshal, of notorious & execrable memory.

Soon after the battle of Germantown the whole British army retired to the city, where strong redoubts were erected on eminences reaching from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, with deep ditches in front & abatis made of fallen trees, having their boughs trimmed & strongly staked down in the whole distance. A very formidable redoubt was erected at Kensington near the high banks of the river, that raked for a considerable distance all the country front & to the east & west. Strong gates were erected at the end of different streets, with chevaux de frises connected to each other by strong chains in front of each, leaving a movable space for the entrance of carts & wagons. At the Front Street gate, poor Carlisle attended; his fate

* This amiable man & gallant officer was killed at the battle of Monmouth, New Jersey.
has been noticed in another place. [See above, p. 368.] On the banks of the Schuylkill a little south of the Middle Ferry, a strong redoubt with heavy pieces of ordnance was erected which commanded the grounds on the opposite side of the Schuylkill. On that side near the water stood a stone ferry house, in which a British detachment was stationed, protected by a small battery at the top of the hill near the point of the woods, for all was in wood at that time; & notwithstanding these defences, country people were often intercepted by American patroles bringing provisions into the city. Until the surrender of Fort Mifflin the harbour of Philadelphia scarcely presented a sail of any description. The cause has been assigned in another place. A few solitary British barges with muffled oars would make their way in the night with provision for the garrison. Provisions of all kinds became scarce. Great order was preserved in the city, the inhabitants were not interrupted, the officers were polite & the soldiers civil. They were encamped within the lines on the Commons, & in the severity of winter they occupied buildings of various descriptions. The destruction of fences, the cutting down of trees between the city & Germantown & the neighbouring country presented a most gloomy appearance. The Hessian troops under Count Donop crossed from the city to Cooper's point, a fine body of troops destined to attack the fort at Red Bank opposite Mud Island. Their commander & a large portion of his troops never returned. Brave themselves, they met with a gallant resistance from the American garrison. During the attack on Fort Mifflin the meadows were lined with citizens as spectators & the Neck became a spot of great interest.

The explosion of the Somerset 74 [in error for the frigate Augusta] & the effect on the city has been well described. The Merlin sloop of war was lost at the same time. The surrender of the fort so nobly defended has been ascribed to the depth of the channel between the fort & the mainland, not before discovered or even suspected by the Americans. While here, an armed vessel called the Vigilant opened an unexpected fire on the rear of the garrison & occasioned the final surrender of the fort. The row gallies attempted to pass the city after the surrender of the fort but, finding this impracticable, they were set on fire by their crews & were burned to the water's edge between the present Navy Yard to Gloucester Point. This took
place between early dawn & sunrise & presented a grand & awful spectacle. Before the surrender of this fort, Daniel Chaumier, commissary general of the British army, caused returns to be made of spirits & provisions belonging to the inhabitants, which were seized for the use of the army. Whether compensation was made for them, I am unable to say. But after the surrender of that fort & the removal of some of the chevaux de frise sunk in the river, the wharves & streams were lined with shipping, consisting of transports & merchant vessels & small ships of war. Goods were abundant & the city presented its wonted appearance of bustle & animation.

The shambles were removed from the market house, the whole of it was converted into stables by constructing sheds projecting from each stall, for British cavalry from Front to Third Street. They consisted of two regiments, the 16th or Queen's Light Dragoons, one troop of which occupied the stables of the George Inn Tavern on Arch & Second street, & their commander, Colonel Gwyn, took possession of Benjamin Morgan's three story brick house on the north side of Arch near Second street. Major Tarleton belonged to the 17th Dragoons; he took possession of the upper front rooms in the house then occupied by William Sitgreaves in Market near Third Street.

The persons of the British commanders have been well described: Sir William Howe's was a rough, weatherbeaten face; Lord Cornwallis was of the ordinary height, square built, one of his eyes was habitually closed, vulgarly termed cock-eyed; Sir Henry Clinton was short & strong built, with a remarkably projecting lower jaw, vulgarly called wapperjawed; General Knyphausen was a noble specimen of a German baron, of the ordinary height & strong frame; there was a sabre mark on one of his cheeks extending from the eye to the chin.

The Meschianza is well described. I witnessed every part of the preparations & the tournament. During this pageantry the British lines were well manned. The Battle of the Kegs has been well described by Mr. Hopkinson, late Judge Hopkinson, in his humorous poem; they produced much alarm & whenever the kegs appeared they were fired at from the wharves & shipping.

The British were long preparing to leave the city. They crossed over to Gloucester Point, & detachments of American troops were
seen chasing some of the British loiterers through the streets. It is a fact well known & must be familiar to many of the ancient inhabitants of the city, that during the warm months of that season, the Commons were covered with myriads of small frogs.

At the early dawn of the Revolution a non-exportation & non-importation plan was adopted & a day designated for vessels to take their departure from the port of Philadelphia. The river exhibited a busy scene, the whole being covered with white canvass. In a few days not a vessel that was seaworthy was to be seen at the wharves; the river presented a silent & melancholy aspect. A short time thereafter, a few ships were armed & prepared at the wharves of Willing & Morris, Southwark; they were called the Andrew Doria, the Columbus, the America Vespucci, & the Cabot. Captain Barry, afterwards the celebrated commodore, commanded one of those ships & Captain Weeks, I think, the other; the names of the other Captains I have forgotten. They sailed, & the first prize sent in by Barry occasioned great commotion or rather exultation. This was a British tender, a small armed schooner.

Some fine frigates were afterwards built: one of them sailed, the Randolph, under the command of the gallant & lamented Captain Biddle. In the night she engaged the Yarmouth 74 in the West India latitude, & was blown up. The other frigates on the approach of the British were dismantled & sent up the Delaware; they were scuttled & sunk. The British sent an expedition up the river & burned them to the water's edge. There was a long period when not a square rigged vessel arrived from sea. A few polaccas arrived with cargoes of salt, fine & black as dirt. Few persons could speak French or Spanish. James Oellers, then a small grocer, from his knowledge of those languages became a merchant of note & acted as the agent of those foreigners in disposing of their cargoes. He had the right to fix the price of the salt but was limited in the quantity to be disposed of. This being a scarce article, none were permitted to purchase but by a permit to be obtained from a committee appointed for that purpose. The object was an equal distribution of this scarce article among the heads of families.

At the commencement of the Revolution the munitions of war were scarce, clothing equally so. Committees were appointed in the several wards to collect lead, blankets & shoes. An active agent was
Michael Schlosser, a German Whig, by profession a tanner, living in Second between Race & Vine street. These committees, provided with iron weights & wooden spouts, went from house to house taking window weights & clock weights & gutters of lead, & substituting those of the materials stated. Householders were interrogated as to the number in family & of the blankets & shoes they possessed; what the committee deemed a surplus of either article was taken for the use of the army. A remark has often been made that the American troops could be traced by their blood: this was literally true in the fall of 1776, when the American troops marched through the city on their way to Trenton. The capture of the Hessians at that place presented a curious & animated spectacle. They were marched through Second Street & up Chestnut Street to the State House in the order in which they were captured, marching two & two at considerable intervals, some with caps, some with shabby hats, & many without either. I was standing at Hollingshead's corner, Second & Arch Street, near to Doct Chovet, a licenced Tory character, as these Hessians were passing. He abused the Congress & the Committees, swore it was a deception practised on the people, swore they were not Hessian soldiers but a parcel of Germans brought from Lancaster County to deceive the people. He soon trotted down Arch street enveloped in his scarlet cloak, thumping the pavement with his gold-headed cane—the sight was too much for him.

On the meeting of the First Congress in May 1775 [1774] the delegates convened in the village of Frankford & were conducted by crowds of citizens on horseback & on foot to Carpenters’ Hall in Philadelphia, where they held their meeting. The delegates rode two & two & formed a long line of procession; many of the citizens were dressed in hunting shirts of different colours & variously armed. Of this Congress Peyton Randolph was president. He died in Philadelphia & was succeeded by John Hancock, who was an inmate of Stephen Collins’s family, where he long resided, in Second Street nearly opposite Christ Church. Collins was of the Society of Friends, but a zealous Whig; he was in person tall & thin, a man of wealth & possessed of a good understanding. The Congress of 1776 held their sitting in the State House: in the left hand room of the lower story the Declaration of Independence was signed. The Declaration was
printed on a single sheet & distributed through the city. The general impression which it produced was that of mixed joy & gloom. Congress continued their sittings in Philadelphia until the approach of the British army; they retired during that period, but again returned to the city, where they held their meetings until the revolt of the Pennsylvania Line.

The only house that stood north of 6th Street & Chestnut Street was a large building in the centre of a lot & was converted into a hospital for the soldiers of the Flying Camp, who were afflicted with a dreadful malady called the camp fever, which proved fatal to numbers. They died with such rapidity that coffins could not be made for them, except in an early stage, but the bodies were conveyed as they died, in carts, to Potter’s Field, now Washington Square. Large & deep trenches were dug on the western side of that square from one end to the other; in these the dead were deposited & slightly covered over until the trenches were filled. This dreadful mortality was confined to the soldiers.

In the centre of the Field a space was enclosed for the burying place of the donor, whose family was interred there. The rest was an open space with trees round that enclosed spot. Beyond this Field in every direction to the Schuylkill there was not a solitary building but the Hospital & Bettering House. The Jews’ Burying Ground opposite the Hospital was a small enclosure, part of brick, & was the spot to which the British soldiers previous to the Revolution were carried to be shot.

Regular Trading Ships. Previous to the Revolution the regular trading ships were very few. They made two voyages to Europe in a year. One, called the Chalkley, Captain Edward Spain, belonging to James & Drinker, was a regular Bristol trader; another, called the Mary & Elisabeth, Captain Sparks, belonging to John Head, living in 2nd Street near Christ Church, was a London trader. Joshua Fisher, living in Front Street, had also a ship in that trade called the [blank], commanded by Captain Nathaniel Falconer. These with another ship, called the London Packet, Captain Budden, are all that I recollect in the English trade, which was confined to the ports of London, Bristol & Hull; with Liverpool there was no intercourse. Mease & Caldwell & a few others were engaged in the Irish trade, principally with the port of Newry, where quantities of flax
seed were shipped. Willing & Morris were more extensively engaged than any others during that period as general shippers. Peter Whitesides & John Swanwick were lads in their compting house. At that period the following were among the number of merchants importing dry goods: James & Drinker, Joshua Fisher, William Fisher, Samuel Shoemaker, Jeremiah Warder, John & Clement Biddle, Thomas Benezet, Abraham Usher, John Head, & (John) Schweighauser, Caspar Wistar, a German Friend, John Steinmitz, Curtis Clay, Thomas Bartow. There was but one auctioneer for the city before the Revolution, Thomas Lawrence; one in the Southern Liberties, & several in the Northern Liberties, among whom I recollect the names of William Sitgreaves, & Footman & Jeyes.

Printers. William Goddard, Hall & Sellers, William & Thomas Bradford, & John Dunlop. William Bradford kept the London Coffee House, where his wife attended the bar, & Hugh James was the maker & distributor of punch, then a favourite beverage & sold in a small bowl called a nib. Adjoining the Coffee House was a low wooden building where [which was] occupied as a marine insurance office, & next to that, also in a wooden building, was Bradford's bookstore. The Crisis & Common Sense, written by Thomas Paine, was printed & published by Benjamin Towne, editor of the Evening Post; he resided in Front near Market Street.

David Franks was the agent of the contractors for victualing the British troops prior to the Revolution & was appointed by Congress the commissary for British prisoners. He latterly resided in Second Street, corner of Lodge Alley, in a house belonging to James Logan. He was father to the celebrated Rebecca Franks. British bills of exchange in that day varied from 60 to 66-3⁄4. Rees Meredith, a wealthy merchant, was noted as the purchaser of doubtful bills with good endorsers, deriving his gains from the damages & interest on those bills; to him it was a source of great profit.

686. The finest & most handsome man (officer) in the British Army was Sir William Erskine, upwards of 6 feet high. He was Quarter-Master General; lived in Vine below 2d Street in a house belonging, I think, to Doctor Samuel Jackson.

The grandest display of troops witnessed during the War of the Revolution was when the American & French Armies marched through Philadelphia on their way to York Town. The soldiers
were well dressed. They marched down Front Street. The French Army were a superb body of soldiers—artillery & furnaces, pioneers in front with axes, &c. It was a splendid sight.

[687]. Colonel Mawhood commanded the regiment which bayonetted General Mercer. General Sir William Howe in his home dispatch says, in this battle was distinguished Colonel Mawhood & the gallant 17th. I write from memory but vouch for all I say.

730. The British army laid a floating bridge across the Schuylkill at the Lower Ferry. It was laid broadside to the Pennsylvania shore before they left the City. There was [a] floating bridge at this place when the American army crossed on its way to Brandywine. There General Du Coudray was drowned.

731. The scenery beautiful on the Schuylkill, especially from Bush Hill to the Upper Ferry. I have trolled many times with Mike Minnick, a famous hand at this sport, for rock in a canoe, rowing up to the falls, and always with good success. I have eaten many a trout on the high rocks, where the Water Works are now situated, then almost perpendicular to the river.