

OLD ROADS OUT OF PHILADELPHIA

BY

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WITH 117 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP



PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
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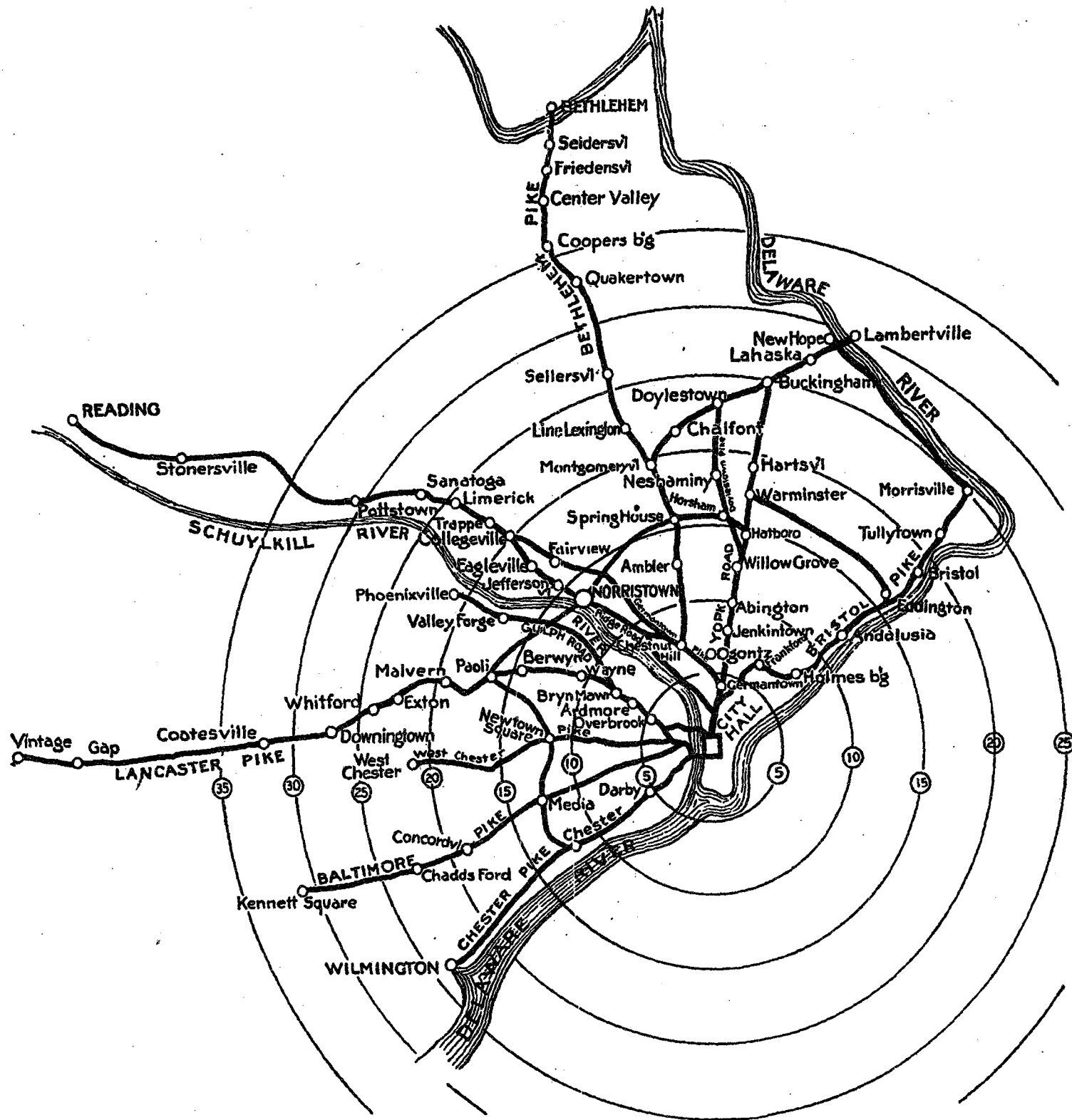
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OLD ROADS OUT OF PHILADELPHIA

The circles indicate the number of miles from City Hall, Philadelphia.
 The map shows, near the fifteen-mile circle, the series of roads—good, bad and indifferent—by means of which the automobilist may cross, in succession, the ten great roads, as described in the Foreword.

FOREWORD

HOW many of those who speed along the roads out of Philadelphia in their motorcars, who ride in trolleys, or take refreshing walks, know of the roads on which they travel or of the things that they see by the way? This volume has been prepared for the purpose of adding to the enjoyment of outdoor life, entertainment, knowledge of fascinating bits of local history, and pleasing adventure.

For the vicinity of Philadelphia is rich in historical interest. Boston alone, among American cities, can compare with it in this respect, but Philadelphia has the advantage of Boston in that so many of the historic buildings and their surroundings are still practically in the state in which they were a century or more ago.

Some one has compared the old roads out of Philadelphia to the sticks of a lady's fan. If an opened fan is laid on the map of Philadelphia and its surrounding country westward, the boundary sticks may be made to conform to the Delaware. The city itself will be covered by the open portion of the fan, while the radiating sticks will correspond after a fashion to the ten great old roads, several of which date from the later years of the seventeenth century.

It is quite possible for the automobilist, in a single half day, starting from the first of these roads to the

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FOREWORD

south, the Wilmington Turnpike—say at a point fifteen miles from the City Hall—to go across country on a line roughly parallel with the boundaries of the city, crossing in turn the Baltimore, the West Chester, the Lancaster, the Gulph, the Ridge, the Germantown, the Bethlehem, the York and the Bristol roads.

After such a trip, the roads might with great profit and pleasure be traversed one after another, to a distance of thirty, forty or fifty miles from the city, or even farther, though thirty or thirty-five miles will include the most of the historic portion of any of these roads, at least so far as the history is bound up with Philadelphia.

Most of the roads are well surfaced, and the automobile owner may take all of the trips outlined in the chapters of this volume. Moreover, car lines are so well placed that one can cover much of the territory indicated by trolley. Thus there is a trolley on the Wilmington road as far as Wilmington; the Baltimore road has a trolley from Angora to Media; the West Chester road has a car line its entire length; the Ridge road may be seen from the car window; the traveler along the Germantown road can go quite a distance by car; much of the Bethlehem Turnpike may be seen on the cars of the Liberty Bell route; there is a trolley to Willow Grove on the York Road, from Willow Grove to Doylestown on what, by some early writers, was spoken of as a branch of the York Road, and from Willow Grove to Hatboro on the main stem of the York Road, while the trolley line keeps on or close to the Bristol road all the way to Morrisville. Only the

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Lancaster and the Gulph roads are entirely without trolley service, though much of the Lancaster Pike may be reached from stations on the Philadelphia and Western to Strafford, while a convenient point on the Gulph road may be reached over the main line of the same line.

The roads can be seen best by those who will go over them in a leisurely manner, stopping to look for all houses and churches and for other spots with associations that take one far back into the past, and going down the side roads where many of the places most worth seeing are found.

It has not been the purpose of the author to tell of all the historic points on any road. To do this would make the book unreadable. Then it would not be right to deprive the traveler of the fun of making discoveries in unexpected places. One who begins the search in earnest will find spots that are not mentioned in any book. He may stumble on a building of which even those best informed in the history of Philadelphia and its surroundings are ignorant. When such a place is found, the next thing is to learn its story. Concerning many of the old places no story can be told; but it is surprising how much can be learned when the inquirer persists, exhausting every avenue of discovery. And it will be found that there are few pleasures greater than that of those who roam the country about Philadelphia and piece together the story of the pioneers in connection with their houses and their favorite haunts.

The writer is glad to acknowledge his indebtedness

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to Frank H. Shelton for the use of many of the photographs reproduced in the chapters on the Baltimore and the West Chester roads; to Frank H. Taylor, for the use of historical data; to E. R. Longstreth, for suggestions of great value; to Lincoln Cartledge and Fred P. Powers, for the use of photographs taken by them; to A. O. H. Grier, for Wilmington photographs; to Ernest Spofford, Assistant Librarian of the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; to H. G. Blatchley, Rev. Irving R. Wagner and Dr. Collin Foulkrod, for companionship on a number of the roads; and to Ph. B. Wallace and Henry C. Howland, architectural and landscape photographers, who accompanied him on his trips to many of the points mentioned in the volume, and took most of the photographs reproduced.

The chapter on the Lancaster Turnpike was already printed when action was taken by the Pennsylvania Legislature that made free to all users the last toll sections of this pioneer turnpike.

J. T. F.

Philadelphia, 1917

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ON THE LANCASTER TURNPIKE

WHEN the sturdy Swedish settlers who preceded the colonists of William Penn ventured into the interior from what is now Philadelphia, many of them followed the Kitanning Path, one of the best known of the trade routes out from the Delaware and the Schuylkill. At that time there was no ferry across the Schuylkill at the present Market Street. No ferry was provided until after the meeting of the first Assembly in 1682.

The keeper of the first ferry was not satisfactory to the early travelers. When some of them appealed to the Council, he was warned "to Expedite a sufficient ferry boat for horses and cattle to pass to and fro over the Schuylkill as also to make the way on both sides easy and passable both for horse and man to Loe-water Mark; otherwise ye Council will make Care to dispose of it to such as will dispose of ye same."

Complaints continued until 1723, when the ferry privilege was leased to Aquila Rose for twenty-one years. He was required to get substantial boats and make good landings. In consideration of this investment, the promise was made that he should have a monopoly of ferry privileges for some distance up and down the river, and he was allowed to charge a reasonable toll. Foot passengers were taxed one penny, and

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a loaded cart or wagon had to pay one shilling. He went ahead with pleasing speed to mend the conditions of which complaint had been made, but only a little while after the ferry privilege became his he was drowned while at work. A rhymester of the day explained:

'Twas then that, wading through the chilling flood,
A cold ill humor mingled with his blood.

The first petition for a bridge was presented to the Assembly in 1751, and Benjamin Franklin, Casper Wistar and Charles Norris were appointed to study the situation and report. In August, 1751, they reported in favor of a bridge "near to the end of the Market street where Captain Coultas keeps his ferry." But nothing further was heard of this proposition.

Three years later, when Thomas Pownall passed this way, he wrote of Coultas's Ferry:

The ferry-boats at Schuylkill . . . are the most convenient I ever saw; and the oars with which they are rowed over, rigged out in a manner the most handy that can be devised; they are fixed in an iron fork, so as to have a perpendicular motion, and they are loaded towards the hand, so as to be nearly ballanced, leaving, however, the feather of the oar rather the more heavy; this fork is fixed on a pivot, in the gunwale of the boat, by which the oar has free horizontal motion. By this simple contrivance of mechanism, a very slight boy can manage a pair of large heavy oars, and row over a large ferry boat.

It is recorded that in 1770 the entire income of the city of Philadelphia was but eight hundred pounds, and that two hundred pounds of the amount came

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from the Market Street ferry, which had been taken over by the city.

During the Revolutionary War several floating bridges were built at this point, but the first permanent bridge was built by a company incorporated in 1798. A prospectus set forth these things, among others:

The bridge is to consist of three large arches, of which the centre is to be two hundred and fifty feet long, and the other two to be each one hundred and fifty feet, besides these, there will be a second smaller arch at each end, to give greater ease for the passing of the waters during the freshes. The width of the bridge will be fifty feet, with footways on each side.

The bridge was of wood, on stone piers. The corner stone was laid October 18, 1800. 800,000 feet of lumber were used. The structure, 1300 feet long, was opened January 1, 1805. The cost was \$300,000, and the receipts the first year were \$13,600. This was the first covered bridge in America.

A marble obelisk with inscriptions was set up on the western approach. One inscription read:

No pier of regular masonry into as great a depth of water is known to exist in any other part of the world.

Tolls were abolished in 1840, when the city became owner of the bridge. Thirty-five years later the structure was burned. The temporary bridge that succeeded it for a time was completed in two hundred and seven working hours. The present bridge was not arranged for until 1881.

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The monument erected to commemorate the original bridge is still standing, having been removed to the eastern approach to the present bridge, beside the gas tank. The inscriptions can no longer be read, for the soft stone has worn away.

Improvements in the road that led from the bridge toward Lancaster kept pace with the changes in the method of crossing the Schuylkill. The beginnings of the first road date from 1687. As the years passed the road was extended and developed. In 1721, when it became necessary to organize Lancaster County, the residents asked for a foot road which they could use in taking their produce to Philadelphia. They argued that they had no navigable water, as the people in the Schuylkill valley had, and that the existing road was "incommodious." In 1741 the road asked for was opened.

As the country developed, and travel increased, it was evident that a better road was needed. In 1791, therefore, the Legislature authorized a company to construct a turnpike from Philadelphia to Lancaster, the first road of the kind in the country. Popular enthusiasm was so high that the stock offered was heavily oversubscribed, and it became necessary to choose the stockholders from among the applicants by lot. When thirty dollars only had been paid in on the shares, they were in great demand at par.

An interesting document sent to the stockholders when the road was still under construction has been preserved. Matthias Slough, the author of the document, was the superintendent of the fifth of the five

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districts into which the road was divided. He declared that, as an honest man, and in accordance with his instructions, he had turned a deaf ear to the appeals of certain land owners who wished him to run the road crooked to suit their convenience; later they tried to impede him. This, he felt sure, was the explanation of the fact that the managers of the road later awarded to some one else the contract for a desirable section of the road, though his bid was two hundred pounds lower than that of the successful bidder. He explained that complaint had been made that he had not been able to show as good results as his neighbor, the superintendent of the fourth division. He owned that much more work had been done in this division than in his own, "but," he added, "that it is to be ascribed to the extraordinary exertion of the superintendent, I deny." The real reason, he said, was that the fourth district lay in a barren region. The farmers, having little work of their own to do, were glad to work on the road. Further, stone was plentiful in the fields by the roadside. In his own district the farmers were so busy in their fertile fields that he could not secure help, and stone could be secured only at a distance and with great labor. More, in the fourth district only the easiest of the work had been done, while in his district he had done all his work well, in spite of difficulties. To cap the climax, he declared that the work in the fourth district had cost much more than in the fifth district. "I can lay my hand on my heart, and declare that I, in no instance, wantonly sported with one shilling of the Company's money."

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Then he went on to say to "those who prostitute truth at the Shrine of Malevolence":

I should have treated all you said with the contempt it deserved; you have not confined your Mallice to yourselves, in propagating your infernal stories, but sent forth your sons and your daughters, your man servants and your maid servants, to calumniate and traduce my character abroad.

I deem it my duty to lay before you these facts, to show you the treatment a worthy citizen of Chester County received.

History is silent as to the result of this broadside, but it makes interesting reading, for it helps to show that human nature was the same a century ago as it is to-day.

The Lancaster Turnpike was completed in 1796. The first regular stage, carrying ten passengers, used the new road in May, 1797. It left Lancaster at five o'clock in the evening, and reached Philadelphia, sixty-six miles distant, at five o'clock next morning.

Francis Bailey, in his Journal of a Tour in North America, written in 1796, pronounced the road "a masterpiece of its kind." That the managers proposed to keep it in good condition is evident from this regulation:

Nor shall more than eight horses be attached to any carriage whatsoever used on said road, and if any wagon or other carriage shall be drawn along said road by a greater number of horses or with a greater weight (3 1-2 or 4 tons) than is hereby permitted, one of the horses attached shall be forfeited to the use of said company, to be seized or taken by any of the officers,

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or servants, who shall have the privilege to choose, excepting the shaft or wheel horse or horses.

Another interesting document connected with the early history of the turnpike is the note book kept by one of the surveyors employed in 1806 to plan for the improvement of the road. On the right-hand pages of the note book the surveyor carefully drew the detail of the road on a scale of one-half mile to the inch, the left hand pages he used for all sorts of notes, curious and otherwise, for example, he quoted a rhyme that sad experience in the rough country may have made him appreciate —

On the 22d day of December
A confounded big piece of timber
Fell down slambang
And Kill'd poor John Lamb.

A later note has to do with business:

Rising the Hill at the Commencement of the fifth mile at the beginning of David Evan's District the stones are very large and ought to be broken finer. This however is not the falt of the present Superintendant they appear to have been left so originally in making the road.

The following memorandum shows that the travelers of that day were just as averse to paying toll as the automobilist is to-day:

Mr. Daniel Maul is of opinion that a 2 1-2 mile Gate ought to be set just below where the Gulf Road falls into the T. road below the Buck in order to intercept the traveling which comes in along the 2d Gulf Road and the Old L. road, which now travels on the

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T. road about one mile and turns off to the old L. road again at Lenoff's Lane without paying any toll.

As is indicated by this memorandum, the turnpike did not always follow the course of the original Lancaster Road. At places a better route was found. Thus the Old Lancaster road diverges from the Lancaster Turnpike from Haverford College to a point beyond Wayne, is identified with it for a short space, then has a separate existence for a longer distance. The two roads finally come together beyond Berwyn.

The closing memorandum is a statement of account:

Took with me Nov. 3, 1806 Cash \$115 to bear the Expense of the P & Lancaster Turnpike Road.

Nov. 6 "Snack at Eagle"	.87
Nov. 6 "rained"	5.63

20 pd for 4 seats in the Lancaster stage	\$16.
pd. James Dewey for 15 days assistance	15
Salmon Veats do	7
16 Days Surveying	64

The Old Lancaster Road was called the Conestoga Road because it was the favored route of the great Conestoga freighters. But long before the day of the Conestogas the road was a busy place. Hundreds and thousands of pack horses threaded their way along the narrow track, picturesque cavalcades whose advance was the signal for the gathering by the wayside of the scattered residents of the countryside who were hungry for the touch with the world which these messengers of commerce could give them. Frequently the drivers, welcoming an excuse for rest or delighted to be the

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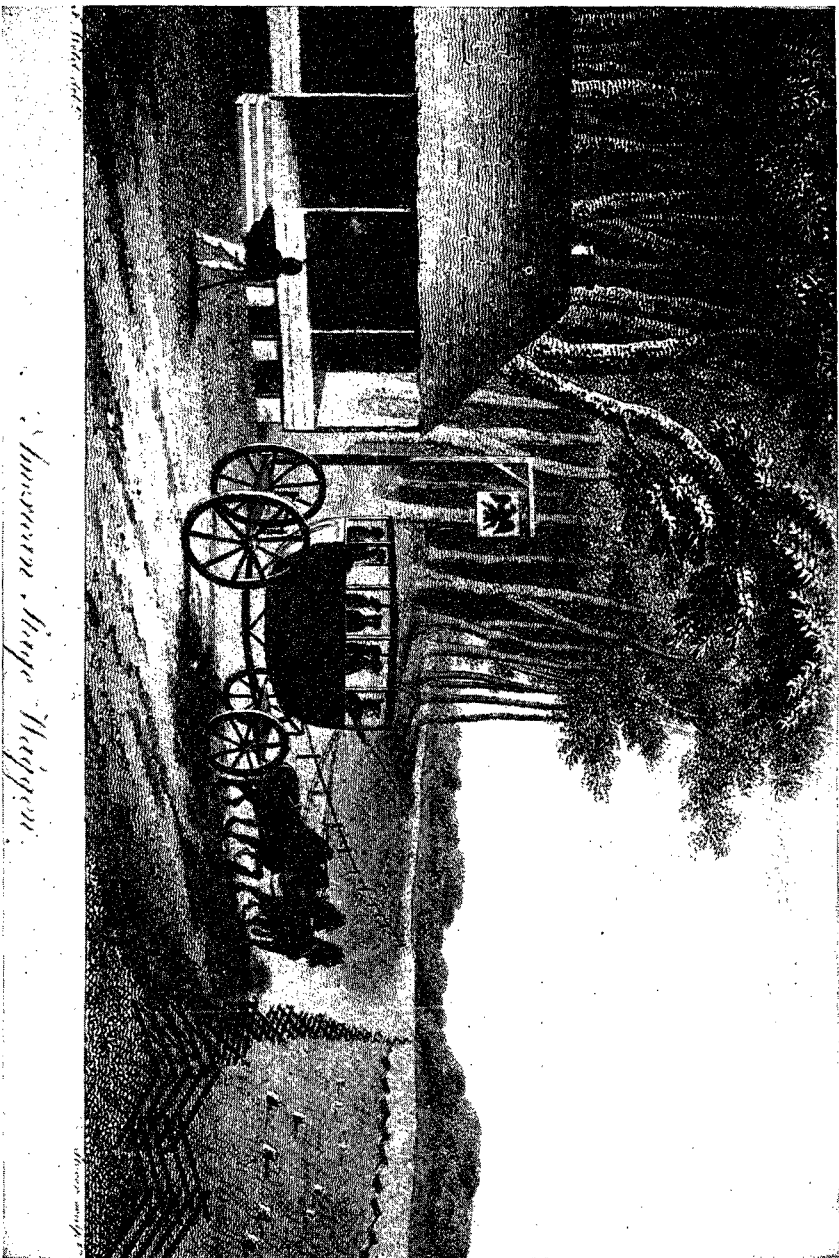
center of interest, would satisfy the curiosity of the settlers; sometimes, however, the sense of their own importance would make them keep on their way, heedless of all greetings and inquiries. Human nature as seen on the roads in those early days was not different from human nature today.

Ordinarily there were from twelve to sixteen horses in a pack train. In charge of each train were two men; one of these led the procession, picking out the road, while his companion brought up the rear. Bells formed a part of the equipment of each horse, though these were not for use by day so much as they were a convenience in locating animals that might stray from the camp.

Year by year the wagon roads grew longer and the pack-horse routes or bridle paths grew shorter. Each year the point at which the transfer from wagons to pack-animals had to be made was advanced. Lancaster was for a time the head of the wagon road. Later Carlisle was the transfer point. At length the day came when a wagon could go all the way through to Pittsburgh.

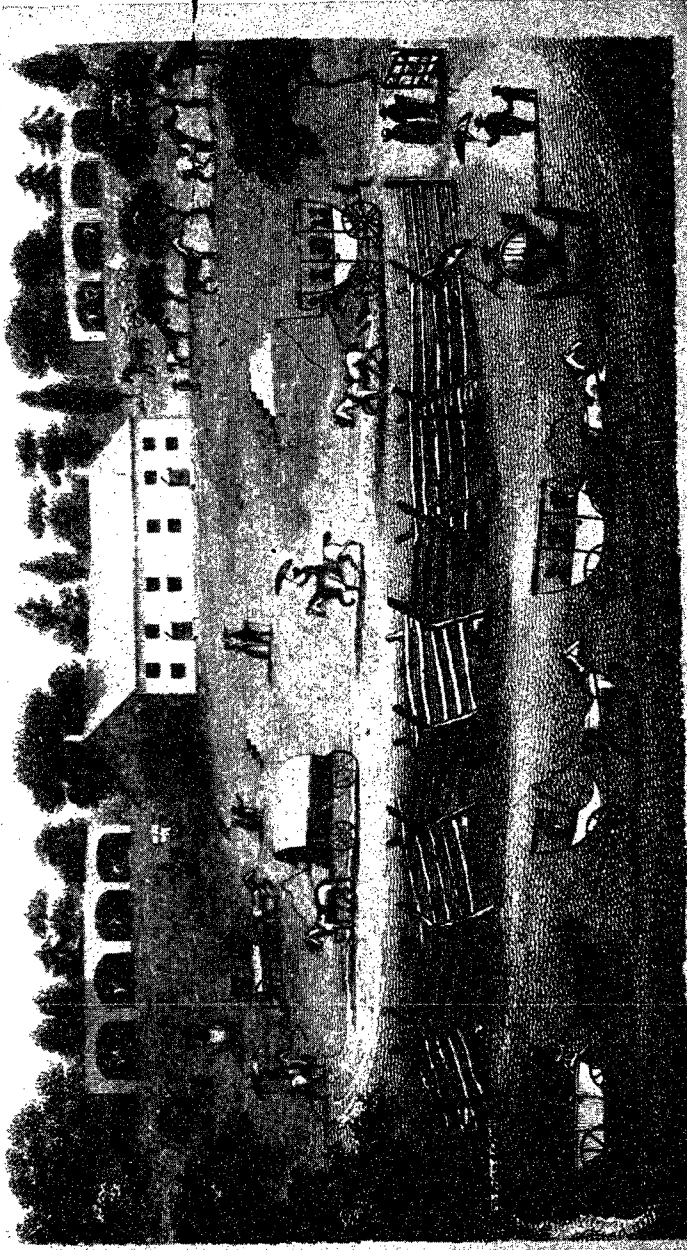
The pack-horse drivers did not welcome the advance of the roads; they did not see why they should be deprived of their occupation. Consequently, there was bad blood between the wagoners and the leaders of the passing industry, and clashes between them were frequent.

At first the great Conestoga wagons ran independently, but in time the industry was organized. Companies controlled much of the business. The Line Wagon Company was among the leaders. The experiment was tried of having drivers and horses in relays



Spreading Eagle Inn.

SHOWING THE ORIGINAL "SPREAD EAGLE INN" NEAR THE FOURTEENTH
MILESTONE, LANCASTER PIKE
From "Travels through the States of North America," by Isaac Weld, London, 1800



American friends going to meeting in summer.

From Robert Sutcliffe's Travels, York, England, 1811

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along the road, and of delivering wagons at stations precisely as a railway crew turns over a train to others at a division point. But this plan did not work well; it was found that the drivers thought more of making speed than of caring for their outfit. As a result there were many wrecked wagons by the roadside, and the profits of the company were impaired. Then it was decided to return to the old system of making each driver responsible for his own outfit along the entire distance.

For a generation following the Revolution the road was a busy place. Conestoga wagons, stages, pack horses, and private conveyances at times made an almost continuous procession. Johan Schoepf, writing in 1784, said that there were probably "seven or eight thousand Dutch Waggon with four Horses each, that from Time to Time bring their Produce and Traffick to Philadelphia, from 10 to 100 miles distance." Sometimes there were as many as eight horses to a wagon. Each wagon had its feed trough suspended at the rear and the tar can swinging underneath. The procession on busy days must have been startling.

A hint of the amount of the traffic at this period was given by Sister Catherine Fritsch, who, in May, 1810, with half a dozen others, went from Bethlehem to Philadelphia, crossing over to the Lancaster Road at Downington. She spoke of ten wagons that stood at a wayside mill to be loaded with flour for the city. Another picture was drawn thus:

At the toll-gates their Keepers were usually busily engaged in taking the toll, for sometimes three or four

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conveyances stood in waiting. Some of the gatekeepers kept tally on a slate of the money they took in.

Coming early to a toll-gate we had to wait until the sleepy Keeper, rubbing his eyes, came out for our toll. Generally, these gate-keepers were taciturn, sour-looking men. Indeed, they seemed to me to resemble each other so much that I almost believed them to be of one family—sons of one father.

At eight o'clock that morning she ordered breakfast, "but had to wait patiently for it as the passengers of the Post stage must first be served."

"The more one approaches to the city," she said, finally, "the greater the number of conveyances of all kinds, and consequently the deeper the dust, which covered us from head to foot and even filled our mouths. . . . We could not see objects twenty feet ahead of us."

The most important man on the road in the days of which Catherine Fritsch wrote was the driver of the stage coach. Next to him came the wagoner. Least important of all was the driver of a private conveyance, as the following incident shows:

Once a wedding party in two-wheeled gigs was on the way to Philadelphia. One gentleman groom drove against the leaders of one of the numerous wagoners passing in the same direction. At the next turn the driver called on the gentleman for redress. It took some diplomacy to arrange the matter.

When travel was at its height, the returns on the stock of the turnpike company were large. Frequently the net annual earnings were ~~more than fifteen per cent.~~ But after about 1820 the profits became less.

Many travelers have left humorous and illuminat-

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ing narratives of their experiences when the Lancaster road was in its glory.

In 1778 Elizabeth Drinker went from Philadelphia to Lancaster. Of one day's experience she wrote in her diary:

In our journey to-day we found the roads so bad, that we walked part of ye way, and climbed 3 fences, to get clear of ye mud.

On April 9 she wrote:

This day we forded three large rivers, the Conestoga ye last, which came into ye carriage, and wet our Feet, and frightened more than one of us.

In an old diary, some one whose name is not known, in telling of "a trip for pleasure," wrote:

Left Lancaster . . . in good spirits, but alas, a sad accident had like to have turned our mirth into mourning, for W. driving careless and Being happily engaged with the lady he had the pleasure of riding with, and not mindful enough of his charge, drove against a large stump which stood in the way, by which the chair was overturned and the lady thrown out to a considerable distance, but happily received no hurt. About 8 o'clock arrived at Douglass' where supped and rested all night. The supper was pretty tolerable, beds indifferent, being short of sheets for the beds, the woman was good enough to let W. have a table-cloth in lieu of one.

In 1789 a family party took passage on a stage of a later line, hoping for a speedy journey from Philadelphia to Lancaster. Soon they overtook a husband and wife who had been traveling in a chair until the driver refused to take them further. Room was made

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for the wife in the stage; the husband walked alongside. The further incidents of the journey were related by one of the party in a letter to friends. The road was so rough, and the load was so heavy, that the axle soon cracked, and the stage dropped to the road. Fortunately nobody was injured, so the party extricated themselves and "footed it Indian fashion to the nearest inn," two miles distant. After eating dinner they persuaded a countryman to take them on the next stage of the journey. "His team proved to be a country wagon without springs or cover, with no seats other than bundles of rye straw." However, all agreed that the wagon was better than walking. Finally, after twelve weary hours, the party succeeded in reaching Downings.

William Hamilton of Woodlands, who made frequent journeys to Lancaster to look after his large interests there, wrote to a friend, on September 1, 1790, an account of a distressing accident:

Having been so unfortunate in returning from Mr. Ross's as to overset my sulky. As one of the wheels struck a stone 2 feet high when I was driving at the rate of 7 miles an Hour you will not wonder that the shock was violent. Although I have to thank Heaven that I have no broken limb I am fearful of having for a long time to complain of a very severe sprained ankle. The agony I experienced for the first 20 minutes was so extreme that I had no doubt of the leg being shattered to pieces. What added to my misery was that I was quite alone without the possibility of extricating myself until the chariot came up which was about a mile behind. The mare stopp'd (after dragging the sulky between 20 & 30 feet) as if she was

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shot and to this I attribute my salvation, entangled and helpless as I was.

While in Lancaster on another occasion Mr. Hamilton wrote to his secretary in Philadelphia that he must give no hint of the time the writer planned to return home, for the following reason:

From the number of people with whom I have had to do Business an idea has been falsely taken up of my having rec'd an immensity & some rascals or other may think me worth a speculation on the road. It will therefore be no more than prudent to be on my guard the more especially as within three days a gang of villanns have arrived in this town.

In 1805 Robert Sutcliffe saw something that, even on this road of unusual sights, appealed to him so much that he wrote:

At General Paoli Tavern, met a family who had now landed a few days before in Philadelphia, and were on their way to the Ohio. . . . The men wore a plain jacket and trowsers, with very large shallow crowned hats, and the women had their hair plaited in long braids, which hung down their back, with jackets and petticoats just the reverse of the fashion of the present day. Altogether they had the appearance of a stout, hardy race, and in the company, I understood there were four generations. The master of the inn informed me that he had every reason to believe they had a very large property with them, in the waggon in which they traveled.

For the accommodation of the constant travel on the road there were sixty-one taverns in sixty-six miles. Many of these were kept by men of standing, frequently by members of Congress or of the state legis-

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lature. After his journey to America the Count de Segur spoke of this fact:

At first I was surprised, on entering a tavern, to find it kept by a Captain, a Major, or a Colonel, who was equally ready to talk, and to talk well, about his campaigns, his farming operations, or the Market he had for his produce.

Mrs. Mary De Wees, who left Philadelphia for Kentucky on September 27, 1787, told in her journal of the frequent stops at convenient inns. One night she slept at the Sign of the Lamb, she breakfasted at Colonel Webster's, and took supper and slept at the United States. Next day she went on to the Waggon, and then to the Compass. Next came the Hat. If she had chosen, she might have stopped at the Buck, the Red Lion, the Steamboat, the Rising Sun, the Spread Eagle, the Ship, the Swan, the Sheaf, the Cross Keys, the Rainbow, or the White Horse.

Most of these taverns entertained the weary traveler well, but sometimes the wayfarer was compelled to stop at a place where nothing was pleasant. Thomas Ashe, an Englishman, in his "Travels in America," told of one such experience:

It was a miserable log house, filled with emigrants who were in their passage to the Ohio, and a more painful picture of human calamity was seldom beheld; old men embarking in distant, arduous undertakings, which they could never live to see realized; their children going to a climate destructive to youth; and the wives and mothers partaking of all their sufferings, to become victims in their turn to the general calamity. The scene held out no very strong temptation to me

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for passing the night there, but there was no alternative; for my horse was tired, the wolves were out, and the roads impassable in the dark; the fire-side too, and all the seats were occupied; and the landlord was drunk. I was too much engrossed however with the distress around me, sensibly to feel my own. . . .

It is of little consequence where a traveler sleeps, when and what he eats, and whether he is comfortable, &c. In travelling along this, and every other road in America a stranger is furnished with a route indicating the best inns and their distance from each other; as to the expense, it seldom varies, being a quarter of a dollar for lodging, the same sum for every meal, and half a dollar a night for a horse.

A traveler of 1795 was not quite so philosophical in the presence of what was not pleasing:

The taverns are very indifferent. If the traveler can procure a few eggs with a little bacon, he ought to rest satisfied; it is twenty to one that a bit of fresh meat is to be had, or any salted meat except pork.

Vegetables seem also to be very scarce, and when you do get any, they generally consist of turnips or turnip top boiled by way of greens. The bread is heavy and sour, though they have as fine flour as any in the world; this is owing to the method of making it; they raise it with what they call "rots," hops and water boiled together. The traveler on his arrival is shown into a room which is common to every person in the house, and which is generally the one set apart for breakfast, dinner and supper. All the strangers that happen to be in the house sit down at these meals promiscuously, and the family of the house also form a part of the company. It is seldom that a single bedroom can be procured.

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In 1810 Margaret Dwight, niece of Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale College, told of the accommodations found at the end of a hard day. Her party came to a house which had been a tavern. They were told of a log hut across the road, built for "movers" like themselves, "that the landlord need not be bothered with them." He had made plenty of money, and he had taken down his sign. They wished to go in search of better accommodations, but, as their horses were tired, they decided to make the best of the hut.

In her journal Miss Dwight told further facts:

We have a good fire, a long dirty table, a few boards nailed up for a closet, a dozen long boards on one side and as many barrels in the other, two benches to sit on, two bottomless chairs, and a floor containing dirt enough to plant potatoes.

The building of the railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia was the beginning of the end of the rushing business done by the turnpike, though when the railroad company was chartered, an innkeeper on the turnpike said Philadelphia would be ruined, for "no railroad can carry the freight that the old Conestogas do." Just at first it seemed that the prophecy would come true. The railroad was crooked, and it was operated by horse power for some time. When locomotives were first talked of, there was great opposition on the part of those who used the turnpike or lived near it. They declared that the engines would destroy the value of their horses, and that sparks from them would set fire to their houses and barns. It was not until April, 1834, that the first train was drawn

ON THE LANCASTER TURNPIKE

from Philadelphia to Lancaster by a locomotive, the Black Hawk. The time required was eight hours and a half. Not until 1836 did locomotives finally displace horsepower. Then the decline of turnpike traffic was rapid.

The modern traveler who goes over the route of the old Columbia Railroad, or its successor, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Lancaster Turnpike is interested at once in the Welsh names that meet him on every hand—Merion, Narberth, Wynnewood, Bryn Mawr, etc. The early settlers here were Welsh Quakers who came in response to William Penn's invitation and began to carve out homes in the wilderness.

One of these early settlers wrote of his experiences:

By the providence of God the year 1683 I transported myself with many of my friends to Pennsylvania where I and they arrived, the 16th day of the 9th month 1683, being then thirty-five years old; and settled myself in the place which afterwards I called Pencoid in the township of Merion, which was afterward called so by them, being the first settlers in it, having brought with me one servant from my native land, and fixed my settling here. I took to wife Gaynor Roberts.

William Penn was a frequent visitor in the homes of these early Welsh settlers. An incident of one of his visits was described by Sutcliffe in 1804. Sutcliffe was at the home of a friend in Merion, whose sister told him that on William Penn's arrival in America he lodged at her great-grandfather's in Merion. At that time her grandfather was a boy of about twelve years old; and being a lad of some curiosity, and not

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often seeing such a guest as William Penn, he privately crept to the chamber door, up a flight of steps, in the outside of the building, which was only a log-house. On peeping through the latchet-hole, he was struck with awe, on beholding the great man upon his knees, by the bed-side; and could distinctly hear him in prayer, and in thanksgiving, that he was thus provided for in the wilderness.

The oldest portion of a house that is still standing within two miles of Merion Station may have been in existence at the time when Penn made this prayer of thanksgiving. This is Pont Reading House, a short distance from the Lancaster Road, on Haverford Road, at Ardmore Junction. This house, which is owned by the Humphrey family, is in three parts. The front section was built in 1813, the middle section dates from 1760, and the rear section is of unknown date. One of the log walls of this section may be seen by those who enter a door on the west side of the house. Much of the original furniture is still in place. The interior woodwork, of curly maple, was made from trees that grew on the estate. Judging from the trees still standing, there must have been a noble forest there when the builder of Pont Reading decided on the site.

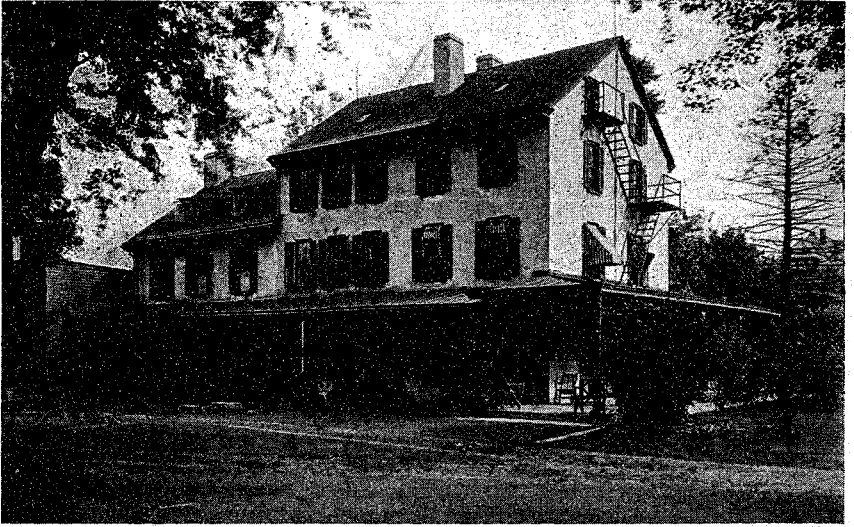
From Pont Reading house it is not far down the Haverford Road to Haverford Meeting, which dates from 1700. Distinctive features of the stone building are the smoke holes, one in the north wall and one in the south wall. In early days, in winter, it was the custom to kindle a fire outside the building. Flues



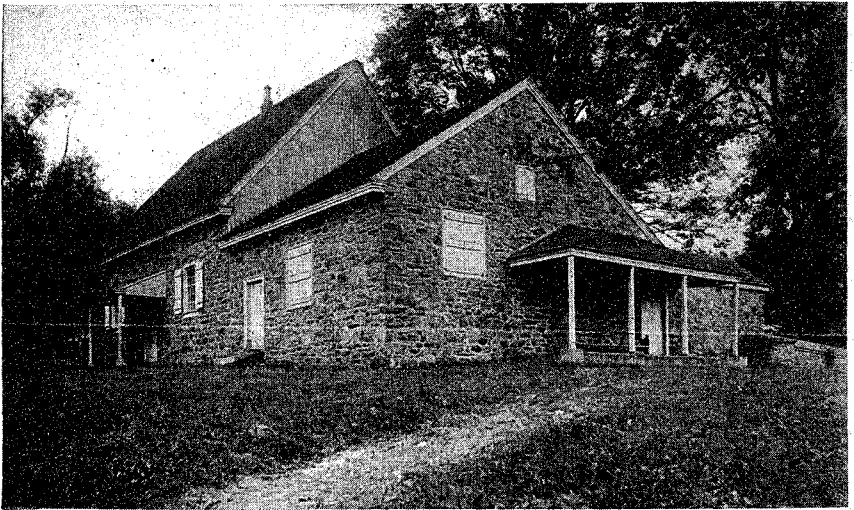
PONT READING HOUSE, ARDMORE JUNCTION



SMOKE HOLE IN WALL OF HAVERFORD MEETING HOUSE, 1700
The oldest church building in Delaware County



THE BUCK TAVERN, HAVERFORD



RADNOR MEETING HOUSE, 1718

ON THE LANCASTER TURNPIKE.

led up through the wall, to the smoke holes. A large pipe set into the wall radiated the heat into the building. This was quite an ingenious arrangement in the days when most churches had no provision for heating other than the footstoves brought from home by individual worshipers. That such primitive heating appliances were not always safe is indicated by an extract from Poulson's *American Advertiser* of Feb. 12, 1816:

A stage between this city and Trenton took fire and was entirely consumed. It was occasioned by a passenger setting 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.

Robert Sutcliffe attended Haverford Meeting one Sunday in 1804, when he was in Philadelphia. He says in the story of his travels:

This is one of the oldest meeting-houses in America; and at the early settlement of this meeting, friends of Philadelphia went every first day to attend it; most of them coming on foot a distance of about ten miles. At that time nearly the whole of the road was through a shady forest. Amongst the rest, Wm. Penn used to come on horseback, and would occasionally take up a little bare-footed girl behind him, to relieve her when tired. By the early minutes of the monthly meeting, it appeared that several friends were appointed to mark out a road through the woods from Philadelphia, to Haverford and Radnor meetings.

From Haverford Meeting to Haverford College the distance is short. The Lancaster Road is directly in front of the college grounds. A short distance farther

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on, beyond the eighth milestone, is the old Buck Tavern, built in 1735, remodeled in 1780. It is now owned by D. C. Martin whose grandfather bought the property in 1844. From that time it has not been a licensed house, and it is now a private residence.

When Washington crossed the Schuylkill in September, 1777, a portion of his army encamped near the General Wayne, at the twenty-second milestone. The main portion, with Washington, camped at the Buck. Still another portion camped at the Plough Tavern about eleven miles west of the Schuylkill. The parts of the army combined on September 15, and marched up the road, camping at night near the White Horse, above Paoli.

Before this march was begun Washington wrote a letter to the President of Congress, dated "Buck Tavern, Lancaster Road, September 15, 1777, 3 p. m." The letter, one of the most revealing communications addressed by Washington to Congress, is reproduced here from a transcript made from the original on file in Washington:

Your favor of yesterday, with its several enclosures, came to hand last night. Though I would willingly pay every attention to the resolution of Congress, yet, the late instance respecting the recall of General Sullivan, I must beg leave to defer giving any order about it, till I hear further from that honorable body.

Our situation at this time is critical and delicate, and nothing should be done to add to its embarrassment.

We are now most probably on the point of another battle, and to derange the army by withdrawing so

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many general officers from it, may and must be attended with many disagreeable if not ruinous consequences. Such a proceeding, at another time, might not produce any bad effect, but how can the army be possibly conducted with a prospect of success, if the general officers are taken off in the moment of battle?

Congress may rely upon it, such a measure will not promote but injure the service. It is not my wish to prevent or delay a proper inquiry into General Sullivan's conduct a single instant, when the circumstances of the army will admit, but now they prohibit it, and, I think, this suspense in his command also. The recall of General St. Clair obliged me to part with General Lincoln, whom I could but ill spare; so the whole charge of his division is now upon Gen'l Wagner, there being no other Brigadier in it but himself. . . .

The main body of the British, from the best intelligence I have been able to get, lies near Dillworthtown, not far from the field of action, where they have been busily employed in burying their dead, which, from all accounts, amounted to a considerable number.

We are moving up this road to get between the British and Swede Ford, and to prevent them from turning our right flank, by crossing the Schuylkill river, which they seem to have a violent inclination to effect, by all their movements. I would beg leave to recommend in the most earnest manner, that some board or committee be appointed, or some mode adopted, for obtaining supplies of blankets for the troops. Many are now without them, and the season being cold, they will be injured in their health, and unfitted for service, unless they are immediately provided with them.

Our supplies in this instance, as well as in any article of clothing, cannot be too great, as there are frequent losses not easily to be avoided.

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I would also observe, that I think, in point of prudence and sound policy, every species of provisions should be removed from the city, except such as will be necessary to supply the present demands of the army. I have been told there are considerable quantities in private hands, which should not be suffered to remain longer till they can be conveyed away.

Several miles farther along the Old Lancaster Road, near the corner of Ithan Road, is another inn of the early days where Washington stopped more than once. This is the Sorrel Horse, now occupied as a residence by George H. McFadden. On the bridge over a small stream east of the house is a tablet bearing this message:

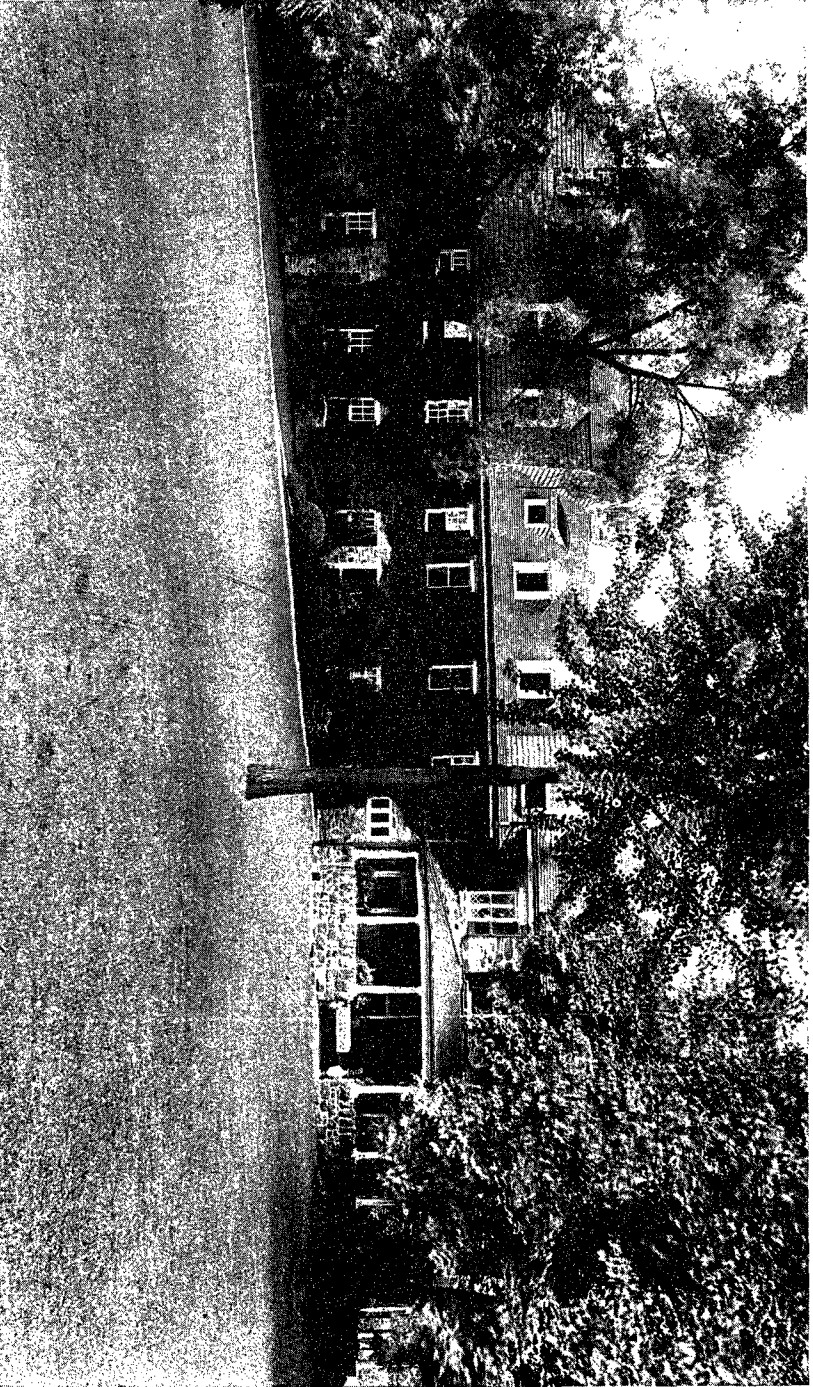
During the encampment at Valley Forge in the darkest days of the revolution, the near-by stone dwelling, then the Sorrel Horse Inn, with warm and patriotic welcome sheltered often as its guests Washington and Lafayette.

The name of this tavern was frequently spoken in a toast that was popular with the traveler in the days of the Conestoga wagon:

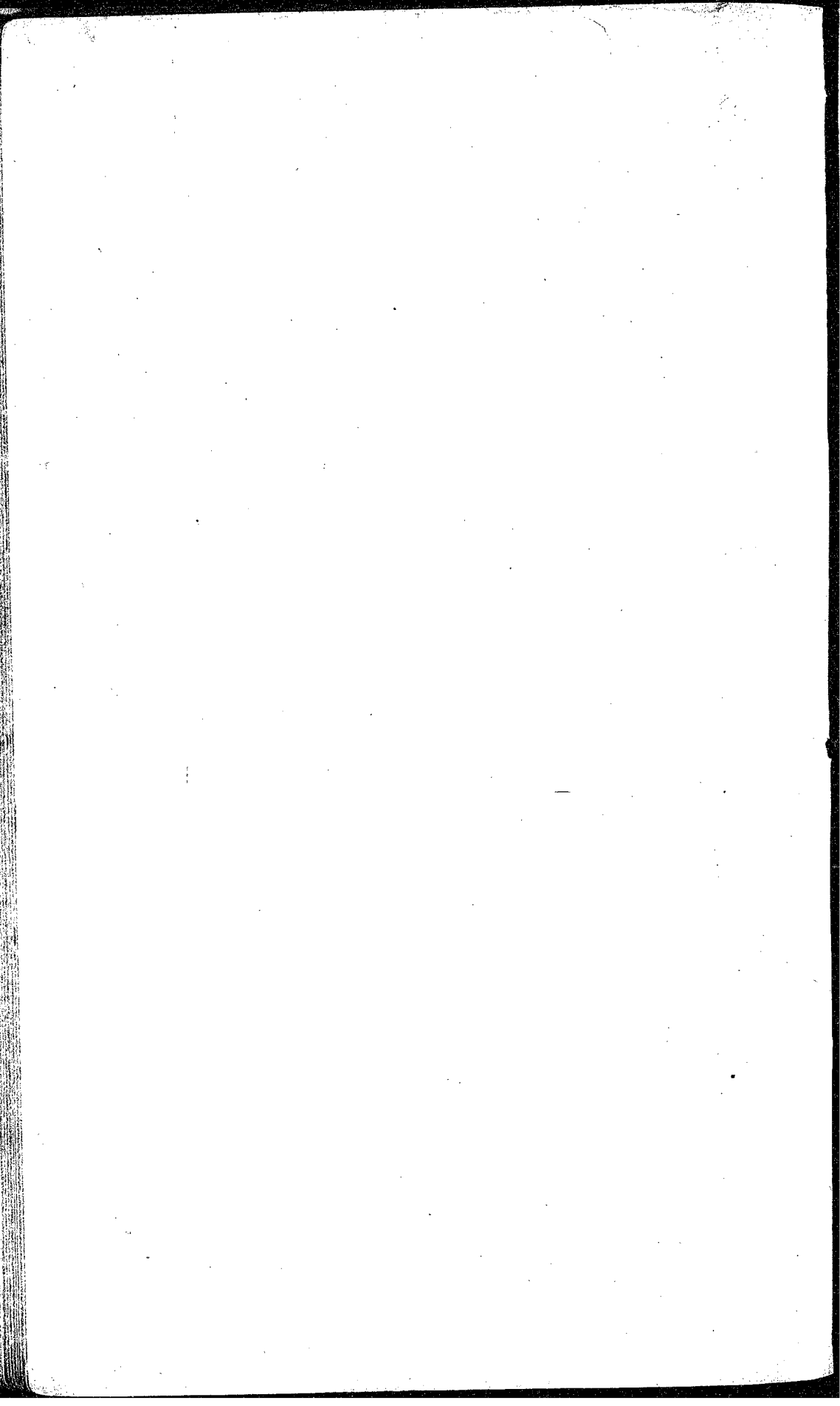
Here is to the Sorrel Horse that Kicked the Unicorn that Made the Eagle fly; that Scared the Lambs from under the Stage, for drinking the Spring-house dry; that drove the Blue Bell into the Black Bear, and chased General Jackson all the way to Paoli.

The ten taverns listed in the toast were passed in the order named by the wagoners bound west.

In 1787 William Hamilton wrote from the Sorrel Horse:



THE SOBREL HORSE TAVERN, ITHACA ROAD
Now the residence of Mr. George H. McFadden



ON THE LANCASTER TURNPIKE

In all the times and seasons I have travelled this Road I never found it so bad as at present. From Jesse George's Hill to this place I could not once get into a trot, but could not compare it to anything but being chin deep in Hasty pudding & obliged to trudge thro it. The Hills its true are not so slushy but are worn into lopsided ruts so as to be scarcely passable.

Beyond the Sorrel Horse, is Radnor Meeting, whose date stone shows that the oldest portion of the building was erected in 1718. The great sycamore tree, by the side of the horse sheds, perhaps twenty feet in circumference, is a landmark to be remembered.

A traveler has told of the large crowds that attended these meetings in the early days:

On coming out of the house after the breaking up of the meeting, I was surprised at the great number of horses and carriages standing on the ground before the meeting-house. The space they occupied consisted of several acres, and from the best judgment I was able to pass, there were nearly 200 carriages of different descriptions, mostly on springs and more than double that number of horses, exclusive of those used in the carriages. The trifling expense at which horses and carriages are kept in the country parts of America, enables even those in slender circumstances to keep them.

Beyond Ithan Station the Old Lancaster Road crosses Church Road, which leads to St. David's church, built in 1715, perhaps the most famous of all the old churches, in the vicinity of Philadelphia. This building was long a mere shell. The people in the pews could look up to the bare rafters which bore the marks of the woodsman's ax. For fifty years there were no

OLD ROADS OUT OF PHILADELPHIA

floors; men and women were glad to stand on the bare ground.

Of this church Longfellow wrote:

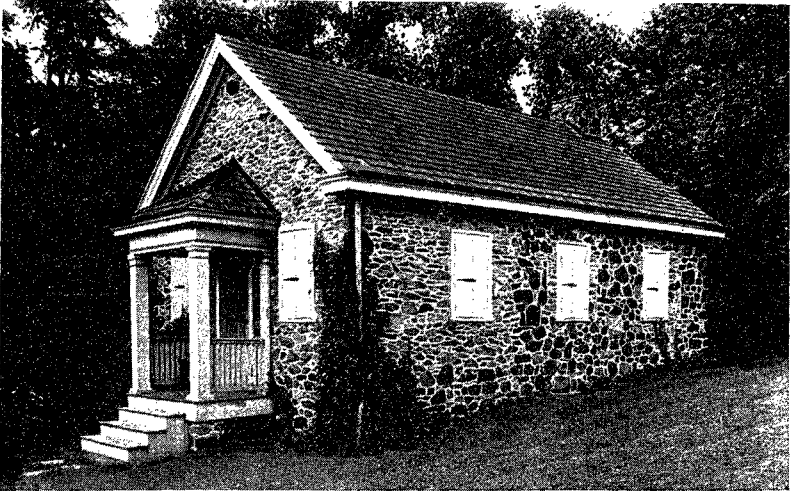
What an image of peace and rest
Is the little church among its graves!
All is so quiet; the troubled breast,
The wounded spirit, the heart oppressed,
Here may find the repose it craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and expands
Over this humble hermitage,
And seems to caress with its little hands
The rough, gray stones, as a child that stands,
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of age.

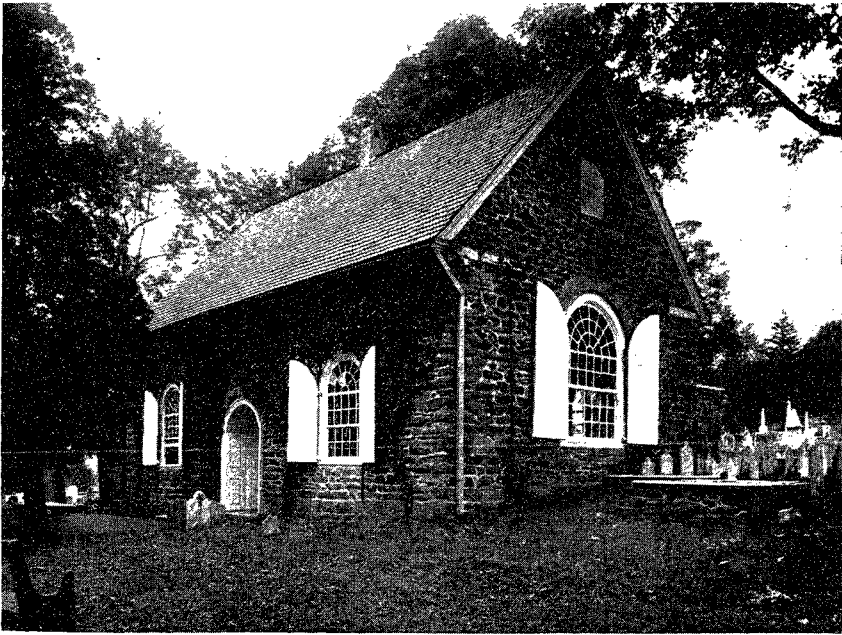
Cross the threshold; and dim and small
Is the space that serves for the Shepherd's Fold;
The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall,
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and tall,
Whisper and say, "Alas, we are old!"

One of the early pastors of St. David's was Griffith Hughes. On September 10, 1735, he wrote for permission to go to England to reprint Welsh books for his countrymen in America. In this letter he spoke of his need of a change, and the reason:

Lately on my way to perquihoma Church I had the misfortune to break my kneepan, which continues tho upon the mending very weak so that it is impossible, for me in my present Condition to serve the Church in a Regular order the present writing that and severall other hardshipp which I have with pleasure almost endured on my several Journeys to preach among the Back Inhabitants hath very much Impaired my health being often obliged in the day to want the



THE OLD EAGLE SCHOOL AT STRAFFORD



ST. DAVID'S CHURCH, RADNOR, 1715



WAYNESBOROUGH, NEAR PAOLI, 1721
The birthplace of General Anthony Wayne



WAYNESBOROUGH, REAR VIEW

ON THE LANCASTER TURNPIKE

Common necessities of life, and in the night to be Contented the shade of a Large tree for a Lodging. As for my Congregation at Radnor it is in a very flourishing Condition.

A short distance from St. David's Church is Strafford, where the Valley Road, which dates from 1705, touches the turnpike. Beyond the railway station, on this road, is the Eagle School which MacMasters says was, at the time of the erection of the building, in 1788, one of the very few rural schools in the United States. Here, in 1794, Andrew Garden, who had been a fifer in the Revolutionary War, was teacher. Evidently an earlier building was used for eighteen years, since the school was established in 1767. The building now on the ground was used for school purposes until 1872. The property was neglected until 1895, when residents of Strafford went into court and asked for the appointment of trustees to administer the property in accordance with the terms of the original gift. There were no documents to establish the trust, but the Court decided, on purely traditionary evidence, that the property should be administered forever for the public benefit. It has been said that this is the only instance in the United States where the character of such a public trust was successfully established on such evidence.

The trustees appointed by the court removed the plaster from the walls, repointed the stone, added the colonial entrance, restored the burial ground, erected a monument to Revolutionary soldiers ("Not famous but faithful") brought about the removal to the pres-

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ent route, of the road which bisected the property, and opened the building as a public library and reading room, and for small religious and educational gatherings.

There was at one time an old church on the property, but the burying ground, in which the oldest stone is dated 1777, is the sole reminder of this use of the hillside.

One of the most curious inscriptions reads:

In Memor of
Rosannah Akins
wif of James Akins

was Born January the
17th 1757 and Departed
This Life July The 10th
1818 Aged 61 years
5 months.

i choose they path of
Heavenly Truth and
Gloryed in my choice Not
All they pleasures of the
Earth Could make me so
Rejoice
And Seetly Tastes Unmeingled
Love and Joy without a
Tear a Bove.

On a neighboring stone is a rebuke of such weird poetry:

In Memory of Margaret
Workizer, Consort of Christian
Workizer, who departed this
life February the 4th 1805 in
the 55th year of her age.

ON THE LANCASTER TURNPIKE

Verses on tombstones
are but idly spent
The living character
is the monument.

Not far from Strafford, along the Sugartown Road, is Waynesborough, the birthplace of General Anthony Wayne, Revolutionary hero. The main part of this mansion stands practically unchanged, even to the curiously crooked hood above the entrance door. The owner of the property, W. M. Wayne, naturally does not look with favor on proposals to change this historic feature of the house.

Captain Wayne, grandfather of "Mad Anthony," came to America in 1722 and built Waynesborough in 1724. His son, who was a member of the Provincial Assembly, enlarged the house in 1765. A wing was added in 1812.

In the room to the right of the entrance hall General Wayne spent much of his time. Nothing here has been disturbed. The old high-backed horse-hair furniture, the ancient fireplace, the spindle-legged table, the faded carpet, are exactly the same as when General Wayne last saw them, and as they were seen by General Lafayette when he visited America in 1824. Above the mantel is a portrait of the General by a French artist, and above this are the General's pistols.

One of the finest box bushes in the country is on the grounds. One story is that "Mad Anthony" hid here when British soldiers searched the house for him; another version is that the soldiers penetrated the

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bush with their bayonets, fearing that he might be lurking there.

Fixed to the front wall of the house is a tablet which reads:

The Home of General Anthony Wayne.
Born in this House, January 1, 1745.
Died at Erie, Pennsylvania, December 15, 1796.
A Leader of the American Revolution in
Pennsylvania and a soldier distinguished
for his
Services at Brandywine, Germantown,
Valley Forge,
Monmouth, Stony Point, and Yorktown.
Subdued the Indians of Ohio, 1794.
Commander-in-Chief of the
United States Army 1792-1796.

Marked by the Chester County Historical
Society.

On the occasion of the unveiling of this tablet ex-Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker paid the following tribute to the hero:

General Wayne was, without a doubt, one of the greatest generals and soldiers ever produced by this country. He early saw the futility of fighting the Britons, with their superior numbers and equipment, in the open. Strategy was the keynote to the success of Mad Anthony. He took advantage of the natural conditions afforded by the country in which he was fighting. Midnight attacks, ambuscades and the cutting off of detached parties of the enemy were methods favored by him.

These methods were successful, and the efforts of Mad Anthony and his men did much toward securing the freedom of this country. The very daring of some

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of the attacks made by this man and his small group of untrained soldiers was their best defense. The enemy was invariably surprised and unable to offer a successful resistance. These acts gained for him the sobriquet of Mad Anthony Wayne, a name to inspire fear in the hearts of the invaders. His patriotism and devotion to duty are fit models for any American to shape his life after.

Two miles from the home of the Revolutionary hero is the scene of one of the greatest disasters suffered by him. On the night of September 20, 1777, at a point half a mile southwest of Malvern, the British surprised the forces under General Wayne. It is said that somehow they learned the American watchword, "Here we are, and there they go." The exhausted soldiers were roused by the cry, "Up, run, the British are on you." Eighty Americans were killed. The battle has been called the Paoli Massacre because, it was said, the wounded and the sick were killed, and because soldiers were bayoneted after they had ceased to resist. There were those who said that General Wayne might have prevented the disaster by prompt action. Accordingly he asked for an official inquiry. A courtmartial held after the Battle of Germantown, acquitted him "with the highest honor."

The site of the Paoli Massacre, as it has always been known, was marked by a pile of stones until 1817. The monument built then was almost destroyed by relic hunters, and on the centennial anniversary of the disaster the present monument was dedicated. This may be reached from Waynesborough, or, if preferred, from Malvern by going out Monument Avenue.

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General Wayne is buried in St. David's churchyard, where a monument stands above his grave.

Malvern is at the summit of the grade from Philadelphia, the roadbed of the Pennsylvania Railroad at this point being five hundred and forty-five feet above sea level. For many miles along the turnpike the view across the Chester Valley is wonderfully beautiful.

Near the twentieth milestone, at the foot of Valley Hill, where the turnpike makes a turn to the right, is the General Wayne Tavern, long one of the chief houses of entertainment along the road. Here many famous travelers stopped over night. One of these was Thomas Pownall, who wrote in 1759:

This is a narrow valley, but a most pleasing landscape; a little brook runs through it, which falls into the Schuylkill at Swedes-ford. The valley, fully settled and cultivated, every farmer has a lime-kiln for manure, or dressing to his land; they raise chiefly wheat—The farm houses all with sash-windows, and busked up on each side with peach and apple orchards, and surrounded on all sides with everything that looks like a man's own business being done here. The farms are such as yeomanry, not tenants, dwell in.

The tavern was first opened in a more primitive building before 1745. The present building was erected after the Revolution, and was rebuilt after a fire in 1831. Originally it was called the Admiral Vernon. The name was soon changed to the Admiral Warren, but after the Revolution the name was changed a second time, this time to General Warren, in honor of an American hero, instead of a British seaman. The property came into the hands of Hon. John Penn,

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of Philadelphia, in 1776, after the death of a landlord who directed in his will that "my messuage and tenement, commonly Called by the name of Warren Tavern," should be sold for the payment of his debts.

During the Revolutionary War the property was leased to Peter Mather, a Tory. It was said that the Warren was the meeting place for Tories, that British spies were received here, and that information as to the movements of the Continental Army was sent to the British. Major André, while a paroled prisoner from Lancaster, visited the inn and made a map of the country. It is said that he suggested the capture of Philadelphia by way of the Great Valley, the plan adopted by Howe and Cornwallis in 1777. On the night of September 20 Major André was with the party that came down the Swedesford road, stopped at the Warren, and then moved on to attack Wayne's men at Paoli.

After the action the landlord, Mather, was charged with having led the British to Paoli, but this he denied. That the people of the neighborhood did not believe him, however, was shown by their later avoidance of the tavern and its proprietor. From that day he did not prosper. "God frowned on him," was the popular explanation. From innkeeper he became a drayman. In later years he made his living by pushing a handcart. When the boys saw him on the street they were accustomed to jeer at him. "Here we are and there they go!" and "Remember Paoli!" they would cry.

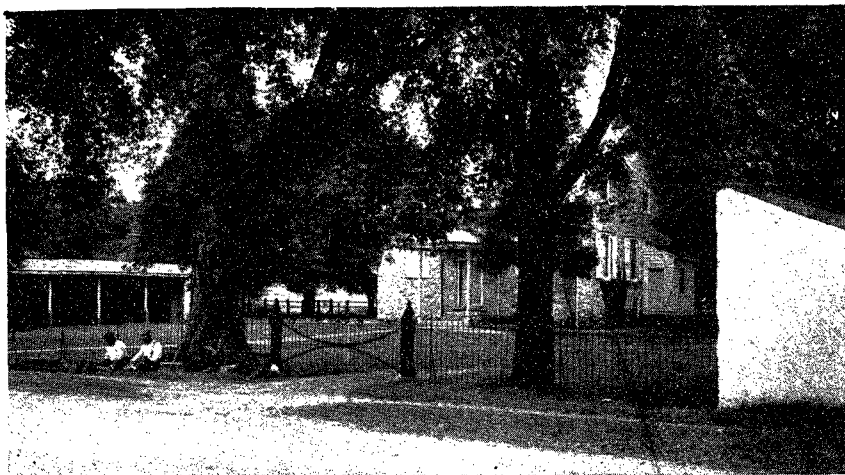
When the removal of the county seat of Chester

OLD ROADS OUT OF PHILADELPHIA

County from Chester was under discussion, there was an effort to make the Warren Tavern the new county-seat, but the bad name of the property because of Mather's Tory acts, and reluctance to allow any of the Penn family to secure a fresh hold in public life, defeated the project.

In 1786 there appeared at the Warren a dusty traveler who wore a long coat of homespun, secured by hooks and eyes, a broad brimmed hat, cowhide boots, and baggy trousers, which attracted attention because most people wore knee breeches. Mather would not admit him; he took him for a beggar. But the man walked on to Philadelphia, saw John Penn, bought the inn and three hundred and thirty-seven acres of land for two thousand pounds, then returned to the Warren with a bill of sale in his saddlebags. This time he was admitted.

Under the new proprietor, Gideon Fahnestock of Ephrata, the prosperity of the tavern was renewed, for it became the resort of all Germans who passed that way. The wagoners called the house "the Dutch tavern." They liked the fare provided there, but they did not like the principles of the proprietor, who refused to sell liquor on the Sabbath, the seventh day. They liked still less the stand taken by Gideon's son and successor, who changed the name to Warren Temperance Hotel, and on Sunday reversed his sign so that the message might be read, "Nothing Sold on the Sabbath." This early advocate of temperance was a member of the Great Valley Presbyterian church, located on the turnpike some distance from the tavern,



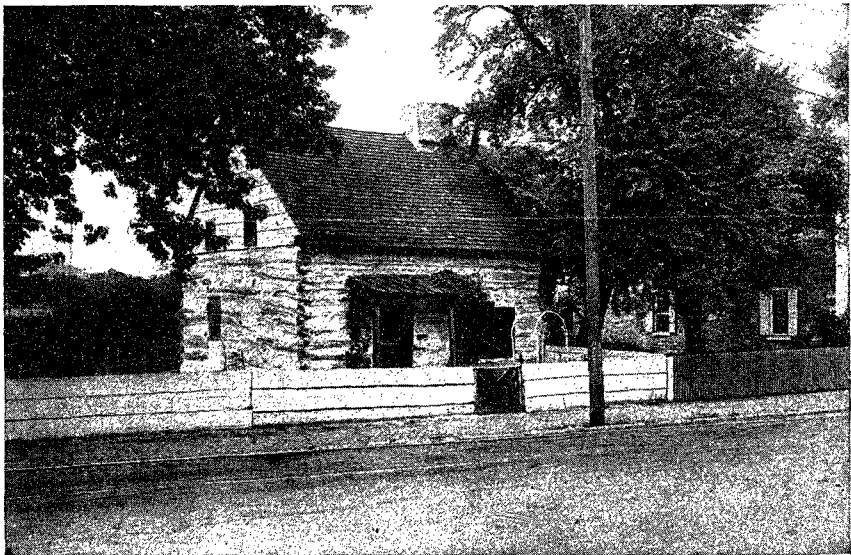
THE EAST CALN MEETING HOUSE, NEAR EAST DOWNINGTOWN



THE GENERAL WARREN TAVERN, NEAR THE TWENTIETH MILESTONE



A RESIDENCE IN EAST DOWNTOWN



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN EAST DOWNTOWN

ON THE LANCASTER TURNPIKE

which was built on ground given by the father of Caleb Parry, landlord of the Warren in 1767.

Five miles beyond the Warren are three old inns, within a mile, the Sheaf of Wheat, the Ship Tavern, and the Exton. The original Ship was one mile west of Downingtown, but when the turnpike was built the present house was erected, and the old signboard, which pictured a ship under full sail, was transferred to the new location. This signboard was marked by many bullets, fired by those who did not like the Tory sentiments of the proprietor of the old Ship. The house is now a private residence.

The twenty-fifth milestone is set against the wall by the barn beyond the Ship. This is one of the stones found and relocated in 1907 by the Colonial Dames. The work was done under the direction of Miss Susan Carpenter Frazer of Lancaster. She adopted an ingenious method of search and determining the proper distance between stones. She would tie a white streamer to the tread and one spoke of a wheel, and then count four hundred and seventy revolutions. Sometimes a milestone was found at the place indicated by the completed revolutions. Sometimes on digging by the roadside, Miss Frazer uncovered a stone. One stone was found six hundred yards from the proper place, leaning against a barn. Another was discovered in use as a doorstep of a house by the roadside.

East Caln Meeting is in the edge of Downingtown. The old Downing's Tavern, which gave the name to the town, is at the junction of the Lionville Road, while

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the Swan Tavern, another historic house, is in the business center of East Downingtown. A few rods farther on, is an ancient log cabin, thought to be the oldest relic in the neighborhood.

Beyond Downingtown, near the fortieth milestone, James Annesley, the hero of Charles Reade's novel, "The Wandering Heir," had many of his startling adventures. Annesley, who was heir to the estate and title of Lord Altham in Ireland, was by his uncle spirited away from that country when thirteen years of age, and sent to America. He landed in Philadelphia in 1728 and was sold as a "redemptioner" to a farmer. He ran away from his Master, was captured, imprisoned and returned to servitude. After he had served twelve years, two Irishmen, traveling along the Lancaster road, stopped at the house where the missing heir was in service. In conversation with the young man they learned that he came from Dumain, County Wexford, Ireland, their own town, and they were convinced that he was the son and heir of Lord Altham. When he had been taken back to England they testified at the trial of the celebrated case of the claimant, and had the gratification of seeing him properly recognized.

This section of the road in later days saw many other men, as well as women and children, who were escaping from servitude, for this entire region, from West Chester to Downingtown and on to Lancaster, was a part of the route of the Underground Railway. Along the road were stations where the fugitives were hidden and from which they were passed on to the

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next station. At Bird-in-hand, a station was kept by David Gibbons. Historians of the Underground Railway say that, of the twelve hundred or more slaves assisted by him from 1797 to 1853, but one or two were taken from his house.

One day a man came to the farm, saying that he wanted to buy a horse. But Mr. Gibbons was suspicious, for he saw him eying a negro who was working about the place. Immediately after the man departed the negro was sent away. Next day came a constable from Lancaster in search of the slave, but he was compelled to return without his prey.

At another time slave hunters came in search of a slave who was in the house at the time. Mr. Gibbons detained them by talking and asking questions. Mrs. Gibbons took the fugitive out the back door and hid her under an inverted rain hogshead. Then Mr. Gibbons politely showed the searchers through the house. When they left they were satisfied that the negro was not there.

Eight miles beyond Bird-in-hand is Lancaster, which became the capital of Pennsylvania in 1799. At that time the town was the largest inland settlement in the United States. In 1804 a petition was sent by the citizens to William Hamilton of Philadelphia, asking him if he would offer ground for the accommodation of the legislators. His favorable response to the request did much to abate the feeling against his father, Andrew Hamilton who, when Lancaster was founded, managed to divert the town from the site originally planned, ten miles from the present site, to his own

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estate. For many years the people groaned under the necessity of paying ground rents to the family. In 1783, according to Johann Schoepf; these amounted to one thousand pounds a year.

But the capital did not remain long in Lancaster. In 1812 it went to Harrisburg, and the importance of the second great section of the road from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh was greatly increased.